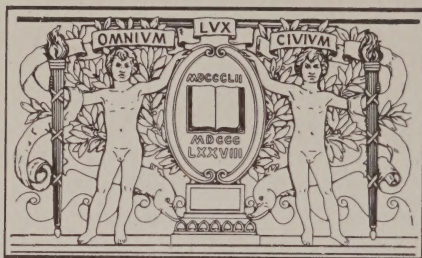


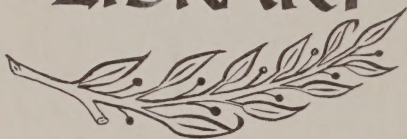
Boston Public Library



3 9999 10521 151 8



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



1885

v. 55

AP2. A8

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY 1911

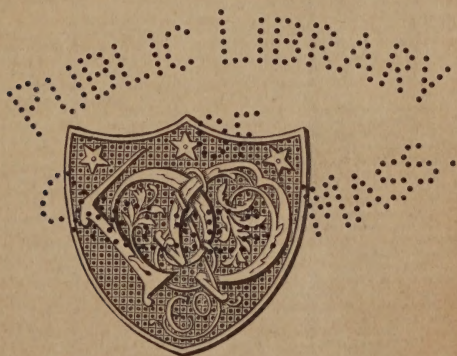
051-A75

Vol 55

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LV.



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

NEW YORK: 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1885

23324

COPYRIGHT, 1885,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Bach, John Sebastian	<i>J. S. Dwight</i> 640
Bird-Lover's April, A	<i>Bradford Torrey</i> 692
Brown-Stone Boy, The	<i>William Henry Bishop</i> 220
Carlyle in London	421
Childhood in Early Christianity	<i>Horace E. Scudder</i> 617
Childhood in Greek and Roman Literature	<i>Horace E. Scudder</i> 13
Consolidation of the Colonies, The	<i>Brooks Adams</i> 302
Country Gentleman, A	<i>M. O. W. Oliphant</i> 88, 228, 372, 507, 577, 803
Culture of the Old School	116
Dime Museums	<i>J. G. Wood</i> 759
Eliot's, George, Life	<i>Henry James</i> 668
Fate Dominant	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 535
Fiction, Recent American	121
Flake White	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 344
Forests and the Census, The	<i>Francis Parkman</i> 835
Four Novels	346
H Malady in England, The	<i>Richard Grant White</i> 23
Handel, George Frederick	<i>J. S. Dwight</i> 495
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, and his Wife	259
Huguenot Emigration to America, The	843
James, Henry	702
Johnson's Persia	270
Lee, Vernon	<i>Harriet Waters Preston</i>
Marsh Island, A	<i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i> 38, 145, 347, 459
Misused H of England, The	<i>Richard A. Proctor</i>
Modern Vandalism	<i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i>
Mohl, Madame, her Salon and her Friends	<i>Kathleen O'Meara</i> 67, 169, 381
Mother of Turgeneff, The	<i>Clara Barnes Martin</i>
New Portfolio, The	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 105, 248
Oliphant, Mrs.	<i>Harriet Waters Preston</i>
Parkman's, Mr., Montcalm and Wolfe	
Pepys, A Word for	
Plunge into Summer, A	
Political Delusion, Our	
Political Economy and the Civil War	
Popular Manual of English Literature, A	
Professional Poetry	
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mts.	

Quest for the

POETRY.

Book of Hours, The, <i>E. R. Sill</i>	343	Pan, <i>James B. Kenyon</i>	653
Canadian Folk-Song, A, <i>William Wilfred Campbell</i>	12	Ring, The, <i>John B. Tabb</i>	839
Christ of the Snows, The, <i>S. Weir Mitchell</i>	51	Seraph Speech, The, <i>Robertson James</i>	308
Contrast, <i>R. K. Munkittrick</i>	820	Sheaf of Sonnets, A, <i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	184
Cressid, <i>Nora Perry</i>	476	Spirit to Spirit, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	168
Dawn and Dusk, <i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	791	Star in the East, The, <i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	103
Easter Lilies, <i>John B. Tabb</i>	535	Strange, <i>E. R. Sill</i>	258
Flammetta, <i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	450	Strange Guest, The, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	522
Ghosts, <i>R. K. Munkittrick</i>	371	Victory of Patience, The, <i>Helen Jackson</i>	617
Head of Niobe, The, <i>William H. Hayne</i>	360	Within and Without, <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	758
Her Explanation, <i>E. R. Sill</i>	691		

BOOK REVIEWS.

Baird's History of the Huguenot Emigration to America	843	Johnson's Persia	270
Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies	562	Keenan's Trajan	846
Cable's Dr. Sevier	121	Lee's Euphorion	132
Craddock's Where the Battle was Fought	123	Lee's Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy	220
Crawford's American Politician	130	Mitchell's In War Time	123
Flemming's A Carpet Knight	843	Morse's John Adams	415
Froude's Thomas Carlyle, His Life in London	421	Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe	266
Gentlemen's Magazine Library	116	Pepys, Samuel, Diary and Correspondence of	273
Hawthorne's Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife	259	Phillips's Popular Manual of English Literature	707
Holmes's Ralph Waldo Emerson	416	Reeves's and Read's Pilot Fortune	848
Howe's Story of a Country Town	125	Royce's Religious Aspect of Philosophy	840
Jackson's Ramona	127	Thomas's New Year's Masque and Other Poems	413
James's Literary Remains of Henry James	702	Wendell's Duchess Emilia	849
		Woodberry's Edgar Allan Poe	705

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Dextrous Touch, The, 137; "Don José," 137; Fiction as an Art, 282; Forgotten Reformer, A, 853; Gigoux's, M. Jean, Souvenirs, 714; Hawthorne, A French Idea of, 428; Inquisitor of the Fourteenth Century, An, 278; International Shibboleth, An, 136; Jasper, Rev. John, A Visit to the, 138; Literary Fashions in Heroines, 425; Note on Mocking-Birds, A, 428; On Receiving a copy of Palmer's Odyssey, 140; Persian Forms in German Verse, 716; Persistence of Associated Ideas, 281; Relic of the Middle Ages, A, 275; "Right Away"—Etymological Juggle, 856; Roof-Tree, A, 710; Some Hints about Foreign Nobility, 711; Unprofessional Piece at the Watts Pictures, An, 424; Vagaries of Childhood, 851.

THE MONTH 141, 283, 429, 719, 857

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — JANUARY, 1885. — No. CCCXXVII.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

I.

ALWAYS enwrapped in the illusory mists, always touching the evasive clouds, the peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains are like some barren ideal, that has bartered for the vague isolations of a higher atmosphere the material values of the warm world below. Upon those mighty and majestic domes no tree strikes root, no hearth is alight; humanity is an alien thing, and utility set at naught. Below, dense forests cover the massive, precipitous slopes of the range, and in the midst of the wilderness a clearing shows, here and there, and the roof of a humble log cabin; in the valley, far, far lower still, a red spark at dusk may suggest a home, nestling in the cove. Grain grows apace in these scanty clearings, for the soil in certain favored spots is mellow; and the weeds grow, too, and in a wet season the ploughs are fain to be active. They are of the bull-tongue variety, and are sometimes drawn by oxen. As often as otherwise they are followed by women.

In the gracious June mornings, when winds are astir and wings are awirl in the wide spaces of the sunlit air, the work seemed no hardship to Dorinda Cayce, — least of all one day when another plough ran parallel to the furrows of her own, and a loud, drawling, intermittent conversation became practicable.

She paused often, and looked idly about her: sometimes at the distant mountains, blue and misty, against the indefinite horizon; sometimes down at the cool, dense shadows of the wooded valley, so far below the precipice, to which the steep clearing shelved; sometimes at the little log cabin on the slope above, sheltered by a beetling crag and shadowed by the pines; sometimes still higher at the great "bald" of the mountain, and its mingled phantasmagoria of shifting clouds and flickering sheen and glimmering peak.

"He 'lowed ter me," she said, suddenly, "ez he hev been gin ter view strange sights a many a time in them fogs, an' sech."

The eyes lifted to the shivering vapors might never have reflected aught but a tropical sunshine, so warm, so bright, so languorously calm, were they. She turned them presently upon a young man, who was ploughing with a horse close by, and who also came to a meditative halt in the turn-row. He too was of intermittent conversational tendencies, and between them it might be marvelled that so many of the furrows were already run. He wore a wide-brimmed brown wool hat, set far back upon his head; a mass of straight yellow hair hung down to the collar of his brown jeans coat. His brown eyes were slow and contemplative. The corn was knee-

high, and hid the great boots drawn over his trousers. As he moved there sounded the unexpected jingle of spurs. He looked, with the stolid, lack-lustre expression of the mountaineer, at the girl, who continued, as she leaned lightly on the plough-handles:—

"I 'lowed ter him ez mebbe he hed drempt them visions. I knows I hev thunk some toler'ble cur'ous thoughts myself, ef I war tired an' sleepin' hard. But he said he reckoned I had drempt no sech dreams ez his'n. I can't holt sorrowin' fur him some. He 'lowed ez Satan hev hunted him like a partridge on the mounting."

The young man's eyes dropped with sudden significance upon his plough-handles. A pair of pistols in their leather cases swung incongruously there. They gave a caustic suggestion of human adversaries as fierce as the moral pursuit of the Principle of Evil, and the girl's face fell. In absence of mind she recommenced her work.

"Waal," she gently drawled, as the old ox languidly started down the row, "'pears like ter me ez it ain't goin' ter be no differ, nohow; it won't hender ye none."

Her face was grave, but there was a smile in her eyes, which had the lustre and depth of a sapphire, and a lambent glow like the heart of a blue flame. They were fringed by long, black lashes, and her hair was black, also. Her pink calico sun-bonnet, flaring toward the front, showed it lying in moist tendrils on her brow, and cast an unwonted roseate tint upon the clear, healthful pallor of her complexion. She wore a dark blue homespun dress, and, despite her coarse garb and uncouth occupation and the gaunt old ox, there was something impressive in her simple beauty, her youth, and her elastic vigor. As she drove the ploughshare into the mould she might have seemed the type of a young civilization, — so fine a thing in itself, so roughly accoutred.

When she came down the slope again, facing him, the pink curtain of her bonnet waving about her shoulders, her blue skirts fluttering among the blades of corn, a winged shadow sweeping along as if attendant upon her, while a dove flew high above to its nest in the pines, he raised his hand with an imperative gesture, and she paused obediently. He had flushed deeply; the smouldering fire in his eyes was kindling. He leaned across the few rows of corn that stood between them.

"I hev a word ter ax right now. Who air under conviction hyar?" he demanded.

She seemed a trifle startled. Her grasp shifted uncertainly on the plough-handles, and the old ox, accustomed to rest only at the turn-row, mistook her intention, and started off. She stopped him with some difficulty, and then, "Convicted of sin?" she asked, in a voice that showed her appreciation of the solemnity of the subject.

"I hev said it," the young man declared, with a half-suppressed irritation which confused her.

She remained silent.

"Mebbe it air yer granny," he suggested, with a sneer.

She recoiled, with palpable surprise. "Granny made her peace fifty year ago," she declared, with pride in this anciently acquired grace, — "fifty year an' better."

"The boys air convicted, then?" he asked, still leaning over the corn and still sneering.

"The boys hev got thar religion, too," she faltered, looking at him with wide eyes, brilliant with astonishment, and yet a trifle dismayed. Suddenly, she threw herself into her wonted confident attitude, leaning upon the plough-handles, and with an appealing glance began an extenuation of her spiritual poverty: "'Pears like ez I hev never hed a call ter tell you-uns afore ez I hev hed no time yit ter git my religion."

Granny bein' old, an' the boys at the still, I hev hed ter spin, an' weave, an' cook, an' sew, an' plough some, — the boys bein' mos'ly at the still. An' then, thar be Mirandy Jane, my brother Ab's darter, ez I hev hed ter l'arn how ter cook vittles. When I went down yander ter my aunt Jerushy's house in Tuckaleechee Cove, ter help her some with weavin', I war plumb cur'ous ter know how Mirandy Jane would make out whilst I war gone. They 'lowed ez she hed cooked the vittles toler'ble, but ef she had washed a skillet or a platter in them three days I could n't find it."

Her tone was stern; all the outraged housekeeper was astir within her.

He said nothing, and she presently continued discursively, still leaning on the plough-handles: "I never stayed away but them three days. I war n't sati'fied in my mind, nohow, whilst I bided down thar in Tuckaleechee Cove. I hankered cornsider'ble arter the baby. He air three year old now, an' I hev keered fur him ever sence his mother died, — my brother Ab's wife, ye know, — two year ago an' better. They hed fedded him toler'ble whilst I war away, an' I fund him fat ez common. But they hed crost him somehows, an' he war ailin' in his temper when I got home, an' hed ter hev cornsider'ble coddlin'."

She paused before the rising anger in his eyes.

"Why air Mirandy Jane called ter l'arn how ter cook vittles?" he demanded, irrelevantly, it might have seemed.

She looked at him in deprecating surprise. Yet she turned at bay.

"I hev never hearn ez ye war convicted yerself, Rick Tyler!" she said tartly. "Ye war never so much ez seen a-scoutin' round the mourner's bench. Ef I hev got no religion, ye hev got none, nuther."

"Ye air minded ter git merried, D'rindy Cayce," he said, severely, solving his own problem, "an' that's why

Mirandy Jane hev got ter be l'arned ter take yer place at home."

He produced this as if it were an accusation.

She drew back, indignant and affronted, and with a rigid air of offended propriety. "I hev no call ter spen' words 'bout sech ez that, with a free-spoken man like you-uns," she staidly asseverated; and then she was about to move on.

Accepting her view of the gross unseemliness of his mention of the subject, the young fellow's anger gave way to contrition. "Waal, D'rindy," he said, in an eager, apologetic tone, "I hev seen that critter, that thar preacher, a-hangin' round you-uns's house a powerful deal lately, whilst I hev been obleeged ter hide out in the woods. An' bein' ez nobody thar owns up ter needin' religion but you-uns, I reckoned he war a-tryin' ter git ye ter take him an' grace tergeth'er. That man hev got his mouth stuffed chock full o' words, — more 'n enny other man I ever see," he added, with an expression of deep disgust.

Dorinda might be thought to abuse her opportunities. "He ain't studyin' 'bout'n me, no more 'n I be 'bout'n him," she said, with scant relish for the spectacle of Rick Tyler's jealousy. "Pa'son Kelsey jes' stops thar ter the house ter rest his bones a while, arter he kems down off'n the bald, whar he goes ter pray."

"In the name o' reason," exclaimed the young fellow petulantly, "why can't he pray somewhar else? A man ez hev got ter h'ist hisself on the bald of a mounting ten mile high — except what's lackin' — ter git a purchase on prayer hain't got no religion wuth talkin' 'bout. Sinner ez I am, I kin pray in the valley — way down yander in Tuckaleechee Cove — ez peart ez on enny bald in the Big Smoky. That critter air a powerful aggrervatin' contrivance."

Her eyes still shone upon him. "Pears like ter me ez it air no differ,

nohow," she said, with her consolatory cadence. As she again started down the row, she added, glancing over her shoulder and relenting even to explanation, "'Twar granny's word ez Mirandy Jane hed ter be l'arned ter cook an' sech. She air risin' thirteen now, an' air toler'ble bouncin' an' spry, an' oughter be some use, ef ever. An' *she* mought marry when she gits fairly grown, an'," pausing in the turn-row for argument, and looking with earnest eyes at him, as he still stood in the midst of the waving corn, idly holding the plough-handles, where the pistols swung, "ef she did marry, 'pears like ter me ez she would be mightily faulted ef she could n't cook tasty."

There was no reasonable doubt of this proposition, but it failed to convince, and in miserable cogitation he completed another furrow, and met her at the turn-row.

"I s'pose ez Pa'son Kelsey an' yer granny air powerful sociable an' frien'ly," he hazarded, as they stood together.

"I dunno ez them two air partic'lar frien'ly. Pa'son Kelsey air in no wise a sociable critter," said Dorinda, with a discriminating air. "He ain't like Brother Jake Tobin, — though it 'pears like ter me ez his gift in prayer air manifested more survigrus, ef ennything." She submitted this diffidently. Having no religion, she felt incompetent to judge of such matters. "'Pears like ter me ez Pa'son Kelsey air more like 'Lijah an' 'Lisha, an' them men, what he talks about cornsider'ble, an' goes out ter meet on the bald."

"He don't meet them men on the bald; they air dead," said Rick Tyler, abruptly.

She looked at him in shocked surprise.

"That's jes' his addling way o' talkin'," continued the young fellow. "He don't mean fur true more 'n haffen what he say. He 'lows ez he meets the sperits o' them men on the bald."

Once more she lifted her bright eyes to the shivering vapors, — vague, mysterious, veiling in solemn silence the barren, awful heights.

An extreme gravity had fallen upon her face. "Did they live in thar lifetime up hyar in the Big Smoky, or in the valley kentry?" she asked, in a lowered voice.

"I ain't sure 'bout'n that," he replied, indifferently.

"'Crost the line in the old North State?" she hazarded, exhausting her knowledge of the habitable globe.

"I hearn him read 'bout'n it wunst, but I furgits now."

Still her reverent, beautiful eyes, full of the dreamy sunshine, were lifted to the peak. "It must hev been in the Big Smoky Mountings they lived," she said, with eager credulity, "fur he tole me ez the word an' the prophets helped him when Satan kem a-huntin' of him like a patridge on the mount-ing."

The young fellow turned away, with a gesture of angry impatience.

"Ef he hed ever hed the State o' Tennessee a-huntin' of him he would n't be so feared o' Satan. Ef thar war a warrant fur *him* in the sher'ff's pocket, an' the gran' jury's true bill fur murder lyin' agin *him* yander at Shaftesville, an' the gov'nor's reward, two hunderd dollars blood money, on *him*, he would n't be a-humpin' his bones round hyar so peart, a-shakin' in his shoes fur the fear o' Satan." He laughed, a caustic, jeering laugh. "Satan's mighty active, cornsiderin' his age, but I'd be willin' ter pit the State o' Tennessee agin him when it kems ter huntin' of folks like a patridge."

The sunshine in the girl's eyes was clouded. They had filled with tears. Still leaning on the plough-handles, she looked at him, with suddenly crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I dunno how the State o' Tennessee kin git its own cornsent ter be so mean an' wicked

ez it air," she said, his helpless little partisan.

Despite their futility, her words comforted him. "An' I hev done nuthin', nohow!" he cried out, in shrill self-justification. "I could no more hender 'Bednego Tynes from shootin' Joel Byers down in his own door 'n nuthin' in this worl'. I never even knowed they hed a grudge. 'Bednego Tynes, he tole me ez he owed Joel a debt, an' war goin' ter see him bout'n it, an' wanted somebody along ter hear his word an' see jestic done 'twixt 'em. Thar air fower Byers boys, an' I reckon he war feared they would all jump on him at wunst, an' he wanted me ter help him ef they did. An' I went along like a fool sheep, thinkin' 'bout nuthin'. An' when we got way down yander in Eskaquava Cove, whar Joel Byers's house air, he gin a hello at the fence, an' Joel kem ter the door. An' 'Bednego whipped up his rifle suddint an' shot him through the head, ez nip an' percise! An' thar stood Joel's wife, seein' it all. An' 'Bednego run off, nimble, I tell ye, an' I war so flustrated I run, too. Somebody cotched 'Bednego in the old North State the nex' week, an' the gov'nor hed ter send a requisition arter him. But sence I fund out ez they 'lowed I war aidin' an' abettin' 'Bednego, an' war goin' ter arrest me 'kase I war thar at the killin', they hev hed powerful little chance o' tryin' me in the court. An' whilst the gov'nor hed his hand in, he offered a reward fur sech a lawless man ez I be."

He broke off, visibly struggling for composure; then he recommenced in increasing indignation: "An' these hyar frien's o' mine in the Big Smoky, I'll be bound they hanker powerful arter them two hundred dollars blood money. I know ez I'd hev been tuk afore this, ef it war n't fur them consarns thar." He nodded frowningly at the pistols. "Them's the only frien's I hev got."

The girl's voice trembled. "'Pears

like ye mought count me in," she said, reproachfully.

"Naw," he retorted, sternly, "ye go round hyar sorrowin' fur a man ez hev got nuthin' ter be afeard of but the devil."

She made no reply, and her meekness mollified him.

"D'rindy," he said, in an altered tone, and with the pathos of a keen despair, "I hed fixed it in my mind a good while ago, when I could hev hed a house, an' lived like folks, stiddier like a wolf in the woods, ter ax ye ter marry me; but I war hendered by gittin' skeered 'bout'n yer bein' all in favor o' Amos Jeemes, ez kem up ter see ye from Eskaquava Cove, an' I did n't want ter git turned off. Mebbe ef I hed axed ye then I would n't hev tuk ter goin' along o' 'Bednego Tynes an' sech, an' the killin' o' Joel would n't hev happened like it done. Would ye — would ye hev merried me, then?"

Her eyes flashed. "Ye air fairly sodden with foolishness, Rick!" she exclaimed angrily. "Air you-uns thinkin' ez I'll 'low ez I would hev merried a man four month ago ez never axed me ter marry, nohow?" Then, with an appreciation of the delicacy of the position and a conservation of mutual pride, she added, "An' I won't say nuther ez I *would n't* marry a man ez hev never axed me ter marry, nohow."

Somehow, the contrariety of the proprieties, as she translated them, bewildered and baffled him. Even had he been looking at her he might hardly have interpreted, with his blunt perceptions, the dewy wistfulness of the eyes which she bent upon him. The word might promise nothing now. Still she would have valued it. He did not speak it. His eyes were fixed on Chilhowce Mountain, rising up, massive and splendid, against the west. The shadows of the clouds flecked the pure and perfect blue of the sunny slopes with a dusky mottling of purple. The denser shade

in the valley had shifted, and one might know by this how the day wore on. The dew had dried from the long, keen blades of the Indian corn; the grasshoppers droned among them. A lizard basked on a flat, white stone hard by. The old ox dozed in the turn-row.

Suddenly Rick Tyler lifted his hand, with an intent gesture and a dilated eye. There came from far below, on the mountain road, the sound of a horse's hoof striking on a stone, again, and yet again. A faint metallic jingle — the air was so still — suggested spurs. The girl's hands trembled violently as she stepped swiftly to his horse and took off the plough-gear. He had caught up a saddle that was lying in the turn-row, and as hastily buckled the girth about the animal.

"Ef that air ennybody a-hankerin' ter see me, don't you-uns be a-denyin' ez I hev been hyar, D'rindy," he said, as he put his foot in the stirrup. "I reckon they hev fund out by now ez I be in the kentry round about. But keep 'em hyar ez long ez ye kin, ter gin me a start."

He mounted his horse, and rode noiselessly away along the newly turned mould of the furrow.

She stood leaning upon her plough-handles, and silently watching him. His equestrian figure, darkly outlined against the far blue mountains and the intermediate valley, seemed of heroic size against the landscape, which was reduced by the distance to the minimum of proportion. The deep shadows of the woods, encompassing the clearing, fell upon him presently, and he, too, was but a shadow in the dusky monochrome of the limited vista. The dense laurel closed about him, and his mountain fastnesses, that had befriended him of yore, received him once again.

Then up and down the furrows Dorinda mechanically followed the plough, her pulses throbbing, every nerve tense, every faculty alert. She winced when

she heard the frequent striking of hoofs upon the rocky slopes of the road below. She was instantly aware when they were silent and the party had stopped to breathe the horses. She began accurately to gauge their slow progress.

"'T ain't airish in no wise ter-day," she said, glancing about at the still, noon-tide landscape; "an' ef them air valley cattle they mus' git blowed mightily travelin' up sech steep mountings ez the Big Smoky." She checked her self-gratulation. "Though I ain't wantin' ter gloat on the beastis' misery, nuther," she stipulated.

She paused presently at the lower end of the clearing, and looked down over the precipice, that presented a sheer sandstone cliff on one side, and on the other a wild confusion of splintered and creviced rocks, where the wild rose bloomed in the niches and the grape-vine swung. The beech-trees on the slope below conserved beneath their dense, umbrageous branches a tender, green twilight. Loitering along in a gleaming silver thread by the roadside was a mountain rill, hardly gurgling even when with slight and primitive shift it was led into a hollowed and mossy log, that it might aggregate sufficient volume in the dry season to water the horse of the chance wayfarer.

The first stranger that rode into this shadowy nook took off a large straw hat and bared his brow to the refreshing coolness. His grizzled hair stood up in front after the manner denominated "a roach." His temples were deeply sunken, and his strongly marked face was long and singularly lean. He held it forward, as if he were snuffing the air. He had a massive and powerful frame, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and he looked like a hound in the midst of the hunting season.

It served to quiet Dorinda's quivering nerves when he leisurely rode his big gray horse up to the trough, and dropped the rein that the animal might

drink. If he were in pursuit he evidently had no idea how close he had pressed the fugitive. He was joined there by the other members of the party, six or eight in number, and presently a stentorian voice broke upon the air. "Hello! Hello!" he shouted, hailing the log cabin.

Mirandy Jane, a slim, long-legged, filly-like girl of thirteen, with a tangled black mane, the forelock hanging over her wild, prominent eyes, had at that moment appeared on the porch. She paused, and stared at the strangers with vivacious surprise. Then, taking sudden fright, she fled precipitately, with as much attendant confusion of pattering footfalls, flying mane, and excited snorts and gasps as if she were a troop of wild horses.

"Granny! granny!" she exclaimed to the old crone in the chimney corner, "thar's a man on a big gray critter down at the troff, an' I ain't s'prised none ef he air a raider!"

The hail of the intruders was regarded as a challenge by some fifteen or twenty hounds that suddenly materialized among the bee-hives and the althea bushes, and from behind the ash-hopper and the hen-house and the rain-barrel. From under the cabin two huge curs came, their activity impeded by the blocks and chains they drew. These were silent, while the others yelped vociferously, and climbed over the fence, and dashed down the road.

The horses pricked up their ears, and the leader of the party awaited the onslaught with a pistol in his hand.

The old woman, glancing out of the window, observed this demonstration.

"He'll kill one o' our dogs with that thar shootin'-iron o' his'n!" she exclaimed in trepidation. "Run, Mirandy Jane, an' tell him *our* dogs don't bite."

The filly-like Mirandy Jane made great speed among the hounds, as she called them off, and remembered only after she had returned to the house to

be afraid of the "shootin'-iron" herself.

The old woman, who had come out on the porch, stood gazing at the party, shading her eyes with her hand, and a long-range colloquy ensued.

"Good-mornin', madam," said the man at the trough.

"Good-mornin', sir," quavered the old crone on the mountain slope.

"I'm the sher'ff o' the county, madam, an' I'd like ter know ef" —

"Mirandy Jane," the old woman interrupted, in a wrathful undertone, "'pears like I hev hed the trouble o' raisin' a idjit in you-uns! Them ain't raiders, 'n nuthin' like it. Run an' tell the sher'ff we air dishin' up dinner right now, an' ax him an' his gang ter' light an' hitch, an' eat it along o' we-uns."

The prospect was tempting. It was high noon, and the posse had been in the saddle since dawn. Dorinda, with a beating heart, marked how short a consultation resulted in dismounting and hitching the horses; and then, with their spurs jingling and their pistols belted about them, the men trooped up to the house.

As they seated themselves around the table, more than one looked back over his shoulder at the open window, in which was framed, as motionless as a painted picture, the vast perspective of the endless blue ranges and the great vaulted sky, not more blue, all with the broad, still, brilliant noontide upon it.

"Ye ain't scrimped fur a view, Mis' Cayce, an' that's the Lord's truth!" exclaimed the officer.

"Waal," said the old woman, as if her attention were called to the fact for the first time, "we kin see a power o' kentry from this spot o' oun, sure enough; but I dunno ez it gins us enny more chance o' ever viewin' Canaan."

"It's a sight o' ground ter hev ter hunt a man over, ez ef he war a needle in a haystack," and once more the officer turned and surveyed the prospect.

The room was overheated by the fire which had cooked the dinner, and the old woman actively plied her fan of turkey feathers, pausing occasionally to readjust her cap, which had a flapping frill and was surmounted by a pair of gleaming spectacles. A bandana kerchief was crossed over her breast, and she wore a blue-and-white-checked homespun of the same pattern and style that she had worn here fifty years ago. Her hands were tremulous and gnarled and her face was deeply wrinkled, but her interest in life was as fresh as Mirandy Jane's.

The great frame of the warping-bars on one side of the room was swathed with a rainbow of variegated yarn, and a spinning-wheel stood near the door. A few shelves, scrupulously neat, held piggins, a cracked blue bowl, brown earthenware, and the cooking utensils. There were rude gun-racks on the walls. These indicated the fact of several men in the family. It was the universal dinner-hour, yet none of them appeared. The sheriff reflected that perhaps they had their own sufficient reason to be shy of strangers, and the horses hitched outside advertised the presence and number of unaccustomed visitors within. When the usual appetizer was offered, it took the form of whiskey in such quantity that the conviction was forced upon him that it was come by very handily. However, he applied himself with great relish to the bacon and snap-beans, corn dodgers and fried chicken, not knowing that Mirandy Jane, who was esteemed altogether second rate, had cooked them, and spread the honey upon the apple-pie, ate it with his knife, and washed it down with buttermilk, kept cold as ice in the spring, — the mixture being calculated to surprise a more civilized stomach.

Not even his conscience was roused, — the first intimation of a disordered digestion. He listened to old Mrs. Cayce with no betrayal of divination when she

vaguely but anxiously explained the absence of her son and his boys in the equivocal phrase, "Not round about ter-day, bein' gone off," and he asked how many miles distant was the Settlement, as if he understood they had gone thither. He was saying to himself, the brush whiskey warming his heart, that the revenue department paid him nothing to raid moonshiners, and there was no obligation of his office to sift any such suspicion which might occur to him while accepting an unguarded hospitality.

He looked with somewhat appreciative eyes at Dorinda, as she went back and forth from the table to the pot which hung in the deep chimney-place above the smouldering coals. She had laid aside her bonnet. Her face was grave; her eyes were bright and excited; her hair was drawn back, except for the tendrils about her brow, and coiled, with the aid of a much-prized "tuckin' comb," at the back of her head in a knot discriminated as Grecian in civilization. He remarked to her grandmother that he was a family man himself, and had a daughter as old, he should say, as Dorinda.

"D'rindy air turned seventeen now," said Mrs. Cayce, disparagingly. "It 'pears like ter me ez the young folks nowadays air awk'ard an' back'ard. I war merried when I war sixteen, — sixteen scant."

The girl felt that she was indeed of advanced years, and the sheriff said that his daughter was not yet sixteen, and he thought it probable she weighed more than Dorinda.

He lighted his pipe presently, and tilted his chair back against the wall.

"Yes 'm," he said meditatively, gazing out of the window at the great panorama, "it's a pretty big spot o' kentry ter hev ter hunt a man over. Now ef 't war one o' the town folks we could make out ter overhaul him somehows; but a mounting boy, — why, he's ez free

ter the hills ez a fox. I s'pose ye hain't seen him hyar-about's?"

"I hain't hearn who it air yit," the old woman replied, putting her hand behind her ear.

"It's Rick Tyler; he hails from this deestric'. I won't be 'stonished ef we ketch him this time. The gov'nor has offered two hunderd dollars reward fur him, an' I reckon somebody will find it wuth while ter head him fur us."

He was talking idly. He had no expectation of developments here. He had only stopped at the house in the first instance for the question which he had asked at every habitation along the road. It suddenly occurred to him as polite to include Dorinda in the conversation.

"Ye hain't seen nor hearn of him, I s'pose, hev ye?" inquired the sheriff, directly addressing her.

As he turned toward her he marked her expression. His own face changed suddenly. He rose at once.

"Don't trifle with the law, I warn ye," he said sternly. "Ye hev seen that man."

Dorinda was standing beside her spinning-wheel, one hand holding the thread, the other raised to guide the motion. She looked at him, pale and breathless.

"I hev seen him. I ain't onwillin' ter own it. Ye never axed me afore."

The other members of the party had crowded in from the porch, where they had been sitting since dinner, smoking their pipes. The officer, realizing his lapse of vigilance and the loss of his opportunity, was sharply conscious, too, of their appreciation of his fatuity.

"Whar did ye see him?" he asked.

"I seen him hyar—this mornin'." There was a stir of excitement in the group. "He kem by on his beastis whilst I war a-ploughin', an' we talked a passel. An' then he tuk Pete's plough, ez war idle in the turn-row, an' holped along some; he run a few furrows."

"Which way did he go?" asked the sheriff breathlessly.

"I dunno," faltered the girl.

"Look-a-hyar!" he thundered, in rising wrath. "Ye'll find yerself under lock an' key in the jail at Shaftesville, ef ye undertake ter fool with me. Which way did he go?"

A flush sprang into the girl's excited face. Her eyes flashed.

"Ef ye kin jail me fur tellin' all I know, I can't help it," she said, with spirit. "I kin tell no more."

He saw the justice of her position. It did not make the situation easier for him. Here he had sat eating and drinking and idly talking while the fugitive, who had escaped by a hair's breadth, was counting miles and miles between himself and his lax pursuer. This would be heard of in Shaftesville,—and he a candidate for reelection! He beheld already an exchange of significant glances among his posse. Had he asked that simple question earlier he might now be on his way back to Shaftesville, his prisoner braceleted with the idle handcuffs that jingled in his pocket as he moved.

He caught at every illusive vagary that might promise to retrieve his error. He declared that she could not say which way Rick Tyler had taken because he was not gone.

"He's in this house right now!" he exclaimed. He ordered a search, and the guests, a little while ago so friendly, begun exploring every nook and cranny.

"No, no!" cried the old woman, shrilly, as they tried the door of the shed-room, which was bolted and barred. "Ye can't tech that thar door. It can't be opened,—not ef the Gov'nor o' Tennessee war hyar himself, a-moanin' an' a-honin' ter git in."

The sheriff's eyes dilated. "Open the door,—I summon ye!" he proclaimed, with his imperative official manner.

"No! — I done tole ye," she said in-

dignantly. "The word o' the men folks hev been gin ter keep that thar door shet, an' shet it's goin' ter be kep'."

The officer laid his hand upon it.

"Ye must n't bust it open!" shrilled the old woman. "Laws-a-massy! ef thar be many sech ez you-uns in Shaftesville, I ain't s'prised none that the Bible gits ter mournin' over the low kentry, an' calls it a vale o' tears an' the valley o' the shadder o' death!"

The sheriff had placed his powerful shoulder against the frail batten door.

"Hyar goes!" he said.

There was a crash; the door lay in splinters on the floor; the men rushed precipitately over it.

They came back laughing sheepishly. The officer's face was angry and scarlet.

"Don't take the bar'l, — don't take the bar'l!" the old woman besought of him, as she fairly hung upon his arm. "I dunno *how* the boys would cavort ef they kem back an' fund the bar'l gone."

He gave her no heed. "Why n't ye tell me that man war n't thar?" he asked of the girl.

"Ye did n't ax me that word," said Dorinda.

"No, 'Cajah Green, ye didn't," said one of the men, who, since the abortive result of their leader's suspicion, were ashamed of their mission, and prone to self-exoneration. "I'll stand up ter it ez she answered full an' true every word ez ye axed her."

"Lor'-a-mighty! Ef I jes' knowed aforehand how it will tech the boys when they view the door down onto the floor!" exclaimed the old woman. "They mought jounce round hyar ez ef they war bereft o' reason, an' all thar hope o' salvation hed hung on the hinges. An' then agin they mought 'low ez they hed ruther hev no door than be at the trouble o' shettin' it an' barrin' it up ez they kem an' go. They air mighty onsartain in thar temper, an' I hev never hankered ter see 'em crost. But fur the glory's sake, don't tech the bar'l. It's been

sot thar ter age some, ef the Lord will spare it."

In the girl's lucent eyes the officer detected a gleam of triumph. How far away in the tangled labyrinths of the mountain wilderness, among the deer-paths and the cataracts and the cliffs, had these long hours led Rick Tyler!

He spoke on his angry impulse: "An' I ain't goin' ter furgit in a hurry how I hev fund out ez ye air a-consortin' with criminals, an' aidin' an' abettin' men ez air fleein' from jesticence an' wanted fur murder. Ye look out; ye'll find yerself in Shaftesville jail 'fore long, I'm a-thinkin'."

"He stopped an' talked ez other folks stop an' talk," Dorinda retorted. "I could n't hender, an' I hed no mind ter hender. He took no bite nor sup ez others hev done. 'Pears like ter me ez we hev gin aid an' comfort ter the officer o' the law, ez well ez we could."

And this was the story that went down to Shaftesville.

The man, his wrath rebounding upon himself, hung his head, and went down to the trough, and mounted his horse without another word.

The others hardly knew what to say to Dorinda. But they were more deliberate in their departure, and hung around apologizing in their rude way to the old woman, who convulsively besought each to spare the barrel, which had been set in the shed-room to "age some, ef it could be lef' alone."

Dorinda stood under the jack-bean vines, blossoming purple and white, and watched the men as they silently rode away. All the pride within her was stirred. Every sensitive fibre flinched from the officer's coarse threat. She followed him out of sight with vengeful eyes.

"I wish I war a man!" she cried, passionately.

"A-law, D'rindy!" exclaimed her grandmother, aghast at the idea. "That ain't manners!"

The shadows were beginning to creep slowly up the slopes of the Great Smoky Mountains, as if they came from the depths of the earth. A roseate suffusion idealized range and peak to the east. The delicate skyey background of opaline tints and lustre made distinct and definite their majestic symmetry of outline. Ah! and the air was so clear! What infinite lengths of elastic distances stretched between that quivering trumpet-flower by the fence and the azure heights which its scarlet horn might almost seem to cover! The sun, its yellow blaze burned out, and now a sphere of smouldering fire, was dropping down behind Chilhowee, royally purple, richly dark. Wings were in the air and every instinct was homeward. An eagle, with a shadow skurrying through the valley, like some forlorn Icarus that might not soar, swept high over the landscape. Above all rose the great "bald," still splendidly illumined with the red glamour of the sunset, and holding its uncovered head so loftily against the sky that it might seem it had bared its brow before the majesty of heaven.

When the "men folks," great, gaunt, bearded, jeans-clad fellows, stood in the shed-room and gazed at the splintered door upon the floor, it was difficult to judge what was the prevailing sentiment, so dawdling, so uncommunicative, so inexpressive of gesture, were they.

"We knowed ez thar war strangers prowlin' roun'," said the master of the house, when he had heard his mother's excited account of the events of the day. "We war a-startin' ter kem home ter dinner, an' seen thar beastises hitched thar a-nigh the trough. An' I 'lowed ez mebbe they mought be the revenue devils, so I jes' made the boys lay low. An' Sol war set ter watch, an' he gin the word when they hed rid away."

He was a man of fifty-five, perhaps, tough and stalwart. His face was as lined and seamed as that of his mother, who had counted nearly fourscore years,

but his frame was almost as supple as at thirty. This trait of physical vigor was manifested in each of his muscular sons, and despite their slow and lank uncouthness their movements suggested latent elasticity. In Dorinda, his only daughter, it graced her youth and perfected her beauty. He was known far and wide as "Ground-hog Cayce," but he would tell you, with a flash of the eye, that before the war he bore the Christian name of John.

Nothing more was said on the subject until after supper, when they were all sitting, dusky shadows, on the little porch, where the fireflies sparkled and the vines fluttered, and one might look out and see the new moon, in the similitude of a silver boat, sailing down the western skies, off the headlands of Chilhowee. A cricket was shrilling in the weeds. The vague, sighing voice of the woods rose and fell with a melancholy monody. A creamy elder blossom glimmered in a corner of the rail fence, hard by, its delicate, delicious odor pervading the air.

"I never knowed," said one of the young men, "ez this hyar sher'ff—this 'Cajah Green—war sech a headin' critter."

"He never teched the bar'l," said the old woman, not wishing that he should appear blacker than he had painted himself.

"I s'pose you-uns gin him an' his gang a bite an' sup," remarked Ground-hog Cayce.

"They eat a sizable dinner hyar," put in Mirandy Jane, who, having cooked it, had no mind that it should be belittled.

"An' they stayed a right smart while, an' talked powerful frien'ly an' sociable-like," said old Mrs. Cayce, "till the sher'ff got addled with the notion that we hed Rick Tyler hid hyar. An' unless we-uns hed tied him in the cheer or shot him, nuthin' in natur' could hev held him. I 'lowed 't war the dram he

tuk, though D'rindy thinks differ. They never teched the bar'l, though."

"An' then," said Dorinda, with a sudden gush of tears, all the afflicted delicacy of a young and tender woman, all the overweening pride of the mountaineer, throbbing wildly in her veins, her heart afire, her helpless hands trembling, "he said the word ez he would lock me up in the jail at Shaftesville, sence I hed owned ter seein' a man ez he war n't peart enough ter ketch. He spoke that word ter me, — *the jail!*"

She hung sobbing in the doorway.

There was a murmur of indignation among the group, and John Cayce rose to his feet with a furious oath.

"He shell rue it!" he cried, — "he shell rue it! Me an' mine take no word off'n nobody. My gran'dad an' his three brothers, one hunderd an' fourteen year ago, kem hyar from the old North State an' settled in the Big Smoky. They an' thar sons rooted up the wilderness. They crapped. They fit the beastis; they fit the Injun; they fit the British; an' this last little war o' ourn they fit each other. Thar hev never been a coward 'mongst 'em. Thar hev never been a key turned on one of 'em, or a door shtet. They hev respected the law fur what it war wuth, an' they hev stood up fur thar rights agin it. They answer fur thar word, an' others hev ter answer." He paused for a moment.

The moon, still in the similitude of a silver boat, swung at anchor in a deep

indentation in the summit of Chilhowee that looked like some lonely pine-girt bay; what strange, mysterious fancies did it land from its cargo of sentiments and superstitions and uncanny influences!

"D'rindy," her father commanded, "make a mark on this hyar rifle-bar'l fur 'Cajah Green's word ter be remembered by."

There was a flash in the faint moonbeams, as he held out to her a long, sharp knife. The rifle was in his hand. Other marks were on it commemorating past events. This was to be a foregone conclusion.

"No, no!" cried the girl, shrinking back aghast. "I don't want him shot. I would n't hev him hurted fur me, fur nuthin'! I ain't keerin' now fur what he said. Let him be, — let him be."

She had smarted under the sense of indignity. She had wanted their sympathy, and perhaps their idle anger. She was dismayed by the revengeful passion she had roused.

"No, no!" she reiterated, as one of the younger men, her brother Peter, stepped swiftly out from the shadow, seized her hand with the knife trembling in it, and, catching the moonlight on the barrel of the rifle, guided upon it, close to the muzzle, the mark of a cross.

The moon had weighed anchor at last, and dropped down behind the mountain summit, leaving the bay with a melancholy waning suffusion of light, and the night very dark.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

THE doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
 The ponds are frozen along the road,
 The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
 While singeth the kettle on the fire.
 Margery, Margery, make the tea,
 Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
 Shivers and buttons up his coat;
 The traveler stops at the tavern door,
 And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
 Margery, Margery, make the tea,
 Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
 Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
 A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
 And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
 Margery, Margery, make the tea,
 Singeth the kettle merrily.

William Wilfred Campbell.

CHILDHOOD IN GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

THERE was a time, just beyond the memory of men now living, when the Child was born in literature. At the same period books for children began to be written. There were children, indeed, in literature before Wordsworth created Alice Fell and Lucy Gray, or breathed the lines beginning,

"She was a phantom of delight,"

and there were books for the young before Mr. Day wrote Sandford and Merton; especially is it to be noted that Goldsmith, who was an *avant-courier* of Wordsworth, had a very delightful perception of the child, and amused himself with him in the Vicar of Wakefield, while he or his double entertained his little friends in real life with the Renowned History of Goody Two Shoes. Nevertheless, there has been, since the day of Wordsworth, such a succession of childish figures in prose and verse that we are justified in believing child-

hood to have been discovered at the close of the last century. The child has now become so common that we scarcely consider how absent he is from the earlier literature. Men and women are there, lovers, maidens, and youth, but these are all with us still. The child has been added to the *dramatis personæ* of modern literature.

There is a correlation between childhood in literature and a literature for children, but it will best be understood when one has considered the meaning of the appearance and disappearance of the child in different epochs of literature and art; for while a hasty survey certainly assures one that the nineteenth century regards childhood far more intently than any previous age, it is impossible that so elemental a figure as the child should ever have been wholly lost to sight. A comparison of literatures with reference to this figure may disclose some of the

fundamental differences which exist between this century and those which have preceded it; it may also disclose a still deeper note of unity, struck by the essential spirit in childhood itself. It is not worth while in such a study to have much recourse to the minor masters; if a theme so elemental and so universal in its relations is not to be illustrated from the great creative expositors of human nature, it cannot have the importance which we claim for it.

I.

When Dr. Schliemann with his little shovel uncovered the treasures of Mycenæ and Ilium, a good many timid souls rejoiced exceedingly over a convincing proof of the authenticity of the Homeric legends. There always will be those who find the proof of a spiritual fact in some corresponding material fact; who wish to see the bones of Agamemnon before they are quite ready to believe in the Agamemnon of the Iliad; to whom the Bible is not true until its truth has been confirmed by some external witness. But when science has done its utmost, there still remains in a work of art a certain testimony to truth, which may be illustrated by science, but cannot be superseded by it. Agamemnon has lived all these years in the belief of men without the aid of any cups, or saucers, or golden vessels, or even bones. Literature, and especially imaginative literature, is the exponent of the life of a people, and we must still go to it for our most intimate knowledge. No careful antiquarian research can reproduce for us the women of early Greece as Homer has set them before us in a few lines in his pictures of Helen and Penelope and Nausikaä. When, therefore, we ask ourselves of childhood in Greek life, we may reconstruct it out of the multitudinous references in Greek literature to the education of children, to their sports and games; and it is no very difficult task to follow the child from

birth through the nursery to the time when it assumes its place in the active community: but the main inquiries must still be, What pictures have we of childhood? What part does the child play in that drama which is set before us in a microcosm by poets and tragedians?

The actions of Homer's heroes are spiritualized by reflection. That is, as the tree which meets the eye becomes a spiritual tree when one sees its answering image in the pool which it overhangs, so those likenesses which Homer sets over against the deeds of his heroes release the souls of the deeds, and give them wings for a flight in the imagination. A crowd of men flock to the assembly: seen in the bright reflection of Homer's imagination, they are a swarm of bees:—

"Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
With flocks to them, that came forth, as when
of frequent bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the
degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still
as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters
to the spring,
They still crowd out so; this flock here, that
there, belaboring
The loaded flowers." ¹

So Chapman, in his Gothic fashion, running up his little spires and pinnacles upon the building which he has raised from Homer's material; but the idea is all Homer's, and Chapman's "repairing the degrees of their egression endlessly," with its resonant hum, is hardly more intentionally a reflex of sound and motion than Homer's *αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομέναων*.

We look again at Chapman's way of rendering the caressing little passage in the fourth book of the Iliad, where Homer, wishing to speak of the ease and tenderness with which Athene turns aside the arrow shot at Menelaos, calls up the image of a mother brushing a fly from the face of her sleeping child:—

¹ Chapman's *The Iliads of Homer*, ii. 70-77.

"Stood close before, and slack'd the force the arrow did confer
 With as much care and little hurt as doth a mother use,
 And keep off from her babe, when sleep doth through his powers diffuse
 His golden humor, and th' assaults of rude and busy flies
 She still checks with her careful hand." ¹

Here the Englishman has caught the notion of ease, and emphasized that; yet he has missed the tenderness, and all because he was not content to accept the simple image, but must needs re-fract it into "assaults of rude and busy flies." Better is the rendering of the picturesque figure in which Ajax, beset by the Trojans, is likened to an ass belabored by a pack of boys:—

"As when a dull mill ass comes near a goodly field of corn,
 Kept from the birds by children's cries, the boys are overborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will eat
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat,
 And still the self-providing ass doth with their weakness bear,
 Not stirring till his paunch be full, and scarcely then will steer." ²

Apollo, sweeping away the rampart of the Greeks, does it as easily as a boy, who has heaped a pile of sand upon the sea-shore in childish sport, in sport razes it with feet and hands. Achilles half pities, half chides, the imploring, weeping Patroclus, when he says, —

"Wherefore weeps my friend
 So like a girl, who, though she sees her mother cannot tend
 Her childish humors, hangs on her, and would be taken up,
 Still viewing her with tear-drowned eyes, when she has made her stoop." ³

Chapman's "hangs on her" is hardly so particular as Homer's *εἰανοῦ ἀπτομένη*, plucks at her gown; and he has quite missed the picture offered by the poet, who makes the child, as soon as she discovers her mother, beg to be taken up,

and insistently stop her as she goes by on some errand. Here again the naive domestic scene in Homer is charged in Chapman with a certain half-tragic meaning.

This, we think, completes the short catalogue of Homer's indirect reference to childhood, and the comparison with the Elizabethan poet's use of the same forms brings out more distinctly the sweet simplicity and native dignity of the Greek. When childhood is thus referred to by Homer, it is used with no condescension, and with no thought of investing it with any adventitious property. It is a part of nature, as the bees are a part of nature; and when Achilles likens his friend in his tears to a little girl wishing to be taken up by her mother, he is not taunting him with being a "cry-baby."

Leaving the indirect references, one recalls immediately the single picture of childhood which stands among the heroic scenes of the Iliad. When Hector has his memorable parting with Andromache, as related in the sixth book of the Iliad, the child Astyanax is present in the nurse's arms. Here Chapman is so careless that we desert him, and fall back on a simple rendering into prose of the passage relating to the child:—

"With this, famous Hector reached forth to take his boy, but back into the bosom of his fair-girded nurse the boy shrank with a cry, frightened at the sight of his dear father; for he was afraid of the brass, — yes, and of the plume made of a horse's mane, when he saw it nodding dreadfully at the helmet's peak. Then out laughed his dear father and his noble mother. Quick from his head famous Hector took the helmet and laid it on the ground, where it shone. Then he kissed his dear son and tossed him in the air, and thus he prayed to Zeus and all the gods. . . . These were his words, and so he placed the boy, his boy, in the hands of his dear wife; and

¹ Iliad, iv. 147-151.

² Iliad, xi. 485-490.

³ Iliad, xvi. 5-8.

she received him into her odorous bosom, smiling through her tears. Her husband had compassion on her when he saw it, and stroked her with his hand, spoke to her, and called her by her name."¹

Like so many other passages in Homer, this at once offers themes for sculpture. Flaxman was right when he presented his series of illustrations to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in outline, and gave a statuesque character to the groups, though his interpretation of this special scene is commonplace. There is an elemental property about the life exhibited in Homer which the firm boundaries of sculpture most fitly inclose. Thus childhood, in this passage, is characterized by an entirely simple emotion,—the sudden fear of an infant at the sight of his father's shining helmet and frowning plume; while the relation of maturity to childhood is presented in the strong man's concession to weakness, as he laughs and lays aside his helmet, and then catches and tosses the child.

It is somewhat perilous to comment upon Homer. The appeal in his poetry is so direct to universal feeling, and so free from the entanglements of a too refined sensibility, that the moment one begins to enlarge upon the sentiment in his epic one is in danger of importing into it subtleties which would have been incomprehensible to Homer. There is preserved, especially in the *Iliad*, the picture of a society which is physically developed, but intellectually unrefined. The men weep like children when they cannot have what they want, and the passions which stir life are those which lie nearest the physical forms of expression. When we come thus upon this picture of Hector's parting with Andromache, we are impressed chiefly with the fact that it is human life in outline. Here are great facts of human experience, and they are so told that not one

of them requires a word of explanation to make it intelligible to a child. The child, we are reminded in a later philosophy, is father of the man, and Astyanax is a miniature Hector; for we have only to go forward a few pages to find Hector, when brought face to face with Ajax, confessing to a terrible thumping of fear in his breast.

There is one figure in early Greek domestic life which has frequent recognition in literature. It helps in our study of this subject to find the nurse so conspicuous; in the passage last quoted she is given an epithet which is reserved for goddesses and noble women. The definite regard paid to one so identified with childhood is in accord with the open acceptance of the physical aspect of human nature which is at the basis of the Homeric poems. The frankness with which the elemental conditions of life are made to serve the poet's purpose, so that eating and drinking, sleeping and fighting, weeping and laughing, running and dancing, are familiar incidents of the poem, finds a place for the nurse and the house-dog. Few incidents in the *Odyssey* are better remembered by its readers than the recognition of the travel-worn Odysseus by the old watch-dog, and by the nurse who washes the hero's feet and discovers the scar of the wound made by the boar's tusk when the man before her was a youth.

The child, in the Homeric conception, was a little human creature uninvested with any mystery, a part of that society which had itself scarcely passed beyond the bounds of childhood. As the horizon which limited early Greece was a narrow one, and the world in which the heroes moved was surrounded by a vast *terra incognita*, so human life, in its Homeric acceptance, was one of simple forms; that which lay beyond tangible and visible experience was rarely visited, and was peopled with shapes which brought a childish fright. There was, in a word, nothing in the development

¹ *Iliad*, vi. 466-475, 482-485.

of man's nature, as recorded by Homer, which would make him look with questioning toward his child. He regarded the world about him with scarcely more mature thought than did the child whom he tossed in the air, and until life should be apprehended in its more complex relations, he was not likely to see in his child anything more than an epitome of his own little round. The contrast between childhood and manhood was too faint to serve much of a purpose in art.

The difference between Homer and the tragedians is at once perceived to be the difference between a boy's thought and a man's thought. The colonial growth, the Persian war, the political development, the commerce with other peoples, were witnesses to a more complex life and the quick causes of a profounder apprehension of human existence. It happens that we have in the *Cædipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles an incident which offers a suggestive comparison with the simple picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. In the earlier poem, the hero, expecting the fortunes of war, disdains all suggestions of prudence, and speaks as a brave man must, who sets honor above ease, and counts the cost of sacrifice only to stir himself to greater courage and resolution. He asks that his child may take his place in time, and he dries his wife's tears with the simple words that no *man* can separate him from her, that fate alone can intervene; in Chapman's nervous rendering:—

"Afflict me not, dear wife,

With these vain griefs. He doth not live that
can disjoin my life

And this firm bosom but my fate; and fate,
whose wings can fly?

Noble, ignoble, fate controls. Once born, the
best must die."

Here, the impending disaster to Troy, with the inclusion of Hector's fortune, appears as one fact out of many, an incident in life, bringing other incidents in its train, yet scarcely more ethical in its

relations than if it followed from the throw of dice. In the *Cædipus*, when the king, overwhelmed by his fate, in the supreme hour of his anguish takes vengeance upon his eyes, there follows a passage of surpassing pathos. To the mad violence has succeeded a moment of tender grief, and the unhappy *Cædipus* stretches out his arms for his children, that he may bid them farewell. His own terrible fate is dimmed in his thought by the suffering which the inevitable curse of the house is to bring into their lives. He reflects; he dismisses his sons, — they, at least, can fight their battles in the world; he turns to his defenseless little daughters, and pours out for them the tears of a stricken father. The not-to-be-questioned fate of Homer, an inexplicable incident of life, which men must set aside from calculation and thought because it is inexplicable, has become in Sophocles a terrible mystery, connecting itself with man's conduct, even when that is unwittingly in violation of divine decree, and following him with such unrelenting vigilance that death cannot be counted the end of perilous life. The child, in the supreme moment of Hector's destiny, is to him the restoration of order, the replacement of his loss; the children, in the supreme moment of the destiny of *Cædipus*, are to him only the means of prolonging and rendering more murky the darkness which has fallen upon him. When Hector looks upon *Astyanax*, he sees the world rolling on, sunlight chasing shadow, repeating the life he has known; when *Cædipus* looks upon *Antigone* and *Ismene*, he sees new disclosures of the possibilities of a dread power under which the world is abiding.

It cannot have escaped notice how large a part is played by children in the spectacular appointments of the Greek drama. Those symbolic processions, those groups of human life, those scenes of human passion, are rendered more

complete by the silent presence of children. They serve in the temples; their eyes are quick to catch the coming of the messenger; they suffer dumbly in the fate that pulls down royal houses and topples the pillars of ancestral palaces. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. The Greek mind, which found expression in tragic art, was oppressed by the problems not so much of individual fate as of the subtle relations of human life. The serpents winding about Laokoön entwined in their folds the shrinking youths, and the father's anguish was for the destiny which would not let him suffer alone. Yet there is scarcely a child's voice to be heard in the whole range of Greek poetic art. The conception is universally of the child not as acting, far less as speaking, but as a passive member of the social order. It is not its individual life so much as its related life which is contemplated.

We are related to the Greeks not only through the higher forms of literature, but through the political thought which had with them both historical development and speculative representation. It comes thus within the range of our inquiry to ask what recognition of childhood there was in writings which sought to give an artistic form to political thought. There is a frequent recurrence by Plato to the subject of childhood in the state, and we may see in his presentation not only the germinal relation which childhood bears, so that education becomes necessarily one of the significant functions of government, but also what may not unfairly be called a reflection of divinity.

The education which in the ideal state is to be given to children is represented by him, indeed, as the evolution from the sensations of pleasure and pain to the perception of virtue and vice. "Pleasure and pain," he says,¹

¹ Laws, ii. 653. In this and subsequent passages, Jowett's translation is used.

"I maintain to be the first perceptions of children, and I say that they are the forms under which virtue and vice are originally present to them. As to wisdom and true and fixed opinions, happy is the man who acquires them, even when declining in years; and he who possesses them, and the blessings which are contained in them, is a perfect man. Now I mean by education that training which is given by suitable habits to the first instincts of virtue in children; when pleasure and friendship and pain and hatred are rightly implanted in souls not yet capable of understanding the nature of them, and who find them, after they have attained reason, to be in harmony with her. This harmony of the soul, when perfected, is virtue; but the particular training in respect of pleasure and pain which leads you always to hate what you ought to hate, and love what you ought to love, from the beginning to the end, may be separated off, and, in my view, will be rightly called education."

In the Republic, Plato theorizes at great length upon a possible selection and training of children, which rests for its basis upon a too pronounced physical assumption, so that one in reading certain passages might easily fancy that he was considering the production of a superior breed of colts, and that the soul was the product of material forces only; but the fifth book, which contains these audacious speculations, may fairly be taken in the spirit in which Proudhon is said to have thrown out some of his extravagant assertions,—he expected to be beaten down in his price.

There are other passages, especially in the Laws, in reading which one is struck by a certain reverence for childhood, as that interesting one where caution is given against disturbing the uniformity of children's plays on account of their connection with the life of the state. The modern theories of the Kindergarten find a notable support in Plato's

reasoning: "I say that in states generally no one has observed that the plays of childhood have a great deal to do with the permanence or want of permanence in legislation. For when plays are ordered with a view to children having the same plays and amusing themselves after the same manner and finding delight in the same playthings, the more solemn institutions of the state are allowed to remain undisturbed. Whereas, if sports are disturbed and innovations are made in them, and they constantly change, and the young never speak of their having the same likings or the same established notions of good and bad taste, either in the bearing of their bodies or in their dress, but he who devises something new and out of the way in figures and colors and the like is held in special honor, we may truly say that no greater evil can happen in a state; for he who changes the sports is secretly changing the manners of the young, and making the old to be dishonored among them, and the new to be honored. And I affirm that there is nothing which is a greater injury to all states than saying or thinking thus."¹

It is, however, most germane to our purpose to cite a striking passage from the *Laws*, in which Plato most distinctly recognizes the power resident in childhood to assimilate the purest expression of truth. The Athenian, in the dialogue, is speaking, and says, "The next suggestion which I have to offer is that all our three choruses [that is, choruses representing the three epochs of life] shall sing to the young and tender souls of children, reciting in their strains all the noble thoughts of which we have already spoken, or are about to speak; and the sum of them shall be that the life which is by the gods deemed to be the happiest is the holiest, and we shall affirm this to be a most certain truth; and the minds of our young dis-

ciples will be more likely to receive these words of ours than any others which we might address to them. . . .

"First will enter, in their natural order, the sacred choir, composed of children, which is to sing lustily the heaven-taught lay to the whole city. Next will follow the chorus of young men under the age of thirty, who will call upon the God Pæan to testify to the truth of their words, and will pray to him to be gracious to the youth and to turn their hearts. Thirdly, the choir of elder men, who are from thirty to sixty years of age, will also sing. There remain those who are too old to sing, and they will tell stories illustrating the same virtues, as with the voice of an oracle."²

Plato used human society as material from which to construct an organization artistically perfect and representing political order, just as Phidias or Praxiteles used clay as a material from which to construct the human being artistically perfect and representing the soul of man. Into this fine organism of the ideal state Plato incorporated his conception of childhood in its two relations of singing and being sung to. He thought of the child as a member of the three-fold chorus of life, and when he set these choirs hymning the divine strain, he made the recipients of the revelation to be themselves children, the forming elements of the growing, organic state. It is certainly a wide arc which is spanned by these three great representatives of Greek art, and in passing from Homer to Sophocles, and from Sophocles to Plato, we are not merely considering the epic, the tragic, and the philosophic treatment of childhood in literature; we are discovering the development of the conception of childhood in a nation which has communicated to history the eidolon of the fairest humanity. It is scarcely too much to speak of it as the evolution of a soul, and to find, as one so often finds in his

¹ *Laws*, vii. 797.

² *Laws*, ii. 664.

study of Greece, the outline of the course of the world's thought.

The old, formal view of antiquity, which once placed Grecian life almost beyond the pale of our human sympathy, and made the men and women cold marble figures in our imagination, has given place to a warmer regard. Through literary reproduction, which paraphrases Greek life in the dramatic art of Browning and Fitzgerald, gives us Spencerian versions of Homer, or, better still, the healthy childlike recital in Mr. Palmer's version of the *Odyssey*, and enables us to sit down after dinner with Plato, Mr. Jowett being an idiomatic interpreter; through the discoveries of Schliemann and others, by which the mythic and heroic ages of Greece are made almost grotesquely familiar, we are coming to read Grecian history, in Niebuhr's felicitous phrase, as if it really happened, and to lay aside our artificial and distant ways of becoming familiar with Greek life. Yet the means which have led to this modern attitude toward classic antiquity are themselves the product of modern life; the secrets of Greek life are more open to us now because our own life has become freer, more hospitable, and more catholic. It is a delight to us to turn from the marble of Phidias to the terra cotta of the unknown modelers of the Tanagra figurines, while these homelike, domestic images serve as interpreters, also, of the larger, nobler designs. So we have recourse to those fragments of the Greek Anthology which give us glimpses of Greek interiors, and by means of them we find a side-light thrown upon the more majestic expressions of poetic and dramatic art.

The Anthology gathers for us the epigrams, epitaphs, proverbs, fables, and little odds and ends which have been saved from the ruins of literature, and in turning its leaves one is impressed by the large number of references to childhood. It is as when, rambling through the

streets of the uncovered Pompeii, one comes upon the playthings of children, dead nigh two thousand years. Here are tender memorials of lost babes in inscriptions upon forgotten tombs, and laments of fathers and mothers for the darkness which has come upon their dwellings. We seem to hear the prattle of infancy and the mother's lullaby. The Greeks, as we, covered their loss with an instinctive trust in some better fortune in store for the child, and hushed their skepticism with the song of hope and the remembrance of stories which they had come in colder hours to disbelieve. Here, for example, is an anonymous elegy:—

Thou hast not, O ruler Pluto, with pious intent, stolen for thy underground world a girl of five years, admired by all. For thou hast cut, as it were, from the root, a sweet-scented rose in the season of a commencing spring, before it had completed its proper time. But come, Alexander and Philtatus; do not any longer weep and pour forth lamentations for the regretted girl. For she had, yes, she had a rosy face which meant that she should remain in the immortal dwellings of the sky. Trust, then, to stories of old. For it was not Death but the Naiads, who stole the good girl as once they stole Hylas.¹

Perhaps the most celebrated of these tender domestic passages is to be found in the oft-quoted lines from Simonides, where Danaë sings over the boy Perseus:—

“When in the ark of curious workmanship
The winds and swaying waters fearfully
Were rocking her, with streaming eyes, around
Her boy the mother threw her arms, and said:

“O darling, I am very miserable;
But thou art cosy-warm and sound asleep
In this thy dull, close-cabin'd prison-house,
Stretched at full ease in the dark, ebon gloom.
Over thy head of long and tangled hair
The wave is rolling; but thou heedest not;
Nor heedest thou the noises of the winds,
Wrapt in thy purple cloak, sweet pretty one.

¹ Epigrammata Despota, DCCXI.

“ ‘But if this fearful place had fear for thee,
Those little ears would listen to my words;
But sleep on, baby, and let the sea-waves sleep,
And sleep our own immeasurable woes.
O father Zeus, I pray some change may come;
But, father, if my words are over-bold,
Have pity, and for the child’s sake pardon
me.’ ”¹

II.

As before we stopped in front of the charming group which Homer gives us in the parting of Hector and Andromache, with the child Astyanax set in the midst, so in taking the poet who occupies the chief place in Latin literature we find a significant contrast. The picture of Æneas bearing upon his shoulders the aged Anchises and leading by the hand the young Ascanius is a distinct Roman picture. The two poems move through somewhat parallel cycles, and have adventures which are common to both; but the figure of Odysseus is essentially a single figure, and his wanderings may easily be taken to typify the excursions of the human soul. Æneas, on the other hand, seems always the centre of a family group, and his journeyings always appear to be movements toward a final city and nation. The Greek idea of individuality and the Roman of relationship have signal illustration in these poems. Throughout the Æneid the figure of Ascanius is an important one. There is a nice disclosure of growth in personality, and one is aware that the grandson is coming forward into his place as a member of the family, to be thereafter representative. The poet never loses sight of the boy’s future. Homer, in his shield of Achilles, that microcosm of human life, forgets to make room for children. Virgil, in his prophetic shield, shows the long triumphs from Ascanius down, and casts a light upon the cave wherein the twin boys were suckled by the wolf. One of the most interesting episodes in the Æneid is the childhood of Camilla, in which the warrior maid’s nature is

carried back and reproduced in diminutive form. The evolutions of the boys in the fifth book, while full of boyish life, come rather under the form of mimic soldiery than of spontaneous youth.

Childhood, in Roman literature, is not contemplated as a fine revelation of nature. In the grosser conception, children are reckoned as scarcely more than cubs; but in the strong hold which the family idea had upon the Roman mind it was impossible that in the refinement which came gradually upon life childhood should not play a part of its own in poetry, and come to represent the more spiritual side of the family life. Thus Catullus, in one of his nuptial odes, has a charming picture of infancy awaking into consciousness and affection:—

“ ‘Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half open on his father’s smile.

“ ‘And oh! may he in all be like
Manlius, his sire, and strike
Strangers when the boy they meet
As his father’s counterfeit,
And his face the index be
Of his mother’s chastity.’ ”²

So also the same poet has a tender elegy upon the death of his little girl’s sparrow, which is really the poet’s interpretation of his child’s sorrow. The elegy has been rendered into Scottish, in a paraphrase which scarcely imports anything into the simple pathos of the original:—

THE DEAD CANARY.

Wee bit birdie’s dead and gane,
The pet o’ my ain dearie O,
And now is journeyin’ all alane
The road so dark and dreary O,
The road that maun be trod by all
O’ mortal men and birdies O.

Sweet birdie kenn’d his mistress weel,
Her face fra ilka ither O,
As weel as e’er my lassie kenn’d
The face o’ her ain mither O,
And nestled in her breast, he’d pipe
And cheep the hour thegither O.

² Theodore Martin’s translation.

¹ D’Arcy W. Thompson, in his *Ancient Leaves*.

Ah, birdie, what for was thy life,
 Thy puir bit life sae fleetin' O ?
 'T is a' for thee my dearie's een
 Are red and sair wi' greetin' O,
 'T is a' for thee thae' bonny een
 Are red and sair wi' greetin' O.¹

The epitaphs and the elegies of the Greek Anthology have their counterpart in Latin. Mr. Thompson, who rendered Catullus's *Funus Passeris* so daintily, has tried his hand at a passage from Statius: ²—

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Shall I not mourn thee, darling boy ? with whom,
 Childless I missed not children of my own ;
 I, who first caught and pressed thee to my breast,
 And called thee mine, and taught thee sounds and words,
 And solved the riddle of thy murmurings,
 And stoop'd to catch thee creeping on the ground,
 And propp'd thy steps, and ever had my lap
 Ready, if drowsy were those little eyes,
 To rock them with a lullaby to sleep ;
 Thy first word was my name, thy fun my smile,
 And not a joy of thine but came from me.

In the literature which sounds the deeper waters of life, we find references to childhood ; but the child rarely, if ever, draws the thought outside of the confines of this world. As near an approach as any to a perception of the mystery of childhood is in a passage in Lucretius, where the poet looks down with compassion upon the new-born infant as one of the mysteries of nature: "Moreover, the babe, like a sailor cast ashore by the cruel waves, lies naked on the ground, speechless, in need of every aid to life when first nature has cast him forth by great throes from his mother's womb, and he fills the air with his piteous wail, as befits one whose doom it is to pass through so much misery in life."³ Lucretius displayed a profound reverence for human affection. Scattered through his great poem are fine lines in which childhood appears. "Soon," he says, in one mournful passage, — "soon shall thy home receive thee no more with glad welcome, nor thy dear chil-

dren run to snatch thy first kiss, touching thy heart with silent gladness."⁴

Any survey of ancient Greek and Roman life would be incomplete which left out of view the supernatural element. We need not inquire whether there was a conscious materialization of spiritual forces, or an idealization of physical phenomena. We have simply to do with certain shapes and figures which dwelt in the mind and formed a part of its furniture ; coming and going like shadows, yet like shadows confessing a forming substance ; embodying belief and symbolizing moods. In that overarching and surrounding world, peopled by the countless personages of Greek and Roman supernaturalism, we may discover, if we will, a vague, distorted, yet sometimes transcendent reflection of the life which men and women were living upon the more palpable and tangible earth.

What, then, has the childhood of the gods to tell us ? We have the playful incident of Hermes, or Mercurius, getting out of his cradle to steal the oxen of Admetos, and the similar one of Herakles strangling the snakes that attacked him just after his birth ; but these are simply stories intended to carry back into childhood the cunning of the one and the strength of the other. It is more to our purpose to note the presence in the pantheon of the child who remains always a child, and is known to us familiarly as Eros, or Cupid, or Amor. It is true that the myth includes the union of Cupid and Psyche ; nevertheless, the prevailing conception is of a boy, winged, armed with bow and arrows, the son and messenger of Venus. It may be said that the myth gradually adapted itself to this form, which is not especially apparent in the earlier stories. The figure of Love, as thus presented, has been more completely adopted into

¹ D'Arcy W. Thompson, in *Ancient Leaves*.

² *Silvæ*, v. 5, 79-87.

³ *De Rerum Natura*, V. 222-227. Sellar's *The Roman Poets of the Republic*, page 396.

⁴ III. 894-896. Sellar, page 364.

modern poetry than any other in the old mythology, and it cannot be said that its characteristics have been materially altered. It is doubtful whether the ancient idea was more simple than the same when reproduced in Thorwaldsen's sculpture, or in Ben Jonson's *Venus' Runaway*. The central conception is essentially an unmoral one; it knows not right or wrong, good or evil; the mischief-making is capricious, and not malicious. There is the idea only of delight, of an innocence which is untutored, of a will which is the wind's will. It would seem as if, in fastening upon childhood as the embodiment of love, the ancients, as well as their modern heirs, were bent upon ridding life of conscience and fate, — upon making love to have neither memory nor foresight, but only the joy of the moment. This sporting child was a refuge, in their

minds, from the ills of life, a residence of the one central joy of the world. There is an infinite pathos in the erection of childhood into a temple for the worship of Love. There was, indeed, in the reception of this myth a wide range from purity to grossness, as the word love itself has to do service along an arc which subtends heaven and hell; but when we distill the poetry and art which gather about the myth of Cupid, the essence will be found in this conception of love as a child, — a conception never wholly lost, even when the child was robbed of the purity which we recognize as its ideal property. It should be noted, also, that the Romans laid hold of this idea more eagerly than did the Greeks; for the child itself, though more artistically set forth in Greek literature, appears as a more vital force in Roman literature.

H. E. Scudder.

THE H MALADY IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, at an evening entertainment at the house of a New York friend, I met an old acquaintance, Sir George —; one of those men, not rare in England, who, not being professed authors, are yet of recognized literary ability, — a sort of which we have not many examples. The occasion was not at all of a literary character; and indeed I believe that in that large company we were the only persons at all connected with literature. It is directly to our present purpose to say not only this, but also that not a few of that company were persons who, although they were, because of their wealth, of more or less social prominence, had not had in early life the advantages of the best social culture, and that this was soon discovered by my discriminating British friend. For late in the evening

I found that he had been observing his fellow guests pretty closely. As we stood apart, looking at the gay throng which filled two large drawing-rooms, and which in a "World of Society" column would have been styled "brilliant," he said, breaking into a little laugh, "It's very funny, — very droll indeed! How comes it that in this country you never hear an *h* left off or misplaced, — never; and yet in England you hear it everywhere, go where you will, except among people of a certain social rank, and even from some of the people that get into their houses; but here, among your native Americans, never. I have not heard it once." It need hardly be said that I laughed, too, as I expressed my entire concurrence in his criticism; but I did not then undertake an explanation of the phenomenon. He was evidently

very much impressed by it, for he recurred to it again with emphasis. Plainly, our British guest, as he found in some persons in that company a lack of certain graces of manner and speech to which he had been accustomed, had expected to find also an accompanying lack of *h*'s. He might as well have expected the men to wear scalp-locks and tomahawks, and the women embroidery of porcupines' quills. He was, however, guiltless not only of this, but of all kindred misapprehension. He fully recognized the fact that he was among a people who in blood, language, and manners were essentially English; and for that very reason he was struck by this difference in the speech of the two peoples.

It is truly a remarkable fact, in the history of language, that two peoples of the same race, acknowledging only one standard of speech, whether in vocabulary, construction, or pronunciation, using the same dictionaries, the literature of both being chiefly produced by the elder, should not only be distinguishable from each other in great measure by such a very trifling variation in speech, but that the younger and the less cultivated, the one which does not pretend, and cannot rightly pretend, to establish the standard of that speech, and which produces much the smaller and much the inferior part of the literature common to the two, should in this respect, universally, even among those of inferior condition and no social or intellectual culture, be correct upon a point which is in the other almost a distinctive trait of superiority in social position, if not in education. The phenomenon is the more impressive because the difference is so very slight, and re-

lates to what can hardly be called a letter. *H* is indeed a character in the English alphabet; but it is properly neither a consonant nor a vowel. It is simply a breathing; the "rough breathing" of the Greek, in which it is indicated by an accent-like sign over the vowel which it introduces. And this breathing, too, is so very slight that it is just perceptible. To make it at all prominent, so that it would attract attention, would be almost as great a solecism as to omit it altogether, or to use it out of place. To say *Hotel* (with a big, rough *h*) would be at least as bad as to say '*otel*'; and *Hoist* would be little less startling than *hoyster*.

Although a very large majority of the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty do say '*otel*', and most of them, yet a much smaller number, do say *hoyster*, to assume that all of them do so would be unwarranted and injurious. Those who say *hotel* are, it is true, not many, nor easily found; but those who say *hoyster*, although very numerous, a vast multitude, forming, indeed, the bulk of the people of England, are much fewer than those who, on the point in question, violate, in degrees various but less atrocious, the now-accepted standard of speech in that country. These two words, thus pronounced, represent the two extremes of the *H* malady. An Eton and Oxford bred peer may (I do not say always does; far from it) say '*otel*'; but *hoyster* and the like are heard only from those whose associations in their early years were with people in the lowest condition of life.

For it is always to be borne in mind that *h* in England is a shibboleth distinctive of birth and breeding.¹ Not only men of wealth, but highly educat-

¹ Not exactly of mere social position. For, as the very competent British critic referred to in the opening of this paper said, people who maltreat their *h*'s do get into the houses of born gentlemen. How this happens, and what a social touchstone the letter is, the following passages from novels of the day illustrate. In the first,

the speaker is a high-born young "swell," who coaches new aspirants to social honors:—

"To tell you the truth, I could pull the Tompkins through another season, but I am keeping all my best ideas for the Bodwinkles. Bodwinkle's first ball is to cost £2000. He wanted me to do it for £1500, and I should have been able to do it

ed men, scholars and men of scientific acquirements, who write capital letters after their names, "drop their *h*'s" in England; just as in America men of like position have a nasal twang, and say *Mu'ica* for America, and the like. Not long ago I heard the president of one of our colleges say *fambly* for family, and *chimbly* for chimney, half a dozen times in half an hour. Habits of speech acquired in youth are almost, if not quite, ineradicable. They are surely so after twenty years of age. The British *H* malady seems, however, to be the most irremediable of all the ills of speech. I have had opportunities of observing that it cannot be removed by long residence in this country, even under conditions the most favorable for the acquirement, through contact and example, of a correct enunciation in this respect, if not in any other. One man whom I have known well for many years, and whom I supposed, on my making his acquaintance, to be American born and bred, startled me, in the first five minutes of our conversation, by saying, "*Ee* came into my office." I saw at once my mistake; and I discovered afterwards that he was born in a remote rural county in England, that he had never been in London, and had not left his native place until he set out for Liverpool, to emigrate with his family to this country. He was then only four or five years old; but although he was educated here, and his associations were always with intelligent and educated Americans, he had not at thirty-eight years of age acquired the ability to say *he*, or to utter the aspirate before any

accented vowel. Another man, of equal intelligence and much greater acquirements, — for he was a member of one of the learned professions, — surprised me by revealing his birth as suddenly and in the same manner. He was an elderly man; and I learned from him that he had been in New York no less than fifty years! But the speech of his native country and of his infancy clung to him through the attrition of half a century.

It is a good thing that we so generally conform, on this one point at least, to the accepted standard of speech in England, — which, it should always be remembered, is the only standard; yet it is not well for us to vaunt ourselves upon our unconscious correctness, nor to flout those of our British cousins who fail in this respect. It would be much better for us to emulate them in those respects — not a few — in which many of the least educated among them are superior to many of the best educated among ourselves.

For this pronunciation of *h*, as to which my British friend so frankly confessed the general failing of his countrymen and the universal correctness of mine, and which furnishes humorous writers and comic papers in England a never-failing occasion of girding and gibing at the peculiarities of those who, through no fault of their own, have been deprived in youth of the advantage of the best training and associations, — a too common occasion of sneering and scoffing on the part of those who, by no merit of their own, have enjoyed such advantages, — this *h* breathing is a fashion in speech

for that if Mrs. Bodwinkle had had any *h*'s; but the *crème de la crème* require an absence of aspirations to be made up to them somehow." (Piccadilly, by Lawrence Oliphant, Part III.)

In the next, a very highly finished marquis is persuading his son and heir to marry the daughter of a rich trader, whom the son has not yet seen: —

"She is quite all she ought to be, as far as features go."

"Am I then to suppose she drops her *h*'s?" asks Lord Clontarf [the son] gloomily.

"For the second time," says the marquis reproachfully, "you would seek to convict me of wanton cruelty. There can be no question about *h*'s, because she is an Irishwoman." (Doris, by "The Duchess," chap. i.)

I have an illustration cut from the London Punch or Fun, upon which I cannot just now lay my hand, which represents a peer and a member of Parliament chatting together in the peer's house; and the M. P. slaughters his *h*'s.

which, I venture to say, is, among the "best people" in modern England, hardly more than seventy-five years old. So far as I have been able to discover the evidence upon the point, it all goes to show that even in the early years of our century the present rule as to the *h* breathing was far from being absolute, and still farther from being generally followed among those who were regarded as the best speakers. It is shocking to think of Chesterfield in the last century, and Sir Philip Francis in this, saying 'e and 'im, and 'ead and 'eart; but the sad probability is that they did so, or at least that they might have done so without attracting the attention of their elegant and high-born associates. But only a careful investigation of the traces of language in past generations can reveal the capricious changes which have taken place in pronunciation. The speech of our own day is to most of us the only utterance of our mother tongue of which we have any conception. Even slight deviation from that is to us not only strange, but ridiculous. But for that very reason, if our forefathers could and should rise up among us, our pronunciation would be just as strange and just as ridiculous to them. In either case there would be the same reason for surprise and laughter; that is, in both cases there would be none. Custom, the custom of the best society, is the only absolute law as to pronunciation, and in most respects and within certain limits the only law of language.

The evidence in regard to the recentness of the change as to *h* is, most of it, necessarily of a negative sort. Nowadays a British writer of novels, tales, dramas, or humorous sketches of life, who wishes to portray a personage of inferior social position, makes his speech a strong point of external characterization. This is more common now than it was in past times; but it has always been a main resource for local color and individuality. In England at the

present day, and among writers of the generation which has just passed or is just passing away, the misuse of this *h* breathing is almost the distinctive mark of what is called "vulgarity" in speech. It is something quite different from rusticity or from provincialism in dialect, and is made prominent in the speech of personages who do not exhibit the slightest trace of either. Nor has it more connection with ignorance than with rusticity. A dandy guardsman, who is almost as ignorant as the horse on which he rides to hounds, and whose spelling, when on rare occasions he writes, is hardly as correct as that of the learned pig, could no more be guilty of maltreating his *h*'s than an American born and bred artisan could, or an Irish peasant, in whose very cabin the orthographical pig may have first seen the light; and the "swell," who heard a man of science or an accomplished journalist violate the present law of English speech in this regard (and both of the supposed cases I have met with) would mentally set him down at once as a cad. It is the vocal sign and token of vulgarity in England; and it is one which is a never-ending, never-failing provocation of hilarity among the "hupper classes."

Now it is noteworthy, as I have casually remarked before,¹ that there is in English literature of only two generations ago not the slightest indication that the omission of the *h* breathing was regarded as peculiar to persons of inferior breeding. It is only within sixty years that the novelists and tale-writers and journalists of England have made 'ead and 'eart, for *head* and *heart*, and like pronunciations, a sign of the social condition of inferior people. It is only within that time that they have used those pronunciations at all for the purpose of exciting mirth and characterizing the speech of their personages. All other kinds of vulgarity as well

¹ England Without and Within, chap. xvi.

as provincialism in speech, Irishisms, Frenchified and even Dutchified talk, have been represented, with more or less faithfulness to nature, by such writers, not only in the early part of this century, but in the last, and even in the dramas and the poetry of the Elizabethan age, and in the ante-Elizabethan poetry; but not this. And not only so: all sorts and varieties of vulgarity in speech (as distinguished from rusticity), of every shade, were freely used by such writers in the early part of the present century, except this one, which I venture to say cannot be found in a book, a periodical, or a newspaper published in England more than about sixty years ago.

One of the minor departments of British journalism, the comic police report, had its origin, like many others, major as well as minor, within that period. At first this was hardly a minor department of journalism, if importance may be determined by success, by the interest excited, and by influence upon the fortunes of a well-known London journal. For this assertion there is good authority. The author of *The Great Metropolis*¹ (who was also the author of *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*), in his very interesting account of the rise and progress of the great London daily newspapers, says of the *Morning Herald*, which had been established in 1782, that in 1820 "it was scarcely ever seen or heard of," and that "its circulation was as low as 1400 copies per day." About that time it began to attract attention, "in consequence of a series of reports of the proceedings of the Bow Street Office [the principal police office of London] which was then commenced in it," and which were, he says, "remarkable for their humor." The writer then, in candor, adds, "Of course they were, for the most part, caricatures of what actually trans-

pired;² but the public got something to laugh at, and it never troubled itself about the fidelity of the representations. [It never does.] They appeared exclusively in the *Herald*, agreeably to an arrangement between the proprietors and the writer. Those, therefore, who wished a dish of fun to be served up with breakfast, and could afford sevenpence for it,³ were obliged to procure the *Herald*. The consequence was that the circulation of the *Herald* rose with amazing rapidity. In the short space, I have been assured, of little more than a year it trebled its circulation." (Vol. ii. p. 31.)

We may be very sure that if peculiarities of speech were made the occasion of the "humor" of these articles, and that if the maltreatment of *h* was at that time, we need not say as remarkable, but anything like as remarkable, a note of vulgarity as it has been for the last forty years in England, we should find this phonetic trait utilized in them with a free hand. Upon this point I am able to speak with some confidence. For in 1824 there was published in London an extraordinary gallimaufry of articles from newspapers and magazines, called *The Spirit of the Public Journals*. So important a feature of London journalism were these *Herald* comic police reports then regarded that in this volume there are no less than seventy-two of them reproduced. I have read them, and they are sad stuff. The London folk who, by the thousand, would pay seven-pence sterling for such coarse, vulgar rubbish must have been sorely in need of some relish to their breakfasts. These articles and their success bear witness to a taste in the opulent Londoners of that day which happily has given place to a demand for an intellectually higher and more decent journalism. Good or bad, however, they

¹ London, 2 vols. 1836.

² This queer use of *transpired*, it will be seen, is not an "Americanism."

³ Fourteen cents: quite equal to twenty-five cents in New York to-day!

equally tell a tale which is directly to our present purpose.

As might have been expected, these caricatured and highly spiced sketches of what "transpired" in a London police court did make a strong humorous point of the language of the parties to the complaints, who were always of the lower, but not always of the lowest, classes. We have, for example, "werry impolitely," "a bootiful green-house," "wulgar liberties," "premonstratted [remonstrated] with him," "fistesess" [fists],¹ "upon instinc," "tould 'em," "intosticatedly," "fat ship" [sheep], "vauts the use o' vauking my legs off arter 'em," "got vell vhopped," "sich a sulky chap," "gemmen" [gentlemen], "werry whizzable" [visible], "partiklar," "as how," "blowed me up," "mollished her best cap to rags," "skrouged," "vorks at the vax," "a fresh chor of pigtail," "I com'd up," "a bit arter," "ax sister," "this 'fernal old Jarman," "howsomever," "get me back my vife vot I vere lawfully married to last Monday vere a veek at Shoreditch church," "inwiggle her away," "then, by goles, I'll go to Marlborough Street, for I vont be diddled out of my vife in this ere manner, howsomever." The general tone of these articles is exhibited in the following passage, which, coarse as it is, has more of their characteristic "humor" than appears in most of them:—

"Your Worship," said he, "I was sitting by the fire with my wife, talking tolerably quiet, and at last, about ten o'clock, 'Mary,' said I, 'I'll go to bed.' She made no reply, and I went to bed; and whatever possessed her I know no more than the child unborn, but I had n't been in bed many minutes before she rushed into the room, and pulled me, bed, bedstead, and all, slap into the middle of the floor! Lord bless you, sir!

chairs, tables, pokers, fenders, fire shovels,—nothing came amiss to her! She heaped them upon me like fury; and as soon as I could disentangle myself from amongst them, she flew at me, tore my shirt off my back, and there was I scampering about stark naked,—saving your Worship's presence,—and she smacking me round and round the room with a fire shovel! Only think, your Worship, of being smacked with a fire shovel! Would any *good* wife do that, I should like to know? I cried murder!" etc.

That the character of these articles as to language might be seen with sufficient completeness and particularity to warrant a general conclusion, I have given these examples, which, although comparatively few, exhibit that character fairly. Yet notwithstanding the volume in question contains no less than seventy-two of these reports (such an important indication were they of the "spirit of public journals" of London at that time; they are mingled, by the bye, with all the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin and John Bull, and with articles from the Times, the Morning Chronicle, and many interesting *jeux d'esprit* and political satires), in all the seventy-two only two instances of the misuse of *h* appear.² One of these is, "My Lord Mops [the name, fictitious] said 'the *high* dear of such a thing was cursed low';" and the other, "Did n't I nurse you, and toddle you up, and pay three-years *heddication* for you at Mr. Tod's?" Now it is morally certain that in seventy-two articles of this character, in which so strong a point is made of language, if the misuse of *h* had then been regarded as it is now in England, or even if it had been even so distinctive as to have attracted attention, there would have been a copious exhibition of this marked and, according to the present standard of taste, this laugh-provoking solecism.

² I should say that my copy of this book, which I picked up at a book-stall, is mutilated by the loss of a few pages.

¹ This might be taken for a grotesque and untruthful exaggeration, but the orthoepist Walker remarks upon it as a peculiarity of low London speech in the early years of this century.

Manifestly between the years 1820 and 1824 the maltreatment of *h* was not so remarkable, or rather so distinctive, a trait of pronunciation in England as it is at present. When we consider the great variety of the blunders in speech which *are* made the occasion of laughter in these articles, the inference is warranted that the sinking of the *h* was so common then as not to be regarded as a subject of public ridicule.

The earliest instance of the misuse of *h* that I have met with in a British publication has for its date the year 1820. It appeared in the *Huntingdon Peerage*, which was published in London in that year, and which gave a detailed account of the evidence and proceedings connected with the restoration of the earldom, which had been long in abeyance. The writer was Henry Nugent Bell, Esquire, Student of the Inner Temple.¹ Mr. Bell, in his search for evidence, went down to a church near Leicester, where, notwithstanding the parish clerk's remonstrance, he resolved to examine two or three tombstones in the chancel. He thus recounts his interview with the clerk:—

"Amen gazed on me with a face of deprecation and amazement, and after a pause, to give distinctness to his response, asked, 'Pray, sir, may I ax what countryman you be? I am sure you beant of our parish, or you would n't be in such a hurry to go to church this time o' the night.' 'And why not, my friend?' 'Why, no one in his senses would venture,—that's all; though I believe there's nothing in the stories I've heard since I was a boy.' 'Stories! What stories do you mean?' 'Why, as how you see one Hastings, a warrior in Holiver Cromwell's time, canters about a marble horse of his over the grave-stones at night. He was sequestrified by the Parliament in those times, which,

they say, sticks in his gizzard to this hour. Lord bless us! Sam Caxton told me not five days ago that he rattled one of the tombstones you mention into ten thousand pieces; howsomdever, that was no very hard matter to do,' etc. (Quoted in the *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, August, 1820, page 206.)

The writer of the monograph from which this passage is quoted seems to have been not only an observant but a careful and methodical man, and to have made notes promptly of all his experiences;² and we may be pretty sure that he gives "Amen's" remonstrance and story with a reasonable degree of correctness. It is as remarkable for what it omits as it is for the one example of the *H* malady which it records. If the account of such an interview had been written by a gentleman of the Inner Temple nowadays, it need hardly be said that we should have had, "Pray, sir, may I *hax* *w'at* countryman you be?" "you would n't be in such a '*ur*ry;" "that's *hall*;" "the stories I '*ave* '*ear*d;" "one '*Astings*, a warrior in *Holiver* Cromwell's time, canters about a marble '*orse* of '*is* *hover* the gravestones;" "*ee* was sequestrified," etc. And we may be sure—I, at least, am sure—that this was the worthy parish clerk's way of speaking. The writer, however, was not impressed by the many and various slips upon *h* which I have indicated, because they were not strange to his ear, and therefore he did not record them. The putting of an extra *h* upon so prominent a name as that of the great Protector did, however, impress him; and more, probably, because of the eminence of the name than for any other reason. This is the likelier because of the nature of the one solecism which he did remark,—a distinction which pertains also to the two instances found in the seventy-two humorous police reports in the

¹ See also by this gentleman's style and title that neither were "three-barreled names" "Americanisms" seventy years ago.

² The article in the *Monthly Review* is twenty-four pages long, and is rich in extracts.

Morning Herald. It will be perceived that in all of these three instances of an early observation and record of the *H* solecism the breathing is not dropped, but added: “*high dear*,” “*heddication*,” “*Holiver*.” Now even at the present day this error is more remarkable than the other, and is indicative of a lower degree of breeding and association in the speaker than the other is. There are hundreds of thousands of people in England, who “drop their *h*’s all over the floor,” who never add a superfluous *h*, and who would be shocked at hearing it from one of their friends. This is the most aggravated form of the *H* malady, besides being the most violent distortion of normal pronunciation. When, therefore, we find this the first to be observed and recorded by humorists and writers of character sketches, we may reasonably infer that the lighter and easier error was passed over because it was so common and customable, so familiar to the ears of the writer himself, as not to be observed. All the more would this inference be warranted if there were evidence that about the time when these passages were written the dropping of the *h* was sufficiently common to elicit remark and protest from professed orthoepists. There is such evidence.

Walker was the first writer upon English orthoepy who treated his subject thoroughly, and with the nice discrimination of a careful and sensitive observer; and even to this day he remains at the head of English orthoepists. His successors have done little else than to work upon the material which he left them, and to record the comparatively few changes in polite speech which have taken place since his time. His pronouncing dictionary, with its copious and minute introduction, was published in 1791. The copy before me is the third edition, published after he had had the benefit of criticism, in 1807. In that, on page xvi., he remarks upon the “Fourth Fault” most to be

censured in the speech of Londoners as follows:—

“A still worse habit than the last prevails, chiefly among the people of London: that of sinking the *h* at the beginning of words where it ought to be sounded, and of sounding it where it is not seen, or where it ought to be sunk. Thus we not unfrequently hear, especially among children, *heart* pronounced *art* and *arm* *harm*. This is a vice perfectly similar to that of pronouncing the *v* for the *w* and the *w* for the *v*, and requires a similar method to correct it.”

The habit, therefore, did then exist, and not only among such people as Mr. Bell’s parish clerk and the Morning Herald’s police-court subjects: it “prevailed” among people whom a writer like Walker had in mind in the preparation of his dictionary. Nor was it confined to Londoners, even in such a degree as to make it distinctive of their speech. It was rife in counties remote from the metropolis. I myself have observed it in men who told me that they had never been in London, and who must have derived it from their parents and their early associates, who probably, indeed quite surely, were as free as they were from urban contamination. And it is to be remarked and remembered that a habit of speech like this—any general habit of speech, in fact—is always thus inherited. It does not appear suddenly, nor spring out of the ground. It passes insensibly from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. This *H* malady was, however, and is, I believe, more prevalent in the south of England than in the north. The fact that it did “prevail” in England about the beginning of this century sufficiently to cause a writer like Walker (addressing himself to literate people, who were desirous of learning the most polite speech) to caution *his readers* against it, and the other fact that the dropping of the *h* is entirely passed over by contemporary humorous and character-

sketch writers, while they do remark and record, although with extremest rarity, so late as 1820 to 1824, the grosser error of adding a superfluous *h*, make it clear, it would seem, that the former, the suppression of the breathing, was so common as not to attract the attention of literary persons on the lookout for ridiculous peculiarities of speech.

That it was so in the last quarter of the last century Miss Burney has left us evidence, both negative and positive, in her ever-charming *Evelina*, which was published in 1788. In that book there are vulgar people of various sorts; among them the proverbially vulgar Branghtons, who kept a hosier's shop in Holborn; and of characteristically vulgar speech we have enough, such as "most impudentest," "tell him as we han't no coach here," "it i' n't the less provoking," "you don't know nothing," "the ill-bredest person," "spare yourself that there trouble," "you han't no eyes," "Mr. Smith as lodges on the first floor." Yet amid all this vulgar speech, and in a book in which the omission of *s* in *isn't* (i' n't) by the vulgar is continuously and carefully recorded, there is not one example of a dropped *h*, — not one. To this negative there is added positive evidence, the significance of which seems unmistakable. Every school-boy knows that the form of the indefinite article (whether *an* or *a*) is determined by the following word. If that begins with a consonant we drop the *n*; if with a vowel, *n* is retained. Before words beginning with the rough-breathed *h* we use *a*, as a horse, a hill, a home, a hotel; before words in which the initial *h* is silent we use *an*, as an hour, an heir, an herb. This is normal English speech. Now when we find a writer using *an* before a word beginning with *h* we may be sure that writer did not aspirate that

h. Miss Burney, in the person of her finely-bred and well-educated heroine, writes, "When at last we stopped at *an hosier's* in High Holborn, Sir Clement said nothing." (Letter xlv.) This tells the tale: Fanny Burney dropped her *h*'s. To her a hosier was an osier. Not that she took a cockney stocking-vender for a willow twig, but she called him so. As she dropped *h*'s herself, of course she did not observe that others did the same.

That the *H* malady prevailed, or at least existed, before Miss Burney's time I happen to have evidence at hand. It is in a copy of the first quarto edition of the authorized English Bible, published in 1612. In this book some of its former owners have recorded marriages and births, and among the records are the following:—

"John Harmond Hand Mary was married in the yeare of our Lord God 1735 nouember the 25 day.

"John the son of John Harmond was born the 24 day of June 1737 half a our after tow a clock."

"William Stubbs hand Ann Meakins was married in the year of our Lord God 1787, February the 11."

We thus find in the middle half of the last century the pronunciation *hand* for and, and *a our* for an hour, among people who, however humble their condition, (they were probably well-to-do farmers), could write and spell February correctly! Moreover, the text of the Bible itself is full of evidence of the general habit of suppressing the initial *h*, even among scholars. This evidence is in the constant use of *an* before words beginning with *h*, in which the rough breathing has been heard from good speakers in England for certainly half a century; whereas *a* is used before consonants. I give examples below.¹

¹ "An hair, an habergeon, an habitation, an hammer, an high hand (but *a* strong hand), an handbreadth, an hundred (this prevailed till very recently), an harlot, an haughty spirit, an head, an heap (but *a* great heap), an heart, an heavy

heart (but *a* proud heart), an hedge, an heifer, an helmet, an help, an herdman, an heritage (but *a* goodly heritage), an hill, an hin, an hired servant, an homer, an hoof, an hook, an horn, an horse (but *a* red horse), an host (but *a* great host), an

Another trait of speech remarked upon by British orthoepists has a bearing upon the present question. The London Spectator, in a generous review of a book recently published, takes it somewhat to heart that in that book a peer is represented as dropping his *g*'s in particples ending in *ng*, and a young guardsman as doing the same, and also as being incapable of the letter *r*, for which he uses *w*.¹ What would have been the anguish of this kindly critic if both peer and guardsman (with whom the readers of The Atlantic are not unacquainted) had been represented as dropping the *h* in every word beginning with *wh*, and saying *w'at* and *w'en* for *what* and *when*, etc.! Yet this might have been done with perfect truthfulness; and that the writer of that book did not so represent them must have been from a touch of kindly weakness which led him to treat his subjects tenderly, or perhaps from a feeling that it would be pleasanter and more grateful not to overload the speech of his personages with signs of deviation

from the accepted standard of pronunciation in England.

For that the majority, the vast majority, of the people of England do thus mutilate the initial *wh*, and say *w'at*, *w'ich*, *w'en*, etc., for *what*, *which*, *when*, etc., is as true as that, notwithstanding these and other common deviations from their own standard, their speech is on the whole far pleasanter to the ear than that of the "average American," with his generally stricter conformity to the normal standard of English pronunciation. At least seventy per cent. of the people of England, including a large proportion of "the best speakers," who would as soon be caught standing on their heads as dropping their initial *h*'s, do drop the *h* in almost all words beginning with the combination *wh*. Let any British reader of The Atlantic who is tempted to indignant protest against this assertion pause a moment before declaring that he "denies the allegation and scorns the allegator." For there is evidence, British testimony, that a hun-

house (but *a* sure house), an husband (but *a* bloody husband), an hypocrite."

It is worth while to add that in The Witch of Edmonton, by Ford and Dekker (which I happened to be reading with quite another than our present purpose, when I was writing this article), we have "an honest man," as we might expect; but we also have "an hard case, an husband, an homely man, an hair's breadth, an high morris, an hundred." It would be unreasonable to believe that *an*, used in the first instance because the following *h* was silent, was used in the other cases before an *h* aspirated. And so as to the examples cited from the Bible.

¹ This difficulty with *r*, and the use of *w* instead, is far from being general in England, but pertains almost exclusively to the upper classes, and among them is found very rarely in women. I remember but one instance. Among men of this class it is not uncommon. See the following illustrations from two social sketches by Du Maurier and Charles Keene in Punch.

A young swell is talking with an elder swell who is in the army:—

"*Swell Jun.* (in a sketchy manner). 'Ah! 've been staying at Woolwich lately. D'lightful s'city there. Knew most o' th' officers. Jolly fellows. Ah, d' you?'

"*Swell Sen.* (stwangear to the other fellow). 'Bject to gawison town m'self; have to meet so many second-wate men.'"

The second is "at Mrs. Lyon Chacer's small and early." A belle and two cavaliers are looking at a knot of woman's-rights advocates:—

"*Fair Enthusiast.* 'Look! look! There stands Miss Gander Bellwether, the famous champion of woman's rights, the future founder of a new philosophy! Is n't it a pretty sight to see the rising young geniuses of the day all flocking to her side, and hanging on her hips, and feasting on the sad and earnest utterances wrung from her indignant heart by the wrongs of her wretched sex? Oh, is n't she divine, Captain Dandelion?'

"*Captain Dandelion* (of the 17th Waltzers). 'Haw! Fair of taste, you know. Wather pwefer she women myself; wather pwefer the wretched sex with all its wrongs. Haw!'

"*Mr. Millefleurs* (of the Ess. Bouquet Club). 'Haw! Wather a gwubby, sewubby lot, the wis-ing young geniuses. Haw, aw!'

To assume that this vewy stwange style of speaking is wholly confined to dawdlers of the Dandelion, Millefleurs, and Dundreary type, or is a passing trait of recent origin, would be erroneous. The author of Random Recollections of the House of Commons recorded nearly fifty years ago (1836) the prevalence of this *r* difficulty among members of that body. Writing of Mr. Gisborne, he says, "He is not a fine speaker. He is one of the many members in the house who labor under a defect in their organs of speech when attempting to pronounce the letter *r*." (Page 274.)

dred years ago this pronunciation was regarded as the normal pronunciation, and that it has continued to this day.

Perry, a British orthoepist of repute, published in 1788 his *Royal Standard English Dictionary*,¹ in which he gives with care and noteworthy minuteness the pronunciation regarded by him as "standard." In thoroughness and systematic treatment of the principles of orthoepy — if it has any principles — he is not to be compared with his immediate successor, Walker; but as a recorder of the best usage of his time his evidence is not to be lightly gainsaid. Now Perry gives as the normal standard pronunciation of all, or almost all, words beginning with the combination *wh* that which sinks the *h* into silence: for instance, instead of whale *wale*, wharf *warf*, what *vat*, wheel *weel*, when *wen*, where *were*, whiff *wiff*, while *wile*, whip *wip*, whistle, *visle*, whist *wist*, etc. I find, on examination of the *Royal Standard English Dictionary*, that the number of *wh* words which those who consult it are instructed to pronounce without the *h* is just one hundred, although Perry's vocabulary is small when compared with the vocabularies of such lexicographers as his contemporaries Sheridan and Walker. Nor could it be safe to reply that his dictionary represents an old and exploded fashion; for about 1865² was published the *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language* in five volumes, large octavo, edited by the well-known Thomas Wright, M. A., F. S. A., etc., and in that the same pronunciation of these words is given as correct.

Upon this point we have also the testimony of Walker, who sets forth as follows the "third fault of the Londoners:" "The aspirate *h* is often sunk, particularly in the capital, where we do not find the least distinction of sound between *while* and *wile*, *whet* and *wet*,

where and *were*," etc. Here it is to be remarked that this suppression, like the sinking of the initial *h*, is passed over both in Mr. Bell's report of the parish clerk's speech and in the *Morning Herald's* police reports, in which all other deviations from our present standard of language are set forth to ridicule with such gusto, particularly the sounding *v* for *w* and *w* for *v*. True, we have *vot* for *what*, but there the point is the *v* and *w* one; and, moreover, to say *vhat*, or rather *hvat*, is almost impossible. Walker is again in error in supposing that this *v* and *w* trouble is or was peculiar to London, and the same is true as to the suppression of the *h* in the initial *wh*. There is ample evidence (of which I must here ask my readers to accept my assurance) that both were widely distributed over England. Indeed, writers on provincial dialect have claimed them as provincialisms! — being led to do so by a tendency, prevalent among men who give themselves up to a special subject of study, not only to exaggerate its importance and to magnify their office, but to gather subjects with more greed than discrimination, and to look at all things from one point of view.

The suppression of *h* in the initial *wh* is recognized also, and briefly remarked upon, by a distinguished philologist, Mr. Henry Sweet, who is a member of the council of the Philological and Early English Text societies, and was president of the British Philological Society. In his *History of English Sounds* he refers twice, but very briefly, as I have said, to the suppression and confusion of *h*; considering it, as the subject of his book naturally led him to do, merely as an incident of the phonetic history of language. Under the head of Notes on the Consonants, in his section on the Latest Modern Period of our language, he says of the Scandinavian sounds in-

¹ This is the date of my copy. The first edition may have been published a few years earlier. See Lowndes gives no help.

² The book is published without date; a literary crime not uncommon with publishers of dictionaries, maps, and gazetteers.

licated by the combinations *rh*, *lh*, *wh*, and *uh* that they are "nothing else but the breath sounds corresponding to *r*, *l*, *w*, and *u* respectively," and that "modern English preserves one of them in the simplified form of *wh*;" adding, at the close of some remarks which are not here important to me nor to the readers of *The Atlantic*, "The change from *hl* to *l* is not, therefore, to be explained as the result of apocope of the initial *h*, but rather as the leveling of the voiceless *lh* under the voiced *l*, — a change which is at the present moment being carried out with the only remaining sound of this group, the *wh*." (Page 75.) That is, the suppression of *h* in *wh* (as *wen* for *when*), which at the present moment is being carried out, is to be regarded as a leveling of the voiceless *wh* under the voiced *w*. And in his remarks on Transposition, in the section General Alphabetics, he says, "There seem also to be cases of transposition in different words or whole classes of words, such as the confusion between '*air*' = *hair* and *hair* = *air*, which seems to be often made in the London dialect." (Page 14.)

It would be well, pleasant, and it certainly might be prudent, for an amateur to accept with acquiescing deference the opinions of a philologist like Mr. Sweet; and this I should do upon any question as to theory in speech-history. But upon a point like this, which is merely one of fact and observation, I venture to express disagreement. Indeed, Mr. Sweet's last-quoted remark, that the confusion between '*air*' = *hair* and *hair* = *air* "seems to be often made in the *London dialect*," must have already provoked a smile from observant readers, who have had opportunities of knowing anything of the subject. They will be inclined to exclaim with Hamlet, "I know not seems!" Why, the confusion pervades all Southern England, rural and urban! And as to the suppression of *h* in the combination *wh*

being a change which "is at the *present moment* being carried out," it is, on the contrary, beginning slowly to pass away. For general (not universal) as it is in England, it is less prevalent than it was a century ago, when, as we have seen, an orthoepist like Perry gave it as the normal pronunciation of one hundred words beginning with *wh*!

The truth upon this subject seems to be that while the full *wh*, or rather *hw*, sound is rightly insisted upon as normal, and is conformed to by a small proportion of the best speakers in England, the weight of general usage even among such speakers was, and/ even yet is, so largely on the side of the suppression or sinking of the *h* that orthoepists and lexicographers, who content themselves with recording what is, and do not give themselves to insisting upon what ought to be (to which Walker had a tendency), declare in favor of *w'at* and *w'ich*, instead of *what* and *which*, and so forth.

As to the dropping of *g* in the *ng* of the final unaccented syllable of participles (*bein'*, *seein'*, *doin'*, *amusin'*, and *buyin'*, for *being*, *seeing*, *doing*, *amusing*, and *buying*), the exhibition of which by a peer has disturbed the London Spectator and other British critics, it was asserted even by Walker to be the polite, and indeed the universal, pronunciation of such words. Rebutting assertions to the contrary by some writers upon language, he says, —

"We are told, even by teachers of English, that *ing*, in the words *singing*, *bringing*, and *swinging*, must be pronounced with the ringing sound which is heard when the accent is on those letters, in *king*, *sing*, and *wing*, and not as if written without the *g*, as *singin*, *bringin*, *swingin*. No one can be a greater advocate than I am for the strictest adherence to orthography, as long as the public pronunciation pays the least attention to it; but when I find letters given up by the public, with respect to sound, I then consider them

as ciphers; and, if my observation does not greatly fail me, I can assert that our best speakers do not invariably pronounce the participial *ing* so as to rhyme with *sing*, *king*, and *ring*. Indeed, a very obvious exception seems to offer itself in those verbs that end in these letters, as a repetition of the ringing sound would have a very bad effect on the ear; and therefore, instead of *singing*, *bringing*, and *flinging*, our best speakers are heard to pronounce *singin*, *bringin*, and *flingin*." (Dictionary, p. 52, ed. 1807.)

This, then, according to the testimony of the best English orthoepist of his time, and the one the most nearly "authoritative" that has ever written, was the pronunciation of "the best speakers" in England eighty years ago,—the pronunciation of the fathers of the mature men among the best speakers in the England of to-day. Is it not natural, is it not to be expected, that a very large proportion of those best speakers of to-day should retain the pronunciation which they heard at home in their childhood? In fact, they do retain it. Seven in ten of the superior and best bred speakers in England say *singin'* and *bringin'* and *flingin'* to-day, just as their high-bred fathers and grandfathers did in 1807.¹ It is more common with them than it is with speakers of the class just below them: the reason of which, I think, is that they, the former, depend more upon tradition and association in the formation of their habits of speech; while the latter, conscious of defect and desirous of improvement, in their endeavor after correctness study more, depend more upon books, upon dictionaries and grammars, and thus conform more strictly and consciously to the proclaimed standard of orthoepy.

¹ And as I have heretofore pointed out, Mr. Leech (good authority on such subjects) represents dukes and duchesses and "swells" as saying *goin'*, *puddin'*, and *huntin'*.

Only this last summer I had the pleasure of meeting one of them several times in New York,

As to the suppression of *r* in the first syllable of words like *pardon*, which, in the speech of an Englishman of high social position, has provoked a wondering and dissenting comment like that elicited by the suppression of *g* in *ing* of participles, Mr. Sweet recognizes this absolutely. In his Full Word Lists (in which, by the way, he concerns himself only with purely English words, in distinction from those of Latin, French, and Italian derivation), he records the disappearance of *r* in the modern pronunciation of *harvest*, *darling*, and *morning*. He is right, according to my observation. Those words are generally pronounced in England, and quite commonly in the United States, *hahvest*, *dahling*, *mawning*. If his scheme had included all the words now in accepted English in which *r* appears in a like position, I am sure that in all he would have recorded its suppression.

Alexander J. Ellis, too, eminent as a philologist, and *facile princeps* among British phonologists, in his great work on English Pronunciation, records the following pronunciations, taken down immediately after hearing them. By Professor Jowett, master of Baliol College, Oxford: *attachin'* 'imself to 'im, for attaching himself to him; *describin'* 'im, for describing him; *lectsha* and *natsha*, for lecture and nature; *ventshahd*, for ventured: by Dr. Hooker, president of the British Association: *eitha*, for either; so *neitha*; *undataken*, for undertaken: by a peer: *obse'vin'*, for observing; *brightha*, for brighter; *conve'sant*, for conversant; *directa*, for director; *pa'cels*, for parcels; my *laud*, for my lord (*r*, Mr. Ellis remarks distinctly absent); *cha'rmen*, for chairmen: by a physician: *futsha*, for future; 'ospital, for hospital:² by Professor Tyndal, and very many speakers:

and a very accomplished, charming, and admirable man he was. I had not been in his company ten minutes before he said *bein'*, *seein'*, *amusin'*, and *buyin'*.

² Here Mr. Ellis remarks, "This one speaker invariably omitted the aspirate in this word only,

stren'thened, for strengthened: by certain professional men: *boa'd*, for board; *rema'ks*, for remarks.¹

What I have written in the foregoing pages, and elsewhere have in other ways set forth upon this subject, is not, as some have seemed to suppose, a criticism of the standard of speech in England. Such criticism would ill become me. That which is according to the recognized standard of speech in England is *English*. As to this point there can be no dispute. If the orthoepists of England and the best speakers of England unite in opinion and in practice upon *bein'* and *seein'* and *singin'* as the pronunciation of *being*, *seeing*, and *singing*; upon *wat* and *wich* and *wip* and *wistle* as the pronunciation of *what* and *which* and *whip* and *whistle*; upon *pahdon* and *hahvest* and *dahlin'* and *mawnin'* as the pronunciation of *pardon* and *harvest* and *darling* and *morning*; and even, I will add, upon *'ead* and *'art* and *hair* and *'air* as the pronunciation of *head* and *heart* and *air* and *hair*, those are the English pronunciations of the day, and people who do not pronounce in that way do not speak good English. But I venture to say that this is not the case, and that the orthoepists of England and a considerable number of the best bred and best educated people there support, by opinion and by practice, a pronunciation in which the *h*'s and *r*'s and *g*'s are enunciated. The simple fact of the case is that in England there is, even in "the best society," a frequent and often a

even to the extent of saying '*a* hospital,' for an hospital, — an archaism." Perhaps so; certainly so as regards the declared standard of English orthoepy. But I could show Mr. Ellis a score and more of examples from British authors of repute, taken from books published within the last ten years, in which "*an* hospital" was written and is printed.

¹ See the following examples, found casually as this article was in proof: —

Scene: A railway station. Swell at the office window.

"*Railway Clerk*. 'Have you twopence, sir?'

wide variation from the recognized standard of normal speech, — a variation which in regard to pronunciation, the sounds of letters, is much greater than any that will be found in corresponding classes of speakers in the United States. The speech of a well-bred Englishman when it conforms to the recognized standard in England is perfect and admirable; but in case of a very considerable number of such speakers it does not so conform.

Why is it, then, that the presentation in fiction of persons who in this respect are representative provokes the British critic, if not to resentment, at least to denial, to scoffing, and to irony? Observant orthoepists record certain phonetic facts in England, and there is evidence and testimony in their support; yet when a concrete English gentleman of high social position is represented as speaking merely in accordance with this evidence, this testimony, this eminent professional opinion, the British critic revolts. The reasons seem plain: first, the assumption (altogether unfounded) that there is a general conformity among well-bred Englishmen to the received standard of pronunciation; next, lack of opportunities of observation; last, defective perception. Not I, but the leading phonetist in England, shall decide this point. Mr. Ellis says: —

"In past times we are obliged to be content with a very rough approximation to the sounds uttered. . . . But at the present day, with the language in the air around us, surely it must be easy to determine what is said? It is not

"*Swell*. 'Deaw, no! Nevaw had twopence in my life.'

"*Railway Clerk*. 'Then I must give you tenpence in copper, sir.'"

Young Ponsonby cuts the army, and goes to Oxford to read for the Church.

"*Tutor*. 'You are prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles?'

"*Ponsonby*. 'Ah — 'th pleashah. Ah — how much?'"

And a young swell clergyman reading service said, —

"Heah beginneth the first chaptah," etc.

at all easy. There is first required a power, not acquired without considerable training, of appreciating utterance different from one's own. It is indeed remarkable how unconscious the greater number of persons appear to be that any one in ordinary society pronounces differently from themselves. If there is something *very uncommon*, it may strike them that the speaker spoke "strangely" or "curiously," that "there was something odd about his pronunciation;" but to point to the singularity, to determine in what respects the new sound differs from their own, baffles most people, even literary men." (*Ubi supra*, page 1086.)

The truth is that the average review or newspaper critic in England who undertakes to give judgment upon this point is not to be trusted, simply because, as Mr. Ellis points out, *he does not hear* the variations in pronunciation around him. Oftenest he does not hear, does not perceive them at all; and when in some cases he does perceive, he cannot discriminate.

Speech in England, according to my observation, may be roughly divided into four grades:—

First, that of the best speakers among the nobility and gentry; men, and, above all, women, who to superior breeding and association with highly cultivated people add high education, good taste, and a sensitive organization. This body is numerically large, but comparatively small, including about three tenths of the upper classes and the best bred of the literary class. From them we hear *ome*, *hotel*, *humor*, *hospital*, etc.; *what*, *hich*, *whip*, etc.; *being*, *seeing*, *singing*, etc.

Second, that of the average speakers among the nobility and gentry; men well bred, many of them highly educated, and some of singular ability, but less

sensitive than the former, somewhat careless, and ready to catch and merely reproduce what they hear about them. A comparatively large body, this, including about seven tenths of the upper classes. From these we hear *'otel* always, and *'ome* when the word is preceded by a consonant, as "at *'ome*," but generally *humor* and *hospital*.¹ Excepting in the two former words, their initial *h*'s are absolutely correct, and correspond to those of the first class. But they say *w'en*, *w'ich*, and *w'ip*, for *when*, *which*, and *whip*; *seein'*, *bein'*, and *buyin'*, etc., for *seeing*, *being*, and *buying*; and *pahdon*, *dahling*, and *mawning*, for *pardon*, *darling*, and *morning*. This large body of speakers includes a great number of what is known as the upper middle class.

Third, the inferior speakers of the middle class, whose speech is so various, not only in its degrees of correctness and incorrectness, but in the manner of its incorrectness, that to define and arrange it would require a chapter. This class includes the bulk of the reading and writing people of England: the large majority of the inhabitants of London and all the great towns, the better class of the villagers and farmers, and even some artisans. Of these a very considerable number speak with greater precision, more according to book, than many of the second class do; but the speech of the large majority is of course much inferior to that of the other, and is in itself an unmistakable indication of their rank. Throughout this class the initial *h* is dropped freely; and we have, as a rule, the pronunciation exemplified by *'ead*, *'art*, *'ouse*, and *'and*, etc., for *head*, *heart*, *house*, and *hand*, etc.; and *'oo*, *w'ich*, *w'en*, and *w'ip*, for *who*, *which*, *when*, and *whip*, etc. But the suppression of the final *g* in participles and of *r* at the end of a first accented syllable *hotel*, and refuses to enter the house." (Peers and Player, chap. ii.) In nine cases out of ten "at home" sounds *attome*.

¹ Evidence of this also in the use of *an*. "A *otel*" is heard with extremest rarity; "an *hotel*," commonly. Thus, Miss Florence Marryatt: And then he pays his bill and walks off to an

is not so common (if I may trust my observation) as it is in the second class, — hardly commoner than it is in the United States; although in this class, too, it is the rule.

Fourth, the lower and lowest class of speakers, including the rough and the wretched of town and country; people in an extravagant caricature of whose peculiarities of speech not a little of the laugh-provoking power of Dickens's novels consisted. This class is so large, and is so diversified by local peculiarities pertaining to the various towns and counties, that it has indeed no bond of unity, except its common inferiority. Passing entirely over rustic and urban peculiarities and certain monstrosities common to the class, and confining ourselves to the sounds already remarked upon, we have in this grade not only the dropped *h*, but even, as a rule, the added *h*, — the transposition mentioned by Mr. Sweet. It may be safely said that, as a rule, in this class a monosyllable, or an accented syllable beginning with an *h*, is always pronounced without the breathing, and one without an *h* is always pronounced with one. We have

not only 'ead and 'art and 'ouse, and so forth, but *harm* for *arm*, *hoak* for *oak*, *highdear* for *idea*, *heddication* for *education*, and so forth. Here, too, we have *hanythink* for *anything*, and, among the least educated artisans, *mayogany* for *mahogany*. The former is remarkable, not only for the addition of the *h*, but for the strengthening of the final *g* into *k*, — the very *g* which so many elegant speakers sink entirely; and this is so strong in this class that "anything else" sounds like *hannythink gelse*. The change in the first syllable of *mahogany* (from *mă* to *may*) is due to the sinking of the *h* between the *a* and the *o*. To say *mă-ogany* is not easy; and so pressing is the tendency to suppress the *h* that the stronger and more difficult *may* is unconsciously preferred to the weaker and more easily uttered *mă*. To remark upon the fate of *wh*, *ng*, and *r* in the mouths of speakers of this grade would be to waste our time; and yet there is something in their speech, with all its faults, that is much pleasanter than a pronunciation unexceptionably correct as to the sounding of letters or syllables, but uttered in a hard, nasal monotone.

Richard Grant White.

A MARSH ISLAND.

I.

ONE August afternoon the people who drove along the east road of a pleasant Sussex County town were much interested in the appearance of a young man who was hard at work before a slender easel near the wayside. Most of the spectators felt a strong desire to linger; if any had happened to be afoot they would surely have looked over the artist's shoulder; as it was, they inspected with some contempt the bit of scenery which was honored with so much atten-

tion. This was in no way remarkable. They saw a familiar row of willows and a foreground of pasture, broken here and there by gray rocks, while beyond a tide river the marshes seemed to stretch away to the end of the world.

Almost everybody who drove along would have confidently directed the stranger to a better specimen of the natural beauties of the town, yet he seemed unsuspecting of his mistake, and painted busily. Sometimes he strolled away, apparently taking aimless steps, but always keeping his eyes fixed upon the land-

scape, while once he flung himself impatiently at full length on the soft grass, in the shade of the nearest tree. One would have said that such enthusiastic interest in his pursuit was exceptional rather than common with him; but he presently took a new view of his subject from this point, and after some reflection rose and went nearer to a slender birch-tree which stood in his left foreground. There was a touch of uncommon color on some of its leaves, which had been changed early, and he held the twig in his hand, rustled it, and looked up at the topmost branches, which seemed all a-shiver at this strange attention. The light breeze passed over; the young tree was still again. A boy might have bent it, and cut and trimmed it with his jack-knife, for an afternoon's fishing, and the artist reached out and for a moment held the stem, which had lately put on its first white dress; then he let it spring away from him. Trees that grow alone have a great deal more individuality than those which stand in companies; the young man gave another look at the charming outline of this one, and went back toward his easel. As he turned he was suddenly attracted by the beauty of the landscape which had been behind him all the afternoon. The moorland-like hills were beginning to grow purple, and a lovely light had gathered into the country which lay between him and the western sky. He condemned himself for having been so easily suited with his point of view, and felt dissatisfied and displeased for the moment with his day's work.

At his feet grew an enticing crop of mushrooms, and with a sigh at the evasiveness of Art he stooped to gather the little harvest, and filled a handkerchief with the delicate pink and white fungi; tossing away the sunburnt ones of yesterday's growth, and biting two or three of the smallest buttons with a good relish. "If I only had some salt, now!" he said to himself. "I wonder what

time it is;" he looked somewhat eagerly along the road, as if he expected a companion.

Nobody could be discovered. It was some time since any traveler had passed that way; the few wagons that had gone to market early in the morning had long since returned, and the greater part of the men and horses were busy on the marshes,—for this was the time of year for cutting the salt hay. When he looked at his sketch again it made him forget his other thoughts, and holding his brush at arm's length, and again stepping to and fro lightly, he put in some necessary touches with most delicate intention and pleasure. "Not so bad!" he said half aloud, "though my birch-tree does not look as if she could flit away if I frightened her, as the real one does."

There was a pervading flavor of idleness and of pleasure about the young man's industry. The olive-like willows and the birch-tree and the shining water seemed to lend themselves to his apparent holiday-making. Not a great distance away, the mowers wished it were still nearer sundown, as they went slowly back and forward on the marsh. This was a hot day for out-of-door work; the scythes could not be kept sharp enough, and the sun was dazzling everybody's eyes as it went down in the west. Even the good-natured jokes of some workmen could not shame away the frequent grumbling of others.

The artist could sometimes see the shine of a scythe, and hear a far-away peal of laughter or a shout, and this gave him a pleasant sense of companionship. He would have thought it was the charming weather that made him so happy and his work so prosperous if he had thought anything at all about it. He was too well used to good fortune to make any special note of this day, being endowed with a disposition which is not troubled by bad weather of any sort, and only waits, bird-like and medi-

tative, to fly forth again when the sun is out. In fact, while the serenity of his personal atmosphere possessed a certain impenetrability for its enemies, friends could share it, and were attracted by the cheerful magnet at the centre. This young man had usually found his fellow creatures wonderfully pleasant and ready to further his projects. He was called lucky, and sometimes selfish, by those who envied him, while his friends insisted that he gave them pleasure of the best and most unselfish sort. His virtues came of moral excellence, no doubt; still, the mysterious electric currents are at the root of our likes and dislikes. His nature was attractive, and everywhere admirers, and even friends, flocked to the standard of this curly-haired and cheerful knight, while one castle gate after another opened before him as he went his way through life. To be not uncomfortably young, to be boyishly hungry and enviably enthusiastic, to find the world interesting and, on the whole, faithful to its promises, were happy conditions. A respectable gift for water-color painting and an admirable ambition to excel in the use of oil colors made sufficient business responsibilities. If sometimes existence seemed to lead nowhere in particular, and his hopes and projects were directed toward results too close at hand, it was because our hero felt an impatience for the great motive power of his life to take possession of him. He had a dim sense of his best self, as if it were a sort of spiritual companionship, and had once said that he believed he was waiting orders; confessing also that he had checked himself in various indiscretions, because he should not like to carry a bad record to his noble future. The friend who listened to this, being an older man, smiled under cover of the darkness, and called Dick Dale a girlish fellow, but a good one, before he laughed aloud, and wished him good fortune in a way that implied there was really no such thing.

Since advancement and glory are the reward of one's own definite effort, young Dale was as far as ever from possessing them. He was apparently unambitious, but his life was remarkably free from reproach, while he was often proved useful and always agreeable by his next neighbors. His smallest daily duties and pleasures were considered with increasing zest and respectfulness. Society valued him and instinctively paid him deference, as if it understood how sincerely he respected himself. He had often smiled when his fellows achieved early distinction and renown; if he had been poor, some croakers said, he would have made his mark, but those persons who knew him best laughed at the idea of its already being too late.

The day's work, or play, whichever it might have been, was finished, and, his excitement having fairly burnt itself out, the painter looked along the road eagerly, and began to put his brushes and colors together for transportation. Then he went to the top of a hillock near by, hoping to get a wider view of the vacant road. Afterward, resigning himself to patience and looking hopelessly at his stopped watch, he sat down for a quarter of an hour, and diligently tried to make a whistle from a willow twig; but the autumn bark proved disobligingly dry, and would not slip nor lend itself to sweet sounds.

The scythes had all disappeared from the distant meadow. It seemed at last as if our friend were left sole tenant of the country, for the sun was almost down, and the shadows were damp and chilly as they gathered fast in the low ground. He tried wistfully once or twice to see if a friendly haymaker could not be summoned. He grew more and more angry with the boy who had left him there late in the morning, with orders to come for him again at four o'clock. It appeared like a forsaken neighborhood, and Mr. Dale desperately climbed the shattered fence, and, having

shouldered his artistic belongings as best he might, set forth with a limping gait toward the only house in sight. The road was perfectly level, and deep in white dust. The house looked a good way off; perhaps it was two thirds of a mile. The whole region seemed to be wild or reclaimed marsh land, except this farm, which covered a hill with its orchards and upland fields and pastures.

It was like a high, fruitful island in that sea of grass, the wayfarer thought; the salt inlets, indeed, surrounded it, though in some places one could leap the narrow ditches easily. 'The nearer he approached, the more picturesque and enticing he thought the farm. There was a great red barn well settled in the hillside, and a bluish-green company of willows, with some poplars and an elm or two, were clustered about the hospitable-looking dwelling. Pleasantest of all, at that moment, a straight plume of smoke was going up from one of the chimneys, most supper-like in its suggestion.

II.

The warm yellow glow of the sun shone out once more through the haze, and filled the orchard and all the shaded places of the Marsh Island with a flood of golden light. The apple-trees and the willows were transfigured for a few minutes, and as the young man saw a bright reflection on the window panes of the house he felt a great longing to paint the scene before him, and seized every possible detail of it with his delighted eyes. It did not seem so late, now that the sun was out again, and he turned once, a little reluctant, to look down the road; for he might have been too impatient for the coming of the boy.

The slow horse and rattling wagon were, happily, not approaching, and he assured himself that his only resource was the good-will of the farmhouse. Perhaps he could find shelter there for

the night, and make another sketch in the morning. There was not a more picturesque bit of country in America!

Mrs. Owen, the mistress of this thriving homestead, came to stand in the doorway just at that moment, being influenced by the beauty of the sunset, yet not consciously recognizing the fact. She discovered her husband, who had left the marshes earlier than the rest of the mowers, standing still, half-way across the dooryard.

"You've had a good day's work, for such an old gentleman," she said, with affectionate raillery. "What are you a-watchin'?" I declare, these trees have so overgrown we might's well live in the woods." But she noticed with considerable curiosity the pleased way in which the gray-haired farmer looked up through the topmost willow boughs to see the sunlight fade and disappear.

"'T was pretty, was n't it?" he answered. "I think the old place never looks so well as it does in one of these yellor, fallish sundowns."

"I thought it seemed clouded over a while ago," remarked the wife, after a moment's reflection, "but the sun must have burnt it off. I guess likely you'll have another good hay-day to-morrow," and she took a shrewd look at the heavens wherever they were visible from the doorstep, and finally came forward, past the corner of the house, in order to get a fair look at the west. She was a round-faced, pleasant-looking woman, who had by no means lost all her youthful charms, though she stepped heavily, and was nearer sixty than fifty; one would have thought her much younger than her husband.

"Where's Doris?" he asked presently.

"Right up there in her room. She's been sewing on my new dress this afternoon. I thought likely it might come cool any day now, and I should need it. I told her I'd get supper, if she wanted to finish. Doris is one that does n't

like to let the ends o' work lay over, just like me. And she's promised to be off this evenin'."

The farmer was beginning to ask a question, as they walked toward the door together, when his wife turned back at the sound of approaching footsteps. "Sakes alive, there comes a peddler!" she exclaimed. "You just tend to him, Isr'el. I must put the tea on;" the men'll be here before we know it," and she hurried into the house to establish herself behind the nearest window blind, and make sure what the stranger and foreigner wished to offer before she allowed herself to be interviewed in person.

Doris also looked out of the window just above, at the sound of a strange voice. The young man carried a picture carefully in his hand, and a bundle of sticks and other paraphernalia beside. He was asking if he could be driven to the next town, or, better still, if he could have a night's lodging at the farm, and laughingly explained his forsaken condition. "I would have walked back, and thought nothing of it," he concluded, "but I was thrown from a horse not long ago, and I am a little lame yet."

"I'll speak to mother first," said the host. "She must have her say about keepin' ye;" but he was most favorably inclined toward the stranger, and called his wife, who waited a few moments before replying, and then took the farthest way, all round the kitchen, from her window to the door close beside it.

"This young man wants to know if you can keep him over night?" the farmer inquired, with a sort of appealing decisiveness, while Mrs. Owen, moved by proper wisdom, regarded the wayfarer with stern scrutiny. He was undeniably a gentleman, which was both an incentive and a shock to her housekeeping instincts. It involved the use of a spare bedroom and some difference in the supper; but after all, she might as

well take the chance of good society and earning a dollar as anybody else. The poor fellow looked anxious, and with the air of granting a favor Mrs. Owen nodded and gave her permission.

There was a word or two of hearty thanks, as the stranger put down his burden; but the decision having been given, he seemed to become one of the household at once, and looked up at his landlady with a frank friendliness which brought a tinge of girlish color into her solid cheek. "Here are some mushrooms I found in the pasture," he said, and handed her the knotted handkerchief which had been slung to one of the rods of the easel.

Mrs. Owen looked doubtful, but pleased, and proceeded to examine them at once. "Dear me, I don't want none of them," she answered. "I should expect to be p'isoned, certain sure. Perhaps you're acquainted with them where you come from, but we don't eat such about here."

"Oh, but they're too good to be thrown away," protested the hungry young fellow. "I can cook them myself, if you don't mind."

"Bless you, lad, I'll get you a good supper, and welcome," announced Mrs. Owen, with an air of confidence in her own powers. "Doris, Doris!" she called, lifting her face toward the upper window. "Won't you come down? I'll show you your room quick as I can," she added to the guest, as she disappeared within the door.

"Doris?" he repeated questioningly to the farmer, who had been listening with a pleased smile to the conversation. "What a pretty name!"

"That's my daughter, — all the girl we've got," said Mr. Owen. "'Tis a good name; 't was my mother's, and her mother's before her. . . . What might I call you?" was added presently, in a half-confidential way, though, to judge from the tone, the motive was interest instead of curiosity.

"Dale," answered the young man. "And you're Mr. Owen, I believe. I asked that young scalawag who drove me over this noon. I noticed the farm when we were crossing the marshes."

"Isr'el Owen is right. I'm owin' only in name, though;" and the guest laughed promptly at the time-honored joke, and even gave an admiring glance at the comfortable old house and its surroundings. "We'd better come in now; 't is getting damp. The women'll show you a place for your picture. Well, that's very pretty, I declare," as it was turned into view. "I'm glad I left that little white birch for ye. I was obliged to clear up the pasture some this last fall, but somehow or 'nother I did n't meddle with that. They're tender-lookin' things, them little birches, though they'll catch on to the rocks where nothing else will. The old willers, too, — you've got 'em complete. Follow it for a trade, do ye?" But the answer seemed to be taken for granted, while Dick was wondering what he had better say.

The Owens' guest had made friends with many a country household, but this episode promised to be most charming, and an unreasonable satisfaction filled his mind at every new feature of such homely life. He had been graciously invited to step into the clock-room, and he could see through the gathering twilight an assemblage of old furnishings and a general aspect of rural dignity and self-respect. He was already impatient of his countrymen's habit of following a beaten track, having learned to travel more sensibly abroad. This was evidently the home of an old-fashioned farmer of the best sort, and Dick Dale became blissfully enthusiastic as he planned a short residence in such a delightful region. It seemed a great while since he had first driven along these roads, and made up his mind that some day or other he must come back quietly by himself to make some sketches. This was like a dream's coming true. He had just

changed his plans on a sudden impulse, meaning to have only a day or two for himself before he kept a half engagement to join some acquaintances in town. Was not he his own master? And what difference would a delicious week or two here make to anybody but himself? He had a simple fondness for a summer's round of visits, and yet had persuaded himself lately that he was wasting his time. "How a fellow does tie himself hand and foot for six weeks together!" he sagely reflected. "This is like a bit of freedom," and he listened for a moment to the steady ticking of the monarch of the clock-room. It was a mere chance that he was here. The sketching of the day before had been unsuccessful, and he was blaming himself for his nonsense as he came away from the next town that very morning. He had after all taken hold of the golden string. The old farmer was a man whom one should make the most of. Once Dick had known another of exactly the same sort, in Devonshire; they might be brothers. And Doris, too, — there was Doris; the young man's heart gave an impatient bound. If she proved to be the flower of this fine old growth, his adventure would be worth having.

Somebody was stepping quickly about in the room overhead, but Mr. Dale at that moment ceased his vague anticipations, and went out, as if he were quite familiar with his position, to find Mrs. Owen in the kitchen.

"I s'pose you're getting sharp set enough by this time," said the hostess; "but you make yourself at home, and I won't keep you waiting a great while. 'T is later than we commonly set down to supper, but when the men folks are getting in the salt hay it keeps everything at odds. Isr'el's most through milkin', he says. He fetched the cows up early, but he come out, just as we saw you, to look an' see if the sun set all right. He's too fanciful for such an old creatur', I tell him," and she looked

up at the young man's face for the sympathy and intelligence she was sure to find.

"Oh, I'll make myself at home," Dale answered. "Something would happen to that boy if he came after me now. I should like very much indeed to stay a day or two here, instead of over night. It would be so near my — work."

"We shall have to think that over, I expect,—all of us," the busy woman answered, hurrying to the stove. "But you're welcome to-night, certain. There, Doris, you take Mr. Dale up and show him his bedroom, and we won't waste time on apologies, for you've got to take us as you find us."

A door had opened at the foot of a flight of stairs, and a tall young woman half withdrew in her surprise at meeting the stranger unexpectedly. It would not be proper to show him to his room except by the front staircase, and so she came down into the kitchen. "You will almost want a candle," she said, in a clear, fine voice, and led the way through the clock-room with perfect composure, and finally left him in a small chamber, whose single window was open to the faded western sky.

"Doris, Doris," the young man said to himself softly. "She is something new; it is like finding a garden flower growing in a field."

The very twilight in the house had helped to make the sight of her surprising. She walked before him, slender and stately; there was a perfection about her which made him scornfully reflect upon the ill-development, the incompleteness and rudimentariness, of most members of the human race. He could hardly wait to see her again, and an eagerness to make himself attractive to her took possession of him. The natural reverence which a truly beautiful woman can always inspire was by no means wanting, and so sweet a mystery as Doris must be solved as soon as possible.

The lower room and the entry through which they had come had been dark, so that the stranger stumbled once or twice, to his great displeasure, and might at last have gone headlong into the little bedroom if Doris had not said, "Mind the step!" with an air of gentle patience. His guide left him at the door, and as he looked about the room he thought it quiet and orderly enough to have been her own. After the darkness they had just left it seemed well lighted by the sunset, which was now all faint rose-color and gray. There was a plump-looking bed, like a well-risen loaf, and a straight-backed chair or two, and a small three-cornered washstand, toward which his paint-streaked hands led him at once. He lifted the water-jug with admiration. It held very little, but it was of an adorable shape and quality of ancient English crockery, and he reminded himself that he might find a way through old Mrs. Owen's heart to her closets; for who knew what unappreciated treasures might be hidden away? Over the narrow mantelpiece there hung a sword, and, as well as the guest could see, an army commission or discharge in a simple frame. Perhaps Doris had lost a lover, and a thrill of sympathy filled this new admirer's mind; but on second thought he concluded that it was much better for him than her having a present lover. She seemed too young to have known much of the war, and this might have been the property of an elder brother or an uncle, or even the trophy of Farmer Owen himself. There was no reason why the sword should not have been there since the days of the Revolution, for that matter; the house was certainly old enough, and looked, so far as he had seen, as if there had been few changes during the last half century. There was a state of complete surrender to fate involved by the absence of any personal property, and after taking a long look from the narrow window, which made him more in

love with the countryside than ever, Dick Dale attempted to return to the society of his new friends. A fear of lurking pitfalls of back staircases made him advance slowly, but with entire safety to himself. He thought once with great amusement that he was capable of making the most of a slight twist to his ankle in order to secure a week's stay at the farm. Art might be his excuse, at any rate, for he was quite sincere in wishing to carry away some sketches of the Sussex neighborhood. This was not a very purposeful young man: those who were growing old already among his comrades might laugh or scold at him for his apparent neglect of life's great opportunities, but nobody could accuse him of not making the most of the days as they came. His idleness might have made him wiser than their business had made them, but this was hardly proved to most people's satisfaction. If he did nothing for himself, a few had said sneeringly, everybody was the more ready to serve him. But the rest knew that he was only an idle hero, and loved him and believed in him, and had need of patience.

Downstairs in the kitchen Israel Owen and his wife had been discussing this interesting young man who had suddenly demanded their hospitality. Guests were by no means rare in summer weather, but the list of relatives and friends had been shortened in the last few years, and many of the old aunts and cousins had died who used to depend upon a visit at the farm. Doris was not one who made many acquaintances, her mother had often said, with regret. She had been sent to West-market to school, and stood well in her classes, beside having the advantage of good society at the cousin's house where she boarded; but she had seemed entirely contented to be at home ever since. Mrs. Owen possessed a most social nature, and always wished for more excitement and news than it was possi-

ble to find. She would have liked a village life best, with plenty of visiting from house to house and great authority in parish matters. She truly loved her husband, but when she married him it was with a firm determination to persuade him to sell the farm before many years, and the marsh island was but a stepping-stone for her ambition. She had stood there disappointed ever since, for the fancied stepping-stone had proved to be a pedestal. She had requested earnestly, in early life, that they might go to some centre of civilization, for the children's sake; but of late years, when Doris was found to be, as was often asserted, just such a slow-coach as her father, Martha Owen had resigned herself to her fate. Nobody knew better than she that she was looked upon with envy by all her neighbors. She had money enough and to spare, but for all that she was secretly grieved and dissatisfied because she spent her days as a farmer's wife. Her acquaintances were well used to her complaints. She was a cheerful, friendly soul, even in her fault-finding, and a listener was more apt to laugh at than to pity her smaller troubles. However, the undercurrent of dislike was sure to be felt by those who lived with her, and her family recognized a day now and then when it was best to step gently on their way, and not venture upon the discussion of even a trifling subject.

"He's no strolling fellow," she was saying of her guest. "You just look at that handkerchief with the toadstools in it. No finer linen ever came into this house. And even his initials on it, like a girl's. Most likely 't is some fancy led him here painting pictures. I don't believe he follows it for a trade, but he may. I wish I'd told him to throw these things out," she added, looking at the contents of the handkerchief with considerable awe. "I'll let him take care of 'em, any way. I don't want 'em round the kitchen."

"What's one man's meat's another man's p'ison," sagely observed one of the young haymakers, who had drenched his head well at the pump, and sat fanning himself with his frayed straw hat on the doorstep. "I used to work over to the quarries with an old Frenchman, who pretty near lived on 'em while they lasted. He give me some one day on a piece of bread, and they tasted first rate. I never saw such a chowder as he could set on to the table. Did n't know what it was when he first caught sight of it, either."

"The French is born cooks, I've always heard," said Mrs. Owen, not wishing to be instructed by this stripling, while her husband chivalrously resented so limited a view of the great nation, and said meditatively that he didn't doubt that Bonaparte could have cooked if he tried. He did everything else he undertook for a time.

"The boys used to rough that old fellow on account of eatin' frogs," Jim Fales asserted, as if he were determined to be the ally of his hostess. He was waiting impatiently for his supper at that moment.

"The young man spoke about bein' kept longer than over night, did n't he?" asked the master of the house softly, as if he favored the idea. "I declare, Marthy, he makes me think of Isr'el a little. He's got a pleasant way with him. I don't know but what I should say yes; if you feel to, that is."

"We need n't urge him quick as he gets downstairs," came the answer from the pantry. "We're noways obliged to keep boarders; and we're a-cuttin' the ma'sh hay, that always makes extra work; and it's inconvenient havin' Temp'rance off, though Doris and I get along well enough without her so far. I suppose he'd be willin' to pay high board; but there, we may never hear nothing more about it. I do know but what he does favor Isr'el a little about his forehead an' eyes," she added, in a

lower tone. "Now, Jim Fales, do call in Mr. Jenks and Allen, and have your supper. You've been lookin' hungry enough at me to scare anybody, like the old cat yisterday, after she'd been shut up in the apple sullar since Wednesday. She was follerin' me the whole forenoon."

"Where's Doris?" asked the farmer again. "Why ain't she helpin' of you?"

"She's had some supper, — all she wanted," replied the mother, bustling more than ever, and retreating to the outer kitchen, where the stove had its summer residence. "They've got to git there earlier'n common. This is the night she promised to go over to the minister's with Dan Lester. Some of the young folks" —

"That's all right," and Mr. Owen's voice had a more satisfied tone than his wife's. "But I thought 't was Thursday nights they went. I forgot about the parson's being away this week."

"'T would have been just as well for me if she'd kept at home to-night, but I ain't one to complain. Dan Lester takes a good deal for granted lately, seems to me."

"He's been working smart all day," said the farmer. "Dan's a willin' fellow, and there were others knew that I was short of help. I'd fetched him home to supper if I had remembered about to-night."

"He couldn't ride over there with his haying rig on," replied the mistress, scornfully taking her place at the head of the table, and pouring a steaming cup of tea for anybody who would come to claim it. All the haymakers filed in at the door at that minute, and began to help themselves before they were fairly seated.

"I'll speak to the young man," said Mr. Owen; but just at that moment the door opened, and Mr. Richard Dale made his appearance.

The three hungry men who had taken one side of the supper table to them-

selves paused for an instant to regard the stranger ; then they all looked down again, and went on eating.

"You see we give you welcome to what we have, and make no stranger of you, my lad," said the master of the house, with fine old-fashioned courtesy ; while Dale nodded and smiled, and began to prove himself as hungry as the rest.

"I hope I shall not frighten you, Mrs. Owen," he ventured to say presently, for there was a chilling silence upon the little company. "The truth is, I have had nothing to eat since breakfast ;" at which the good woman's hospitable heart was touched, and she leaned over to see if his plate lacked anything. She had breakfasted before six o'clock, which was early enough at that time of year, when the mornings were much shorter than in June. Dale had had an advantage of three hours, or more, but the day since then seemed long ; such a good supper as this was worth waiting for, and he stated the fact most sincerely. Soon the shyest member of the party was quite at his ease again, and the stranger was making each man his friend. His small adventure was rendered more amusing than it had really seemed at the time, and an ingenious threat and argument against the delinquent small boy served to entertain the company to such a degree that there was a merry shout of laughter. Jim Fales thought he had done this delightful companion a great wrong at first, and began to admire him intensely. The haymakers presently resumed a discussion of the probable length of a snake which had been seen at the edge of the marsh that day ; but Mr. Jenks, the senior workman, continued to eat his supper, as if he considered that the most important duty of the moment. He resembled a sailor : there were small gold rings in his ears, and he had a foreign look, — acquired, it must have been, for he was unmistakably a New Englander to begin with.

Dale soon found himself influenced by the deference which the rest of the party paid to Mr. Jenks, and looked up with pleased expectancy when the old farmer said, "Jenks, give us the particulars of that big raskill. You was one of three that killed him over on the Six-Mile Ma'sh. Don't set there lookin' as innycent as a man that's drivin' a new hoss!" Whereupon silent Mr. Jenks was induced to tell his best story, though not without much precision and unnecessary delay.

It seemed very dark now, out-of-doors, and when some one drove quickly into the yard, toward the close of this unexpectedly festive occasion, the guest of the household felt a sudden dismay. He was enjoying himself with all his heart, and savagely assured himself that the boy might turn about and go back again. He would neither be driven into a ditch, nor try to find his own way over unfamiliar roads.

Nobody seemed to be concerned with the arrival, however, and our friend went on eating his hot gingerbread with its crisp crust. He observed that a shadow overspread Mrs. Owen's countenance for a moment, and presently took heart, and thought he need not have been so angry, after all. There was no sound of approaching footsteps, though he had distinctly heard some one leap to the ground ; but directly the door at the foot of the stairway, which had received more than one hopeful glance, was opened, and Doris appeared again, ready for a drive. She was plainly dressed, and the second view of her was by no means disappointing. "I don't feel right to be leaving you, mother," she said, pausing a moment, "but I finished the dress." The elder woman hardly listened as she looked at her daughter with motherly pride, and then at the young stranger, who had risen and stood ready to escort Doris a little way ; to open a door for her, perhaps, though the one which led to the yard was already

open. He was strangely envious of the cavalier outside, and came quietly back to his place at the table. Everybody listened as the two voices — the girl's and was it her lover's? — exchanged greetings, and then the wheels trundled away down the road. The horse was not one that would stand well, but an excellent beast on the road, Mr. Owen at length mentioned, with a little reluctance at being obliged to speak first; and then there was another pause, and the crickets chirped louder than ever, and a rising breeze swayed the great willows and blew their faint fragrance through the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Owen had been embarrassed and a little flustered, as she would have expressed it, by the gallantry the handsome stranger had shown her daughter; the girl herself had accepted it without surprise. There was a charming dignity and simplicity about Doris, and if there were a chance, though Dick Dale was not experienced in figure-drawing, he would try to make a sketch of her, for her father's sake, before he went away. The old man's pathetic face grew more and more attractive to him, also, and altogether he was glad to be at the farm. He had not seen anything of such life as this since he was a boy.

III.

The haymakers left their seats at the table, and strayed away one by one, and were seen no more that night. The day had been long and very hot for the season, and no doubt they were ready to seek their couches in the close, low-storied kitchen chamber. First, however, it was necessary to have a consultation upon the appearance of the stranger, and to make ingenious guesses at his past history, not omitting also his present circumstances and future plans.

"He never was this way before. Think likely he thought he'd come round and

take a look at the heathen," said Jim Fales, who was best acquainted in the neighborhood, and who, by virtue of a four months' residence in the family, could speak with great authority. His employer commonly asserted that James was young, but willing, when it became necessary to allude to him, and the haymakers themselves treated him with a cheerful forbearance which might easily have degenerated into something less. Jim had taken the place of a middle-aged man who had been Mr. Owen's mainstay for many years; but Asa had been persuaded, against the wishes and warnings of his Eastern friends, to join a brother who had long ago settled in the West. The haymakers asked Jim for news of him.

"Thought he'd grow up with the country, I expect," remarked Mr. Jenks, who was sitting at the end of the grindstone frame.

"Asa was well off," said Jim. "We think that his folks had an eye to his means, and expected, if they got him rooted up and planted out there, they could do as they were a mind to. I guess they'll have to set him out in a new spot before he'll shake down much of a crop of his dollars," the young man added smartly, much elated at his comparison.

"Asa was snug," agreed Mr. Jenks, not appearing to notice anything peculiar about the preceding statement. "I wa'n't what you would call well acquainted with him, but I guess he may make out to come back if he don't like. He never could have had no great expense here: he never had nothing special to lay his money out on, so 't was natural it accumulated."

"Some folks can't spend, and more can't save," said Allen, who was busily puffing at his pipe, which seemed to have some trouble with its draft. "They all seem to be open-handed, nice folks here to Owens'. Lord, what a supper I laid away! They live well, don't they?"

"Pretty fair," said Jim mildly, but with evident pleasure, as if he were being personally praised. His own clothes had grown very tight since he took up his residence on the Marsh Island.

It happened that Farmer Owen was also thinking of his own loss and Asa's lack of judgment. He and young Dale sat together in the side doorway, in two of the kitchen chairs, while the mistress of the house clicked and rattled the supper plates, and eclipsed the bright light of the kitchen as she went to and fro. Dick was listening to the crickets and the soft sounds that came out of the warm darkness, when Mr. Owen asked whether he had ever been much to the westward.

"Only once, a good while ago," he answered, a little surprised. But this seemed somewhat unsatisfactory.

"I've been wanting to inquire," said the farmer. "This region never was great for havin' the Western fever, but Asa Bunt, that has lived with us a good many years, — since my father's day 't is, — took a notion to seek his fortune. I guess a pack o' hungry, worthless folks o' his was seekin' theirs; they give him no peace."

Dale did not find himself deeply interested in this statement, and there was a short period of silence.

"My father's brothers and my mother's folks all followed the sea," said Israel Owen presently, "and I think my boy had it in him, for all I dwell so much upon having had him spared to be at home with me."

The listener turned his head, as if eager to know the rest of the story.

"Killed in the war, — all the boy I ever had," was the response. "Only twenty-one, he was, the April before he died in July. Shot dead, so he did n't suffer any, so far as we know. He's lying out here in the orchard, alongside the rest of the folks. I went out South and fetched him home to the old place."

I've been thinking ever since I see you that you favor him in your looks: there's something about your forehead and eyes and the way your hair grows. I'll show you a likeness of him in the morning: 't is a rough thing that was taken in camp, that he sent home to me. There are some other pictures of him that his mother keeps, taken younger, but I seem to set the most by mine."

"That was his sword in the room I am to sleep in?" asked Dale, filled with pity, and understanding the pathetic smile of this apparently prosperous man.

"Yes. The folks thought they ought to have it down in the best room, but I did n't seem to want to. That was always his bedroom, and there are some other things there that belonged to him, and I like to keep 'em together. He was first lieutenant when he was shot. There were two girls between him an' Doris, but they died very small. Doris is — I could n't get along without her nohow; but there 'd been an Isr'el Owen on the farm for near two hundred years, and now there 'll never be another. I ain't a sound man myself, so I was n't out in the army; but I never felt so cheap in my life as I did the forenoon I see Isr'el marchin' by, an' the rest of 'em. I never got no such news as when I heard he was shot. I've kep' the farm goin' and stood in my lot an' place the best I could, but I tell you it took the heart right out o' me."

Dale was silent; there was nothing he could say. The father had looked his sorrow in the face so long that a stranger's thought of it was not worth expression. Yet he could just remember his own father, and somehow a deep sympathy flashed quick from one man's heart to the other.

"You spoke about stopping in the neighborhood for a few days?" the host said, after a pause, in which they had both listened to the far-away strange cry of a sea-bird down on the marshes.

Dale responded with instant gratitude and hopefulness : —

"I should like it very much. I must finish the picture I began to-day, and I wish to make several other sketches. It really would be a great favor if Mrs. Owen could make room for me. I must bring my traps over from Dunster, though. Will any of your people be driving that way in the morning?"

Mrs. Owen herself was standing near, and answered this, as if she were the only one to be consulted in such important arrangements. "We never have taken folks to board," she replied, "but I don't know as we ought to refuse you, — on Bible grounds," and she laughed good-naturedly.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed if you hope for an angel this time," Dale smiled back again. He was standing in the doorway, and the light from the kitchen shone full in his handsome, boyish face. The farmer sighed, and leaned forward a little as he looked at him wistfully. But Martha Owen hastened to say that Doris was going to Dunster in the morning to have the colt shod, and as likely as not would be glad of company. The men folks would all be off about the salt hay.

Later that evening Dick Dale lay in bed listening again to the crickets, which kept up a ceaseless chirping about the house, and to the sober exclamations of a lonely bull-frog in the low land, not far away. The window was wide open, within reach of his hand, and once or twice he raised himself on his elbow to look up at the stars, which were gleaming and twinkling in a white host, whose armies seemed to cover the sky. The willows reached out their huge branches and made a small cloud of dense darkness, and the damp sea air was flavored with their fragrance and that of the newly mown marshes. There were no sounds, except those made by the faintly rustling leaves and the small chirp-

ing creatures, which seemed to have been stationed by the rural neighborhood as a kind of night watchmen to cry, All's well, and mark the time. The great frog was the minute-hand, while the crickets told the seconds with incessant diligence; as for the hours, they seemed so much longer than usual that whether a wind or a falling star announced their close it would be impossible to determine.

Since Israel Owen had made known the history of his dead son, the narrow chamber had become much more interesting. The present tenant of it was usually given to keeping late hours, but he had offered no objection when his host suggested that it was time to go to bed, feeling that it would be impossible to disregard the customs of the family that night, at least. Farmer Owen lingered a moment after he gave the young man a candle in a saucer candlestick and looked at him as if he wished to say something. He was apparently unable to suit himself with words, however, and turned away with a cheerful "Good night to ye, my lad;" but the short silence was not unmeaning. The candle had an unpleasant odor, and burned unevenly, letting a small torrent of its substance descend upon the well-brigened brass. Dick wondered, as he stood before it with his hands in his pocket, if Mrs. Owen would consent to part with the old candlestick; he thought it would look well in the studio which he occupied somewhat irregularly with his friend.

There was a square spot of glimmering white on the blue homespun covering of the bed, which proved to be a garment of primitive construction, and Dick inspected it with some amusement until the thought struck him that it might have been part of the wardrobe of the young soldier. There was a mingled odor of camphor and herbs, as if it were just taken from a chest that was seldom opened. After a moment

reflection he shook it outside the window, and waved it to and fro gently in the mild night air. Then he proceeded to make a circuit of the room, and held the candle high while he read the lieutenant's commission. Dick had been much too young to go to the war himself, though he was thwarted in a fierce ambition to march afield as drummer-boy, and he felt a curious interest in the farmer lad to whom this cheap-looking bit of paper certified a place in history. Only one name among thousands, to be sure, but a name forever kept by his country! A thrill went through the man who read. He was much older than this Israel Owen, but he felt immeasurably younger. There was a dignity and pathos about the unused bedroom, though its present occupant looked round it next to see if there were anything else which it would be possible to read for an hour. A person who was by no means used to early hours could not help feeling wide awake at a little past nine. He had given Farmer Owen his last cigar, as

they sat together in the doorway, and was thankful it was a good one; as for his cigarettes, they had failed altogether some hours before. Presently the feeble candle was out, and after the smoke of it had been blown away, and the clean, quiet place seemed only a protected corner of the wide, starlit world, he laughed a little at the unexpectedness of the situation, and then thought, with a shadow of envy, of Doris and the young man, and began to listen for the sound of returning wheels. To-morrow would be Saturday; he must make the most of it. This would be pleasant enough to look back upon; but such a thin pillow and thick bed were worse than the bare ground. The confession must be made, however, that when Dan Lester, the enviable gallant, had helped his companion to descend from the new light carriage, which had been bought chiefly with a view to her pleasure, it was only twenty minutes to ten o'clock, and Mr. Richard Dale was already sound asleep.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE CHRIST OF THE SNOWS.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

SET wine on the table
And bread on the plate;
Cast logs on the ashes,
And reverent wait.

The wine of love's sweetness
Set out in thy breast,
And the white bread of welcome,
To comfort the Guest.

For surely He cometh,
Now midnight is near;
The wild winds, like wolf packs,
Have fled in their fear,

Or hid in far fiords,
Or died on the floes :
For surely He cometh,
Our Christ of the Snows.

Along by the portal,
Half joy and half fear,
Wait man, maid, and matron
The step none shall hear :

The babe at the doorway,
And age with eyes dim, —
They whom birth near or death near
Make closest to Him.

The clock tolleth midnight :
Cast open the door ;
Shrink back ere He passeth,
Kneel all on the floor.

The stillness of terror
Possesseth the night,
From star-haunted heaven
To snow spaces white.

Lo ! shaken by ghost gods
Who angrily fly,
The banners of Odin
Flame red on the sky.

The last note hath stricken :
Did He pass ? Was He here ?
Is it sorrow or joy that
Shall rule the new year ?

The mother who watcheth
The face of the child
Saith, Ah, He was with us, —
The baby hath smiled !

The virgin who bends o'er
The cup on the board
Cries, Lo ! the wine trembled, —
'T was surely the Lord !

Sing Christmas, sweet Christmas,
All good men below ;
Sing Christmas that bringeth
Our Christ of the Snow.

A SALEM DAME-SCHOOL.

AN English journal recently devoted some space to a discussion of the so-called "dame-school" of the rustic district, and concluded that its virtue, if indeed it possessed any, was of the smallest. It appears from this article that, while the authorities urge the superior benefit and training to be found in the parish schools, the villagers, with the doggedness of true lower-class ignorance, persist in sending their children to the old dame, — the same, perchance, who taught them their own letters thirty or forty years before, and who depends upon the pittance earned by her labors to keep herself alive and out of the parish workhouse. Certainly all this is most ungrateful and vicious of the peasantry, and if they were a little more intelligent they would see that they have really no right to cut off the educational advantages of their children, just for the sake of a snuffy old woman, who makes her pupils sing the multiplication table through their noses, and who calls *z* "izzard." It is, however, a singular fact that this conservative clinging to old methods is not confined to English ploughmen, for it was not long ago that a well-known American divine spoke very warmly, at a meeting of the Round Table Club, in favor of the old methods of teaching, rather. A lady of high breeding and of rather unusual culture added her opinion, saying, —

"I want my boy to learn his letters exactly as I did, from a primer laid upon his teacher's knee; and I want the letters to be pointed out with a great brass pin, as mine were, and no other way."

Such of us as have ever been to one of these dame-schools must, I think, always hold them in kindly and loving remembrance, and particularly is this true in regard to the dame-schools of Salem. In this ancient city these schools differed

from their English counterparts in being kept by gentlewomen for the benefit of well-born children. The lower classes attended the public schools. In those days it would have been unutterably vulgar to allow one's children to go to any but a private school until they were old enough to enter the higher grades.

Perhaps the most exclusive of all these private schools was one kept by a pair of gentlewomen living in the upper and eminently respectable portion of Essex Street. Their name was not Witherspoon, but for purposes of disguise it may be well to call it thus. The Misses Witherspoon's school was not opened to whomsoever might chance to knock. Only an introduction by some person with untarnished 'scutcheon, who could vouch for one's possession of an undoubted great-grandfather, could gain admission to this small but aristocratic symposium. I have reason to believe that I was not accepted without a thorough examination of family documents, and that the scale was finally turned in my favor by the production of an ancestress who was down in the witch records as having testified against some poor old goody or other, and signed "Phœbe Chandler, her + mark." Once a pupil at the Misses Witherspoon's school, however, one's social superiority was firmly established forever. In after years one might elope with a grocer, become a spiritualistic medium, or start a woman's bank, but one could never be regarded as quite beyond the pale who could claim ever to have been admitted to the select circle at the Misses Witherspoon's.

Our way to school lay along the quieter part of Essex Street. We always stopped to sharpen our slate-pencils by rubbing them upon the granite bases of the great columns before Mechanic's Hall, and there was one little drug shop

before which we always loitered to admire the crimson and purple jars which adorned the windows. The quaint little house where the witches were tried was attached by one corner to this shop. It was a quiet and commonplace building, occupied at that time by a maker and mender of sun-umbrellas. It stood back in a green yard, and from an upper window projected, for a sign, a tri-colored parasol. There was nothing at all uncanny about the silent, weather-beaten old house, yet we eyed it askance, and once felt a thrill of genuine horror at the gaunt apparition of a black cat stealing with soft feet over the gray roof.

The Misses Witherspoon's house faced Essex Street, but not to ruin the front stair carpet we always went in by a door which opened into the little side-yard. This brought us into the kitchen, from which the back stairs ascended. In order that we might not look profanely upon the domestic priestess of the household, a long curtain of gay-colored patch was hung beside the stairway, and we were furthermore charged not to look over the top of it when we reached a height upon the stairs which made this possible. As a natural result, the space behind the curtain became a sort of Bluebeard's Chamber, and one inevitably did peep now and then, though one never saw anything more wonderful than Miss Abby Witherspoon wiping tea-cups. The stairs led directly into a little back chamber, in which we hung our outside garments, and from this chamber we entered the school-room. This was a low, square apartment in the left-hand front corner of the house, having two windows on Essex Street, and I think only one which looked upon the side-yard. The walls had a wooden dado painted white, while the paper, in brown and blue, repeated a meaningless pattern. There were two rows of single desks, with hard, slippery little yellow chairs. These were for the girls. There was one row of seats

for boys, — the female sex was the dominant one at the Misses Witherspoon's, — and that was decorously removed to the farthest possible limit. The Misses Witherspoon had no great liking for boys. They regarded them always with suspicion, as one might a Norwich torpedo, and I do not believe that they ever came wholly to consider it proper to allow them to attend the school at all.

There were three Misses Witherspoon. The oldest, Miss Emily, was rather severe in outward appearance, with an upright figure and remarkably keen dark eyes. One fancied that she might have been handsome as a young woman, but something too sharp and clever with her tongue. She taught arithmetic, and put down on a little slate marks for our misdemeanors. I can hear now the brisk tap of her pencil, and the measured and awful "Little girls, my sharp eye is on you!" Sometimes this remark was personal instead of general, and dire indeed was the shame which overwhelmed that one of us whom she named. Miss Lucy, the second sister, was not made of such stuff as Miss Emily. She was milder of face and gentler of voice, and had a kindly, caressing way with those pupils whose youth forced them to spell out their lessons from a book upon her knee. The third sister, Miss Abby, was the housekeeper, and never appeared in the school-room. All the sisters wore scant-skirted gowns, and their hair was scalloped low over their ears and turned up oddly behind to a tight fastening of shell combs.

At recess we did not go to romp rudely out-of-doors, but amused ourselves in the house with *A Ship from Canton* and *The Genteel Lady*, as became well-bred children. An exception was made in favor of the boys, who were told to go out into the yard to shout. Miss Emily seemed to think that boys must go somewhere occasionally to shout, as a whale must come up to blow. The boys

never did shout. I fancy they were too much depressed by the great gentility of everything. There were but two of them, and they generally sat on a deserted hen-coop and banged their heels and looked very dismal till the little bell tinkled for them to come in. When there had been a fall of moist snow, the boys would sometimes snowball each other in a perfunctory way, being bid-den to the sport by Miss Lucy; and on such occasions we of the gentler sex were allowed to go and look upon the stirring sight from the back-chamber window.

The elder of these two boys was a tall, very pale, light-haired lad, who was called by Miss Emily "Danyell." He had a highly satisfactory disease of the eye, which often prevented him from studying for an entire day, but which was fortunately not aggravated by drawing pictures on the slate and making Jacob's ladders. On a Wednesday, when the girls all sewed, Danyell did a deed without a name by means of four pins stuck into a spool and some bits of colored worsted. We heard that he was making a lamp-mat for his aunt, but I fear it was never finished, for the other boy, one direful day, called Danyell "a sissy knitting a night-cap for his granny," and, although he was obliged to stand for some time in a corner as a punishment, I think the iron of his sneering words entered the soul of Danyell; at all events, the spool disappeared.

This same "other boy," whose name has entirely faded from my memory, was decidedly more masculine in character than Danyell. He was a short, fat lad, and he wore a bottle-green jacket, which was covered with brass buttons, and fitted as tightly as Tommy Traddles' own. His hair was remarkably thick, and he was a very sullen boy, with a revengeful disposition. It was his standing grievance that he went to a private school. He one day confided to me that his cousin, who went to the Broad

Street school, had been thrown down in a foot-ball rush, and had had three teeth knocked in. He added that a fellow could have some fun at a public school, but that Miss Witherspoon's was a baby-class. I did not like this slur on our dear little school, and I totally disagreed with the sullen boy as to what was fun. A short time after this Danyell was withdrawn from the Misses Witherspoon's to go to an academy somewhere, and the green-jacketed boy was left to sit in a row by himself, to go out to shout alone at recess, and to sit gloomily by himself on the hen-coop and swing his heels.

A certain air of gentle good-breeding prevailed at the Misses Witherspoon's school, which affected the children so far that quarrels and sharp words seem to have been practically unknown. This may have been owing partly to the fact that we were always under the eyes of our teachers, even at recess; but it is quite true that we were little gentlewomen in school, whatever we may have been out of it. There are, for example, few schools to-day where a child made conspicuous by her dress could escape unkindly jests and untimely displays of wit from her mates. It chanced to be my lot at this time to be arrayed in the cast-off raiment of a pair of venerable great-aunts, whose taste in fabrics was, to say sooth, a little antiquated. Accordingly, while other children wore soft cashmeres of lovely hues and warm-colored plaids, I was clad in gowns of dull browns and smutty purples, or, still worse, in flowered chintzes, which even in those days looked hopelessly old-fashioned, and resembled upholstery stuffs. My rubbers, too, instead of being of the shiny, blue-lined sort so dear to childish souls, were literally what Miss Lucy called "gum-shoes," being made of pure rubber spread while hot over a last. They had an impression of a clover leaf stamped on each toe. After a little wear ugly pits began to appear in the rubber, as if the shoes had

had small-pox. One side was thicker than the other, and when taken off they closed in a hateful way, and persisted in lying upon the side. I used to think I could have borne the other peculiarities with resignation, but there was something particularly aggravating in having one's rubbers shut up when taken from the feet. Other children had neat little twine school-satchels, but I used the old green baize bag in which my grandfather had carried his law papers. It was so long and I so short that it nearly touched the ground as I walked, and my book and my apple rolled about unpleasantly in the bottom. In these days, what rude sport would not be directed by school-girls against a child with such odd belongings! But so perfect was the kindly good-breeding of the little dame-school that I never remember a smile or significant glance, though I must have been indeed an odd and antiquated figure.

Beside these invaluable teachings of kindness and courtesy the lessons were few and simple. We read and spelled and wrote copies on our slates. We chanted the multiplication table to an "adapted" Yankee Doodle. We learned addition and subtraction by an abacus, which was an article like a wire broiler strung with colored wooden beads, and which had the effect of at once destroying any possibility of original effort on the part of the pupil. When we were marked for any misdemeanor we had to go to Miss Emily and ask what we should do to "make up our marks." Before doing this it was the fashion to cry—or pretend to cry—for a few moments, with one's head resting upon the desk. I do not think any of us ever really shed a tear, but it was a perfunctory way we had of showing our sense of the disgrace of having a mark. The "making up a mark" was by no means a heavy penance. It usually consisted of writing one's name ten times, or making some figures, or "doing sums" on a slate. We recited in arith-

metic to Miss Emily, but as we had all sorts of odd books each child was in a class by herself. Most of the pupils had arithmetics of the comparatively modern sort, wherein were rows of pinks and apples, and little sparrows obligingly sitting on fences in the twos and threes necessary for teaching the first two of the four simple rules. My own book, however, was of a far earlier time, rummaged out of the attic for my special use. It was a thin, brown volume, with an honest enough outside, but the contents were of a peculiarly misleading and beguiling character. It opened with an apparently artless tale of an old woman whose name was Jane, who lived "all alone by herself in a small hut upon the lea." She was further described as being very poor,—so poor that she depended for her living upon selling the few little things raised in her tiny garden patch and the eggs laid by her three speckled hens. The wind blew about her humble cot, and in winter time often drove the snow through the cracks in the old walls. Jane was, however, a good and thrifty old woman, and did her best to make an honest living. Each of her speckled hens laid her a nice white egg every day: now how many days would it take for old Jane to save a dozen eggs to carry to market? All the problems in the book were of this same deceitful sort, and the way in which the youthful attention was ensnared by the semblance to a tale, and then suddenly brought up by a point-blank demand of "how much" or "how many," was calculated to kill forever one's faith in human nature.

In addition to our book lessons, we were taught various quaint little accomplishments, such as courtesying prettily and the like, and every Wednesday Miss Lucy instructed us in needlework. A brother of the ladies had been a captain in the East India merchant service. We children were dimly aware of a never quite dissipated odor of sandal-wood and

camphor about the old house, — there was always a waft of it when the front entry door was opened, — and we believed that the guest chamber contained much treasure in the way of fans, silks, and embroidered crape shawls. We never saw anything, however, except on some afternoons, when we were judged to be especially deserving, and were rewarded by the sight of a whale's tooth curiously carved, an ivory-tinted ostrich egg, and a lump of golden amber in which a tiny hapless fly was mysteriously imprisoned. These treasures, although not at all uncommon in Salem, the seat of the old East India trade, yet had always a mystic charm for us. I recall now the delightful air of pride with which the sisters would refer to "our brother, Captain Witherspoon," and the tone, slightly tinged with incredulity, with which they described to us the manners and customs of foreign lands. I have seen much amber since that time, but none with the magic charm which surrounded that bit held on dear Miss Lucy's palm, or seriously rubbed upon Miss Lucy's silk apron and made to attract bits of paper scattered on the table.

The one holiday which was held in high favor by our teachers was New Year's Day. Miss Lucy told us that her mother used to receive many visitors upon that day, and that the sisters wished always to keep it as long as she lived. At this time it was the custom for two of the pupils to visit the homes of the others, and collect a certain small sum from each as a holiday gift to our teachers. This sum was neatly inclosed in an envelope, and handed to Miss Emily, with a wish for a happy New Year. It was always received with a well-bred air of surprise, though the gift had been collected and presented in exactly the same manner ever since the school was opened. On the other hand, our teachers had a surprise of like sort for us. After the morning devotions, we were

marshaled into an orderly line, and conducted down the back stairs and through the kitchen to the door of the sunny parlor, where old Madam Witherspoon sat. She was a tiny and rigidly dignified old lady, in a scant black satin gown and a white lace cap. Before crossing the threshold each one of us was required to draw out her dress-skirts correctly, make a courtesy, and say, —

"I wish you a happy New Year, Madam Witherspoon."

To this she replied by a stately bow. Before her, upon a small table, was ranged a collection of gifts, from which we were allowed to choose. The first year I was in the school there were knives and harmonicums for the boys, and for the girls little cabinets painted red and quite sticky with varnish, and dolls so stiff and antiquated and with such old-fashioned faces that I cannot imagine where they were discovered, unless the old ladies had conjured them out of the memory of some shop of their childhood. There clung to these gifts, though we had prettier ones at home, the same aroma of quaint delight which exhaled from everything about the charming old house. After this ceremony we were graciously dismissed, and the rest of the day was our own.

It may, perhaps, be true that there was no great wisdom to be gained at the little dame-school. Our lessons were few and simple, and the methods were undoubtedly old-fashioned. However, what we learned we learned thoroughly, and there were lessons not to be found in books to be gained from the daily example of the two fine old gentlewomen, with their rigid ideas of right and wrong and the quaintly elegant manners of an age gone by.

Many are the children, now grown and scattered, who have sat under their gentle sway, and surely not one of them can think to-day without a thrill of kindly affection of the little dame-school in the gray old house on Essex Street.

Eleanor Putnam.

A STORY OF ASSISTED FATE.

IN a general way I am not a superstitious man, but I have a few ideas, or notions, in regard to fatality and kindred subjects of which I have never been able entirely to dispossess my mind; nor can I say that I have ever tried very much to do so, for I hold that a certain amount of irrationalism in the nature of a man is a thing to be desired. By its aid he clammers over the wall which limits the action of his intellect, and if he be but sure that he can get back again no harm may come of it, while he is the better for many pleasant excursions.

My principal superstitious notion, and indeed the only one of importance, is the belief that whatever I earnestly desire and plan for will happen. This idea does not relate to things for which people fight hard, or work long, but to those events for which we sit down and wait. It is truly a pleasant belief, and one worthy to be fostered if there can be found any ground for it. I do not exercise my little superstition very often, but when I do I find things happen as I wish; and in cases where this has not yet occurred there is plenty of time to wait.

I am not a very old person, being now in my twenty-eighth year, but my two sisters, who live with me, as well as most of my acquaintances, look upon me, I think, as an older man. This is not due to my experience in the world, for I have not gone out a great deal among my fellow-men, but rather to my habits of reading and reflection, which have so matured my intellectual nature that the rest of me, so to speak, has insensibly stepped a little faster to keep pace with it. Grace Anna, indeed, is two years older than I, yet I know she looks up to me as a senior quite as much as does Bertha, who is but twenty-four.

These sisters had often laughingly assured me that the one thing I needed was a wife, and, although I never spoke much on the subject, in the course of time I began to think a good deal about it, and the matter so interested my mind that at last I did a very singular thing. I keep a diary, in which I briefly note daily events, especially those which may, in a degree, be considered as epochs. My book has a page for every day, with the date printed at the top thereof; not a very desirable form, perhaps, for those who would write much on one day and very little the next, but it suits me well enough, for I seldom enter into details. Not many months ago, as I sat alone, one evening, in my library, turning over the leaves of this diary, I looked ahead at the pages intended for the days of the year that were yet to come, and the thought entered my mind that it was a slavish thing to be able to note only what had happened, and not to dare to write one word upon the blank pages of the next month, or the next, or even of to-morrow. As I turned backward and forward these pages devoted to a record of the future the desire came to me to write something upon one of them. It was a foolish fancy, perhaps, but it pleased me. I would like a diary, not only of what had been, but of what was to be. I longed to challenge fate, and I did it. I selected a page, not too far ahead and in a good time of the year, — it was September 14th, — and on it I wrote, —

“This day came into my life
She who is to be my wife.”

When I had made this strange entry I regarded it with satisfaction. I had fully come to the conclusion that it was due to my position as the owner of a goodly estate that I should marry. I had felt that at some time I must do

something in this matter. And now a thing was done, and a time was fixed. It is true that I knew no woman who was at all likely, upon the day I had selected, or upon any other day, to exercise a matrimonial influence upon my life. But that made no difference to me. I had taken my fate into my own hands, and I would now see what would happen.

It was then early in July, and in a little more than two months the day which I had made a very momentous one to me would arrive. I cannot say that I had a positive belief that what I had written would occur on the 14th of September, but I had a very strange notion that, as there was no reason why it should not be so, it would be so. At any rate, who could say it would not be so? This sort of thing was not a belief, but to all intents and purposes it was just as good.

It was somewhat amusing even to myself, and it would probably have been very amusing to any one else acquainted with the circumstances, to observe the influence that this foundationless and utterly irrational expectation had upon me. To the great delight of my sisters, I began to attend to matters in which formerly I had taken little interest. I set two men at work upon the grounds about the house, giving my personal supervision to the removal of the patches of grass in the driveway, which led under the oaks to the door. Here and there I had a panel of fence put in better order, and a dead apple-tree, which for some time had stood on the brow of a hill in view of the house, was cut down and taken away.

"If any of our friends think of visiting us," said Bertha, "they ought to come now, while everything is looking so trim and nice.

"Would you like that?" asked Grace Anna, looking at me.

"Yes," I replied. "That is, they might begin to come now."

At this both my sisters laughed.

"Begin to come!" cried Bertha. "How hospitable you are growing!"

The summer went on, and I kept good faith with my little superstition. If either of us should desert the other, it should not be I who would do it. It pleased me to look forward to the event which I had called up out of the future, and to wait for it—if perchance it should come.

One morning my sister Bertha entered my library, with a letter in her hand and a very pleasant expression on her face. "What do you think?" she said. "We are going to have a visit!—just as the paint is dry on the back porch, so that we can have tea there in the afternoon."

"A visit!" I exclaimed, regarding her with much interest.

"Yes," continued Bertha. "Kitty Watridge is coming to stay with us. I have written and written to her, and now she is coming."

"Who is she?" I asked.

Bertha laughed. "You have n't forgotten the Watridges, have you?"

No, I had not forgotten them; at least, the only one of them I ever knew. Old Mr. Watridge had been a friend of my late father, a cheerful and rather ruddy man, although much given to books. He had been my friend, too, in the days when he used to come to us; and I remember well that it was he who started me on a journey along the third shelf from the top, on the east wall of the library, through *The World Displayed*, in many volumes, by Smart, Goldsmith, and Johnson; and thence to some *New Observations on Italy*, in French, by two Swedish gentlemen, in 1758; and so on through many other works of the kind, where I found the countries shown forth on their quaint pages so different from those of the same name described in modern books of travel that it was to me a virtual enlargement of the world. It had been a long time since I had

seen the old gentleman, and I felt sorry for it.

"Is Mr. Watridge coming?" I asked.

"Of course not," said Bertha. "That would be your affair. And besides, he never leaves home now. It is only Kitty, his youngest daughter, my friend."

I had an indistinct recollection that Mr. Watridge had some children, and that they were daughters, but that was all I remembered about them. "She is grown?" I asked.

"I should think so," answered Bertha, with a laugh. "She is at least twenty."

If my sister could have known the intense interest which suddenly sprang up within me she would have been astounded. A grown-up, marriageable young lady was coming to my house, in September! My next question was asked hurriedly: "When will she be here?"

"She is coming next Wednesday, the 16th," answered Bertha, referring to her letter.

"The 16th!" I said to myself. "That is two days after my date."

"What kind of a lady is she?" I asked Bertha.

"She is lovely, — just as lovely as she can be."

I now began to feel a little disappointed. If she were lovely, as my sister said, and twenty, with good Watridge blood, why did she not come a little sooner? It was truly an odd thing to do, but I could not forbear expressing what I thought. "I wish," I said, somewhat abstractedly, "that she were coming on Monday instead of Wednesday."

Bertha laughed heartily. "I was really afraid," she said, "that you might think there were enough girls already in the house. But here you are wanting Kitty to come before she is ready. Grace Anna!" she cried to my elder sister, who was passing the open door, "he is n't put out a bit, and he is in such a hurry to see Kitty that he thinks she should come on Monday."

It was impossible to chide my sisters for laughing at me, and I could not help smiling myself. "It is not that I am in a hurry to see her," I observed, "for I do not know the young lady at all; but I consider Monday a more suitable day than Wednesday for her arrival."

"It is odd," replied Bertha, "that you should prefer one day to another."

"Is there any reason why it does not suit you to have her come on Wednesday?" asked Grace Anna. "Her visit might be deferred a day or two."

Of course I could give no reason, and I did not wish the visit deferred.

"It's just because he's so dreadfully systematic!" cried Bertha. "He thinks everything ought to begin at the beginning of the week, and that even a visit should make a fair start on Monday, and not break in unmethodically."

My elder sister was always very considerate of my welfare and my wishes, and had it been practicable I believe that she would have endeavored in this instance to make our hospitality conform to what appeared to be my love of system and order. But she explained to me that, apart from the awkwardness of asking the young lady to change the day which she had herself fixed, without being able to give any good reason therefore, it would be extremely inconvenient for them to have their visitor before Wednesday, as an earlier arrival would materially interfere with certain household arrangements.

I said no more, but I was disappointed; and this feeling grew upon me, for the reason that during the rest of the day and the evening my sisters talked a great deal about their young friend, and I found that, unless they were indeed most prejudiced judges, — which in the case of Grace Anna, at least, I could never believe, — this young person who was coming to us must be possessed of most admirable personal qualities. She was pretty; she had excellent moral sentiments, a well-cultured intel-

lect, and a lovable disposition. These, with the good blood,—which, in my opinion, was a most important requisite,—made up a woman in every way fitted to enter my life in a matrimonial capacity. If, without any personal bias, I had been selecting a wife for a friend, I could not have expected to do better than this. That such a young person should come within the range of my cognizance on the wrong day would be, to say the least, a most annoying occurrence. Why did I not select the 16th, or she the 14th? A fate that was two days slow might as well be no fate at all. My meeting with the girl would have no meaning. I must admit that the more I thought about this girl the more I wished it should have a meaning.

During the night, or perhaps very early in the morning, a most felicitous idea came into my mind. I would assist my fate. My idea was this: On Monday I would drive to Mr. Watridge's house. It was a pleasant day's journey. I would spend Tuesday with him, and, returning on Wednesday, I could bring Miss Kitty with me. Thus all the necessary conditions would be fulfilled. She would come into my life on the 14th, and I would have opportunities of knowing her which probably would not occur to me at home. Everything would happen as it should; only, instead of the lady coming to me, I should go to her.

As I expected, my project, when I announced it at the breakfast table, was the occasion of much mirth, especially on the part of Bertha. "I never saw anything like it!" she cried. "You want to see Kitty even more than I do. I should never have thought of such a thing as going for her two days in advance."

"As it would have been impossible for you to do so," said I, "I can easily conceive that you would not have allowed the idea to enter your mind."

Grace Anna, however, looked upon my plan with much favor, and entered

into its details with interest, dwelling particularly on the pleasure Mr. Watridge would derive from my visit.

I looked forward with great pleasure to the little journey I was about to make. The distance from Eastover, my residence, to Mr. Watridge's house was some twenty-five miles,—a very suitable day's drive in fine weather. The road led through a pleasant country, with several opportunities for pretty views; and about half-way was a neat tavern, standing behind an immense cherry-tree, where a stop could be made for rest and for a midday meal. I had a comfortable, easy-cushioned buggy, well provided with protective appurtenances in case of rain or too much sunshine; and my sisters and myself were of the opinion that, under ordinary circumstances, no one would hesitate between this vehicle and the crowded stage-coach, which was the only means of communication between our part of the country and that in which the Watridge estate lay.

I made an early start on Monday morning, with my good horse, Dom Pedro; named by my sister Bertha, but whether for the Emperor of Brazil, or for a social game of cards which we generally played when we had two or three visitors, and therefore there were too many of us for whist, I do not know. I arrived at my destination towards the close of the afternoon, and old Mr. Watridge was delighted to see me. We spent a pleasant hour in his library, waiting for the return of his two daughters, who were out for a walk. It must be admitted that it was with considerable emotional perturbation that I beheld the entrance into that room of Miss Kitty Watridge. She came in alone; her sister, who was much older, being detained by some household duties, connected, probably, with my unexpected arrival. This, with the action of Mr. Watridge in presently excusing himself for a time, gave me an opportunity, more immedi-

ate than I had expected, for an uninterrupted study of this young lady, who had become to me so important a person.

I will not describe Kitty, her appearance, nor her conversation, but will merely remark that before we were joined by her father and sister I would have been quite willing, so far as I was concerned, to show her the entry in my diary.

It may be that a man heavily clad with the armor of reserve and restraint sinks more quickly and deeper than one not so encumbered, when he finds himself suddenly in a current of that sentiment which now possessed me. Be that as it may, my determination was arrived at before I slept that night: Kitty Watridge had entered into my life on the 14th of September, and I was willing to accept her as my wife.

As the son of an old comrade on the part of the father, and as the brother of two dear friends on the part of the daughters, I was treated with hearty cordiality by this family, and the next day was a most pleasing and even delightful one to me, until the evening came. Then a cloud, and a very heavy one, arose upon my emotional horizon. I had stated how I purposed to make the little journey of Miss Kitty to our house more comfortable and expeditious than it would otherwise be, and Mr. Watridge had expressed himself very much pleased with the plan; while Kitty had declared that it would be charming, especially when compared with travel by stage-coach, of which the principal features, in her idea of it, appeared to be mothers, little children, and lunch baskets. But, after dinner, Miss Maria, the elder daughter, remarked very quietly, but very positively, that she did not think it would do—that is the phrase she used—for me to drive her sister to Eastover. She gave no reasons, and I asked none, but it was quite evident that her decision was one not to be altered.

“It would be far better,” she said, “not to change our original plan, and for Kitty, as well as her trunk, to go by the stage. Mrs. Karcroft is going the whole of the way, and Kitty will be well taken care of.”

Miss Maria was the head of the house; she had acted for many years as the maternal director of her sister; and I saw very soon that what the other two members of the family might think upon the subject would matter very little. The father, indeed, made at first some very vigorous dissent, urging that it would be a shame to make me take that long drive home alone, when I had expected company; and although Kitty said nothing, I am sure she looked quite disappointed. But neither words nor looks availed anything. Miss Maria was placid, but very firm, and under her deft management of the conversation the subject was soon dismissed as settled.

“I am very sorry,” observed the old gentleman to me, when the ladies had bidden us good-night, “that Kitty cannot take advantage of your invitation, which was a very kind one, and to which I see not the slightest objection. My daughter Maria has very peculiar ideas sometimes, but as she acts as a sort of mother here we don’t like to interfere with her.”

“I would not have you do so for the world,” answered I.

“You are very good, very good!” exclaimed Mr. Watridge; “and I must say I think it’s a confounded shame that you and Kitty cannot take that pleasant drive together. Suppose you go with her in the stage, and let me send a man to Eastover with your horse and vehicle.”

“I thank you very kindly, sir,” I replied, “but it will be better for me to return the way I came; and your daughter will have a companion, I understand.”

“Nobody but old Mrs. Karcroft, and

she counts for nothing as company. You had better think of it."

I would not consent, however, to make any change in my arrangements; and, shortly after, I retired.

I went to bed that night a very angry man. When I prepared a plan or scheme with which no reasonable fault could be found, I was not accustomed to have it thwarted, or indeed even objected to. I was displeased with Mr. Watridge because he allowed himself to be so easily influenced, and I was even dissatisfied with Kitty's want of spirit, though of course she could not have been expected to exhibit an eagerness to accompany me. But with that horrible old maid, Miss Maria, I was truly indignant. There frequently arises in the mind an image which forcibly connects itself with the good or bad qualities of a person under our contemplation, and thus Miss Maria appeared to me in the character of a moral pepper-box. Virtue is like sugar or cream, — good in itself, and of advantage to that with which it is suitably mingled; but Miss Maria's propriety was the hottest and most violent sort of pepper, extremely disagreeable in itself, and never needed except in the case of weak moral digestion. Her objections were an insult to me. I went to sleep thinking of a little pepper cruet which I would like to have made of silver for my table, to take the place of the owl or other conventional pattern, which should be exactly like Miss Maria, — hard and unimpressionable without, hollow within, and the top of its head perforated with little holes. At breakfast I endeavored to be coldly polite, but it must have been easy for the family to perceive that I was very much offended. I requested that my horse and buggy should be made ready as soon as possible. While I was waiting for it on the porch, where Mr. Watridge had just left me, Miss Kitty came out to me. This was the first time I had been alone with her since the pre-

ceding afternoon, when we had had a most charming walk through the orchard and over the hills to a high point, where we had stayed until we saw the sun go down.

"It seems a real pity," she observed very prettily, and in a tone which touched me, "that you should be driving off now by yourself, while in about an hour I shall start from the same place."

"Miss Kitty," said I, "would you like to go with me?"

She hesitated for a moment, looked down, and then looked up, and said, "So far as I am concerned, I think — I mean I know — that I should like very much to go with you. But you see" — and then she hesitated again.

"Say no more, I pray you!" I exclaimed. I would not place her in the unpleasant position of defending, or even explaining, the unwarrantable interference of a relative. "If you really wish to accompany me," I continued, warmly shaking her hand, for my buggy was now approaching, "I am entirely satisfied, and nothing more need be said. It is, in a measure, the same as if you were going with me. Good-by."

A moment before I was depressed and morose. Now I was exuberantly joyful. The change was sudden, but there was reason for it. Kitty wished to go with me, and had come to tell me so!

Mr. Watridge and his elder daughter now appeared in the doorway, and as I took leave of the latter I am sure she noticed a change in my manner. I said no more to her than was absolutely necessary, but the sudden cheerfulness which had taken possession of me could not be repressed even in her presence.

The old gentleman accompanied me to the carriage-block. "I don't want to bore you about it," he said, "but I really am sorry you are going away alone."

I felt quite sure, from several things Mr. Watridge had said and done during

my visit, that he would be well pleased to see his younger daughter and myself thrown very much into the company of each other, and to have us remain so, indeed, for the rest of our lives. And there was no reason why he should not desire it. In every way the conditions of such a union would be most favorable.

"Thank you very much," I returned; "but the pleasure of having your daughter at my house will make me forget this little disappointment."

He looked at me with glistening eyes. Had I boldly asked him, "Will you be my father-in-law?" no more favorable answer could have come from his lips than I now saw upon his countenance.

"Good fortune be with you!" were his last words as I drove away.

I do not suppose anything of the kind could be more delightful than my drive that morning. Miss Kitty had said that she would like to be my companion, and I determined to have her so in imagination, if not in fact. The pleasures of fancy are sometimes more satisfactory than those of reality, for we have them entirely under our control. I chose now to imagine that Miss Kitty was seated by my side, and I sat well to the right, that I might give her plenty of room. In imagination I conversed with her, and she answered me as I would have her. Our remarks were carefully graduated to the duration of our acquaintance and the seemingly progress of our intimacy. I wished to discover the intellectual status of the fair young creature who had come into my life on the 14th of September. I spoke to her of books, and found that her reading had been varied and judicious. She had read Farrar's *Life of Christ*, but did not altogether like it; and while she had much enjoyed Froude's *Cæsar*, she could have wished to believe the author as just as he endeavored to make his hero appear. With modern romance she had dealt but lightly, rather preferring works of his-

tory and travel, even when pervaded with the flavor of the eighteenth century. But we did not always speak of abstract subjects; we were both susceptible to the influences of nature, and my companion enjoyed as much as I did the bright sunshine tempered by a cooling breeze, the clear sky with fair white clouds floating along the horizon, and the occasional views of the blue and distant mountains, their tops suffused with warm autumnal mists. After a time I asked her if I might call her Kitty, and glancing downward, and then up, with the same look she had given me on the porch, she said I might. This was very pleasant, and was not, in my opinion, an undue familiarity, which feature I was very careful to eliminate from our companionship. One act, however, of what might be termed super-friendly kindness, I intended to propose, and the contemplation of its probable acceptance afforded me much pleasure. After our quiet luncheon in the shaded little dining-room of the Cherry-Tree Inn, and when she had rested as long as she chose, we would begin our afternoon journey, and the road, before very long, would lead us through a great pine wood. Here, rolling over the hard, smooth way, and breathing the gentle odor of the pines, she would naturally feel a little somnolent, and I intended to say to her that if she liked she might rest her head upon my shoulder, and doze. If I should hear the sound of approaching wheels I would gently arouse her; but as an interruption of this kind was not likely to occur, I thought with much satisfaction of the pleasure I should have in the afternoon, when this fancy would be appropriate. To look upon the little head gently resting on that shoulder, which, when our acquaintance had more fully developed, I would offer her as a permanent possession, would be to me a preconnubial satisfaction of a very high order.

When about a mile from the Cherry-

Tree Inn, and with my mind filled with these agreeable fancies, an accident happened to me. One of the irons which connected the shafts to the front axle broke, and the conditions of my progress became abruptly changed. The wheel at that end of the axle to which a shaft was yet attached went suddenly forward, and the other flew back and grated against the side of the buggy, while both wheels, instead of rolling in the general course of the vehicle, were dragged in a sidewise direction. The disconnected shaft fell upon the legs of Dom Pedro, who, startled by the unusual sensation, forsook his steady trot, and broke into a run. Thus, with the front wheels scraping the road, the horse attached but by a single shaft, I was hurried along at an alarming pace. Pull as I might, I could not check the progress of Dom Pedro; and if this state of affairs had continued for more than the few moments which it really lasted, the front wheels would have been shattered, and I do not know what sad results might have ensued. But the other shaft broke loose, the reins were rudely torn from my hands, and the horse, now free from attachment to the vehicle, went clattering along the road, the shafts bobbing at his heels; while the buggy, following the guidance of the twisted front axle, ran into a shallow ditch at the side of the road, and abruptly stopped.

Unhurt, I sprang out, and my first thought was one of joy that the Kitty who had been by my side was an imaginary one. Had the real Kitty been there, what might not have happened to her! A dozen possible accidents crowded themselves on my mind, and I have no doubt my countenance expressed my feelings.

There was nothing to be done but to take my valise and the whip from the buggy, and walk on to the inn, where I found the landlord in the act of saddling a horse, to come and see what had happened to me. Dom Pedro had arrived

with a portion of the shafts attached to him, the rest having been kicked away. The accident occasioned considerable stir at the inn; but as I never care to discuss my personal affairs any further than is necessary, it was soon arranged that after I had lunched I would borrow a saddle from the landlord, and ride Dom Pedro home, while the broken buggy would be brought to the inn, where I would send for it the next day. This plan did not please me, for I was not fond of equestrianism, and Dom Pedro was rather a hard trotter; but there was nothing better to do. Had I not taken this road, which was much more agreeable although rather longer than the high road, I might have been picked up by the stage which was conveying Miss Kitty to my house.

While I was yet at my meal there arrived at the inn a young man, who shortly afterward entered the room, and informed me that, having heard of my accident, he came to offer me a seat in the buggy in which he was traveling. He was going my way, and would be glad of a companion. This invitation, given as it was by a well-appearing young man of pleasing manners, was, after a little consideration, accepted by me. I would much prefer to ride a dozen miles in a buggy with a stranger than on horseback alone.

The drive of the afternoon was very different from what I had expected it to be, but it was not devoid of some pleasant features. My companion was sociable and not too communicative; and although he annoyed me very much by giving me the entirely uncalled-for information that if I had had short straps from the ends of the shafts to the axle, which no well-ordered buggy should be without, the accident would not have occurred. I passed this by, and our conversation became more general, and to me more acceptable. The young man was going to Harnden, a village not far from my house, where he ap-

peared to have some business, and he assured me that he would not object in the least to go a little out of his way and set me down at my door.

We reached Eastover quite late in the afternoon, and I perceived, from the group on the porch, that Miss Kitty had arrived. All three of the ladies came down to meet me, evidently very much surprised to see me in a strange vehicle. When I had alighted, and was hastily explaining to my sisters the cause of this change of conveyance, I was surprised to see Miss Kitty shaking hands with the young man, who was standing by his horse's head. My elder sister, Grace Anna, who had also noticed this meeting, now approached the pair, and was introduced to the gentleman. In a few moments she returned to me, who had been regarding the interview with silent amazement.

"It is Harvey Glade," she said, — "Kitty's cousin. We should invite him to stay here to-night."

I cannot conceive of anything which more quickly than these words would have snuffed out the light which had illumined the vision of my house with Kitty in it; but it was impossible for me to forget that I was a gentleman and the master of Eastover, and, instantly causing my perception of these facts to take precedence of my gathering emotions, I stepped up to Miss Kitty, and, asking to be introduced to her cousin, I begged him to make my house his home during his stay in the neighborhood.

This invitation was accepted, as I supposed it would be when I made it; yet I must own that I did not expect Mr. Glade to remain at my house for a week. Of course his presence prevented the execution of any of my plans regarding the promotion of my intimacy with Kitty; but although the interruption caused me much vexation, I maintained the equanimity due to my position, and hoped each day that the young

man would take his leave. Towards the end of his visit I became aware, through the medium of my sisters, to whom I had left in a great degree the entertainment of our guests, that young Glade was actually engaged to be married to Kitty. She had told them so herself. This statement, which chilled to the verge of frigidity my every sensibility, was amplified as follows: The young people had been attached to each other for some time, but the visits of Glade having been discouraged by Miss Kitty's family they had not seen each other lately, and there had been no positive declaration of amatory sentiment on the part of either; this protracted sojourn in my house had given the young man all the opportunity he could desire, and the matter was settled so definitely that there was no reason to suppose that the better judgment of her elders would cause the young woman to change her mind.

Here was a fine ending to my endeavors to assist my fate. Instead of so doing, I had assisted the fate of Mr. Harvey Glade, in whose welfare I had no interest whatever. He had not known that Miss Kitty was coming to my house; he had not even been aware, until he met her at Eastover, that I was acquainted with her family. Had it not been for my endeavors to promote my own fortune in the direction of the lady, he would have had no opportunity to make her his own; and they probably would not have seen each other again, unless he had happened to call upon her as the mistress of Eastover. Instead of aiding Miss Kitty to enter my life on the 14th of September, I had ushered her into his life on the 16th of that month.

For a week after the departure of our guests — the young man went first — I found myself in a state of mental depression from which the kindly efforts of my sisters could not arouse me. Not only was I deeply chagrined at what

had occurred, but it wounded my self-respect to think that my fate, which had been satisfactorily pursuing the course I had marked out for it, should have been thus suddenly and disastrously turned aside. I felt that I must confess myself conquered. It was an unusual and a difficult thing for me to do this, but there was no help for it. I took out my diary, and turned to the page whereon I had challenged fate. That entry must be erased. I must humble myself, and acknowledge it untrue.

At the moment that I dipped the pen in the inkstand there was a knock at the door, and Grace Anna entered.

"I have just had a letter," she said, "from dear Jane Wiltby, who married your old schoolfellow, Dr. Tom. I thought you would like to hear the news it contains. They have a little girl, and she is to be named for me."

"How old is it?" I asked, with indifferent interest.

"She was born on the 14th of September," said Grace Anna.

I sat erect, and looked at my sister, — looked at her without seeing her. Thoughts, like clouds upon the horizon brightened by the rays of dawn, piled themselves up in my mind. Dr. Tom, the companion of my youth, ever my cherished friend! Jane, woman above women! Grace Anna!

I laid down the pen, and, leaving the momentous and prognostic entry just as I had written it, I closed my diary, and placed it in my desk.

He who cannot adapt himself to the vagaries of a desired fate, who cannot place himself upon the road by which he expects it to come, and who cannot wait for it with cheerful confidence is not worthy to be assistant arbiter of his destiny.

Frank R. Stockton.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE are some words that have a charm about them which never fades, and an interest which never flags. To those who care for France, her literature, her history, the little word *salon* has an irresistible fascination. It conjures up everything that is clever, charming, *piquant*, most characteristic of the women of France. The salon is essentially a French institution. No other nation ever produced it; no other society contains the elements for producing it. We say "a pleasant house" when we speak of a social centre. In France they say "a pleasant salon." The different terms both express and explain the different ideas they represent. A house is a home where material hospitality is exercised;

where friends are entertained with more substantial fare than the feast of reason and the flow of soul. A pleasant house is suggestive of snug, convivial dinners and sociable, unceremonious lunches, of bread broken at various hours between the owners of the house and their friends. Another nice distinction is that it implies a master, as well as a mistress. A salon calls up a totally different order of ideas. It supposes a mistress, but by no means necessarily a master; and it suggests no more substantial fare than talk, flow of words, and liberal interchange of ideas. It is simply a centre where pleasant people are to be met and good conversation is to be had. It may have — indeed, it generally has —

its particular tone and color; it may be literary, religious, political, artistic, or philanthropic; but it remains always a place for talking, — a place where intellectual nectar replaces material beverages.

When we consider how much pleasure, amusement, even downright happiness, is to be got out of talk, the wonder is that so little is done towards cultivating it. Formerly, the French understood this, and gave as much time and care to the cultivation of talk as to that of any other fine art. Their salons were schools where the art of conversation was taught, arenas where its adepts and pupils exercised themselves in the game. To say of a woman, "*Elle cause bien*," was to pay her a far more delicate and flattering tribute than to praise her beauty, or even her dress. Paris is the birthplace and natural home of the salon. It is a growth indigenous to the soil of the lively city, and an empire which has been respected there ever since it was first founded by Madame de Rambouillet for the purification and perfecting of the French language. The throne has been left vacant at various periods, sometimes for long intervals; but there it has stood, ready for any *prétendante* who could take possession of it. The right of conquest was the only right recognized, or necessary. There was no hereditary law which transmitted the sceptre from one queen to another. There was no dynastic code to which she was compelled to conform once she had grasped it. Like Cæsar, she had only to come, to see her empire, and to conquer it. Every woman who held in her own individuality the power to do this might, under the most elastic restrictions, aspire to a sovereignty, at once elective, absolute, and democratic.

These queens have sometimes been women not born in the purple of "society," or even promoted to it by marriage. It is characteristic of the supreme position conceded by the French

to mere personal charm and *esprit* in women that even in the eighteenth century, in those relatively feudal ages before the Revolution had leveled the barriers between classes, a woman endowed with these qualities might, without being well or even decently born, throw down the high barricades of social prejudices, and reign triumphantly as queen of a salon.

There was Madame Geoffrin, for instance. Madame Geoffrin may be considered one of the earliest and most remarkable successors of Madame de Rambouillet, whose blood was so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." Madame Geoffrin was a *bourgeoise* by birth and by marriage; she had no roots in society, — no links, even, with it, except those that she afterwards forged herself; yet after a long interregnum the sceptre of the beautiful marquise passed to her, and she wielded it with a grace and power that have never since been surpassed, if indeed they have ever been equaled. Madame de Rambouillet, with her beauty and rank, had remained the head of a *coterie*, — a fastidious and exclusive coterie; while Madame Geoffrin, by mere force of personal charm, of wit, — or rather *esprit*, for the terms are by no means synonymous, — of sound sense and clear judgment, formed a salon to which not only men of letters, but all the aristocratic women of the day, in their powder and hoops, crowded eagerly. So supreme was the position attained by the manufacturer's wife that no distinguished person from any part of Europe visited Paris without seeking to be presented to her. Even royalty paid its court to her, and was flattered by her civility. Gustavus of Poland, one of the *habitués* of her salon, on coming to the throne, wrote to the old lady, — a very old lady then, — "Your son has become a king; you must come and see him in his kingdom." And she did go, entertained by the Emperor at Vienna, and by all the great folks on the way

from Warsaw to Paris, as if she had been a sovereign going to visit another sovereign.

Yet this venerable old lady had done nothing in any department of human enterprise to entitle her to this world-wide homage. She had, it is true, given *petits soupers* that were admitted to be excellent, and in later days she had been a kind of mother to the Encyclopædists, with whose advanced doctrines she sympathized; her salon had become a sort of tribune, where these doctrines were expounded, and the applause they awoke there was echoed beyond these tapestried walls to the city outside, and to the nations beyond that, again. But this alone could not have secured to Madame Geoffrin wide social influence, though it would have entitled her to a high place amongst the Blue Stockings of the period. The secret of her influence lay in the combination of personal charm with perfect mastery in the art of talking and receiving.

Another curious example of the ascendancy of esprit in France is the salon of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Poor, plain, nobly but not honorably born, tolerated in the *château* of a mother who was ashamed to own her, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse attracted the notice of Madame du Deffand, who instantly detected a kindred spirit in the neglected Cinderella, and offered her a home. It must have been like an episode in a fairy tale to the young country girl when her mother's guest said, "Come and live with me!" To live with Madame du Deffand meant to live with all that was distinguished in European society. What a dream for a young girl, with a passionate soul and a bright, ambitious mind, to be transported suddenly from a dull provincial home to this intellectual Eldorado! The dream lasted ten years, and then they quarreled violently, and parted.

The cause of the quarrel was characteristic both of the age and of its women.

Visitors, in those days, came from five to eight. Madame du Deffand, now blind and infirm, rose late, and never appeared in the drawing-room till six. Meantime, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had been receiving all the clever people since five, skimming the cream of the talk, and lapping it up all to herself. She went on committing this systematic theft for a whole year before Madame du Deffand found it out! No wonder the old lady boiled over with rage, and ordered the unprincipled thief out of her house. If it had been money, or jewels, or any such trash, that she had pilfered, some extenuating circumstances might have been found, and the culprit recommended to mercy; but to steal the cream of the talk, to gobble up the *bons mots* and the epigrams and the *anecdotes*, fresh and crisp, — what mercy could be found for such wickedness as this!

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was turned out of the house. Her accomplices, however, stood manfully by her. D'Alembert, a host in himself, was already her devoted admirer, and now became her stoutest champion, leading the force of the Encyclopædists with him. They deserted Madame du Deffand, noble, rich, and splendidly lodged, and followed Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to a small apartment, which they insisted on jointly furnishing for her, and where, thanks to a small annuity from her mother (as recently discovered documents have established), she was able to live, and form a salon which soon rivaled that of her late protectress and now her deadly enemy. It was a strange sight, — this woman, without a single social advantage, without even a pretty face (she was ugly), coolly snatching the sceptre from the hands of a legitimate sovereign, usurping a portion of her empire, and ruling it with as high a hand as any autocrat to the manner born. So omnipotent, at this period, was the ascendancy of the *femme d'esprit*, and so

essential the salon of such a one to the thinking men of the day.

None of these three women published anything on any subject. They wrote letters, — burning love-letters and brilliant gossiping letters ; but they did no work, literary, scientific, or philanthropic. They simply had salons ; they talked and received beautifully, and by doing this they achieved immortality. It is true, a salon in those days was no sinecure ; it was an important rôle, and the woman who undertook it gave her whole mind to succeeding in it, as a painter or musician strives to achieve excellence in his art. Sainte-Beuve says of Madame Geoffrin that no Roman cardinal could have exercised “more diplomacy, more delicate and gentle cleverness,” in the management of the most difficult affairs than did this remarkable lady during the thirty years that her salon was a centre of intellectual interest and social enjoyment.

No woman creates such a centre, or exercises this kind of personal sway, unless she possesses certain requisite qualifications. Envy or ignorance may attribute her popularity to luck, to a series of happy circumstances, to the blind tendency of the crowd to follow the crowd ; but this does not suffice to account for it. There is always a primary, intrinsic reason which explains this attraction. Some periods have been especially favorable to the development of these personal influences. The latter part of the eighteenth century was preëminently so. It saw the apotheosis of the salon. Its salons were laboratories, where the Revolution was being prepared. Here new ideas were discussed, new doctrines enunciated, new theories put into form, and in a certain measure into practice ; in fact, all the elements that were soon to culminate in the explosion that shook France to her centre were here analyzed and experimentalized with in *dilettante* fashion. The members never dreamed that they were

manufacturing the dynamite that was to blow up themselves and society ; they did not foresee what all this playing with fire was to lead to ; but, though unconsciously, they were none the less certainly getting ready the Revolution. When it came, they and their laboratories vanished. The social throne fell with the national one, swallowed up in that terrific convulsion. The very foundations on which every throne had rested seemed shattered beyond the possibility of ever rebuilding them ; and yet as soon as the throes subsided, and despotism had crushed anarchy and restored order, society began to cast about for queens to come and rule over it. It had tired of conquests, as it had tired of revolution ; it had had enough of slaughter, of the rumbling of the *tombereau* bearing “batches” to the guillotine, and of the roll of drums announcing “famous victories. It wanted to be soothed and amused, just as an audience longs for a good farce after it has been harrowed and excited by some tremendous tragedy. The salon could never again be what it had been before the close of the century ; the same *raison d'être* for it no longer existed. Those who had opinions to proclaim, or views to expound, now found ready opportunities in public life. They did not look about for a salon to get a hearing ; there was one to be had every day in the press, in parliament, in public life generally. But if its old rôle was played, there was already a new one prepared for it. Politics and war were at a discount ; society was sick of them, so it turned to art. Artists came and took the vacant thrones, and society went to court and did homage to them. With the exception of some few political ones, whose tone was strictly defined, the most brilliant salons of the Restoration were chiefly artistic. The beautiful Madame Lebrun, who had narrowly escaped paying with her head for the honor of painting the portrait of Marie Antoinette, had come

back. She had queened it in all the capitals of Europe during her exile, and now reigned in Paris. Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, and all the now aged Encyclopædists, all the great ladies and the *grands seigneurs*, crowded round her, and for thirty years met every Saturday evening in her salon, saying, "Do you remember?" — talking over old times and the gay court where she had been the honored guest of their king and queen. The little courtly court was broken up in 1830; but the salon lived on till 1842, when Madame Lebrun died, at the age of ninety, charming, and even beautiful, to the last.

Mademoiselle Contat's salon was another illustration of the change that society had undergone. The beautiful actress, with her stream of song, drew all the world to her salon, where, besides herself, people heard such song-birds as Malibran and Sontag, and the music of Rossini and Donizetti before it was given to the world outside. Society was intoxicated with music, and frantic about art; a not unnatural reaction towards melody and beauty after the hideous din of revolution and war. But it was, at the same time, something more than this. Art was not only a fashion; it was a harbor of refuge, towards which many were making in the event of a storm overtaking them again. The *noblesse* had been impoverished, in innumerable cases beggared, by the Revolution, and many of these sufferers, who had learned at home in the atrocities of '93, or abroad in the miseries of emigration, the need of possessing an inheritance that no political catastrophe could take from them, determined to secure some such provision for their children. Thus, the daughters of the Faubourg St. Germain were frequently to be met in the studios of the great painters and sculptors, working with the steadiness of professional students. Others studied music with the same ardor. The result was a generation

which counted numbers of highly accomplished women, whose competition raised artists in the social scale. Society, after being ruthlessly invaded by democracy, was now making a generous peace with it, and voluntarily opening its ranks to the principle of equality which the Revolution had vainly tried to force upon it. The reign of the old noblesse, as a political power, was now virtually at an end. A whole era had come and gone since Napoleon had asked, after the battle of Austerlitz, "What does the Faubourg St. Germain think?" It mattered little now to the head of the state what that once powerful section thought! Except as a clan, a distinction, a fine historic legend, it had practically passed away. Those who had profited by its decay, and supplanted it, were, nevertheless, uneasy. They could not rest with full content in their new possessions, in the titles and domains conferred on them by the empire; they lived in daily terror of being dispossessed by a decree of parliament, or some political enactment. The Charte eventually reassured them, and proved that the monarchy had both the will and the power to maintain the concessions and grants of the empire. But though the king might sanction irregular coats-of-arms and dubious territorial titles, he could not confer on their holders the distinction born of inherited instincts and long ancestral traditions, nor the chivalrous sentiments and courteous manners that are a part of these things; neither could he legislate against vulgarity and bad grammar, nor prevent society from laughing when the ladies of these new lords proclaimed their triumph and its origin by declaring, like their successors of '48, "*C'est nous qui sont les vraies princesses!*"

But society had to look the fact in the face that its old structure was hopelessly destroyed, and that it had now to build itself up out of new materials. It was a grand opportunity for science,

art, and intellect to take the lead, and to a certain extent they availed themselves of it. The *Canapé Doctrinaire* on which the king sat, surrounded by Cuvier, Guizot, Villemain, Arnaud, De Jouy, Royer-Collard, etc., may have been hard and stiff enough to justify the remark of a wit who was never offered a seat on it: "One may go to sleep on the *canapé*, but one is certain to have only bad dreams there." All the same, the *canapé* was a power in its way. It left its mark on the times. It made talent the fashion, and created a brilliant intellectual society; it lifted men of science to the highest places in the synagogue, and while it lasted the reign of plutocracy was kept at bay. Never, perhaps, did that reign seem farther off than under the Restoration, when it was *bien porté* to be poor, and when every gentleman was proud to boast of being "ruined by the Revolution."

There is a tide in the affairs of woman, which, taken at the flood, floats her up to social eminence and power. These tides occur oftenest at the close of those political convulsions that recur periodically in France. When society is recovering from the pangs of a revolution, or the shock of a *coup d'état*, then comes the opportunity of a clever woman. While the waters are still heaving after the storm, then is the moment for her to launch her boat, and rise with it on the mounting wave.

A great deal of Madame Récamier's unrivaled social success was undoubtedly due to the chance which placed one of these opportunities at her disposal, and to her rare tact in taking advantage of it. When Paris had got rid of the guillotine and washed itself clean of blood, and had begun to breathe and to thirst for pleasure after tasting pain in its most hideous and terrifying forms, Napoleon arrived, a hero and a demigod, to rejoice the cowed and suffering people, and Madame Récamier rose like a

vision of grace and sweetness to gladden and enchant them. To see this lovely woman dance the shawl dance with the voluptuous grace of a Greek beauty intoxicated them like new wine. Wherever she went, the crowd rushed and pushed to see her. Even in church they stood up on chairs to get a glimpse of her. The hero, who was being fêted and worshiped by the whole nation, came to pay his court to this reigning beauty, and the beauty snubbed him. This snub increased considerably the splendor of her position; but she paid dearly for it. Napoleon never forgave it. When he was master of Europe Madame Récamier's rebuff rankled in his wounded vanity, and he pursued her with a malignant spite which is in itself a striking testimony to the influence of women in France. Madame Récamier had nothing to do with parties or politics; she never meddled with them, and she never wrote a line; but she was beautiful and fascinating, and she had a salon, and so Cæsar in all his glory reckoned with her. He had tried to win her, but had failed, and he treated her ever after with the bitterest rancor. He turned her out of Paris, and then out of France. His pitiless hate hunted her farther still, to the countries where she took refuge, so that it was no small act of courage for other sovereigns to befriend, or even tolerate, her in their dominions; any act of kindness to the disgraced exile being liable to be visited on the offender by some swift and formidable vengeance. All this petty persecution of the great Emperor mightily increased Madame Récamier's importance; and when, after his fall, the lovely, unoffending victim came back to Paris, she was received like an exiled queen, returning with a little martyr's crown set on her beautiful head.

The Restoration offered her a new opportunity. After the gorgeous vulgarities of the empire, simplicity and good manners again came into fashion.

Madame Récamier inaugurated a new reign, totally different from her former one. Time, suffering, and solitude had matured her mind, and softened, rather than dimmed, the radiance of her beauty. The loss of her fortune, mainly due to that snub that cost her so dear in every way, made it impossible for her to resume her old manner of life, with its splendid hospitalities and receptions; so she retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and settled herself down there in an almost conventual simplicity. Her salon, in the true sense of the word, dates from this period. It was no longer her wealth and beauty that drew the world around her; it was her esprit, her sympathetic charm and personal influence. All that was distinguished in society now came to Madame Récamier, in her small drawing-room, with its tiled floor and plain furniture, and felt proud of being admitted to her circle. Men of all parties and shades of opinion laid aside their animosities in that sweet presence, and smiled on one another for her sake. In the dim, religious light of her drawing-room, there was something of the atmosphere of a sick-room. People spoke in subdued voices, as if they were considering the nerves of an invalid, as in fact they were. Châteaubriand was the sick man who sat enthroned there, tended by the loving hands of the suave beauty, whose mission for the future was to soothe and amuse him. The business of her life, henceforth, was to *désennuyer* the selfish, petulant, *blasé* man of genius. He had been fighting against *ennui* all his life, and now that the weariness of age logged his sated and still insatiable vanity he gave up the battle, and expected others to carry it on for him. Any one who could assist Madame Récamier in this irksome warfare conferred on her the highest obligation. Her devotion to Châteaubriand was entire. Her whole day was given up to him. He wrote to her in the morning, and she wrote back an answer. In the afternoon, he came

and talked an hour with her alone, before any other visitors were admitted. For many years he also spent several hours with her in the evening. A certain number of elect friends, all chosen with a view to his pleasure, were also regular and assiduous in their daily visits at the Abbaye.

What most strikes us busy people of the nineteenth century, in this kind of intercourse, is the leisure, not to say pure, unadulterated idleness, that it suggests, as well as the inexhaustible capacity for talk. What could these clever folk, who had no *work* in common, have had to say to one another and Madame Récamier every day and all day long? Lovers are the only class of persons who are supposed to have always something new and important to say to each other, while the oftener they say it the newer and more important it is; though even these happy maniacs, after a more or less lengthened phase of madness, come to their right minds, and having said their say possess their tongues in peace; but these habitués of Madame Récamier's salon seem never to have reached that point. Long after her ardent adorers had calmed down into devoted friends, they still came and talked, day after day, for hours. It is clear that they could have had nothing else to do, and that Madame Récamier had nothing else to do but sit at home and receive them and listen to them.

This power of sitting at home was more common then than it is at the present day. The incapacity for sitting at home is, no doubt, one cause, amongst others, why there are no salons now. Madame Benoiton could no more have a salon than a sieve could carry water; but fifty years ago Madame Benoiton was not such a universal type as she has since become. Frivolous the women of that period may have been, — "uncultured," too, in the modern sense of the word; but whatever their shortcomings, they had one virtue which the women

of to-day lack, — they stayed at home. The habitués who, day after day, rang at their door did not fear to be met with the inevitable formula, "*Madame est sortie!*"

Madame Récamier not only selected her company, but took pains to direct their conversation with a view to amusing M. de Châteaubriand; and yet, in spite of that perfect art, which M. de Tocqueville says "*elle portait jusqu'à l'infini,*" her efforts sometimes failed to lift the cloud from the brow of the tired god. No one, therefore, could do her a greater service than to coax the worried poet to smile, while to rouse his fastidious languor to the vulgar relief of a laugh was to call out her deepest gratitude. This feat was one day performed with signal success by an English girl, Mary Clarke, afterward Madame Mohl, whose position as a favorite with the hostess and a welcome recruit to her brilliant circle was forthwith definitively established. After her first triumph at the Abbaye, Miss Mary Clarke's arrival was looked for by all with more or less eagerness, according to the degree of ennui visible in M. de Châteaubriand. When he came to the dangerous point of stroking Madame Récamier's cat, eyes were turned anxiously to the door; but when he reached the psychological crisis of playing with the bell-rope, impatience increased to nervousness, and the entrance of "*la jeune Anglaise*" was greeted with a general gasp of satisfaction.

Mrs. Clarke, the mother of this young lady, was of Scotch family. She was the daughter of a Captain Hay, of the Royal Navy; her mother, Mrs. Hay, had been a woman of strong character and cultivated mind, and had associated with that intellectual circle of which Hume was long the centre in Edinburgh. Mrs. Clarke was left a widow when very

young, and came to France with her two little girls — Eleanor, aged ten, and Mary, aged three — in the memorable year '93.¹ She was in delicate health, and resided for many years in the south, — a circumstance which led to Mary's being sent to a convent school in Toulouse. She got on very well with the nuns, apparently, and always retained the kindest recollection of them. Until she was three years old she never spoke. Her mother grew uneasy, and although Mary's hearing was perfect she began to fear that, owing to some local defect, the child was dumb. Suddenly, one day, the little creature held out her hand to Mrs. Clarke, and said very distinctly, "Give me some money to buy a cake!" Mary, when an old woman, used to tell this story of herself with a keen relish of the irony of it. She never heard any explanation given of the prolonged delay in the use of her tongue, but would remark humorously, "I have made up for it since!"

She used also to relate that, when a "very little girl," she had been perched on the back of a trooper's horse to see the Allies enter Paris. It was rather like her to have occupied this unconventional position, and as she said she remembered it, it was undoubtedly true; but the assertion that she was a "very little girl" at the time is open to doubt, seeing that she was born in 1790, and consequently was a very mature little girl in 1815. This point of her age was the single one on which her veracity was not to be trusted.

She was a singularly lively child, and grew up to girlhood with a sort of mercurial activity of mind and body that kept every one about her in perpetual motion. She had great taste for music, and still more for drawing, and both these gifts were carefully cultivated. She had a remarkable facility for taking portraits: she took one of herself, which was said

¹ This seemingly improbable date is fixed by Mary, who in a letter to M. Ampère, given later

on, says that she came to France when she was three years old. The year of her birth was 1790.

to be an admirable likeness in her young days; indeed, the likeness remained distinctly visible after a lapse of nearly three quarters of a century. She studied pastels, which were then the rage, with Mademoiselle Clothilde Gérard, and copied very assiduously at the Louvre. She used to go there in the morning, and work away without intermission till the gallery closed. She went a good deal into society at the same time, and in order to avoid having to go home to dress she invented an apron, as more convenient than a basket, with two large pockets, in one of which she carried her lunch, and in the other a wreath of flowers. When the gallery was cleared out, she would start off to a dinner party, — in those days people kept early hours, — and perform her toilet in the anteroom. Sometimes it was a hall, with fine flunkies in attendance; but their presence made not the slightest difference to Mary Clarke. She tangled out her locks, and planted her wreath on the top of them, rolled up her apron, and made her entry. We can readily believe those who declare that it was always a triumphal one. A few still remember the effect *la jeune Anglaise* produced in the drawing-room of the Princess Belgiojoso, where she was a constant guest, and where this wonderful head-gear was always greeted with delight.

Eleanor Clarke, Mary's elder sister, married in 1808 Mr. Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton, Leicestershire. Mary used to pay her visits occasionally. During one of these visits she had an adventure that she often related with great satisfaction. Madame de Staël was in London, and Mary, who had heard a great deal of the celebrated authoress, grew enthusiastic about her, and was dying with curiosity to see her. It came to her knowledge that Madame de Staël was looking for a governess for her little son; so she determined to go and offer herself for the situation. She found out Ma-

dame de Staël's address, stole out one morning, unbeknown to the household, invested her whole stock of ready money in a "coach," and drove off to the hotel. Madame de Staël received her very graciously, but declined her services on the ground that she looked too young. Mary was very proud of this exploit, which she kept a profound secret for a long time.

Mrs. Clarke, on coming first to Paris, took up her residence in the Rue Bonaparte. She had been there many years, when she had a quarrel with her landlord, — "They were always a pestilent set, the Paris landlords," was Mary's comment, half a century later, — and Mrs. Clarke determined to leave. It happened just at this time that Madame Récamier was anxious to get rid of her large apartment at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and take a smaller and quieter one looking on the garden. M. Fauriel and J. J. Ampère, who were intimate friends of the Clarkes, had frequently spoken of them to Madame Récamier, and now suggested that her rooms might suit them. Mrs. Clarke and her daughter came to see the rooms, and were introduced to Madame Récamier. They at once agreed to take the apartment. The drawing-room in Madame Récamier's new suite was too small for her numerous visitors, and it was agreed that she should have the use of her old one, now Mrs. Clarke's, for her evening receptions. This arrangement quickly drew the ladies into an intimacy which soon warmed into friendship, — a friendship that was never clouded.

Mary conquered Madame Récamier's good graces from the very first, by her power of amusing M. de Châteaubriand; but a genuine personal liking soon followed on this impersonal sense of gratitude. The young English girl became enthusiastically attached to her beautiful friend; for, though past fifty at the time, Madame Récamier was still quite beautiful enough to fulfill the expecta-

tions raised by her extraordinary fame, while her grace and charm were as fascinating as ever. "She was the most entertaining person I ever knew," was Mary's testimony to a friend fifty years afterwards. "I never knew anybody who could tell a story as she did, — *des histoires de société*; she had a great sense of humor, and her own humor was exceedingly delicate; but she never said an unkind thing of any one. *I loved Madame Récamier.*"

Mary Clarke evidently looked much younger than she was, for every one called her "*la jeune Anglaise*," and spoke of her as quite a young girl. She must have been thirty at this time; but there is wisdom as well as wit in the French proverb, "A woman is the age she looks," and it is clear that Mary had in her face and manner what constitutes the essential character of youth, — its freshness and its charm. Her childlike naturalness, her mercurial gayety, and her sparkling wit must have been in Madame Récamier's circle like fresh air let into an overheated, heavily scented room. Her audacious fun, combined with an originality amounting, even at this early date, to eccentricity, must have been a most refreshing element in a *milieu* where high-strung sentiment was liable now and then to that inevitable recoil which follows overstrain in any direction. Mary's presence was death to ennui. One could not be dull where she was; she might displease or exasperate, — she very often did both, — but she was incapable of boring any one. Many of the distinguished men who frequented Madame Récamier's salon were already friends of the Clarkes, more especially, as has been shown, Fauriel and Ampère. Describing these pleasant days at the Abbaye, Ampère says of Mary Clarke, "She is a charming combination of French sprightliness and English originality; but I think the French element predominates. She was the delight of the *grand ennuyé* her

expressions were entirely her own, and he more than once made use of them in his writings. Her French was as original as the turn of her mind, exquisite in quality, but savoring more of the last century than of our own time."

The personal appearance of *la jeune Anglaise* completed with singular fitness the effect of her bright, bold, and humorous talk. Without being positively pretty, she produced the effect of being so. She had a pink-and-white complexion; a small turned-up nose, full of spirit and impudence; round, big, exceedingly bright and saucy blue eyes; a small head, well set on her shoulders, crowned with short curls that, even in these young days, had a trick of getting tangled into a fuzz on her white forehead, escaping very early in the morning from the bondage of combs and pins. Her figure was slight, and full of a spirited grace peculiar to itself. Some persons spoke of her as very pretty; others denied her all claim to the compliment. But whatever difference of opinion may have existed as to her beauty, there was none as to her charm. Even those who disliked her — and such a minority always existed — agreed that she was fascinating. A good deal of this fascination lay in her entire naturalness; she said everything that came into her head, and just as bluntly to a prince or a poet as to a school-boy or an apple-woman. If that saucy head had been examined by a phrenologist, it would assuredly have been found wholly wanting in the organ of veneration. It bowed down to nothing but intellectual greatness. Châteaubriand was to her the highest living representative of this sovereignty, and to him she yielded ungrudging homage. He accepted it most graciously, and seems to have been really fond of the bright young English girl.

M. Lenormant, who was a good reader, read the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* aloud once a week at the Abbaye from four till six, when dinner interrupted

the reading, which was resumed again from eight till eleven. No one was admitted but those who were certain to admire and applaud up to the desired point. No one fulfilled these conditions more satisfactorily than Mary Clarke, who was sometimes so moved by the glowing, high-flown narrative that the tears would steal down her cheeks, — a tribute which, undoubtedly, helped to warm the author's heart towards her.

Mrs. Clarke's residence at the Abaye was altogether delightful. Everything that was interesting in literature was known and enjoyed there before it was given to the world outside. Young authors took their manuscripts there for judgment, as to a power behind the throne; celebrities, already known to the world, were glad to taste the fame of a new work in the delicate praise of that fastidious audience. When Rachel was about to appear in a new rôle, she would test her success by declaiming it in Madame Récamier's salon before challenging public judgment on the stage.

All these influences contributed in their degree to form Mary's taste and cultivate her intelligence. During this time she also contracted a friendship which absorbed her very much while it lasted, and left its impress on her mind and character. Louise S—— was several years younger than Mary Clarke, and in every respect as different from her as one clever girl can be from another. She was so extraordinarily beautiful that one who knew her in that fresh blossoming time describes his first sight of her as "seeing a vision." To this personal loveliness she added an indescribable charm of modesty and womanly grace, a mind of masculine solidity, and a highly poetic imagination. Mary Clarke, bewitched by this combination of endowments, became passionately attached to their possessor, who returned her affection with equal sincerity, but without the jealous warmth that was peculiar to Mary's feelings. Louise

S——'s influence was in all ways beneficial; her calm judgment and strong sense steadied, and in a measure directed, the wayward and excitable character of her friend. The friendship prospered admirably until there appeared on the scene another young lady, Adelaide de Montgolfier, a young French girl, who was deformed, but whom nature had endowed with every other grace and charm to make up for this one unkindness. She and Louise formed a friendship which Mary Clarke shared at first, and then grew jealous of, declaring finally that her friend must choose between her and Adelaide. Louise was much too strong a character to bend to this tyranny, and the result was a violent quarrel and estrangement. In course of time Louise married, and was known to the world of letters by some delicate and charming works for the young, which bore the stamp of her own artistic grace and refined purity of taste. Her life drifted away from that of her more worldly and ambitious friend. They retained, however, a deep-rooted regard for each other, and when both were old women Mary sought out Madame ——, and proved, as we shall see, that time and separation had left the old affection unchanged. This fidelity to her friends was one of the salient and admirable points in her character.

After a stay of seven years at the Abaye, the Clarkes removed to the apartment 120 Rue du Bac, which both mother and daughter were destined to occupy for the rest of their lives. They made a striking contrast, these two. Mrs. Clarke was handsome, dignified, quiet, by no means wanting in intelligence, but entirely eclipsed by her brilliant daughter. Not that Mary intentionally assumed any superiority over her mother; it fell to her lot naturally. They were tenderly attached to each other. Mary was devoted to her mother, and used to say of her, in after years, that she had the sweetest temper she had ever known,

and that she had never said a harsh word, or caused her to shed a tear in her childhood.

Mary's taste for society had developed considerably during her long and close companionship with Madame Récamier. Society had, in fact, now become her one absorbing interest, her vocation; she adopted it as one adopts art, politics, philanthropy, or any other calling. She determined to have a salon, and henceforth this salon became the business of her life.

If the question here suggests itself, "Was this a worthy business to devote a life to?" we must beg those who ask the question to answer it according to their respective lights. However, before dismissing Mary Clarke's pursuit as utterly vain and foolish, we may charitably remember that in her time the salon was a sort of benevolent institution, a refuge for homeless literary men, who, as a rule, are bachelors, and generally poor, especially the noblest of them, those who devote themselves to the service of science and humanity. These studious men, after a long day's brain-work, have no bright hearth to turn to for relaxation and companionship. Clubs, so numerous now, and so seductive to the majority, do not attract this class of cultivated, thoughtful men, addicted to high thinking and plain living; but sixty years ago they had not even the option of this resource. Clubs, which are accused of being one of the chief causes of the ruin of salon life, help, in a degree, to explain and justify the importance attached to it at this period.

Mary Clarke opened her benevolent asylum under peculiarly favorable conditions. In the first place, the external situation was well chosen. The Rue du Bac was, for her and her principal habitués, the men of the Institute, central; and though the apartment was rather high perched, it was roomy and bright, looking over a vast stretch of gardens

at the back, and quiet even on the front then. Of late years "that rascally Bon Marché," as its tenant would say, had made the street very noisy, but half a century ago it was tranquil enough.

The social elements were of the best, being drawn for the most part from the circle of the Abbaye. Mrs. Clarke's fortune, though by no means large, admitted of her exercising the more substantial form of hospitality of giving dinners to her friends; or, rather, of sharing her dinner with them, for she never gave "dinner parties." Fauriel, Roulain, and Julius Mohl were in the habit of dining with her several times a week, as well as spending nearly every evening with her.

Mary had, no doubt, profited intellectually by her training at the Abbaye, and had become highly accomplished in conversation; but its refined manners and stately courtesies had not proved contagious, or corrected her waywardness and natural inclination to Bohemianism. She had no manners to speak of, and it evidently no more occurred to placid, dignified Mrs. Clarke to try to give her any, or to check her wild ways, than to control the vagaries of her quick-silvery brain.

It was the habit, for instance, when those three *amis de la maison*, Fauriel, Mohl, and Roulain, dined at the Rue du Bac for everybody to take forty winks after dinner. To facilitate this, the lamp was taken into an adjoining room, the gentlemen made themselves comfortable in armchairs, Mary slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa, and by and by they all woke up refreshed, and ready to talk till midnight. Usually other visitors did not arrive till the forty winks were over; but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual, and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party was fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes; Mrs. Clarke fetched the lamp;

Mary fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and, afraid of catching cold by walking on the oak floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them.

This *sans gêne* did not, however, prevail at all times. The afternoon receptions, though perfectly simple and unceremonious, were conducted quite decorously. Very pleasant and interesting they must have been. Sometimes Madame Récamier came in, in her favorite visiting dress of dark blue velvet, close fitting like a pelisse, according to the fashion of the day, and a white satin bonnet—or hat, we should now call it—with long white marabou feathers, curling to her shoulder. Another picturesque figure was the Princess Belgiojoso, look-

ing like some Leonora of the Renaissance, with her clinging draperies, and great dark eyes, and wonderful pallor. A story is told of the princess arriving late one evening when music was going on. Not to interrupt the singer, she stood in the doorway, quite motionless, her arms hanging by her side. She was dressed in white silk, and wore jet ornaments,—an attire which, with her immobility and her extraordinary marble-like pallor, made more intense by her lustrous black eyes and hair, gave her the appearance of a beautiful ghost. Some one whispered, "How lovely she is!" "Yes," replied some one else, "she must have been very beautiful when she was alive."

Kathleen O'Meara.

WINTER DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

JANUARY 1, 1841. All, men and women, woo one. There is a fragrance in their breath.

"Nosque — equis oriens afflavit anhelis."

And if now they hate, I muse as in sombre, cloudy weather, not despairing of the absent ray.

"Illie sera rubens accendit lumina vesper."

January 1, 1842. . . . The virtuous soul possesses a fortitude and hardihood which not the grenadier nor pioneer can match. It never shrinks. It goes singing to its work. Effort is its relaxation. The rude pioneer work of the world has been done by the most devoted worshippers of beauty. . . . In winter is their campaign. They never go into quarters. They are elastic under the heaviest burden, under the extremest physical suffering.

January 1, 1852. . . . I have observed that one mood is the natural critic of another. When possessed with

a strong feeling on any subject foreign to the one I may be writing on, I know very well what of good and what of bad I have written on the latter. It looks to me now as it will ten years hence. My life is then earnest, and will tolerate no makeshifts nor nonsense. What is tinsel, or euphuism, or irrelevant is revealed to such a touchstone. In the light of a strong feeling all things take their places, and truth of every kind is seen as such. Now let me read my verses, and I will tell you if the god has had a hand in them. I wish to survey my composition for a moment from the least favorable point of view. I wish to be translated to the future, and look at my work as it were at a structure on the plain, to observe what portions have crumbled under the influence of the elements.

9½ P. M. To Fair Haven. Moon little more than half full. Not a cloud in

the sky. It is a remarkably warm night for the season, the ground almost entirely bare. The stars are dazzlingly bright. The fault may be in my own barrenness, but methinks there is a certain poverty about the winter night's sky. The stars of higher magnitude are more bright and dazzling, and therefore appear more near and numerable; while those that appear indistinct and infinitely remote in the summer, giving the impression of unfathomableness in the sky, are scarcely seen at all. The front halls of heaven are so brilliantly lighted that they quite eclipse the more remote. The sky has fallen many degrees.

The worst kind of chico (?) or tick to get under your skin is yourself in an irritable mood.

... These are some of the differences between this and the autumn or summer night: the stiffened glebe under my feet, the dazzle and seeming nearness of the stars, the duller gleam from ice on rivers and ponds, the white spots in the fields and streaks by the wall sides where are the remains of drifts yet unmelted. Perhaps the only thing that spoke to me in this walk was the bare, lichen-covered, gray rock at the cliff, in the moonlight, naked and almost warm as in summer.

I have so much faith in the power of truth to communicate itself that I should not believe a friend, if he should tell me that he had given credit to an unjust rumor concerning me. Suspect! Ah, yes, you may suspect a thousand things, but I well know that what you suspect most confidently of all is just the truth. Your other doubts but flavor this your main suspicion. They are the condiments which, taken alone, do simply bite the tongue.

January 1, 1853. This morning we have something between ice and frost on the trees, etc. The rocks cased in ice look like alum rocks. This, not frozen mist or frost, but frozen drizzle, collected around the slightest cores, gives promi-

nence to the least withered herbs and grasses. Where yesterday was a plain, smooth field appears now a teeming crop of fat, icy herbage. The stems of the herbs on the north side are enlarged from ten to one hundred times. The addition is so universally on the north side that a traveler could not lose the points of the compass to-day, though it should be never so dark; for every blade of grass would serve to guide him, telling from which side the storm came yesterday. These straight stems of grasses stand up like white batons, or sceptres, and make a conspicuous foreground to the landscape, from six inches to three feet high. C. thought that these fat, icy branches on the withered grass and herbs had no nucleus, but looking closer I showed him the fine, black, wiry threads on which they impinged, which made him laugh with surprise. ... The clover and sorrel send up a dull, green gleam through this icy coat, like strange plants. ... Some weeds bear the ice in masses; some, like the trumpet weed and tansy, in balls for each dried flower. What a crash of jewels as you walk! The most careless walker, who never deigned to look at these humble weeds before, cannot help observing them now. This is why the herbage is left to stand dry in the fields all winter. Upon a solid foundation of ice stand out, pointing in all directions between N. W. and N. E., or within the limits of 90°, little spicula, or crystallized points, half an inch, or more, in length. Upon the dark, glazed, ploughed ground, where a mere wiry stem rises, its north side is thickly clad with these snow-white spears, like some Indian head-dress, as if it had attracted all the frost. I saw a *Prinos* bush full of large berries by the wall in Hubbard's field. Standing on the west side, the contrast of the red berries with their white incrustation or prolongation on the north was admirable. I thought I had never seen the berries so dazzlingly bright. The whole north side of the bush, ber-

ries and stock, was beautifully incrustated, and when I went round to the north side the redness of the berries came softened through, and tinging the allied snow-white bush, like an evening sky beyond. These adjoined snow or ice berries, being beset within the limits of 90° on the N. with those icy particles or spicula, between which the red glow, and sometimes the clear red itself, was sometimes visible, produced the appearance of a raspberry bush full of over-ripe fruit.

Standing on the north side of a bush or tree, looking against the sky, you see only the white ghost of a tree, without a mote of earthiness; but as you go round it, the dark core comes into view. It makes all the odds imaginable whether you are traveling N. or S. The drooping birches along the edges of woods are the most feathery, fairy-like ostrich plumes, and the color of their trunks increases the delusion. The weight of the ice gives to the pines the forms which northern trees, like the firs, constantly wear, bending and twisting the branches; for the twigs and plumes of the pines, being frozen, remain as the wind held them, and new portions of the trunk are exposed. Seen from the N. there is no greenness in the pines, and the character of the tree is changed. The willows along the edge of the river look like sedge in the meadows. The sky is overcast, and a fine snowy hail and rain is falling, and these ghost-like trees make a scenery which reminds you of Spitzbergen. I see now the beauty of the causeway by the bridge, alders below swelling into the road, overtopped by willows and maples. The fine grasses and shrubs in the meadow rise to meet and mingle with the drooping willows, and the whole makes an indistinct impression like a mist. Through all this, the road runs toward those white, ice-clad, ghostly or fairy trees in the distance, toward spirit-land. The pines are as white as a counterpane,

with raised embroidery and white tassels and fringes. Each fascicle of leaves or needles is held apart by an icy club surmounted by a little snowy or icy ball. Finer than the Saxon arch is this path running under the pines, roofed not with crossing boughs, but drooping, ice-covered, irregular twigs. In the midst of this stately pine, towering like the solemn ghost of a tree, I see the white, ice-clad boughs of other trees appearing, of a different character; sometimes oaks with leaves incrustated, or fine-sprayed maples or walnuts. But finer than all, this red oak, its leaves incrustated like shields a quarter of an inch thick, and a thousand fine spicula like long serrations at right angles with their planes upon the edges. It produces an indescribably rich effect, the color of the leaf coming softened through the ice, a delicate fawn of many shades. Where the plumes of the pitch pine are short and spreading close to the trunk, sometimes perfect cups or rays are formed. Pitch pines present rough, massy grenadier plumes, each having a darker spot or cavity in the end where you look in to the bud. I listen to the booming of the pond as if it were a reasonable creature. I return at last in the rain, and am coated with a glaze, like the fields.

After talking with uncle Charles, the other night, about the worthies of this country, Webster and the rest, as usual, considering who were geniuses and who not, I showed him up to bed; and when I had got into bed myself I heard the chamber door opened, after eleven o'clock, and he called out in an earnest, stentorian voice, loud enough to wake the whole house, "Henry! was John Quincy Adams a genius?" "No, I think not," was my reply. "Well, I did n't think he was," answered he.

January 1, 1854. Le Jeune, referring to the death of a young Frenchwoman who had devoted her life to the savages of Canada, uses this expression: "Final-

ly this beautiful soul detached itself from its body the 15th of March," etc.

The drifts mark the standstill or equilibrium between the currents of air or particular winds. In our greatest snowstorms, the wind being northerly, the greatest drifts are on the south side of houses and fences. . . . I notice that in the angle made by our house and shed, a S. W. exposure, the snow-drift does not lie close about the pump, but is a foot off, forming a circular bowl, showing that there was an eddy about it. The snow is like a mould, showing the form of the eddying currents of air which have been impressed on it, while the drift and all the rest is that which fell between the currents or where they counterbalanced each other. These boundary lines are mountain barriers.

The white-in-tails, or grass finches, linger pretty late, flitting in flocks. They come only so near winter as the white in their tails indicates. . . .

The snow buntings and the tree sparrows are the true spirits of the snow-storm. They are the animated beings that ride upon it and have their life in it.

The snow is the great betrayer. It not only shows the track of mice, otters, etc., etc., which else we should rarely, if ever, see, but the tree sparrows are more plainly seen against its white ground, and they in turn are attracted by the dark weeds it reveals. It also drives the crows and other birds out of the woods to the villages for food. We might expect to find in the snow the footprint of a life superior to our own, of which no zoology takes cognizance. Is there no trace of a nobler life than that of an otter or an escaped convict to be looked for in it? Shall we suppose that is the only life that has been abroad in the night? It is only the savage that can see the track of no higher life than an otter's. Why do the vast snow plains give us pleasure, the twilight of the bent and half-buried woods? Is not all there

consonant with virtue, justice, purity, courage, magnanimity; and does not all this amount to the track of a higher life than the otter's, — a life which has not gone by and left a footprint merely, but is there with its beauty, its music, its perfume, its sweetness, to exhilarate and recreate us? All that we perceive is the impress of its spirit. If there is a perfect government of the world according to the highest laws, do we find no trace of intelligence there, whether in the snow, or the earth, or in ourselves, — no other trail but such as a dog can scent? Is there none which an angel can detect and follow, — none to guide a man in his pilgrimage, which water will not conceal? Is there no odor of sanctity to be perceived? Is its trail too old? Have mortals lost the scent? . . . Are there not hunters who seek for something higher than foxes, with judgment more discriminating than the senses of fox-hounds, who rally to a nobler music than that of the hunting-horn? As there is contention among the fishermen who shall be the first to reach the pond as soon as the ice will bear, in spite of the cold; as the hunters are forward to take the field as soon as the first snow has fallen, so he who would make the most of his life for discipline must be abroad early and late, in spite of cold and wet, in pursuit of nobler game, whose traces are there most distinct, — a life which we seek not to destroy, but to make our own; which when pursued does not earth itself, does not burrow downward, but upward, takes not to the trees, but to the heavens, as its home; which the hunter pursues with winged thoughts and aspirations (these the dogs that tree it), rallying his pack with the bugle notes of undying faith. . . . Do the Indian and hunter only need snow-shoes, while the saint sits indoors in embroidered slippers?

January 1, 1856. . . . P. M. To Walden. . . . On the ice at Walden are very beautiful large leaf crystals in

great profusion. The ice is frequently thickly covered with them for many rods. They seem to be connected with the rosettes, a running together of them, look like a loose bunch of small white feathers springing from a tuft of down, for their shafts are lost in a tuft of fine snow, like the down about the shaft of a feather, as if a feather bed had been shaken over the ice. They are, on a close examination, surprisingly perfect leaves, like ferns, only very broad for their length, and commonly more on one side the midrib than the other. They are from an inch to an inch and a half long, and three fourths of an inch wide, and slanted, where I look from the S. W. They have first a very distinct midrib, though so thin that they cannot be taken up; then distinct ribs branching from this, commonly opposite; and minute ribs springing again from these last, as in many ferns, the last running to each crenation in the border. How much farther they are subdivided the naked eye cannot discern. They are so thin and fragile that they melt under your breath while you are looking closely at them. A fisherman says they were much finer in the morning. In other places the ice is strewn with a different kind of frost-work, in little patches, as if oats had been spilled, like fibres of asbestos rolled one half or three fourths of an inch long and one eighth or more wide. Here and there patches of them a foot or two over, like some boreal grain spilled.

January 1, 1858. . . . I have lately been surveying the Walden woods so extensively and minutely that I can see it rapped in my mind's eye as so many men's woodlots, and am aware when I walk there that I am at a given moment passing from such a one's woodlot to such another's. I fear this particular dry knowledge may affect my imagination and fancy, that it will not be easy to see so much wildness and native vigor there as formerly. No thicket will

seem so unexplored now that I know a stake and stones may be found in it.

In these respects those Maine woods differ essentially from ours. There you are never reminded that the wilderness you are treading is after all some villager's familiar woodlot, from which his ancestors have sledded their fuel for a generation or two, or some widow's thirds, minutely described in some old deed which is recorded, of which the owner has got a plan too, and of which the old boundmarks may be found every forty rods, if you will search.

What a history this Concord wilderness which I affect so much may have had! How many old deeds describe it, some particular wild spot, how it passed from Cole to Robinson, and Robinson to Jones, and from Jones finally to Smith in course of years. Some had cut it over three times during their lives, built walls and made a pasture of it perchance, and some burned it and sowed it with rye.

In the Maine woods you are not reminded of these things. 'T is true the map informs you that you stand on land granted by the State to such an academy, or on Bingham's purchase; but these names do not impose on you, for you see nothing to remind you of the academy or of Bingham.

January 2, 1841. . . . Every needle of the white pine trembles distinctly in the breeze, which on the sunny side gives the whole tree a shimmering, seething aspect.

I stopped short in the path to-day to admire how the trees grow up without forethought, regardless of the time and circumstances. They do not wait, as men do. Now is the golden age of the sapling; earth, air, sun, and rain are occasion enough.

They were no better in primeval centuries. "The winter of" their "discontent" never comes. Witness the buds of the native poplar, standing gayly out

to the frost, on the sides of its bare switches. They express a naked confidence.

With cheerful heart I could be a sojourner in the wilderness. I should be sure to find there the catkins of the alder. When I read of them in the accounts of northern adventurers by Baffin's Bay or Mackenzie's River, I see how even there too I could dwell. They are my little vegetable redeemers. Methinks my virtue will not flag ere they come again. They are worthy to have had a greater than Neptune or Ceres for their donor. Who was the benignant goddess that bestowed them on mankind?

I saw a fox run across the pond today with the carelessness of freedom. As at intervals I traced his course in the sunshine, as he trotted along the ridge of a hill on the crust, it seemed as if the sun never shone so proudly, sheer down on the hillside, and the winds and woods were hushed in sympathy. I gave up to him sun and earth as to their true proprietor. He did not go in the sunshine, but the sunshine seemed to follow him. There was a visible sympathy between him and it.

January 2, 1842. The ringing of the church bell is a much more melodious sound than any that is heard within the church. All great values are thus public, and undulate like sound through the atmosphere. Wealth cannot purchase any great private solace or convenience. Riches are only the means of sociality. I will depend on the extravagance of my neighbors for my luxuries; they will take care to pamper me, if I will be overfed. The poor man, who sacrificed nothing for the gratification, seems to derive a safer and more natural enjoyment from his neighbor's extravagance than he does himself. It is a new natural product, from the contemplation of which he derives new vigor and solace as from a natural phenomenon.

In moments of quiet and leisure my

thoughts are more apt to revert to some natural than to any human relation.

Chaucer's sincere sorrow in his latter days for the grossness of his earlier works, and that he "cannot recall and annul" what he had "written of the base and filthy love of men towards women, but alas, they are now continued from man to man," says he, "and I cannot do what I desire," is all very creditable to his character.

January 2, 1853. 9 A. M. Down R. R. to Cliffs. A clear day, a pure sky with cirrhi. In this clear air and bright sunlight, the ice-covered trees have a new beauty, especially the birches along under the edge of Warren's wood on each side of the R. R., bent quite to the ground in every kind of curve. At a distance, as you are approaching them endwise, they look like the white tents of Indians under the edge of the wood. The birch is thus remarkable, perhaps, from the feathery form of the tree, whose numerous small branches sustain so great weight, bending it to the ground; and, moreover, because, from the color of the bark, the core is less observable. The oaks not only are less pliant in the trunk, but have fewer and stiffer twigs and branches. The birches droop over in all directions, like ostrich feathers. Most wood paths are impassable now to a carriage, almost to a foot traveler, from the number of saplings and boughs bent over even to the ground in them. Both sides of the deep cut shine in the sun as if silver-plated, and the fine spray of a myriad bushes on the edge of the bank sparkle like silver. The telegraph wire is coated to ten times its size, and looks like a slight fence scalloping along at a distance. . . . When we climb the bank at Stow's woodlot and come upon the piles of freshly split white pine wood (for he is ruthlessly laying it waste), the transparent ice, like a thick varnish, beautifully exhibits the color of the clear, tender, yellowish wood, pumpkin pine (?), and its grain. We pick our

way over a bed of pine boughs a foot or two deep, covering the ground, each twig and needle thickly incrusting with ice, one vast gelid mass, which our feet crunch, as if we were walking through the cellar of some confectioner to the gods. The invigorating scent of the recently cut pines refreshes us, if that is any atonement for this devastation. . . . Especially now do I notice the hips, barberries, and winter-berries for their red. The red or purplish catkins of the alders are interesting as a winter fruit, and also of the birch. But few birds about. Apparently their granaries are locked up in ice, with which the grasses and buds are coated. Even far in the horizon the pine tops are turned to fir or spruce by the weight of the ice bending them down, so that they look like a spruce swamp. No two trees wear the ice alike. The short plumes and needles of the spruce make a very pretty and peculiar figure. I see some oaks in the distance, which, from their branches being curved and arched downward and massed, are turned into perfect elms, which suggests that this is the peculiarity of the elm. Few, if any, other trees are thus wisp-like, the branches gracefully drooping. I mean some slender red and white oaks which have been recently left in a clearing. Just apply a weight to the end of the boughs which will cause them to droop, and to each particular twig which will mass them together, and you have perfect elms. Seen at the right angle, each ice-incrusting blade of stubble shines like a prism with some color of the rainbow, intense blue, or violet, and red. The smooth field, clad the other day with a low wiry grass, is now converted into rough stubble land, where you walk with crunching feet. It is remarkable that the trees can ever recover from the burden which bends them to the ground. I should like to weigh a limb of this pitch pine. The character of the tree is changed. I have now passed the bars, and am ap-

proaching the Cliffs. The forms and variety of the ice are particularly rich here, there are so many low bushes and weeds before me as I ascend toward the sun, especially very small white pines almost merged in the ice-incrusting ground. All objects are to the eye polished silver. It is a perfect land of faery. Le Jeune describes the same in Canada in 1636: "Nos grands bois ne paroissent qu'une forest de cristal." . . . The bells are particularly sweet this morning. I hear more, methinks, than ever before. . . . Men obey their call and go to the stove-warmed church, though God exhibits himself to the walker in a frosted bush to-day as much as he did in a burning one to Moses of old. We build a fire on the Cliffs. When kicking to pieces a pine stump for the fat knots which alone would burn this icy day, at the risk of spoiling my boots, having looked in vain for a stone, I thought how convenient would be an Indian stone axe to batter it with. The bark of white birch, though covered with ice, burned well. We soon had a roaring fire of fat pine on a shelf of rock from which we overlooked the icy landscape. The sun, too, was melting the ice on the rocks, and the water was purling downwards in dark bubbles exactly like pollywogs. What a good word is flame, expressing the form and soul of fire, lambent, with forked tongue! We lit a fire to see it, rather than to feel it, it is so rare a sight these days. It seems good to have our eyes ache once more with smoke. What a peculiar, indescribable color has this flame! — a reddish or lurid yellow, not so splendid or full of light as of life and heat. These fat roots made much flame and a very black smoke, commencing where the flame left off, which cast fine flickering shadows on the rocks. There was some bluish-white smoke from the rotten part of the wood. Then there was the fine white ashes which farmers' wives sometimes use for pearlash.

January 2, 1854. . . . The tints of the sunset sky are never purer and more ethereal than in the coldest winter days. This evening, though the colors are not brilliant, the sky is crystalline, and the pale fawn-tinged clouds are very beautiful. I wish to get on to a hill to look down on the winter landscape. We go about these days as if we were in fetters; we walk in the stocks, stepping into the holes made by our predecessors. . . . The team and driver have long since gone by, but I see the marks of his whiplash on the snow, its recoil; but, alas! these are not a complete tally of the strokes which fell upon the oxen's back. The unmerciful driver thought, perhaps, that no one saw him, but unwittingly he recorded each blow on the unspotted snow behind his back as in a book of life. To more searching eyes the marks of his lash are in the air. I paced partly through the pitch-pine wood, and partly, the open field from the turnpike by the Lee place to the R. R. from N. to S., more than one fourth of a mile, measuring at every ten paces. The average of sixty-five measurements up hill and down was nineteen inches. This, after increasing those in the woods by one inch (little enough), on account of the snow on the pines. . . . I think one would have to pace a mile on a N. and S. line, up and down hill, through woods and fields, to get a quite reliable result. The snow will drift sometimes the whole width of a field, and fill a road or valley beyond, so that it would be well your measuring included several such driftings. Very little reliance is to be put on the usual estimates of the depth of snow. I have heard different men set this snow at six, fifteen, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six, and forty-eight inches. My snow-shoes sank about four inches into the snow this morning, but more than twice as much the 29th.

On the N. side of the R. R., above the Red House crossing, the train has cut through a drift about one fourth of

a mile long, and two to nine feet high, straight up and down. It reminds me of the Highlands, the Pictured Rocks, the side of an iceberg, etc. Now that the sun has just sunk below the horizon, it is wonderful what an amount of soft light it appears to be absorbing. There appears to be more day just here by its side than anywhere else. I can almost see to a depth of six inches into it. It is made translucent, it is so saturated with light.

I have heard of one precious stone found in Concord, the cinnamon stone. A geologist has spoken of it as found in this town, and a farmer described to me one he once found, perhaps the same referred to by the other. He said it was as large as a brick, and as thick, and yet you could distinguish a pin through it, it was so transparent.

January 2, 1855. . . . Yesterday [skating] we saw the pink light on the snow within a rod of us. The shadows of the bridges, etc., on the snow were a dark indigo blue.

January 2, 1859. . . . Going up the hill through Stow's young oak woodland, I listen to the sharp, dry rustle of the withered oak leaves. This is the voice of the wood now. It would be comparatively still and more dreary here in other respects, if it were not for these leaves that hold on. It sounds like the roar of the sea, and is inspiring like that, suggesting how all the land is sea-coast to the aerial ocean. It is the sound of the surf, the rut, of an unseen ocean, — billows of air breaking on the forest, like water on itself or on sand and rocks. It rises and falls, swells and dies away, with agreeable alternation, as the sea surf does. Perhaps the landman can foretell a storm by it. It is remarkable how universal these grand murmurs are, these backgrounds of sound, — the surf, the wind in the forest, waterfalls, etc., — which yet to the ear and in their origin are essentially one voice, the earth voice, the breathing or

snoring of the creature. The earth is our ship, and this is the sound of the wind in her rigging as we sail. Just as the inhabitant of Cape Cod hears the surf ever breaking on its shores, so we countrymen hear this kindred surf on the leaves of the forest. Regarded as a voice, though it is not articulate, as our articulate sounds are divided into vowels (though this is nearer a consonant sound), labials, dentals, palatals, sibilants, mutes, aspirates, etc., so this may be called folial or frondal, produced by air driven against the leaves, and comes nearest to our sibilants or aspirates.

Michaux said that white oaks might be distinguished by retaining their leaves in the winter, but as far as my observation goes they cannot be so distinguished. All our large oaks may retain a few leaves at the base of the lower limbs and about the trunk, though only a few, and the white oak scarcely more than the others; while the same trees, when young, are all alike thickly clothed in the winter, but the leaves of the white oak are the most withered and shriveled of them all.

There being some snow on the ground, I can easily distinguish the forest on the mountains (the Peterboro Hills, etc.), and tell which are forested, those parts and those mountains being dark, like a shadow. I cannot distinguish the forest thus far in summer.

When I hear the hypercritical quarreling about grammar and style, the position of the particles, etc., etc., stretching or contracting every speaker to certain rules, — Mr. Webster, perhaps, not having spoken according to Mr. Kirkham's rule, — I see they forget that the first requisite and rule is that expression shall be vital and natural, as much as the voice of a brute, or an interjection: first of all, mother tongue; and last of all, artificial or father tongue. Essentially, your truest poetic sentence is as free and lawless as a lamb's bleat. The grammarian is often one who can neither

cry nor laugh, yet thinks he can express human emotions. So the posture-masters tell you how you shall walk, turning your toes out excessively, perhaps; but so the beautiful walkers are not made.

Minott says that a fox will lead a dog on to the ice in order that he may get in. Tells of Jake Lakin losing a hound so, which went under the ice and was drowned below the Holt. . . . They used to cross the river there on the ice, going to market formerly.

January 3, 1842. It is pleasant when one can relieve the grossness of the kitchen and the table by the simple beauty of his repast, so that there may be anything in it to attract the eye of the artist, even. I have been popping corn to-night, which is only a more rapid blossoming of the seed under a greater than July heat. The popped corn is a perfect winter flower, hinting of anemones and houstonias. . . . Here has bloomed for my repast such a delicate flower as will soon spring by the wall sides, and this is as it should be. Why should not Nature revel sometimes, and genially relax, and make herself familiar at my board? I would have my house a bower fit to entertain her. It is a feast of such innocence as might have snowed down; on my warm hearth sprang these cereal blossoms; here was the bank where they grew. Methinks some such visible token of approval would always accompany the simple and healthy repast, — some such smiling or blessing upon it. Our appetite should always be so related to our taste, and our board be an epitome of the primeval table which Nature sets by hill and wood and stream for her dumb pensioners.

January 3, 1852. . . . A spirit sweeps the string of the telegraph harp, and strains of music are drawn out suddenly, like the wire itself. . . . What becomes of the story of a tortoise shell on the

seashore now? The world is young, and music is its infant voice. I do not despair of a world where you have only to stretch an ordinary wire from tree to tree to hear such strains drawn from it by New England breezes as make Greece and all antiquity seem poor in melody. Why was man so made as to be thrilled to his inmost being by the vibrating of a wire? Are not inspiration and ecstasy a more rapid vibration of the nerves swept by the intrushing excited spirit, whether zephyral or boreal in its character?

January 3, 1853. . . . I love Nature partly because she is not man, but a retreat from him. None of his institutions control or pervade her. Here a different kind of right prevails. In her midst I can be glad with an entire gladness. If this world were all man, I could not stretch myself. I should lose all hope. He is constraint; she is freedom to me. He makes me wish for another world; she makes me content with this. None of the joys she supplies is subject to his rules and definitions. What he touches

he taints. In thought he moralizes. One would think that no free, joyful labor was possible to him. How infinite and pure the least pleasure of which nature is basis compared with the congratulation of mankind! The joy which nature yields is like that afforded by the frank words of one we love.

Man, man is the devil,
The source of all evil.

Methinks these prozers, with their saws and their laws, do not know how glad a man can be. What wisdom, what warning, can prevail against gladness? There is no law so strong which a little gladness may not transgress. I have a room all to myself. It is nature. It is a place beyond the jurisdiction of human governments. Pile up your books, the records of sadness, your saws and your laws, Nature is glad outside, and her many worms within will ere long topple them down. . . . Nature is a prairie for outlaws. There are two worlds, — the post-office and nature. I know them both. I continually forget mankind and their institutions, as I do a bank.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I.

THEODORE WARRENDER was still at Oxford when his father died. He was a youth who had come up from his school with the highest hopes of what he was to do at the university. It had indeed been laid out for him by an admiring tutor with anticipations which were almost certainties: "If you will only work as well as you have done these last two years!" These years had been spent in the dignified ranks of Sixth Form, where he had done almost everything that boy can do. It was expected that the School would have had a hol-

iday when he and Brunson went up for the scholarships in their chosen college, and everybody calculated on the "double event." Brunson got the scholarship in question, but Warrender failed, which at first astonished everybody, but was afterwards more than accounted for by the fact that his fine and fastidious mind had been carried away by the Eschylus paper, which he made into an exhaustive analysis of the famous trilogy, to the neglect of other less inviting subjects. His tutor was thus almost more proud of him for having failed than if he had succeeded, and Sixth Form in general accepted Brunson's success apologetically

as that of an "all round" man, whose triumph did not mean so much. But if there is any place where the finer scholarship ought to tell, it should be in Oxford, and his school tutor, as has been said, laid out for him a sort of little map of what he was to do. There were the Hertford and the Ireland scholarships, almost as a matter of course; a first in moderations, but that went without saying; at least one of the Vice Chancellor's prizes, — probably the Newdigate, or some other unconsidered trifle of the kind; another first class in Greats; a fellowship. "If you don't do more than this I will be disappointed in you," the school tutor said.

The college tutors received Warrender with suppressed enthusiasm, with that excitement which the acquisition of a man who is likely to distinguish himself (and his college) naturally calls forth. It was not long before they took his measure and decided that his school tutor was right. He had it in him to bring glory and honor to their doors. They surrounded him with that genial warmth of incubation which brings a future first class tenderly to the top of the lists. Young Warrender was flattered, his heart was touched. He thought, with the credulity of youth, that the dons loved him for himself; that it was because of the attractions of his own noble nature that they vied with each other in breakfasting and dining him, in making him the companion of their refined and elevated pleasures. He thought, even, that the Rector, that name of fear, had at last found in himself the ideal which he had vainly sought in so many examples of lettered youth. He became vain, perhaps, but certainly a little self-willed, as was his nature, feeling himself to be on the top of the wave, and above those precautions for keeping himself there which had once seemed necessary. He did not, indeed, turn to any harm, for that was not in his nature; but feeling himself no longer a schoolboy,

but a man, and the chosen friend of half the dons of his college, he turned aside with a fine contempt from the ordinary ways of fame-making, and betook himself to the pursuit of his own predilections in the way of learning. He had a fancy for out-of-the-way studies, for authors who don't pay, for eccentricities in literature; in short, for having his own way and reading what he chose. Signals of danger became gradually visible upon his path, and troubled consultations were held over him in the common room. "He is paying no attention to his books," remarked one; "he is reading at large whatever pleases him." Much was to be said for this principle, but still, alas, these gentlemen were all agreed that it does not pay.

"If he does not mind, he will get nothing but a pass," the Rector said, bending his brows. The learned society shrank, as if a sentence of death had been pronounced.

"Oh, no, not so bad as that!" they cried, with one voice.

"What do you call so bad as that? Is not a third worse than that? Is not a second quite as bad?" said the majestic presiding voice. "In the gulf there are no names mentioned. We are not credited with a mistake. It will be better, if he does not stick to his books, that he should drop."

Young Warrender's special tutor made frantic efforts to arrest this doom. He pointed out to the young man the evil of his ways. "In one sense all my sympathies are with you," he said; "but, my dear fellow, if you don't read your books you may be as learned as — and as clear sighted as —" (the historian, being unlearned, does not know what names were here inserted), "but you will never get to the head of the lists, where we have hoped to see you."

"What does it matter?" said Warrender, in boyish splendor. "The lists are merely symbols. You know one's capabilities without that; and as for the

opinion of the common mass, of what consequence is it to me?"

A cold perspiration came out on the tutor's brow. "It is of great consequence to — the college," he asserted, "My dear fellow, so long as we are merely mortal we can't despise symbols; and the Rector has set his heart on having so many first classes. He does not like to be disappointed. Come, after it's all over you will have plenty of time to read as you like."

"But why should not I read as I like now?" Warrender said. He was very self-willed. He was apt to start off at a tangent if anybody interfered with him, — a youth full of fads and ways of his own, scorning the common path, caring nothing for results. And by what except by results is a college to be known and assert itself? The tutor whose hopes had been so high was greatly depressed for some time after. He even made an appeal to the school tutor, the enthusiast who had sent up this troublesome original with so many fine prognostications: who replied to the appeal, and descended one day upon the youth in his room, quite unexpectedly.

"Well, Theo, my fine fellow, how are you getting on? I hope you are keeping your eyes on the examination, and not neglecting your books."

"I am delighted to see you, sir," said the lad. "I was just thinking I should like to consult you upon" — and here he entered into a fine question of scholarship, — a most delicate question, which probably would be beyond the majority of readers, as it is of the writer. The face of the public-school man was a wonder to see. It was lighted up with pleasure, for he was an excellent scholar, yet clouded with alarm, for he knew the penalties of such behavior in a "man" with an examination before him.

"My dear boy," he said, "in which of your books do you find any reference to that?"

"In none of them, I suppose," said

the young scholar. "But you don't think there is any sanctity in a set of prescribed books?"

"Oh, no, no sanctity: but use," said the alarmed master. "Come, Theo, there's a good fellow, don't despise the tools we all must work with. It's your duty to the old place, you know, which all these newspaper fellows are throwing stones at whenever they have a chance, and it's your duty to your college. I know what you are worth, of course: but how can work be tested to the public eye except by the lists?"

"Why should I care for the public eye?" said the magnanimous young man. "We know that the lists don't mean everything. A headache might make the best scholar that ever was lose his place. A fellow that knows nothing might carry the day by a fluke. Don't you remember, sir, that time when Daws got the Lincoln because of that old examiner, who gave us all his own old fads in the papers? Every fellow that was any good was out of it, and Daws got the scholarship. I am sure you can't have forgotten that."

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten it," said the master ruefully. "But that was only once in a way. Come, Theo, be reasonable. As long as you are in training, you know, you must keep in the beaten way. Think, my boy, of your school — and of me, if you care for my credit as a tutor."

"You know, sir, I care for you, and to please you," said Warrender, with feeling. "But as for your credit as a tutor, who can touch that? And even I am not unknown here," he added, with a little boyish pride. "Everybody that is of any importance knows that the Rector himself has always treated me quite as a friend. I don't think" — this with the ineffable simple self-assurance of youth, so happy in the discrimination of those who approve of it that the gratification scarcely feels like vanity — "that I shall be misunderstood here."

"Oh, the young ass!" said the master to himself, as he went away. "Oh, the young idiot! Poor dear Theo, what will be his feelings when he finds out that all they care for is the credit of the college?" But he was not so barbarous as to say this, and Warrender was left to find out by himself, by the lessening number of the breakfasts, by the absence of his name on the lists of the Rector's dinner parties, by the gradual cooling of the incubating warmth, what had been the foundation of all the affection shown him. It was not for some time that he perceived the change which made itself slowly apparent, the gradual loss of interest in him who had been the object of so much interest. The nest was, so to speak, left cold, no father bird lending his aid to the development; his books were no longer forced on his consideration; his tutor no longer made anxious remarks. Like other silly younglings, the lad for a while rejoiced in his freedom, and believed that he had succeeded in making his pastors and teachers aware of a better way. And it was not till there flashed upon him the awful revelation that *they were taking up Brunson* that he began to see the real state of affairs. Brunson was the all round man whom Sixth Form despised, — a fellow who had little or no taste for the higher scholarship, but who always knew his books by heart, mastering everything that would "pay" with a determined practical faculty fertile of results. There is no one for whom the dilettante mind has a greater contempt; and when Warrender saw that Brunson figured at the Rector's dinner parties as he himself had once done, that it was Brunson who went on the river with parties of young dons and walked out of college arm in arm with his tutor, the whole meaning of his own brief advancement burst upon him. Not for himself, as he had supposed in the youthful simplicity which he called vanity now, and characterized by strong adjectives; not in the

least for him, Theo Warrender, scholar and gentleman, but for what he might bring to the college, — the honors, the scholarships, the credit to everybody concerned in producing a successful student. That he became angry, scornful, and Byronic on the spot need surprise nobody. Brunson! who never had come within a hundred miles of him or of his set at school; did not even understand the fine problems which the initiated love to discuss; was nothing more than a plodding fellow, who stuck to his work, and cared no more for the real soul of Greek literature or philosophy than the scout did. Warrender laughed aloud, — that hollow laugh, which was once so grand an exponent of feeling, and which, though the Byronic mood has gone out of fashion, will never go out of fashion so long as there is youthful pride to be wounded, and patient merit has to accept the spurns of the unworthy. No, perhaps the adjective is mistaken, if Shakespeare ever was mistaken; not patient, but exasperated merit, conscious to the very finger points of its own deserts.

Warrender was well enough aware that he could, if he chose, make up the lost way and leave Brunson "nowhere" in the race for honors; but it was his first disenchantment, and he felt it deeply. Letters are dear and honors sweet, but our own beloved personality is dearer still; and there is no one who does not feel humbled and wounded when he finds out that he is esteemed, not for himself, but for what he can do, — and poor Theo was only twenty, and had been made much of all his life. He began to ask himself, too, whether his past popularity, the pleasant things that had been always said of him, the pleasant way in which his friendship had been sought, were perhaps all inspired by the same motive, — because he was likely to do credit to his belongings and friends. It is a fine thing to do credit to your belongings, to be the pride of your com-

munity, to be quoted to future generations as the hero of the past. This was what had occurred to him at school, and he had liked it immensely. Warrender had been a word to conjure withal, named by lower boys with awe, fondly cherished in the records of Sixth Form. But the glimmer in the Head Master's eye as he said good-by, the little falter in his tutor's voice, — did these mean no more than an appreciation of his progress, and an anticipation of the honor and glory he was to bring them at the university, a name to fling in the teeth of the newspaper fellows next time they demanded what were the results of the famous public-school system? This thought had a sort of maddening effect upon the fastidious, hot-headed, impatient young man. He flung his books into a corner of the room, and covered them over with a yellow cairn of railway novels. If that was all, there let them lie. He resolved that nothing would induce him to touch them more.

The result was — but why should we dwell upon the result? It sent a shiver through the college, where there were some faithful souls who still believed that Warrender could pick up even at the last moment, if he liked. It produced such a sensation in his old school as relaxed discipline entirely, and confounded masters and scholars in one dark discouragement. "Warrender has only got a — in Mods." We decline to place any number where that blank is; it filled every division (except the lowest) with consternation and dismay. Warrender! who was as sure of a first as — why, there was nobody who was so sure as Warrender! The masters who were Cambridge men recovered their courage after a little, and said, "I told you so! That was a boy who ought to have gone to Cambridge, where individual characteristics are taken into consideration." Warrender's tutor took to his bed, and was not visible for a week, after which only the most unsympathetic, not to say

brutal, of his colleagues would have mentioned before him Warrender's name. However, time reconciles all things, and after a while the catastrophe was forgotten and everything was as before.

But not to Warrender himself. He smiled, poor boy, a Byronic smile, with a curl of the upper lip such as suited the part, and saw himself abandoned by the authorities with what he felt to be a lofty disdain; and he relapsed into such studies as pleased him most, and set prescribed books and lectures at defiance. What was worst to bear was that other classes of "men" made up to him after the men of distinction, those whom the dons considered the best men, had withdrawn and left him to pursue his own way. The men who loafed considered him their natural prey; the æsthetic men who wrote bad verses opened their arms, and were ready to welcome him as their own. And perhaps among these classes he might have found disinterested friendship, for nobody any longer sought Warrender on account of what he could do. But he did not make the trial, wrapping himself up in a Childe-Harold-like superiority to all those who would consort with him, now that he had lost his hold of those with whom only he desired to consort. His mother and sisters felt a little surprised, when they came up to Commemoration, to find that they were not overwhelmed by invitations from Theo's friends. Other ladies had not a spare moment: they were lost in a turmoil of breakfasts, luncheons, water parties, concerts, flower shows, and knew the interior of half the rooms in half the colleges. But with the Miss Warrenders this was not so. They were asked to luncheon by Brunson, indeed, and had tea in the rooms of a young Cavendish, who had been at school with Theo: he was a freshman, and did not count. But that was all, and it mortified the girls, who were not prepared to find themselves so much at a disadvantage. This was the only no-

tice that was taken of his downfall at home, where there was no academical ambition, and where everybody was quite satisfied so long as he kept his health and did not get into any scrape. Perhaps this made him feel it all the more, that his disappointment and disenchantment were entirely shut up in his own bosom, and that he could not confide to any one the terrible disillusionment that had befallen him on the very threshold of his life. That the Rector should pass him with the slightest possible nod, and his tutor say *How d' ye do, Warrender?* without even a smile when they met, was nothing to anybody except himself. Arm in arm with Brunson, the don would give him that salutation. Brunson, who had got his first in Mods, was going on placidly, admired of all, to another first in the final schools.

But if there was any one who understood Warrender's feelings it was this same Brunson, who was in his way an honest fellow, and understood the situation. "It is all pot-hunting, you know," this youth said. "They don't care for me any more than they care for Jenkinson. It's all for what I bring to the college, just as it was for what they expected you were going to bring to the college; only I understood it, and you did n't. I don't care for them any more than they do for me. Why, they might see, if they had any sense, that to work at you, who care for that sort of thing, would be far better than to bother me, who only care for what it will bring. If they had stuck to you they might have done a deal with you, Warrender, whereas I should have done just the same whether they took any notice of me or not."

"You mean to say I'm an empty-headed fool that could be cajoled into anything!" cried the other angrily.

"I mean nothing of the sort. I mean that I'm going to be a schoolmaster, and that first classes, etc., are my stock in trade. You don't suppose I work to

please the Rector? And I know, and he knows, and you know, that I don't know a tenth part so much as you do. If they had held on at you, Theo, they might have got a great scholar out of you. But that's not what they want. They want so many firsts, and the Hertford, and the Ireland, and all the rest of it. It's all pot-hunting," Mr. Brunson said. But this did not lessen the effect of the disenchantment, the first disappointment of life. He became prone to suspect everybody after that first proof that no one was above suspicion, — not even the greatly respected head of one of the first colleges in the world.

After that dreadful fiasco in the schools, Warrender continued to keep his terms very quietly; seeing very few people, making very few friends, reading after his own fashion with an obstinate indifference to all systems of study, and shutting his eyes persistently to the near approach of the final ordeal. Things were in this condition when he received a sudden telegram calling him home. "Come at once, or you will be too late," was the message. The Rector, to whom he rushed at once, looked at it coldly. He was not fond of giving an undergraduate leave in the middle of the term. "The college could have wished for a more definite message," he said. "Too late for what, Mr. Warrender?" "Too late to see my father alive, sir!" cried the young man; and as this had all the definiteness that the college required he was allowed to go. This was how his studies were broken up just as they approached the close, although, as he had been so capricious and self-willed, nobody expected that in any circumstances it could have been a very satisfactory close.

II.

The elder Mr. Warrender was a country gentleman of an undistinguished kind.

The county gentry of England is a very comprehensive class. It includes the very best and most delightful of English men and English women, the truest nobility, the finest gentlemen; but it also includes a number of beings the most limited, dull, and commonplace that human experience knows. In some cases they are people who do well to be proud of the generation of gentlefolk through whom they trace their line, and who have transmitted to them not only the habit of command, but the habit of protection, and that easy grace of living which is not to be acquired at first hand; and there are some whose forefathers have handed down nothing but so many farms and fields, and various traditions, in which father and son follow each other, each smaller and more petty of soul than he that went before. The family at the Warren were of this class. They were acknowledged gentry, beyond all question, but their estates and means were small and their souls smaller. Their income never reached a higher level than about fifteen hundred a year. Their paternal home was a house of rather mean appearance, rebuilt on the ruins of the old one in the end of last century, and consequently as ugly as four square walls could be. The woods had grown up about it, and hid it almost entirely from sight, which was an advantage, perhaps, to the landscape, but not to those who were condemned to dwell in the house, which was without light and air and everything that was cheering. The name of the Warren was very well adapted to the place, which, except one corner of the old house which had stood fast when the rest was pulled down, might almost have been a burrow in the soft green earth, damp and warm and full of the mould of ages, though it was a mere new-comer in the world. Its furniture was almost entirely of the same date as the house, which means dingy carpets, curtains of harsh and unpleasing stuff, and immense

catafalques of mahogany in the shape of sideboards, arm-chairs, and beds. A four-poster of mahogany, with hangings of red moreen, as stiff as a board and much less soft, — that was the kind of furnishing; to be sure, it was full of feather-beds and pillows, warm blankets and fresh linen, which some people thought made amends.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Warrender, two daughters, and the son, with whom the reader has already made acquaintance. How he had found his way into such a nest was one of those problems which the prudent evolutionist scarcely cares to tackle. The others were in their natural place: the father a Warrender like the last dozen Warrenders who had gone before him, and the girls cast exactly in the mould of all the previous Minnies and Chattys of the family. They were all dull, blameless, and good — to a certain extent; perfectly satisfied to live in the Warren all the year long, to spend every evening of their lives round the same hearth, to do the same thing to-day as they had done yesterday and should do to-morrow. To be so easily contented, to accommodate one's self with such philosophy to one's circumstances, — what an advantage that is! But it required no philosophy on the part of the girls, who had not imagination enough to think of anything different, and who devoutly believed that nothing on earth was so virtuous, so dignified, so praiseworthy, as to keep the linen in order, and make your own underclothing, and sit round the fire at home. When any one would read aloud to them they wanted no better paradise; but they were not very exacting even in the matter of reading aloud. However exciting the book might be, they were quite willing that it should be put away at a quarter to ten, with a book-marker in it to keep the place. Once Chatty had been known to take it up clandestinely after prayers, to see whether the true mur-

derer was found out; but Minnie waited quite decorously till eight o'clock next evening, which was the right hour for resuming the reading. Happy girls! They thus had in their limited little world quite a happy life, expecting nothing, growing no older from year to year. Minnie was twenty-five, Chatty twenty-three: they were good-looking enough in their quiet way, very neat and tidy, with brown hair so well brushed that it reflected the lights. Theodore was the youngest, and he had been very welcome when he came; for otherwise the property would have gone to a distant heir of entail, which would not have been pleasant for any of the family. He had been a very quiet boy so long as he was at home, though not perhaps in the same manner of quietness as that of the girls; but since he was thirteen he had been away for the greater part of the years, appearing only in the holidays, when he was always reading for something or other, — so that nobody was aware how great was the difference between the fastidious young scholar and the rest of his belongings.

Mr. Warrender himself was not a scholar. He had got through life very well without ever being at the university. In his day it was not considered such a necessity as now. And he was not at all critical of his son. So long as the boy got into no scrapes he asked no more of him. He was quite complacent when Theo brought home his school prizes, and used to point them out to visitors. "This is for his Latin verses," he would say. "I don't know where the boy got a turn for poetry. I am sure it was not from me." The beautiful smooth binding and the school arms on the side gave him great gratification. He had a faint notion that as Theo brought home no prizes from Oxford he was not perhaps getting on so well; but naturally he knew nothing of his son's experiences with the Rector and the dons. And by that time he was ill

and feverish, and far more taken up about his beef tea than about anything else in the world. They did not make it half strong enough. If they only would make it strong he felt sure he would soon regain his strength. But how could a man pick up, who was allowed nothing but slops, when his beef tea was like water? This was the matter that occupied him most, while his son was going through the ordeal above described, — there never was any taste in the beef tea. Mr. Warrender thought the cook must make away with the meat; or else send the best of the infusion to some of her people in the village, and give it to him watered. When it was made over the fire in his room he said his wife had no skill; she let all the goodness evaporate. He never could be satisfied with his beef tea; and so, grumbling and indignant, finding no savor in anything, but thoroughly convinced that this was "their" fault, and that they could make it better if they were to try, he dwindled and faded away.

It was a long illness; a family gets used to a long illness, and after a while accepts it as the natural course of events. And the doctor had assured them all that no sudden "change" was to be looked for. Nevertheless, there was a sudden change. It had become the routine of the house that each of the ladies should spend so many hours with papa. Mrs. Warrender was with him, of course, the greater part of the day, and went out and in to see if he was comfortable every hour or two during the night; but one of the girls always sat with him in the evening, bringing her needlework upstairs, and feeling that she was doing her duty in giving up the reading just when the book was at its most interesting point. It was after Chatty had fulfilled this duty, and everybody was serenely preparing to go to bed, that the change came. "How is he?" Mrs. Warrender had said, as they got out the

Prayer-Book which was used at family prayers. "Just as usual, mamma: quite quiet and comfortable. I think he was asleep, for he took no notice when I bade him good-night," Chatty said; and then the servants came in, and the little rites were accomplished. Mrs. Warrender then went upstairs, and received the same report from her maid, who sat with the patient in the intervals when the ladies were at prayers. "Quite comfortable, ma'am, and I think he is asleep." Mrs. Warrender went to the bedside and drew back the curtain softly, — the red moreen curtain which was like a board suspended by the head of the bed, — and lo, while they all had been so calm, the change had come.

The girls thought their mother made a great deal more fuss than was necessary; for what could be done? It might be right to send for the doctor, who is an official whose presence is essential at the last act of life; but what was the good of sending a man on horseback into Highcombe, on the chance of the telegraph office being still open? Of course it was not open; and if it had been Theo could not possibly leave Oxford till next morning. But then it was a well-known fact that mamma was excitable, and often did things without thought. He lingered all night, "just alive, and that is all," the doctor said. It was Chatty who sent for the rector, who came and read the prayers for the sick at the bedside, but agreed with Dr. Durant that it was of no use attempting to rouse the departing soul from the lethargy in which he lay. And before Theodore arrived all was over. He knew it before he entered the house by the sight of the drawn blinds, which received him with a blank whiteness of woe as soon as he caught sight of the windows. They had not sent to meet him at the station, thinking he would not come till the later train.

"Try and get mamma to lie down," Minnie said as she kissed her brother.

"She is going on exciting herself for nothing. I am sure everything was done that could be done, and we can do him no good by making ourselves more miserable now."

Minnie had cried in the early morning as much as was right and natural, — her eyes were still a little red; but she did not think it necessary to begin over again, as Chatty did, who had a tendency to overdo everything, like mamma. As for Theodore, he did not cry at all, but grew very pale, and did not say a word when he was taken into the chamber of death. The sight of that marble, or rather waxen, figure lying there had a greater effect upon his imagination than upon that of either of the girls, who perhaps had not got any imagination to be affected. He was overawed and silenced by that presence, which he had never met before so near. When his mother threw herself into his arms, with that excess of emotion which was peculiar to her, he held her close to him with a throb of answering feeling. The sensation of standing beside that which was not, although it was, his father went through and through the being of the sensitive young man. Death is always most impressive in the case of a commonplace person, with whom we have no associations but the most ordinary ones of life. What had come to him? — to the mind which had been so much occupied with the quality of his beef tea? Was it possible that he could have leaped all at once into the contemplation of the highest subjects, or must there not be something intermediate between the beef tea and the Gloria in Excelsis? This was the thought, inappropriate, unnatural, as he felt it, which came into his mind as he stood by the bed upon which lay that which had been the master of the Warren yesterday, and now was "the body;" a solemn, inanimate thing arranged with dreadful neatness, presently to be taken away and hid out of sight of the living. Tears

did not come even when he took his mother into his arms, but only a dumb awe not unmixed with horror, and even that sense of repulsion with which some minds regard the dead.

It was the height of summer, the time at which the Warren looked its best. The sunshine, which scarcely got near it in the darker part of the year, now penetrated the trees on every side, and rushed in as if for a wager, every ray trying how far it could reach into the depths of the shade. It poured full into the drawing-room by one window, so that Minnie was mindful at all times to draw down that blind, that the carpet might not be spoiled; and of course all the blinds were down now. It touched the front of the house in the afternoon, and blazed upon the lawn, making all the flowers wink. Inside, to people who had come out of the heat and scorching of other places more open to the influences of the skies, the coolness of the Warren in July was delightful. The windows stood open, the hum of bees came in, the birds made an unceasing chorus in the trees. Neither birds nor bees took the least notice of the fact that there was death in the house. They carried on their jubilation, their hum of business, their love-making and nursery talk, all the same, and made the house sound not like a house of mourning, but a house of rejoicing; all this harmonious noise being doubly audible in the increased stillness of the place, where Minnie thought it right to speak in a whisper, and Chatty was afraid to go beyond the example of her sister. Mrs. Warrender kept her room, except in the evening, when she would go out with Theo for a little air. Only in the grounds! no further, — through the woods, which the moonlight pierced with arrows of silver, as far as the pond, which shone like a white mirror with all the great leaves of the water-lilies black upon its surface. But the girls thought this was too much. They could not think how

she could feel able for it before the funeral. They sat with one shaded lamp and the shutters all closed, "reading a book," which was their severest estimate of gravity. That is to say, each had a book: one a volume of sermons, the other *Paradise Lost*, which had always been considered Sunday reading by the Warrenders, and came in very conveniently at this moment. They had been busy all day with the maid and the dress-maker from the village, getting their mourning ready. There were serious doubts in their minds how high the crape ought to come on their skirts, and whether a cuff of that material would be enough without other trimmings on the sleeves; but as it was very trying to the eyes to work at black in candlelight, they had laid it all aside out of sight, and so far as was possible out of thought, and composed themselves to read as a suitable occupation for the evening, less cheerful than colored or white needlework, and more appropriate. It was very difficult, especially for Minnie, upon whom the chief responsibility would rest, to put that question of the crape out of her thoughts; but she read on in a very determined manner, and it is to be hoped that she succeeded. She felt very deeply the impropriety of her mother's proceedings. She had never herself stirred out-of-doors since her father's death, and would not till after the funeral, should the interests of nations hang on it. She, at least, knew what her duty was, and would do it. Chatty was not so sure on this subject, but she had been more used to follow Minnie than to follow mamma, and she was loyal to her traditions. One window was open a little behind the half-closed shutters, and let in something of the sounds and odors of the night. Chatty was aware that the moon was at the full, and would have liked to stretch her young limbs with a run; but she dared not even think of such a thing in sight of Minnie's face.

"I wonder how long mamma means to stay. One would think she was *enjoying* it," Minnie said, with a little emphasis on the word. As she used it, it seemed the most reprehensible verb in the world.

"She likes to be with Theo," said Chatty; "and she is always such a one for the air."

"Likes!" said her sister. "Is this a time to think of what one likes, with poor dear papa in his coffin?"

"She never left him as long as he wanted her," said the apologetic sister.

"No, indeed, I should hope not; that would have been criminal. Poor dear mamma would never do anything really bad; but she does not mind if she does a thing that is unusual. It is *very* unusual to go out before the funeral; it is a thing that is never done, especially by the ladies of the house."

"Shall we be able to go out on Friday, Minnie?" Friday was the funeral day.

"It would be very bad taste, I think. Of course, if it does not prove too much for us, we ought to go to church to meet the procession. Often it is thought to be too much for the ladies of a family."

"I am sure it would not be too much for me. Oh, I shall go as far as we can go with him — to the grave, Minnie."

"You had better wait till you see whether it will not be too much for you," said the elder sister, while Chatty dried her eyes. Minnie's eyes had no need of drying. She had cried at the right time, but it was little more than levity to be always crying. It was nearly as bad as enjoying anything. She did not like extravagance of any kind.

And then they turned to their reading again, and felt that, whatever mamma might think herself at liberty to do, they, at least, were paying that respect to their father's memory which young women in a well-regulated household should always be the first to pay.

III.

Meanwhile the mother and son took their walk. It was a very silent walk, without much outward trace of that enjoyment which Minnie had felt so cruelly out of place, but no doubt to both there was a certain pleasure in it. Mr. Warrender had now been lying in that silent state which the most insignificant person holds immediately after death, for three days, and there was still another to come before he could be laid away in the dark and noisome bed in the family vault, where all the Warrenders made their last assertion of superiority to common clay. This long and awful pause in the affairs of life was intolerable to the two people now walking softly through the paths of the little wood, where the moonbeams shone through the trees; the son, because he was of an impatient nature, and could not endure the artificial gloom which was thus forced upon him. He had felt keenly all those natural sensations which the loss of a father calls forth: the breaking of an old tie, the oldest in the world; the breach of all the habits of his life; the absence of the familiar greeting, which had always been kind enough, if never enthusiastic; the general overturn and loss of the usual equilibrium in his little world. It was no blame to Theo if his feelings went little further than this. His father had been no active influence in his life. His love had been passive, expressing itself in few words, without sympathy in any of the young man's pursuits, or knowledge of them, or desire to know, — a dull affection because the boy belonged to him, and satisfaction in that he had never got into any scrapes or given any trouble. And the return which the son made was in the same kind. Theo had felt the natural pang of disruption very warmly at the moment; he had felt a great awe and wonder at sight of the mystery of

that pale and solemn thing which had lately been so unmysterious and unsolemn. But even these pangs of natural sensation had fallen into a little ache and weariness of custom, and his fastidious soul grew tired of the bonds that kept him, or would have kept him, precisely at the same point of feeling for so many hours and days. This is not possible for any one, above all for a being of his temper, and he was restless beyond measure, and eager to get over this enforced pause, and emerge into the common life and daylight beyond. The drawn blinds somehow created a stifling atmosphere in his very soul.

Mrs. Warrender felt it was indecorous to begin to speak of plans and what was to be done afterwards, so long as her dead husband was still master of the oppressed and melancholy house; but her mind, as may be supposed, was occupied by them in the intervals of other thoughts. She was not of the Warrender breed, but a woman of lively feelings; and as soon as the partner of her life was out of her reach she had begun to torment herself with fears that she had not been so good to him as she ought. There was no truth, at least no fact, in this, for there could have been no better wife or more careful nurse. But yet, as every individual knows more of his or her self than all the rest of the world knows, Mrs. Warrender was aware that there were many things lacking in her conjugal devotion. She had not been the wife she knew how to be; in her heart she had never given herself credit for fulfilling her duty. Oh, yes, she had fulfilled all her duties. She had been everything to him that he wanted, that he expected, that he was capable of understanding. But she knew very well that when all is said, that is not everything that can be said; and now that he was dead, and could no longer look in her face with lacklustre eyes, wondering what the deuce the woman meant, she threw herself

back upon her own standard, and knew that she had not come up to it. Even now she could not come up to it. Her heart ought to be desolate; life ought to hold nothing for her but perhaps resignation, perhaps despair. She ought to be beyond all feeling for what was to come. Yet she was not so. On the contrary, new ideas, new plans, had welled up into her mind,—how many, how few hours after she had laid down the charge, in which outwardly she had been so faithful, but inwardly so full of shortcomings? These plans filled her mind now as she went by her son's side through the mossy paths where, even in the height of summer, it was always a little cold. She could not speak of them, feeling a horror of herself, an ashamed sense that to betray the revulsion of her thoughts to her boy would be to put her down from her position in his respect forever. Between these mutual reluctances to betray what was really in them the two went along very silently, as if they were counting their steps, their heads a little bowed down, the sound of their feet making far more commotion than was necessary in the stillness of the place. To be out-of-doors was something for both of them. They could breathe more freely, and if they could not talk could at least think, without the sense that they were impairing the natural homage of all things to the recently dead.

"Take care, Theo," she said, after a long interval of silence. "It is very damp here."

"Yes, there is a good deal of timber that ought to go." He caught his breath when he had said this, and she gave a slight shiver. They would both have spoken quite freely had the father been alive. "The house is damp, too," said he, taking courage.

"In winter, perhaps, a little, when there is much rain."

And then there was a long pause. When they came within sight of the

pond, which glistened under the moonlight, reflecting all the trees in irregular masses, and showing here and there a big white water-lily bud couched upon a dark bank of leaves, he spoke again: "I don't think it can be very healthy, either, to have the pond so near the house."

"You have always had your health, all of you," she said.

"That is true; but not very much of it. We are a subdued sort of family, mother."

"That is because the Warrenders"—She stopped here, feeling the inappropriateness of what she was about to say. It very often happens that a wife has but little opinion of the race to which her husband belongs. She attributes the defects of her own children to that side instinctively. "It is character," she said, "not health."

"But all the same, if we had a little more air and a little less shade"—

He was becoming bolder as he went on.

"Theo," she said tremulously, "it is a little too soon to begin to talk of that."

And then there was a pause again. When they came to the edge of the pond, and stopped to look at the water-lilies, and at the white flood of the moonlight, and all the clustering masses of the trees that hung round as if to keep it hidden and sheltered, it was she who spoke: "Your father was very fond of this view. Almost the last time he was out we brought him here. He sat down for a long time, and was quite pleased. He cared for beautiful things much more than he ever said."

The thought that passed through Theo's mind was very rapid, that it might well be so, seeing nothing was ever said on the subject; but his remark was, "Very likely, mother," in a soft and soothing voice.

"I should be very sorry to see any—I mean I hope you will not make much alteration here."

"It is too soon," he said hastily, "to speak of that."

"Much too soon," she replied, with a quick sense of shame, taking her son's arm as they turned back. Even to turn back made the burden heavier, and dispelled the little advantage which they had got by the walk.

"There will be, I suppose, a great number of people—on Friday."

"Yes, I think a great number; everybody about."

"What a nuisance! People might have sense enough to know that at such a moment we don't want a lot of strange faces peering at us, finding out how we bear up."

"My dear, it would have pleased him to know everybody would be there."

"I suppose so," said Theo, in a tone which was half angry and half resigned.

"We will have to take a little thought how they are to go. Lord Markland must come first, after the relations."

"Why? They never took much notice of us, and my father never liked him. I don't see why he should come at all."

"Oh, yes, he will come, and your dear father would have liked it. The Warrenders have always thought a great deal of such things."

"I am a Warrender, I hope, and I don't."

"Ah, Theo, you! But you are much more like my family," she said, with a little pressure of his arm.

This did not give him so much pleasure as it did her; for, after all, however near a man may be to his mother's family, he generally prefers his own, and the name which it is his to bear. They got back under the thick shadow of the trees when the conversation came to this point, and once more it was impressed upon both that the path was very damp, and that even in July it was difficult to get through without wet feet; but Mrs. Warrender had felt herself checked by her son's reply about the al-

terations, and Theo felt that to betray how much he was thinking of them would be horrifying to his mother: so they both stepped into the marshy part without a word.

"You are still decided to go on Friday, — you and the girls?"

"Surely, Theo: we are all in good health, Heaven be praised! I should not feel that I had done everything if I did not go."

"You are sure it will not be too much for you, mother?"

This question went to her heart. She knew that it ought to be too much for her. Had she been the wife she ought to have been, the widow with a broken heart, then, perhaps, there might have been a doubt. But she knew also that it would not be too much for her. Her heart ached for the ideal anguish, which nobody looked for, nor would have understood. "He would have liked it," she said, in a subdued voice. That, at least, was quite true: and to carry out all his wishes thus faithfully was something, although she could not pay him the homage which was his due, — the supreme compliment of a broken heart.

At last Friday came. It was a dull day, of the color most congenial to such a ceremony. A gentle shower fell upon the wreaths and crosses that covered the coffin. There was a large assembly from all the country round, for Mr. Warrender had been a man who never harmed anybody, which is perhaps a greater title to respect than those possess who have taken more trouble. When you try to do good, especially in a rural place, you are sure to stir up animosities; but Mr. Warrender had never stirred up anybody. He was greatly respected. Lord Markland was what the farmers called "a wild young sprig," with little regard to the proprieties; but he was there, and half the clergymen of the diocese, and every country gentleman on the west side of the county. The girls from behind their crape veils watched the

procession filing into church, and were deeply gratified; and Mrs. Warrender felt that he would have liked it, and that everything was being done according to his wishes. She said to herself that this was what he would have done for her if she had died first; and immediately there rose before her eyes (also behind her crape veil) a picture of what might have been, had the coffin in the middle of the church been hers: how he would have stepped and looked, and the way in which he would have held out his hand silently to each of the company, and the secret pleasure in the fulfillment of all that was just and right which would have been in his mind. It was instantaneous, it was involuntary, it made her smile against her will; but the smile recalled her to herself, and overwhelmed her with compunction and misery. Smile — when it was he who lay there in the coffin, under that black pall, expecting from her the last observances, and that homage which ought to come from a breaking heart!

The blinds were drawn up when they returned home, the sunshine pouring in, the table spread. Minnie, leading Chatty with her, not without a slight struggle on that young lady's part, retired to her room, and lay down a little, which was the right thing to do. She had a tray brought upstairs, and was not disinclined for her luncheon. Mercifully, their presence at the funeral had not been too much for them, and all the mourning was complete and everything in order, even so far as to the jet necklaces which the girls put on when they went down to tea. Mrs. Warrender had been quite overcome on reëntering the house, feeling, though she had so suffered from the long interval before the funeral, that to come back to a place from which he had now been solemnly shut out forever was more miserable than all that had gone before; for it will be perceived that she was not of the steady mettle of the others, but a fantastic wo-

man, who changed her mind very often, and whose feelings were always betraying her. The funeral had been early, and the distant visitors had been able to leave in good time, so that there was no need for a large luncheon party; and the lawyer and a cousin of Mr. Warrender's were the only strangers who shared that meal with the mother and son. Then, as a proper period had now been arrived at, and as solicitors rush in where heirs fear to tread, open questions were asked about the plans of the family and what Theo meant to do. He said at once, "I see no need for plans. Why should there be any discussion of plans? So far as outward circumstances go, what change is there? My mother and the girls will just go on as usual, and I, of course, will go back to Oxford. It will be more than a year before I can take my degree."

He thought — but no doubt he must have been mistaken — that a blank look came over his mother's face; but it was so impossible that she could have thought of anything else that he dismissed the idea from his mind. She said nothing, but Mr. Longstaffe replied, —

"At present that is no doubt the wisest way; but I think it is always well that people should understand each other at once and provide for all emergencies, so that there may be no wounded feeling, or that sort of thing, hereafter. You know, Mrs. Warrender, that the house in Highcombe has always been the joint-ure house?"

"Yes," she said, with a certain liveliness in her answer, almost eagerness. "My husband has often told me so."

"We are authorized to put it in perfect repair, and you are authorized to choose whatever you please out of the furniture at the Warren to make it according to your taste. Perhaps we had better do that at once, and put it into your hands. If you don't live there, you can let it, or lend it, or make some use of it."

"It might be convenient," Mrs. Warrender said, with a slight hesitation, "if Theodore means, as I suppose he does, to carry out improvements here."

And yet she had implored him yesterday not to make many alterations! Theo felt a touch of offense with his mother. He began to think there was something in the things the girls used to say, that you never knew when you had mamma, or whether she might not turn upon you in a moment. She grew much more energetic, all at once, and even her figure lost the slight stoop of languor that was in it. "If you are going to cut any trees, or do any drainage, Theo, we could all live there while the works went on."

He gave a slight start in person, and a much greater in spirit, and a fastidious curve came to his forehead. "I don't know that I shall cut any trees now. You know you said the other day, We can talk of that after."

"Oh, yes, it is early days," said the lawyer. "Of course it is not as if there were other heirs coming in, or any compulsory division were to be made. You can take your time. But I have always observed that things went smoother when it was understood from the first, in case of a certain emergency arising, or new conditions of any kind, so and so should follow. You understand what I mean."

"It is always wisest," said the Warrender cousin, "to have it all put down hard and fast, so that nobody may be disappointed, whatever should happen. Of course Theo will marry."

"I hope so," said his mother, permitting herself to smile.

"Of course he will marry," said the lawyer.

"But he had better take his degree first," the cousin added, feeling that he had distinguished himself; "and in the mean time the girls and you will have time to look about you. Highcombe is rather a dull place. And then the house

is large. You could not get on in it with less than four or five servants."

"Four would do," said Mr. Longstaffe.

"And supposing my cousin kept a pony chaise, or something? She could not get on without a pony chaise. That means another."

Theodore pushed back his chair from the table with a harsh peremptoriness, startling them all. "I am sure my mother does n't want to go into these calculations," he said; "neither do I. Leave us alone to settle what we find to be best."

"Dear me," said cousin Warrender,

"I hope you don't imagine me to have any wish to interfere." Theo did not make any reply, but gave his mother his arm, and led her upstairs.

"I did not wish you to be troubled with business at all; certainly not to-day," he said to her, half apologetically. But there was something in her face which he did not quite understand, as she thanked him and smiled, with an inclination to cry. Was it possible that she was a little disappointed to have the discussion stopped, and that she took much interest in it, and contemplated not at all with displeasure the prospect of an entire change in her life?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

FROM hoary kingdoms of all ancientness,
Led by a Star they came, —
A Star that dimmed the lustre of the heavens,
Shaking their fleece of flame!

A splendid caravan, from desert depths
They flashed their royal way;
Gold wrought, in all strange character and gems
Their housings caught the ray.

The shining stallions arched their necks and rang
Their jeweled bridle-reins;
The stately camels stretched like monoliths
Their shadows on the plains.

Treasure of perfumes and of precious stones
Weighed them, and wondrous web
Of scarlet cloths, woven at the wane of moon
And at the great sea's ebb;

And oils, and gums the ooze of sacred trees
In sun-imprisoning flecks,
And in their lamps the fire not once relit
Since priest Melchizedek's.

There little Melchior, King of Nubia, came
With gold to signify

Possession of the empire of the earth
And kingship's prophecy.

And Chaldæa's monarch, the old Balthuzar,
Brought incense, for a sign
That prayer and praise should find divinity
In manger or in shrine.

But Jasper, black, and of a mighty make,
And of rich Tarshish king,
Brought neither gold nor incense, but brought myrrh,
For human suffering.

And with them, and before them, the great Star,
That up the eastern coasts,
Outstripping comets and white-bearded orbs,
Came leading heaven's hosts.

While all black art of dark astrology,
With incantations gray
That signs and zodiacs trembled to regard,
Showed where the young child lay,—

The young child, who, not yet a fortnight old,
Among the oxen slept,
Where angels hung upon a drooping wing,
And all the sweet watch kept.

Chiefs of old heathenry, how long, how far,
They journeyed on their quest!
What tribute and what treasure did they bring
To greet the holy guest!

What costly travel and what toilsome march
Were theirs, too,—that great press
Which followed on the way the Magi led
Up from the wilderness!

But we, on whom for twice a thousand years
The Star in the East has shone,—
What hard road do we tread with tender feet
To make the truth our own?

Up from what deserts do we hotly spur
To consecrate our King?
To God, in Christ or in Humanity,
What tribute do we bring?

We look on the immensity of space,
And count all creeds a song;

We let the dungeoned prisoner write in blood
The story of his wrong.

So we but lose no bubble of the wine,
In the rose crush no sting,
We care not for the pierced divinity,—
We crown the senses King!

Brief empery, that with the bubble breaks,
With the rose falls! whose slaves
Shall revel then but with the loathly worm
And the dark fruit of graves!

Dart forth your white and awful light, O Star,
Wither this King to dross!
Lead us a path like that once trod the feet
Were nailed upon a cross!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

“AND why *the* New Portfolio, I would ask?”

Pray, do you remember, when there was an accession to the nursery in which you have a special interest, whether the new-comer was commonly spoken of as *a* baby? Was it not, on the contrary, invariably, under all conditions, in all companies, by the whole household, spoken of as *the* baby? And was the small receptacle provided for it commonly spoken of as *a* cradle; or was it not always called *the* cradle, as if there were no other in existence?

Now this New Portfolio is the cradle in which I am to rock my new-born thoughts, and from which I am to lift them carefully from time to time and show them to callers, namely, to the whole family which this monthly visitor reckons on its list of intimates, and such others as may drop in by accident. And so it shall have the definite article, and not be lost in the mob of its fellows as *a* portfolio.

What can be more natural than that

a reader who has found some little pleasure in the contents of the old worn-out portfolio should take up the new one with the feeling that it can never be to him or her what the earlier one has been? No, my dear friend, it cannot be. You and I were younger when that was opened. It is a very small affair to be illustrated from the Scripture record, and yet you remember the beetle and the giant,—alike in one point, though so far apart in many. I am thinking of the old and the new Jewish temple, and the story Ezra tells of them:—

But many . . . who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice.

It is much more likely that you will smile, dear reader, but I do not think you will laugh. You could hardly be one of my willing readers unless you were capable of feeling instinctively that there is something in this confidence on which I venture, lying deeper than the superficial layer which belongs

to the ridiculous. So much has changed since the older, not the oldest, portfolio was opened for the first number of this magazine! I cannot go back to the feelings with which I wrote, nor you to the feelings with which you read. No matter; we have a good deal left in common yet: air is still sweet to breathe, and ginger is hot in the mouth just as it used to be. Only deal kindly with the New Portfolio at its first opening. It takes a slight effort to open it, and it seems as if it creaked a little. Have patience with it; do not brutalize it with a cynical welcome.

I got a lesson when a young man, which has lasted me a long time. One of my most intimate college friends was married very early, and by and by a cradle appeared in the room christened the nursery, and in the cradle a male infant, of which the young parents were very proud, as a matter of course. Some weeks had passed over its little head, when I, as a friend of the family, was admitted to a view of the young phenomenon. What more natural than to take it from the mother's arms and bear it about the room in triumph? But one must have a good look at one's friend's baby, — not smothered up in all sorts of little bed-clothes, or hugged out of sight in the arms of the nurse or the mother, or even in one's own arms. Let us set it down on the floor, and step back and get a good perspective view of the small miracle. Down I plumped the baby in the sitting posture, and over the baby went backward, with such a thump of its poor little head on the floor as if a cannon ball had dropped. Father and mother and baby have been dead many and many a long year, but I can hear that thump and the maternal cry and the infant ululation, and see the rush of the parental pair, and recall the feeling which came over me, — more like the condition of Truth in Mr. Bryant's often-quoted verse than anything else I can think of just now. But though

"crushed to earth" I managed to "rise again," and to take with me a lesson which has made me gentle in the handling of all tender offspring of human parentage, whether found in cradles or portfolios.

I am not at this particular time beginning a serial story. What I may find in my portfolio by and by is another matter; if there should be a certain thread of connection between the papers that come from it I do not know that it will render them less interesting. There are, however, a few personal and incidental matters I wish to say something of before getting deep into the real contents of the portfolio.

As I have reminded you, I have had other portfolios before this, — two more especially, and the first thing I wish to say relates to these.

Do not throw this number of the magazine down, or turn to another page, when I tell you that I opened my first portfolio more than fifty years ago. This is a very dangerous confession, for fifty years are just enough to make everything hopelessly old-fashioned, and not enough to give anything the charm of real antiquity. If I could say a hundred years, now, my readers would accept all I had to tell them with a curious interest; but fifty years ago, — there are too many talkative old people that know all about that time, and at best half a century is a half-baked bit of ware. A coin-fancier would say that your fifty-year-old facts have just enough of antiquity to spot them with rust, and not enough to give them the delicate and durable *patina* which is time's exquisite enamel.

When the first portfolio was opened the coin of the realm bore for its legend — or might have borne if the more devout hero-worshippers could have had their way, — *Andreas Jackson, Populi Gratia, Imp. Cæsar. Aug. Div. Max.* etc., etc. I never happened to see any gold or silver with that legend, but the

truth is I was not very familiarly acquainted with the precious metals at that period of my career, and there might have been a good deal of such coin in circulation without my handling it, or knowing much about it.

What do you say to a few reminiscences of that far-off time?

In those days the Athenæum Picture Gallery was a principal centre of attraction to young Boston people and their visitors. Many of us got our first ideas of art, to say nothing of our first lessons in the comparatively innocent flirtations of our city's primitive period, in that agreeable resort of amateurs and artists.

How the pictures on those walls in Pearl Street do keep their places in the mind's gallery! Trumbull's *Sortie* of Gibraltar, with red enough in it for one of our sunset after-glows; and Neagle's full-length portrait of the blacksmith in his shirt-sleeves; and Copley's long-waistcoated gentlemen and satin-clad ladies, — they looked like gentlemen and ladies, too; and Stuart's florid merchants and high-waisted matrons; and Allston's lovely Italian scenery and dreamy, unimpassioned women, not forgetting *Florimel* in full flight on her interminable rocking-horse, — you may still see her at the Art Museum; and the rival landscapes of Doughty and Fisher, much talked of and largely praised in those days; and the *Murillo*, — not from Marshal Soult's collection; and the portrait of *Annibale Caracci* by himself, which cost the Athenæum a hundred dollars; and Cole's allegorical pictures, and his immense and dreary canvas, in which the prostrate shepherds and the angel in Joseph's coat of many colors look as if they must have been thrown in for nothing; and West's brawny Lear tearing his clothes to pieces. But why go on with the catalogue, when most of these pictures can be seen either at the Athenæum building in Beacon Street or at the Art Gal-

lery, and admired or criticised perhaps more justly, certainly not more generously, than in those earlier years when we looked at them through the jappanned fish-horns.

If one happened to pass through Atkinson Street on his way to the Athenæum, he would notice a large, square, painted, brick house, in which lived a leading representative of old-fashioned coleopterous Calvinism, and from which emerged one of the liveliest of literary butterflies. The father was editor of the *Boston Recorder*, a very respectable, but very far from amusing paper, most largely patronized by that class of the community which spoke habitually of the first day of the week as "the Sabbath." The son was the editor of several different periodicals in succession, none of them over severe or serious, and of many pleasant books, filled with lively descriptions of society, which he studied on the outside with a quick eye for form and color, and with a certain amount of sentiment, not very deep, but real, though somewhat frothed over by his worldly experiences.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was in full bloom when I opened my first portfolio. He had made himself known by his religious poetry, published in his father's paper, I think, and signed "Roy." He had started the "*American Magazine*," afterwards merged in the "*New York Mirror*." He had then left off writing scripture pieces, and taken to lighter forms of verse. He had just written

"I'm twenty-two, I'm twenty-two, —
They idly give me joy,
As if I should be glad to know
That I was less a boy."

He was young, therefore, and already famous. He came very near being very handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxurious abundance; his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights; he dressed with artistic elegance. He was something between a

remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde. There used to be in the gallery of the Luxembourg a picture of Hippolytus and Phædra, in which the beautiful young man, who had kindled a passion in the heart of his wicked step-mother, always reminded me of Willis, in spite of the shortcomings of the living face as compared with the ideal. The painted youth is still blooming on the canvas, but the fresh-cheeked, jaunty young author of the year 1830 has long faded out of human sight. I took the flower which lies before me at this moment, as I write, from his coffin, as it lay just outside the door of Saint Paul's Church, on a sad, overclouded winter's day, in the year 1867. At that earlier time, Willis was by far the most prominent young American author. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Drake, had all done their best work. Longfellow was not yet conspicuous. Lowell was a school-boy. Emerson was unheard of. Whittier was beginning to make his way against the writers with better educational advantages whom he was destined to outdo and to outlive. Not one of the great histories, which have done honor to our literature, had appeared. Our school-books depended, so far as American authors were concerned, on extracts from the orations and speeches of Webster and Everett; on Bryant's *Thanatopsis* and the *Death of the Flowers*, Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris*, *Red-Jacket*, and *Burns*; on Drake's *American Flag*, and Percival's *Coral Grove*, and his *Genius Sleeping and Genius Waking*, — and not getting very wide awake, either. These could be depended on. A few other copies of verses might be found, but Dwight's "*Columbia, Columbia*" and Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine*, were already effaced, as many of the favorites of our own day and generation must soon be, by the great wave which the near future will pour over the sands in which they have been or still are legible.

About this time, in the year 1832, came out a small volume entitled *Truth, a Gift for Scribblers*, which made some talk for a while, and is now chiefly valuable as a kind of literary tombstone on which may be read the names of many whose renown has been buried with their bones. The London *Athenæum* spoke of it as having been described as a "tomahawk sort of satire." As the author had been a trapper in Missouri, he was familiarly acquainted with that weapon and the warfare of its owners. Born in Boston, in 1804, the son of an army officer, educated at West Point, he came back to his native city about the year 1830. He wrote an article on Bryant's *Poems* for the *North American Review* and another on the famous Indian chief, *Black Hawk*. In this last-mentioned article he tells this story as the great warrior told it himself. It was an incident of a fight with the Osages.

"Standing by my father's side, I saw him kill his antagonist and tear the scalp from his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another, smote him to the earth with my tomahawk, ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp, and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing, but looked pleased."

This little red story describes very well Snelling's style of literary warfare. His handling of his most conspicuous victim, Willis, was very much like *Black Hawk's* way of dealing with the Osage. He tomahawked him in heroics, ran him through in prose, and scalped him in barbarous epigrams. Bryant and Halleck were abundantly praised; hardly any one else escaped.

If one wishes to see the bubbles of reputation that were floating, some of them gay with prismatic colors, half a century ago, he will find a long catalogue of celebrities he never heard of in the pages of *Truth*. I recognize only three names among the living of

all who are mentioned in the little book; but as I have not read the obituaries of all the others, some of them may be still flourishing in spite of Mr. Snelling's exterminating onslaught. Time dealt as hardly with poor Snelling, who was not without talent and instruction, as he had dealt with our authors. I think he found shelter at last under a roof which held numerous inmates, some of whom had seen better and many of whom had known worse days than those they were passing within its friendly and not exclusive precincts. Such, at least, was the story I heard after he disappeared from general observation.

That was the day of Souvenirs, Tokens, Forget-me-nots, Bijous, and all that class of showy annuals. Short stories, slender poems, steel engravings, on a level with the common fashion-plates of advertising establishments, gilt edges, resplendent binding, — to manifestations of this sort our lighter literature had very largely run for some years. The *Scarlet Letter* was an unhinted possibility. The *Voices of the Night* had not stirred the brooding silence; the *Concord seer* was still in the lonely desert; most of the contributors to those yearly volumes, which took up such pretentious positions on the centre table, have shrunk into entire oblivion, or, at best, hold their place in literature by a scrap or two in some omnivorous collection.

What dreadful work Snelling made among those slight reputations, floating in swollen tenuity on the surface of the stream, and mirroring each other in reciprocal reflections! Violent, abusive as he was, unjust to any against whom he happened to have a prejudice, his castigation of the small *littérateurs* of that day was not harmful, but rather of use. His attack on Willis very probably did him good; he needed a little discipline, and though he got it too unsparingly, some cautions came with it which were

worth the stripes he had to smart under. One noble writer Snelling treated with rudeness, probably from some accidental pique, or equally insignificant reason. I myself, one of the three survivors before referred to, escaped with a love-pat, as the youngest son of the Muse. Longfellow gets a brief nod of acknowledgment. Bailey, "who made long since a happy snatch at fame," which must have been snatched away from him by envious time, for I cannot identify him; Thatcher, who died early, leaving one poem, *The Last Request*, not wholly unremembered; Miss Hannah F. Gould, a very bright and agreeable writer of light verse, — all these are commended to the keeping of that venerable public carrier, who finds his scythe and hour-glass such a load that he generally drops the burdens committed to his charge, after making a show of paying every possible attention to them so long as he is kept in sight.

It was a good time to open a new portfolio. But mine had boyhood written on every page. A single passionate outcry when the old war-ship I had read about in the broadsides that were a part of our kitchen literature, and in the Naval Monument, was threatened with demolition; a few verses suggested by the sight of old Major Melville in his cocked hat and breeches, were the best scraps that came out of that first portfolio, which was soon closed that it should not interfere with the duties of a profession authorized to claim all the time and thought which would have been otherwise expended in filling it.

During a quarter of a century the first portfolio remained closed for the greater part of the time. Only now and then it would be taken up and opened, and something drawn from it for a special occasion, more particularly for the annual reunions of a certain class of which I was a member.

In the year 1857, towards its close, this magazine, which I had the honor of

naming, was started by the enterprising firm of Phillips & Sampson, under the editorship of Mr. James Russell Lowell. He thought there might be something in my old portfolio which would be not unacceptable in the new magazine. I looked at the poor old receptacle, which, partly from use and partly from neglect, had lost its freshness, and seemed hardly presentable to the new company expected to welcome the new-comer in the literary world of Boston, the least provincial of American centres of learning and letters. The gilded covering where the emblems of hope and aspiration had looked so bright had faded; not wholly, perhaps, but how was the gold become dim! — how was the most fine gold changed! Long devotion to other pursuits had left little time for literature, and the waifs and strays gathered from the old portfolio had done little more than keep alive the memory that such a source of supply was still in existence. I looked at the old portfolio, and said to myself, "Too late! too late. This tarnished gold will never brighten, these battered covers will stand no more wear and tear; close them, and leave them to the spider and the book-worm."

In the mean time the nebula of the first quarter of the century had condensed into the constellation of the middle of the same period. When, a little while after the establishment of this magazine, the "Saturday Club" gathered about the long table at "Parker's," such a representation of all that was best in American literature had never been collected within so small a compass. Most of the Americans whom foreigners cared to see — leaving out of consideration official dignitaries, whose temporary importance makes them objects of curiosity — were seated at that board. But the club did not yet exist, and the magazine was an experiment. There had already been several monthly periodicals, more or less successful

and permanent, among which Putnam's Magazine was conspicuous, owing its success largely to the contributions of that very accomplished and delightful writer, Mr. George William Curtis. That magazine, after a somewhat prolonged and very honorable existence, had gone where all periodicals go when they die, into the archives of the deaf, dumb, and blind recording angel whose name is Oblivion. It had so well deserved to live that its death was a surprise and a source of regret. Could another monthly take its place and keep it when that, with all its attractions and excellencies, had died out, and left a blank in our periodical literature which it would be very hard to fill as well as that had filled it?

This was the experiment which the enterprising publishers ventured upon, and I, who felt myself outside of the charmed circle drawn around the scholars and poets of Cambridge and Concord, having given myself to other studies and duties, wondered somewhat when Mr. Lowell urged me with such earnestness to become a contributor. And so, yielding to a pressure which I could not understand, and yet found myself unable to resist, I promised to take a part in the new venture, as an occasional writer in the columns of the magazine.

That was the way in which the Second Portfolio found its way to my table, and was there opened in the autumn of the year 1857. I was already at least

Nel mezzo del cammin di mia vita,

when I risked myself, with many misgivings, in little-trying paths of what looked at first like a wilderness, a *selva oscura*, where, if I did not meet the lion or the wolf, I should be sure to find the critic, the most dangerous of the carnivora, waiting to welcome me after his own fashion.

The Second Portfolio is closed and laid away. Perhaps it was hardly worth while to provide and open a new one;

but here it lies before me, and I hope I may find something in it which will justify me in coming once more before my old friends in the pages where my name has been so long in stereotype.

If I can find a paper for every month my readers shall have it, and at any rate they may depend on having set before them whatever may be contained in the New Portfolio.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

VEDDER'S DRAWINGS FOR OMAR KHAYYÁM'S RUBÁIYÁT.

It is an experience probably common to all that passages in literature which have been perfectly familiar become suddenly illumined with new meaning when one or more of the senses is brought forward to assist in the interpretation. Every one has felt this stimulation of thought by sense in the new vitality given to Shakespeare's lines by the impersonation of a great actor; in the infinite loveliness which music lends to one of Heine's simplest stanzas. Even the cloudy second part of Goethe's *Faust* has, under the light of a magnificent presentation in the Weimar theatre, blazed out with a clearness which revealed coherence and unity to those who had regarded the work as an insoluble enigma. It is like wine acting upon the dull mind. It may be that in Omar Khayyám's philosophy the praise of the wine-cup is thus to be taken in the larger sense of symbolizing the aid which the use and enjoyment of all our sensuous gifts may afford in bringing us to a truer understanding of the great problems of life and being.

This interpretation has been insisted upon by many students of Omar, a fact which Mr. Vedder seems to have had in mind; for in conceiving the series of remarkable drawings which form his "accompaniment" to Omar's Song he so placed his thought as to leave the solution of this question still at the reader's option.

Mr. Vedder's work is a rare instance of the perfect sympathy that may exist

between poet and painter, and find in art adequate expression, even after many years. The present century has given us at least four great artist individualities preëminent in imaginative power: William Blake, the Englishman; Arnold Boecklin, the Swiss; William Rimmer and Elihu Vedder, the Americans. Persons fond of tracing resemblances, and also of denying originality wherever they fancy resemblance, will perhaps ascribe certain peculiarities of the latter two to the influence of the first mentioned, and may possibly charge them with imitation. But nothing could be further from the truth. These four men have kindred traits, but all have powerful personalities, and each has worked out his problems in his own way. Any seeming evidence of influence comes from the fact that all are peculiarly children of this century, and in dealing with its questions their minds naturally trend in the same direction, just as do those of great inventors dealing with physical facts. Of the four, Blake shows himself to be more exclusively literary in quality; his expression was inadequate to his conception; there is something in his work repellent to many minds, and it will always remain of more interest to scholars than to lovers of art. Boecklin and Vedder have gained much of their largest inspiration in the atmosphere of Italy, have absorbed the spirit of its Renaissance, have learned the lessons of its abounding beauty and strengthened their souls with its passionate power. It

was Rimmer's fate, on the other hand, to work in solitude, with very little sympathetic fellowship or appreciation, amid the prosaic surroundings of the western world.

A lack of earnestness has rightfully been charged to the great body of our artists. They have acquired a most difficult language, but they have no thoughts to express in it. In former days artists treated what affected them most thoroughly; the figures and events of religion and mythology were their themes. To-day the love of nature has been keenly developed, and we have great landscape painters. We have called upon our poets to treat the great features of nineteenth-century life. We likewise see our artists of the highest imaginative resources dealing with modern interpretations of the problems of existence. William Rimmer and Elihu Vedder, like Hawthorne with his mystic genius, are true growths of our soil; and although their country lacks an historic background and its physical environment is most prosaic, after all, it is the land of freedom and untrammelled thought. Like them, why should not others lift themselves above the barren plain of their physical surroundings, and give their thoughts free wing in the realms of ideality?

The mind has its bounds, as the sea has, and the command, Thus far shalt thou reason, and no farther, has been set up against it. That the flood-mark was reached ages ago appears to be demonstrated by Omar Khayyám, whose universality of intellect is evinced by a singular freedom from the limitations and prejudices of contemporary creeds and philosophies. When Edward Fitzgerald translated the *Rubáiyát*, he gave a new classic to the English literature. We feel that while other translations may be more literal they cannot so completely represent the spirit of the poet. Fitzgerald was fortunate in preserving the form of the verse, which appears

peculiarly adapted for the conveyance of such thoughts. This reiterated Oriental rhyme has been successfully employed by various German poets. Platen, a master of form, expresses the spirit of it well when he introduces his *Gaselen* with the lines, —

“Im wasser wogt die Lilie, die blanke, hin und her,
Doch irrst du, Freund, so bald du sagst, sie schwanke hin und her!
Es wurzelt ja so fest ihr Fuss im tiefen Meeresgrund,
Ihr Haupt nur wiegt ein lieblicher Gedanke hin und her!”

The water-lily on the wave is playing to and fro,
But, friend, thou errest when thou dost say she's straying to and fro!
Her feet are rooted firm and fast in ground beneath the lake;
A lovely thought her beauteous head is swaying to and fro.

The group of leading thoughts in the *Rubáiyát*, floating aerially and ever recurrent, are given appropriate form in the rhyme which, after the break in the third line, is ever brought back in the fourth, like the lily's swaying head secured by its anchored stem.

Mr. Vedder, as an artist interpreter of Omar Khayyám, is the peer of Mr. Fitzgerald. He has revealed new depths of meaning in the words of the great Persian poet-astronomer. He calls his work “an accompaniment of drawings,” a music-suggestive term of the broadest significance. The conventional accompaniment is but a support to the song, a dull groundwork of which the hearer is hardly aware. But in the hands of a master-composer the accompaniment threads and pervades the song: giving new meaning to its melody; grasping, perhaps, the whole scheme; and reaching, through the tone-sense, depths of the heart and soul to which words alone could not appeal. Something analogous Mr. Vedder has accomplished here. His drawings rise from the rank of mere comments to embodiments of the poet's meaning; and frequently they carry the imagination beyond the poet to the real

problem which gave him inspiration. The scope of the poem affords him the adequate range and compass for seizing upon and imprisoning in art thoughts accustomed to soar to the thither side of space. Weirdness is a word which occurs to all who know Mr. Vedder's work, and yet it is but vaguely indicative of the mystic spirituality of its character, allied to which is a striking demonic element. With all the magnitude of their conception and the power of their imagery, these drawings possess an infinite tenderness, a grace and loveliness, which mark a close human sympathy as well as the utterances of a stern and inexorable fate.

The work is full of symbolic touches: some are evident at a glance, some will be found upon a short acquaintance, a few are explained in the notes, while others will reveal themselves only to the careful student. Upon the cover appears one of the most significant conceits. This pervades the work: the mysterious swirl of life, gradually gathering its forces from infinity; then a halting and a reverse of the movement, as in the eddy of a stream, denoting the brief moment of existence; followed by the dissipation of the forces as gradually as they gathered.

Possibly as many meanings may yet be read out of Omar's clear, crystalline verses as out of Shakespeare or Goethe's Faust. In Mr. Vedder's drawings there is a wealth of subtle suggestions which indicate how thoroughly the artist has absorbed and assimilated the work. It has been aptly compared to a symphony, with its leading themes, its divisions, and its variations in treatment; running the gamut of human thought and passion, from the sparkling present to the vastness of eternity, from the heights of aspiration to the depths of despair.

In the three symphonic movements, as we might call them, into which the work is divided by Mr. Vedder, marked first by the bitter cup of life with a

chaplet of prickly leaves, and second by the pardon giving and imploring hands entangled in the broken threads of life as they are stretched up to heaven, it may be easy to fancy the treatment of the same themes from the standpoint of life's morning, afternoon, and evening: the stormy passions of youth, the quiet acceptance of fate by maturity, and the philosophic contemplation of age which now and then reverts to the half-solved problems of earlier days. Youth is not all joy or heedlessness. Amid the gaiety, the recklessness, the exuberance, of vitality occur the great problems of life. But they are received with stormy unrest; iron-handed fate is met with futile scorn, with rebellious bitterness. So we see in this part the facts and the problems of life stated in their various phases, from the keynote of the work, —

"Waste not your hours, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit," —

where, in the frontispiece, Omar is shown in the midst of his joyous companions looking down upon the conquering warrior, the miser, the scientist, and the priest, to the mighty conclusion of this part, with the Sphinx crouching amid the desolation of the wrecked world, her enigma, —

"A moment guess'd — then back behind the Fold
Immers'd of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold."

There are charming scenes of youth and loveliness, idyllic, gay, and elegiac as well. Opposed to life in its fullest vigor are glimpses of desolation and death in its most awful sublimity. The mysteries of the universe and of eternity are presented. The scene where "the phantom caravan has reached the Nothing it set out from," with the stream of earth's millions face to face with eternity, some with averted, indignant eyes, others unmoved, is a picture of tremendous power. This, the

last of four grand pictures of death, precedes the Sphinx and the dead world, whose hopelessness is relieved by a flash of lightning in the sky, which tells of a greater power than Fate.

The problems stated in the first part are discussed in the second. The inevitable is accepted, and the judgments of Fate are calmly examined by one who has struck from the calendar "unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday." The pleasures of life are enjoyed as they come. The wine-cup confutes the "two and seventy jarring sects," and the mighty Mahmúd, a powerful figure of great beauty, — Bacchus, — scatters with his whirlwind sword "the misbelieving and black horde of fears and sorrows that infest the soul." A voluptuous dark-eyed maid appears beneath a vine with the question, —

"Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare ?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not ?
And if a Curse — why then, who set it there ? "

In this mood we behold the Present listening to the voices of the Past, in the guise of a graceful boy holding to his ear a sea-shell. In the same calm spirit we are shown a mighty conception of the three Fates, whose coiled-up thread of life, distaff, and shears laid aside show that they have finished with this world and are dealing with the universe ; casting out their cloud-nets into space, and seizing the planets, which are laid by at their feet, to be dealt with by the controlling powers. With this we read, —

"We are no other than a moving row

Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go

Round with this sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

"Impotent pieces of the Game He plays

Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days :

Hither and thither moves, and checks, and
slays,

And one by one back in the Closet lays.

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,

But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;

And He that toss'd you down into the Field,

He knows about it all — He knows — He
knows ! "

Then there is the mighty conception of the Recording Angel unheeding the hands uplifted in agony from below ; later we are shown the Last Man with Love dead at his feet, but Evil, in the form of the serpent, still alive to whisper in his ear. Love affrighted at the sight of Hell, the Magdalen and Eve follow, accompanying the quatrain, —

"Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake :

For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's Forgiveness give — and
take ! "

This makes the culmination of the second division, which is closed by the picture of the uplifted and imploring hands.

In the third "movement," as Mr. Vedder has treated the problem, the poet has concluded that he is neither altogether responsible nor irresponsible, but in a large measure self-dependent, under restrictions. The simile of the Potter "thumping his wet clay" is introduced much like a prefatory *motif*. The series of pictures which continue through this passage, recalling the scriptural "Hath not the potter power over the clay ?" are exceedingly interesting in their interdependent relationship. It is the pot's discussion of the maker's intent, and the artist's fancy has invested the plastic shapes with characteristics of usefulness or simply ornamentation, but so delicately expressed as not to be in the least obtrusive. It is in this division of the poem that the oft-returning half-confidence in the prevalence of good over evil in the world asserts itself, as in the stanza, —

"'Why,' said another, 'some there are who tell

Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell

The luckless Pots he marr'd in making. —
Pish !

He is a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well. '"

In these drawings of the Potter Mr. Vedder has given his figures and accessories a decided Oriental character, — a feature which he has heretofore consid-

ered sufficiently emphasized by undemonstrative hints. From the close of this simile to the last quatrain the poet seems to be considering life through the experience and with the enlightened mind of age; and here are some of Mr. Vedder's most masterly efforts. Omar's grave, with its "snare of vintage," marked by a slab, upon which are cut a lute with broken strings, an inverted cup, and behind all the mysterious "swirl," is followed by a drawing which brings back in full force the temptations of youth; then comes the regret, "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose," and in the next two drawings the end. That the conclusion is announced by drawings which are worthy of their position is a triumph for the artist, for he has steadily accelerated the interest from page to page, and made his climax fitting. The two drawings accompany the stanzas, —

"Ah Love ! could you and I with him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.

"And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass."

The former, in resentment of the inevitable order, is accompanied by a magnificent drawing representing Age uplifting youthful Love, who, cast down by the presence of evil, looks with horror at the ill-omened bird of prey, which has been driven from its victim. The drawing for the last stanza depicts the blissful errand of Sáki. Then follow the notes in ornamental borders. Mr. Vedder's explanation of the initial with which he has signed all his drawings is most ingenious and characteristic. At the end of the volume this signature is enlarged to the size of a full-page illustration, and with this added dignity we perceive for the first time that the simple initial has a meaning all its own. The broken ends of a reed, torn up by the wind, have been lashed together and

shaped into a double pipe, upon which some accompaniment is possible. The gnarled roots on the one side and the flag tops on the other form the upper extremities of the unique initial, while the Persian wine-cup that marks the full stop recalls the poet again; for Omar sang, —

"Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the body whence the Life has died,
And lay me shrouded in the living Leaf
By some not unfrequented Garden-side,

"That ev'n my buried ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the air
As not a true believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware."

The poet's wish was not in vain. The vine that sprang from his ashes is spreading over the world. Tales of its beauty are heard in all lands, and many are the believers who rest in its shade and gratefully share the bounty of its fruit.

The fact that one so readily falls into considering the drawings from a literary point of view is in itself, we think, exceeding high praise of Mr. Vedder's work. Seldom it is, alas! that an artist enriches his picture with enough inspiration to arouse his friends to that state of sympathy which is absolutely necessary to those who would express a truly valuable opinion on the work, as well as to those who would more thoroughly enjoy meditation and recollection of it. That picture is of little actual worth to the world which, having no trace of inspiration whereon to place a recognized value, demands position simply as a drawing. Is it not true of all great artists that their pictures appeal so directly to the soul of the observer that the mind accepts drawing for what it really is, — a means to the end? We think it will be found that Mr. Vedder's pictures make their appeal in the same way.

The mechanical execution of the book is worthy of a word. The plates seem to reproduce the drawings with little or no loss, and in one or two cases with

some trifling gain, which now and then follows reduction and translation into one color. This adaptation of an improved gelatine-printing method, made directly from original drawings, is a new feature in American illustrated book-

making, and has been tried here for the first time in large and difficult plates. If the promise made by this addition to our illustrative methods is kept, we may hope to see other magnificent pictures contribute intimately to literary enjoyment.

CULTURE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE Gentleman's Magazine, — both the name and the thing belong to a by-gone time. A hundred and more years ago the magazine was the property of cultivated persons, just as later on it was the reviewers', and now is the people's. *Quanto mutatus*, one involuntarily falls into saying, not with regret, but because in consequence of this change there is in these opening volumes¹ of the series that is to preserve the salvage of the wealthiest periodical in English a peculiar quality, not perhaps to be called classical, but analogous thereto, — a unique mark, the seal and the brand that suggest age and arouse whatever instincts of literary epicurism linger among us. The best, the characteristic, portions of this serial are nearer the Queen Anne than the Victorian style, both in literature and in social traits. In many a passage one feels that Addison is not far off, and that Macaulay, who was the first true heir of his high and mighty seat on the throne of the British middle class, is as yet unthought of. Something of the variety that is essential to a complete impression of the tastes of our reading great-grandfathers is lost by the method of grouping the extracts by topics; the virtuoso's collection thus provided misses the charm of being random and helter-skelter, as in the crowded rooms of Walpole's wonderful treasury

of bricabrac at Strawberry Hill, but the modern editor of a scientific age must classify his specimens and sort each to its own case, just as he adds an index at the end. To us, however, these volumes will be less books of reference than sources of amusement and information, not about things as they are, but about the light in which the old masters of the liberal arts once saw them; if we can only get a fair look into their wainscoted studies, that will be enough for one day.

The old *magistri liberalium artium*, indeed, they were; though, as standards now run, they were an unscholarly lot. Yet with what an air they wore their patches of Roman learning! With what a natural ease and the amiable vanity of an antiquary, as they looked on at the rural sports and traditionary customs of the yeomanry, would they warm their memories with reminiscences of the festal days and rites they had read of in Ovid! The mythology of antiquity was their "open sesame" to the curiosities of May-day and weddings and harvest homes. The modern investigator smiles at their apt quotations from the classics, and from the Welsh or Scottish scene described his thoughts fly farther and wider to the old Erse laws, the hill-country of primitive India, and the raids of Australian aborigines in the obscure Manners and Customs. Vol. II., Dialect, Proverbs, and World-Lore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

¹ *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*. Being a classified collection of the chief contents of the Gentleman's Magazine from 1731 to 1868. Edited by GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME, F. S. A. Vol. I.,

region of the lowest savagery. Learning with us is a pursuit instead of a pastime; the men of the last century were nearer the facts (for the ancient English customs are now fallen into disuse, and shun our eyes), but we are much nearer the theories, and so the student will fancy that he now attends only to what the old scholars observed, and may skip what they thought. There is truly a mine of observations in these books with regard to country manners that were then to be seen as periodically as the seasons themselves. Many of the contributors would seem to have lived in the country, — clergymen, one thinks, for the most part; and they had an eye for the old and the picturesque in the people's life, and were as much interested in such finds as some of us are in unearthing Indian relics. No inconsiderable part of the charm of these pages lies in their passing but vivid disclosure of some old English sight. One passage, in particular, is so fine a bit in the old manner, is given in such bright words and in the familiar yet well-bred style of the letters of that period, that we cannot forbear quoting it at length. *Tempus, Anno Domini 1793.*

“Passing along that delightful range of valleys between Bradford in Yorkshire to Kendal, we saw a number of country people rush out of a church founded upon a pleasant hill, and immediately the bells chimed most merrily. We desired the coachman to stop in the village underneath, till the group approached, following a new-married couple: — the whole bedizened with ribbons, — the bride most glaringly so, — large true-blue bows were across the full of her breast, lessening till they reached the waist; white, red, and every other color were conspicuous about her gown and hat, except forsaken green, which I was glad to perceive was not worn by one of the throng. It would have gladdened any heart to have seen them striking down the hill, — such kiss-

ing, and such romping, and such laughing, I never heard or saw before. Rustic happiness was afloat; the girls' faces were tinged beyond their native bloom, and the maidens' blush enlivened the lilies around them. The men's legs and arms were as busy as if they had hung on wires. In an instant half a dozen youths pulled off their shoes and stockings, when I noticed their legs had been previously girt with party-colored ribbons. On being started by the bride, they spanked off as hard as they could, amidst the whoops of the young and old. This I understand is a *race of kisses*: and he who first reaches the bride's house is rewarded with a kiss and a ribbon. If they were to have been rewarded by a bag of gold, they could not have looked more eager; they took different roads (without heeding the rough stones they had to encounter), and which we were told were previously agreed upon, in proportion to the known swiftness of the candidates. We regretted that we could not stay to see the result of this Hymenean race; and left them in the midst of their mirth, after a donation which would not take from it, but which was only received, on condition of mutually drinking healths, and our accepting a ribbon apiece. I got upon the top of the coach to look at them as long as I could. Marrowbones and cleavers could not express half the hilarity which we witnessed; and when the coach set off they gave us *breasts-full* of huzzas. We answered them with such sincerity, I shall have a twist in my hat as long as it lasts; and for some time after we left them, we heard bursts of noise.

A RAMBLER.”

Dick Steele would have welcomed such a correspondent, and given the scene the immortality of a page of the Tatler, at least, and that was the most he could confer.

This spirit of geniality, together with the landscape that makes so fit a background for the antiquarian lore, gives

one constantly the sense of being in pleasant company, with a touch of oddity in the people. One would like to meet a man who found an absorbing interest in the history of sign-boards, and took pains to catalogue all that were in his neighborhood or had been swinging there within the memory of men; and even a modern Shakespearean scholar, although he stands aghast at the etymologies of his fathers, must experience some fellow-feeling with the correspondent who tried to crack that nut of "leading apes in hell" with which Beatrice still puzzles the commentators. The frequency of references to Shakespeare, too, by these Englishmen before Schlegel is very gratifying, with its ample proof of the enormity of that pretentious falsehood which declares that the Germans discovered Shakespeare for us. Our ancestors knew a good play as well as good ale, and that they were seldom deceived is tolerably clear to those of us who have worried through the reprints of the comedies and tragedies they damned. Shakespeare had a place in their minds with Lucan and Virgil, because they were educated to seek for worth, and what they gathered passed into their lives and became related to things about them; now, knowledge is the cry, and a large part of what is recovered seems meant only to pass into libraries, and be stood up there as the Egyptians embalmed the dead. Thus, considered generally, these volumes bring home to the mind very sharply the change in the temper of our scholarly class. A literary instead of a scientific spirit informs them; cultivation as contradistinguished from exact knowledge is the trait that especially belongs to the writers in them; in other words, they are a fine illustration of the culture of the old school.

The peculiar propriety of the old word for the branches of a liberal education, "the humanities," is thus one of the striking impressions made by the perusal

of most of the work. The interest of the author in his subject is generally not due to any cultivation of the historical sense, which makes time long past an object of curiosity as ardent as is felt in contemporary affairs; some fact of experience instead of one of book-learning is the source of his little essay, or note, or query, as the case may be, and his limited stock of information is drawn upon only to illustrate and elucidate the matter in hand. Possibly one is now and then reminded of our old and delightful friend the Antiquary himself, and how he found the lines of the Roman *castra* and quoted his polysyllabic authorities apropos thereof, when the beggarly Ochiltree could have told him in good broad Scotch the facts about his mare's nest, and so spared him his Latin; but the exhibit of learning is occasioned in the same way by something seen or heard, and comes as naturally in place as genealogies to the lips of country gossips when an old man dies. These parish clergymen, who read with interest the forms and ceremonies of the Biddings to Welsh marriages, might have felt a less lively curiosity about the kingdom of the Hittites that Professor Sayce has rescued from the maw of oblivion; and they, we dare say, would try much harder to interpret that curious letter in the Shetland dialect, or to get the exact sense of the Exmoor Courtship, than to translate cuneiform inscriptions or enjoy the love-songs of the Egyptians before Moses, as we have them now in that very valuable collection of the leaflets of antiquity published as Records of the Past. Not that there was no true learning in those easy-going days, nor any lack of an enlightened interest in it; but men who were merely cultivated had a narrower range, and did not trouble themselves much with what did not in some way come with warmth to their hearts and have a personal value to them; and even the men of widest acquisitions wore their learning, as Mil-

ton did, like a panoply in which to endue themselves when the controversial giant should appear on the other side. Now we go light-armed, and if any fray arises, take an index and write our rejoinder by its aid. Beside those great battles that used to be waged, our modern contests seem mere fencing-bouts. We do not carry what we know about with us any more, whether it be much or little, but put it into a dictionary for reference. In other words, knowledge has been becoming more and more impersonal, just as scholarship has gradually taken on a professional character. One smiles at the very suggestion of an Englishman of the old school taking a "disinterested" view in any matter; and disinterestedness, as we are told, is the essence of the modern scholarly ideal. A student nowadays is much like a lawyer or doctor: he makes an investigation and writes a book as they examine and conduct a case, and when he is through with his task the volume is put on the shelves, and he goes on to a new work as they to a fresh client or patient. Nor does the frame of mind in which he goes through the routine of research differ much from that of his brethren in the bar; for his pursuit is to him a business, and is as disconnected with his own individual affairs as is the case with the others. Scholarship is in fact already one of the professions, and its votaries, who were once nearer the literary, are now nearer the scientific class. As a consequence, learning, which was once truly, like poetry, a part of culture, is passing over to that division where it becomes, like the study of the law or of medicine, merely an item of civilization; it ceases to be a thing that can be incorporated into the body and substance of our lives, and now constitutes a part of those possessions of society in common with which the individual is concerned not continuously nor for his own sake alone, but incidentally and as a social being. An obscure perception

of this change underlies the opposition to classical studies, which in becoming largely the apparatus of a profession have lost their character of being modes of culture. Even the undergraduate does not need a very thorough acquaintance with the books and conversations of the gentlemen of the old school in order to conclude quite certainly that if he knows more Latin they knew vastly more Horace. In our academies and colleges the language is taught as never before, but the old boys of Eton and Harvard learned what the language was used for, and that was their great gain. The whole literature of the eighteenth century proves how truly the classics were appropriated then by those who read them; and when an elegant writer of compliments now and then pleasantly mentions "our own Waller," the accent of the phrase discloses a state of education, of literary standards and modes of comparison, very different from any that now obtain either here or in England. It is not that the humanities have lost their humanizing power, but that they are inculcated as sciences. Culture must always be literary, but the classics, in consequence of the change in the ideal of scholarship, have become philology, antiquities, and cognate branches of research. This subject, however, is too broad and too old a one, and is in a fair way to be settled, willy-nilly, by the logic of social needs. It is glanced at here, because the older contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and by inference the far larger number of its readers, exhibit admirably the strength and weakness of that old culture, so living, personal, familiar, so uninterruptedly entering into daily interests, so at ease with itself, and, with all the limitations that made it parish-like, so essentially humane. What is to be in the place of it, what a gentleman may be assumed to know and how he bears his knowledge, belongs to the future, since at present the intellectual furni-

ture of a well-bred man, beyond a conversational acquaintance with the talk of the hour, is a matter almost of hazard, an unlimited curiosity being perhaps his most useful trait; but let the education of the next age be what it will, it can hardly make men more agreeable, refined, and truly enlightened than were the gentlemen bred under the old *régime*, nor leave a pleasanter tradition behind it than flavors the pages of their monthly.

From what has been said it will be thought quite rightly that these are volumes to be read in by a winter fire, and not studied. The seeker after facts will take the books of latest authority, which the editor has been careful to list in his prefaces as furnishing the necessary corrections to the vagaries of the old-fashioned text, and find in them the knowledge he desires; but when study grows wearisome, he can scarcely have better diversion, nor one more consonant with his tastes, than in the rambling and gossiping antiquarianism of the body of the volumes. On the whole, one cannot more easily characterize their contents than as the literature that old men are especially fond of; for the instinct of the antiquary can hardly consist with the sense of utility so engrossing in young minds. In fact, too, one must have some spice of the old culture in order to enjoy the magazine that flourished under its influence; he cannot otherwise be placed *en rapport* with it. The list of the London pageants, for example, will be dry unless one is already attached to the memory of those parades, and can imagine from a hint the moving *tableaux vivants* of the trades; and no inconsiderable part of the attraction there is in discussion of proverbial sayings, village

customs, and disused games lies in the familiarity they have acquired by being mentioned in our old dramatic literature, or memoirs, diaries, and letters. The local coloring that was unconsciously put upon their works by the writers of a former day, before it became a recognized element in the novelist's art, is brightened, and the blurred and faded spots are restored by the reminiscences and survivals of ancient customs and the descriptions of forgotten things that are gathered here as in a final repository. Next to the very valuable record of traditional usages in the life of the country people, the dialect pieces seem of most interest and best worth reprinting, from the view of modern scholarship, though they add little to the collections of the Dialect Society. If we were to treat of the several topics separately, however, our notice could be nothing but an inventory, owing to the diversity of the matter. The remaining volumes of the series will add to this difficulty; and though we are not informed as to the topics to be included in them, they cannot fail to be well filled with literary curiosities, and perhaps the later volumes of the Magazine may furnish a larger proportion of the extracts. When it is remembered that Gibbon first proposed the scheme that is now, almost a century since, being carried out, the vitality of the interest the series has seems beyond question; and, after all, he will be a dull reader who does not find in it, however much he may smile at its unscientific character, something more than the most complete and varied expression of the spirit that breathed in the now discredited education that bred Gray and Joseph Spence and John Evelyn.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

MR. CABLE'S novels differ essentially from his short stories, and disclose in what phase of his work this author takes the liveliest interest. He has a quick apprehension of the physiognomy both of persons and places; he watches eagerly the dramatic exhibition of life; he is concerned with the development of character. All this is discernible in his short stories, but when he is permitted the breadth and freedom of the novel he discloses the fact that over and above all this he is absorbed in the contemplation of the struggle which is going on in the world between the forces of good and evil. In this he shows his kinship with the great moralists who have used the novel as a microcosm which should reflect their conception of the macrocosm. Thus the *Grandissimes* showed how profoundly Mr. Cable had studied the question of slavery and races, and thus Dr. Sevier¹ hints very directly at studies in poverty as a social problem.

In art, however, a humane or religious sentiment must possess a work; it must not interrupt it. The *Grandissimes* was a strong book in its intention, but the author had not so mastered his great theme that he was able to present it through a culminating process of persons and events, and the consequence is that one enjoys only a series of massive fragments. Dr. Sevier again illustrates the same tendency of this writer to forget the limitations of his mimic art, and to confound his characters with real persons. The attentive reader imagines for the greater part of the book that he is engaged in tracing the fortunes of John Richling and his wife. He is willing, indeed, to concede, in deference to the title of the work, that the main theme is Dr. Sevier's relation to this struggling

couple; but he discovers before the book is done that Mr. Cable's own interest is not so much in these people, either as people or as representatives of certain motives, as it is in the working out of certain problems which vex him regarding poverty and labor. It is not wholly clear what he thinks, beyond the general proposition that the question of poverty is, in the last analysis, one of personal relations, and not of merely social organization; but it is evident that his own novel does not absorb his thought, and he has not succeeded in making the persons and the action clearly carry the moral which lay in his own mind. Indeed, he has forced the situation, we think, and produced results in the case of John Richling which the circumstances and the character of Richling lead one to doubt. Is it quite reasonable to suppose that the repeated success which Richling is shown to have attained had no accumulative effect upon his fortunes? In the final success with the German baker, the question of credentials comes up anew to perplex John and the doctor. Mr. Cable seems to forget that he has told us how again and again John had secured a situation, shown himself capable of filling it, and then had lost it through no fault of his own, but by circumstances beyond his control. Now these cases of temporary success certainly should have afforded basis enough for credentials. But no; it was necessary to keep up the fiction in order to remind the reader what he might easily forget, — that John's origin is a mystery.

The truth is that Mr. Cable desired a character of essentially noble qualities, who had thrown away, in marrying out of his class and section, the advantages to which he had been born and bred, and was now to fight the battle of life

¹ *Dr. Sevier*. By GEORGE W. CABLE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

single-handed and with scarcely a weapon. The fact of his being a disguised gentleman was enough for the novelist's purposes, and he seems rather to have despised the ordinary means resorted to in such cases to hold the reader's interest. The fact is disclosed chiefly by innuendo, and made perfectly apparent only at the close of the book, where it has no climacteric significance. The mere incidents of Richling's separation from his family are held to be of no importance to the reader, and the fact itself might have been revealed to him at any time, instead of being hinted at in pantomime.

The disposition to convey a meaning by hints and nods seems to be taking firmer hold of Mr. Cable, and we are sorry for it. The shrug, the posture, and gesture generally, belong to the stage, and not to literature. It is only by rare use of this mode of expression that an author can hope to make it effective. When he insists upon it, and tries to make it effective, the mind tires of the effort to reproduce the exact significance. For example, Mr. Cable undoubtedly intended to give some subtle clue to the nature of Mary Richling when he invested her laugh with so much meaning, but the reader has an uncomfortable feeling that he does not quite understand it. He is as puzzled as he is to know the precise point of humor in Narcisse's visits to the post-office, over which the author keeps up a subdued hilarity.

Somewhat the same criticism might be applied to the extraordinary pains which Mr. Cable is at to reproduce the exact forms of speech of his several characters. When Ristofalo is introduced, the author announces, "His English was well pronounced, but did not escape a pretty Italian accent, too delicate for the printer's art." We accept the statement with a feeling of relief that there is not to be added a new variation to Mr. Cable's odd collection of dialects; but our relief is a short one, for on the

next page the printer's art is called in to contribute to a clear perception of Ristofalo's linguistic peculiarities. There are no insuperable difficulties in reading the lingo which all but the native Americans indulge in. The phonetic sentences even of the German baker yield an intelligible meaning, but we doubt if all this contortion of speech carries as much as Mr. Cable seems to suppose. Its value, to use a technical phrase, is exaggerated, and one comes to feel that he is listening to a mimic. Mimicry has its place, but when it becomes so very considerable an element in art there is a loss in the beauty of the art itself. The very refinement of this feature serves to weaken one's perception of real character, and to confine attention to facial expression.

That Mr. Cable can tell a story well is illustrated by his narrative of Mary Richling's adventures in breaking through the lines and returning to New Orleans. The effect of this episode — for it has only a trifling structural value in the book — is to revive the reader's interest when it has begun to flag. The whole adventure is told with great skill and power. It makes us regret more than ever that Mr. Cable should not esteem more highly the dramatic quality of his work. If he allows himself to disregard this, he will be giving us tracts instead of great novels; and however forcible his tracts may be, their influence will be inconsiderable beside the possible long life and subtle power of a great work of art. That he has the making of a great humane novelist in him we firmly believe. He has a great gift by nature; he is for the time, however, perplexed by the conflict of two persons in him. If he ever succeeds in so adjusting his ethical nature to his artistic that the one shall be thoroughly interfused with the other and his men and women, working out their destiny, shall keep within the bounds of a fit artistic order, we may expect a literary result noble and enduring.

It is pretty clear that we are entering upon a period in our literature when the war for the Union is to play a highly interesting part. Until lately we have lacked the requisite historical perspective; and while there has been plenty of cheap use of martial material, there has been wanting that temper and knowledge, both in authors and readers, which would permit the scenes of the war to form a background in front of which the story of life is drawn out. Dr. Mitchell has indeed boldly mingled the lives of his characters and the struggle for national life in a story¹ which need not be rehearsed here, since it has been already printed in the pages of this magazine. The story was well adapted to serial publication, since it depended for its value upon the slow building of characters, and the reader who followed the fortunes of Dr. Wendell had the opportunity of dwelling upon the successive phases of the man's nature, and thus of appreciating more fully the value of the subtle influences which were at work. Dr. Mitchell has written a graceful story, in which Philadelphia social life is brightly and clearly reproduced; but he has done more than this. He has succeeded in the very difficult task of tracing through simple outward manifestations the gradual disintegration of an inherently selfish and cowardly nature. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, but it is no easy matter to show this without a good deal of morbid anatomy. Dr. Mitchell has avoided the easy mode of the analyst, and without the aid of any extraordinary incidents he has revealed Dr. Wendell's paltering with his conscience, so that the moral is involved in the story, but clear as noonday to the reader. It is by such books that the novel may prove its right to the office of *censor morum*, while it continues to be an agreeable companion; for we doubt if

any homily upon honesty could be more effective than this perfectly natural portraiture of a weak man.

The character of Ann Wendell is not so well drawn. One cannot help feeling that Dr. Mitchell drew upon an imagination which had been educated among books and conventional types when he sought to construct a New England gentlewoman. The hard and angular virtues which are customarily supposed to be indigenous to New England have enjoyed a modification in the transplantation to Philadelphia, but the plant is a potted one, after all. The persons native to the region have a more idiomatic rendering, and one comes to have a thorough enjoyment of the society of these well-bred people.

Mr. Craddock has used the war more deliberately as an artistic value. He has taken an old battle-field as the chief scene of his tale, and invested it not only with circumstance bearing directly upon the development of his story, but with a peculiar spiritual significance. The very title² of his story recurs from time to time as a melancholy refrain, and there is an almost too palpable appeal to the reader's imagination in the reiterated recital of mundane properties which are charged with a preternatural significance. The key in which the entire book is pitched is one of too great intensity for the actual story which is the core of the novel, and the writer is so much under the influence of his imagination that he has managed to stifle most of his characters. They talk, as it were, with bated breath, and seem always in danger of being blown up by the premature explosion of the materials of the story. One longs for a good breeze to clear away the heavy murkiness which hangs over everything.

The plot of the novel turns upon the attempt of the villain Brennett to get

¹ *In War Time*. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *Where the Battle was Fought*. A Novel. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

possession of a piece of real estate, by playing upon the fears of the girl whose title to the property is possibly barred by the existence of a certain John Fortescue, who was said to have been killed upon the battle-field in an act of distinguished bravery. In furtherance of his plans he persuades a dissolute fellow, who knew Fortescue well, and has a gift of mimicry, to personate the missing man. Meanwhile a love affair is carried on between the daughter of General Wayne, who owns the plantation adjoining the battle-field, and a Captain Estwicke, who proves to be a son of Fortescue, and whose change of name involves a domestic tragedy.

The secrets of the plot are tolerably open, although the key to the character of Estwicke is not fairly in the reader's hands until the end of the book. There is a curious offense against probability in the silence of the young lawyer who is acting for the girl whose property is at stake, and the whole machinery by which the fraudulent Fortescue is made to serve the purpose of the plot creaks somewhat under the action of the story, but Mr. Craddock shows a good deal of ingenuity in his invention. The ingenuity is indeed so apparent, and the scenic properties of the battle-field are so persistently used, that the reader is forced to the conclusion that the whole story was invented for the sake of using the fanciful sights and sounds connected with Fort Despair. The imagination which reconstructed out of natural forces the shadowy simulacra of a great battle was a forcible one, but the artistic effect is marred by reversing the position of the real and imaginary. The weird ceases to be in the background; it is brought to the front, and thus irritates criticism.

In spite of structural offenses, the book impresses one as the work of a man of strong, vivid imagination. His representation of character, where the character is, so to speak, in a state of

nature, is uncommonly vigorous. We do not care much for the villain and his accomplices, but the moody Estwicke and the chivalric Wayne are capitally delineated. The women, too, are excellently discriminated, though they play a very subordinate part in the story. Antoinette, though not the heroine, is better drawn than Marcia. There are, besides, special scenes in the book which show a strong hand. Such is the gambling adventure, in an early chapter. It has very little to do with the development of the plot, but we suspect it will remain longest in the reader's mind; and it has a value, not understood when first read, as explaining the mind of Captain Estwicke. The pictures of rough Tennessee life are also good, although one is constantly afraid that the author is about to press the pathos too far. The temptation to exaggerate, not the actual feeling of rough men and women, but the expression of that feeling in terms which belong to more analytic minds, is one which seems to be a sore one to this author. We have dwelt at more length upon the defects of the book than upon its fine qualities, because we feel extremely jealous for the success of a writer who gives promise of being a new and distinct force in our literature.

It is not the subjects offered by Southern writers which interest us so much as the manifestation of a power which seemed to be dying out of our literature. We welcome the work of Mr. Cable and Mr. Craddock because it is large, imaginative, and constantly responsive to the elemental movements of human nature; and we should not be greatly surprised if the historian of our literature, a few generations hence, should take note of an enlargement of American letters at this time through the agency of a new South. Perhaps the political historian will make a similar statement. At any rate, there are elements in Southern life which, when expressed through literature, are complementary to ele-

ments in Northern life. The North refines through a keen analysis. The South enriches through a generous imagination. The spirit which informs the delicate, but fragile, creations of Northern literary art of the present day is a fine successor to a metaphysical temper which has for generations been making subtle distinctions in theology and philosophy. The breadth which characterizes the best Southern writing, the large, free handling, the confident imagination, are legitimate results of the careless yet masterful and hospitable life which has pervaded that section. We have had our laugh at the florid, coarse-flavored literature which has not yet disappeared at the South, but we are witnessing now the rise of a school which shows us the worth of generous nature when it has been schooled and ordered.

The marked separation between the North and the South which has permitted so wide a deviation in literary types is not exactly paralleled by longitudinal distinctions. For all that, Mr. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town*¹ is so curious a product of Western life that it would not be difficult to predicate a further sectional variation by means of it. The chief trouble would be to find another Western story to place with it. If it must be accounted for at all, it is safer to refer it to the impression which must be made on a sensitive nature by the growth of a transplanted creed in a rude soil. This, at least, appears to be the explanation which the narrator of the story makes to himself. He has described a community which feeds its higher life with a faith no longer held as an inspiration, but as a warning; the people, meanwhile, have been dislocated from the conditions which brought them into healthy association with the world. They are engaged in a sordid struggle for existence; they have lost their ideals,

and the world seems to mock at them. A more dreary waste than the country town which Mr. Howe describes could not well be imagined. It appears to have no traditions even of beauty, and certainly no anticipations of hope. It is degraded spiritually and mentally, and nature itself seems to take on the prevailing gray hue, and to shut in upon the narrowing circle of life.

The circumstances of this life are recorded with a pitiless fidelity. The author declares in his preface, and the reader has no difficulty in taking him literally at his word: "I do not think a line of it was written while the sun was shining, but in almost every chapter there are recollections of the midnight bell. No one can possibly find more fault with it than I have found myself. A hundred times I have been on the point of burning the manuscript, and never attempting it again; for I was always tired while working at it, and always dissatisfied after concluding an evening's work."

"Always tired while working at it." Never was a franker or more suggestive confession made by an author. The book carries evidence of fatigue on every page, but it is not merely physical fatigue, it is the fatigue of the spirit, which is fascinated by its work, and subtly assimilated to it. The author and the town are made out of the same materials; and since the story is told in the first person, one never knows whether the town has impressed itself on the author, or the author has created the town. It has been asserted that the book is a remarkable piece of realism, but a more distinct characteristic is the subjective treatment of realism. One feels that he is always in a damp, unwholesome sort of town. The author himself is greatly pleased with his figure of a cave in which the hero is wandering and waking the hollow echoes. The isolation of the town is something phenomenal. The book contains no hint of its geographical

¹ *The Story of a Country Town*. By E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

position, and scarcely a reference to any known landmarks. It is a Western town, — that is all we know; and while certain features of Western life are recognizable, the strength of the book is not in the report of these features, but in the author's imaginative presentation of persons and scenes. He uses a merciless frankness of speech, and there is a remarkable candor in his manner; it is only when the reader has separated himself from the fascination of the style that he perceives how completely the whole book is spun from the brain of the writer. Mr. Howe has made the earth and the air, even, of his Western town. Nature is as cheerless as human life, and the book is a nightmare without the customary self-conviction of the nightmare.

The book is singularly composed of original and conventional elements. If Mr. Howe is indebted to any writer, it is to Dickens. The teller of the story and Agnes, and to a certain extent Big Adam, are copies, but the Rev. John Westlocke and Lytle Biggs and The. Meek and his family are genuine creations. Mr. Biggs's cynical philosophy makes one's tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, and the author's melancholy power of language appears nowhere so masterly as in the monologues of this extraordinary creation. Hear him, for example, as he philosophizes upon life and death, after the death of his sister: —

“Taking a man, for example, when it is first known that he is to have an existence his mother cries, and his father says he wouldn't have had it happen for the world, or for fifty thousand dollars, although he may not have a dollar he can truthfully call his own. After a season of piling his clothes all in one place at night on the part of the coming man's father, and grief and suffering on the part of his mother, he is finally born, and the women of the neighborhood come in to see which one

of his parents he resembles, although it should be known beforehand that he will be like the uglier one in face and disposition. This may ALWAYS be depended upon; it NEVER fails. When he is a month old, or on the first regular bill-day after his birth, his father quarrels with the doctor for bringing him into the world at all, and pays the price in great anger and under protest, vowing that he will never again give the old quack opportunity to rob him. When he is three or four months old, his father and mother quarrel as to whether he shall be named for her people or for his folks. This settled, he is attacked with colic, followed in rapid succession by the numerous distressing complaints which nobody ever escaped. After this comes his boyhood, which he always remembers as being particularly disagreeable, as he never gets enough to eat, and is constantly being found fault with and whipped. At last he is started to school, where a man who is a tyrant because he is not a lawyer (or a woman who is cross because she is not married) endures him during the hours of the day when the outside is most attractive. From this he runs away, and serves an apprenticeship with the world, making so many mistakes and doing so many foolish things that he is crestfallen the remainder of his life. Then he marries the wrong woman, and has the experience of his father over again, meanwhile working like a slave to get something ahead. But he does not succeed, as he has a faculty of doing that which he ought not to do, although he strives very earnestly to become a great man, and make his father ashamed of himself; and after a life of misery, a boy comes out of his front door on a morning after a stormy and windy night, and hangs crape on the knob. If there is a newspaper in the town where he lives, he is given a magnificent column, to induce the relatives to buy large numbers of extra copies to send away. The next

day a hearse and six gentlemen in black clothes and white cotton gloves appear at his front gate. The neighbors come straggling in to see what the mourners will do, and an hour after that a surly sexton, who is wondering who will pay him, begins to rattle clods on his coffin; whereupon the carriages on the outer edge begin to drive hurriedly away, as if too much time had been spent with him already, and in a few minutes he is an inhabitant of the silent city whose residents quietly wait to be gathered as brands for the burning. If he happened to be possessed of an extra farm, or a store, or ready money, his afflicted relatives prove that he had been crazy several years before his death, that they may divide his effects to suit themselves, and which they afterwards spend in ribald and riotous living. The principal merit of this brief sketch, as the newspaper writers say, is its entire truthfulness. 'Deceased' — he inclined his head toward the coffin — 'had an experience like that I have mentioned, except that she was a woman. Peace to her dust.' He spoke of his sister as 'Deceased,' as though that had been her name, instead of Maggie, or Jennie, or whatever it really was. 'Now that she is Up There,' Mr. Biggs continued, after a short silence, waving his right hand toward the ceiling, 'I do not care if I mention that Deceased had an unhappy disposition. She had that tendency when a very little girl (being an angel now, she will recognize what I am saying as the truth, and commend me for it), and was unusually disagreeable to those around her. Whether her complaint was poor health, or disappointed hopes, I do not know; but as a man who believes that it is best to tell the truth at all hazards, I confess to you she died friendless. If there is not secret joy in this house that she is dead, then my philosophy avails me nothing, and I am as a ship on an unknown sea, without rudder or compass.'"

The story itself, so far as it relates to the fortunes of Jo Erring and his wife, whom the author apparently intends as the hero and heroine, issues in dreary melodrama; and although a good deal of care has been expended upon Jo Erring, the reader longs for some fine stroke of common sense to set the wretched being right. The book is whimsically inarticulate. There is no real spinal column to it, and no clear moral. The author has presented the lives of a number of people who have to do with each other, and has uncovered some concealed relationships, but the book is a number of stories rather than one story with episodes and digressions. The humor is of a somewhat acrid sort, but is undeniably present, and altogether the critic, glad as he may be to escape from a book which seems to turn the very moon to green cheese, finds himself recurring to it and unable to escape its grim fascination.

The Western town, with its suggestion, not of the frontier, but of a place left in the wake, finds a strong contrast in that picture of California life which Mrs. Jackson has given us in *Ramona*.¹ Instead of the barren, dreary existence so pitilessly exposed by Mr. Howe, we have the mellowness of a long-continued pastoral form of civilization as witnessed in the remains of Mexican occupation of California. The contrast extends to the treatment, for Mrs. Jackson shows a ripeness of art and a richness of color which make one feel that he has come unexpectedly upon a Murillo in literature.

The story is not a new one. A girl, brought up as a foster sister to a boy whose mother is coldly just to the alien and passionately devoted to the child of the house, is secretly loved by the generous youth, but returns the love only as a sister. Then comes a stranger, who shows her what her power of love is. The alliance is held disgraceful by the

¹ *Ramona*. A Story. By HELEN JACKSON (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

mother, who obeys a sense of family pride when she has no obedience to give to family love. The lovers flee, are married, pass through a terrible experience which ends in the violent death of the man, and the widow is rescued in dire extremity by her foster brother, who has gone in search of her after his mother's death, and now recovers her to ease and quiet, finally marrying her, or that part of her which has not died with her husband.

We do not say that this is a commonplace story; only that the outline is one which could be substantially recovered from modern fiction. The interest is in the use which Mrs. Jackson has made of material never before appropriated for such a purpose. Her heroine is a girl half Indian, half Scotch. Her dragon mother is a Mexican Señora; the son, a Mexican gentleman; the lover, a full-blooded Indian. The scene is laid in California, and until near the close of the book no American is directly introduced. The minor personages are Franciscans and priests, Mexican, Indian, and half-breed servants. It will tax the credulity of the reader to tell him that the story, wrought from such materials, is one of the most artistic creations of American literature. Nevertheless, the most jaded novel-reader and Indiophobic may be trusted to finish the book, if once induced to enter upon a reading. We will answer for it that as such a reader glides upon the smooth, gentle current of the earlier chapters he will forget his prejudices, and be borne quickly along by the hastening current.

The brief outline of the story given above may be enriched without a betrayal of the reader's interests, for the worth of the book is not in any surprise or unexpected *dénoûment*. The scene opens in an old Mexican estate in Southern California, where the chief characters are the Señora Moreno, her son Felipe, and her adopted daughter Ramona Ortega. It is sheep-shearing

time, and the Señora wishes to arrange matters so that the band of Indian shearers may come just when the old Franciscan, Father Salvierderra, makes his infrequent visit; for the Señora is a fervent daughter of the church. She is also a woman of iron will and subtle diplomacy. She wins her way, rarely by the direct exercise of power, but by her skill in seeming to follow the lead of her son. Her design is effected, and the Indians and the monk arrive together. At the head of the band is Alessandro, who comes suddenly and noiselessly upon Ramona, engaged in washing an altar cloth by the brookside. This man, handsome, alert, and silent, is overpowered in a moment by the beauty and grace of the girl. An accident which befalls Felipe upon the first day of the shearing brings the two together. Felipe, who has just recovered from an illness, is exerting himself beyond his strength in packing the fleeces, and suddenly faints upon the roof of the shed, falling helpless in a most perilous position. Alessandro rescues him, and still further saves his life by singing to him when the sufferer is delirious, and so quieting him as to cause him to fall into a slumber which is the turning point of the sickness. Meanwhile, Juan Canito, the head shepherd of the Moreno estate, breaks his leg, and the result is that Alessandro, instead of going away with his band as soon as the shearing is over, remains in charge, and proves to be the most helpful nurse to Felipe, upon whom he tries hygienic means familiar enough to the Indian.

It is not long after the beginning of these scenes that Alessandro learns in a fragmentary fashion that Ramona has Indian blood in her. It gives him a confidence which otherwise he would not have dared to assume. As a matter of fact, Ramona was the child of Angus Phail, a Scotchman, who had been cruelly thrown aside by the sister of Señora

Moreno, and an unknown Indian woman whom he had taken to wife in his sullen despair. Upon the death of the mother Angus had brought the child, in fierce revenge, to the childless Señora Ortegna, who now conquered him by her contrition, received the child as her own, and on her own death bequeathed her to Señora Moreno. This iron woman hated the child because of all the reminiscences which she called up, but treated her with a hard, unloving justice.

The crisis of the lovers' affairs comes when Señora Moreno chances upon them locked in each other's arms, at the very moment of betrothal. She vents her rage upon both, for she sees in such a union, whether true or false, a disgrace upon a proud Mexican house thus brought into alliance with an Indian. She drives Ramona to her room, locks her in, and determines to crush the girl's will. Alessandro has sought Felipe, and been advised to go away for four days. He goes, but three weeks pass before he comes back. Then he appears, hollow-cheeked and broken-hearted, for his home-going has been to find his father dead, the village of which his father was head destroyed, the people ruthlessly driven away by the Americans, who have, under form of law, made themselves masters of all the fields which the Indian had patiently tilled. Alessandro, his fleet horse taken from him, has ridden and crawled back to Ramona, meaning to release her from her promise, for he is now a beggar. Ramona, who has been wasting in the silence of Alessandro's absence, has a presentiment of his approach, and steals out by night to meet him. She gives herself unreservedly to her lover; his people are her people, and she will share his wanderings. Together they flee that night, escaping by means of Ramona's horse. They hide in a remote cañon till danger of pursuit seems over, and at last, by watchful marches, reach San Diego, where they are married.

Now begins a series of pathetic misfortunes. As fast as they become established in one place the covetous Americans appear, take possession of the land, and the unhappy Indians move to remoter quarters. Alessandro, proud, passionate, burning with indignation at the wrongs which he and his people have endured, at last loses his reason. In one of his hours of aberration, he rides away with an American's horse, leaving his own sorry nag in the inclosure. He returns home to his wife and child, but scarcely has he reached them before the owner, in mad haste following him, rushes in and shoots him dead. Ramona, seizing her child, flees in horror to the nearest Indian village. It is there that Felipe, who has at last found a clue to her hiding-place, discovers her. He is accompanied by a rude Tennessee woman who has befriended Ramona, and this woman, by her skill and simple remedies, delivers Ramona from dementia; so that finally, restored to reason and strength, the girl and her child return with Felipe to the old Mexican estate. Señora Moreno is dead, and Ramona's life, which has known such strange vicissitudes, passes now into a gentle peace. Felipe, hemmed in by Americans, finally sells his estate and removes to Mexico. The patient waiting is rewarded by a union with Ramona, and it is one of the graces of this noble story that the finale is so admirably wrought as to leave on the reader's mind none of that dissatisfaction which second marriages in fiction are so apt to produce.

Now that we have filled in the outline more fully, we are almost sorry to have done it, for we have been unable to give any idea of the exceeding beauty of description and portraiture with which Mrs. Jackson has invested the narrative. There is a succession of lovely pictures, and the whole tale is romantic in an honorable sense, filling one with compassion and tender regard. The characters are admirably modeled, and the

picturesque element is so marked as to serve as a relief to the otherwise over-charged sentiment. Mrs. Jackson has shown rare power in identifying herself as an artist with the life which she has essayed to portray, and she has placed herself so completely on the side of her characters in viewing the relations which they hold with the Americans that it is impossible for the reader to do otherwise, and he makes no protest, even though he knows that it is his own countrymen with whom he is indignant.

It should be said, however, that the story never loses its balance to become a plea. On the contrary, the artistic conception is so firmly held that the wrongs suffered by the Indians envelope and inclose Alessandro and Ramona almost as some dire fate; and though the reader is moved to indignation, his interest is never withdrawn from the story. The result is that the wrongs sink deeper into the mind than if they had been the subject of the most eloquent diatribe. It is as an artist that Mrs. Jackson has written, and she has seen instinctively that her hero needed to be distinguished. By differentiating him from the Mexican she has softened the asperity with which the American might otherwise regard him. We see in him, besides the type of the wronged Indian, not an ordinary example. His own people recognize Alessandro's superiority to them; every one who meets him is struck by his lofty nature, and the reader has no difficulty in giving him his admiration. All this is necessary to the best evolution of the story, and it does not lessen the injustice done by the whites; but the exceptional character of Alessandro will be taken by some as an explanation of the subjection of his people. Had they all been like him, they will say, they would have held their ground more surely. The impatience of the Anglo-Saxon at the presence of the Indian is not lessened by the story, because he is convinced that to be

made presentable the Indian hero has been sublimated; but his sense of justice ought to be touched by the very evidence here given of qualities which appeal to humanity.

It is by a sudden wheel that we turn about from this far Western romance to occupy ourselves with the political fortunes of an ambitious Bostonian. Mr. Crawford, whose stories hitherto have admitted Americans only as foreigners, now makes a somewhat daring plunge into that aspect of American life¹ which is most finely differentiated from European life. An American millionaire is a variation of a familiar type; an American gentleman scarcely offers a shade of distinction from an English gentleman; an American lady has furnished a great variety of studies as seen against the background of European society; but an American politician is so autochthonous an individual that the most courageous foreign observer might hesitate before abandoning caricature as the easiest and safest form of portraiture. Not that we are in haste to expatriate Mr. Crawford. His ingenuous footnotes in his earlier volumes shall not be used as evidence against him. On the contrary, the admirable spirit which he shows in this latest volume makes us welcome him more cordially than ever into the ranks of American writers, and we are willing to give him in his subjects the freedom of this continent in addition to that of Asia and Europe, where he has been naturalized.

All the same we think his first essay in a distinctly American subject was an over-bold one. If there is any one topic upon which every American feels that he can pass an examination, it is the political nature of the nation, and he will recognize any slip of the tongue in treating of it quite as quickly as a Bostonian will detect a Philadelphian by

¹ *An American Politician.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

his speech. Mr. Crawford may tell us charming stories about Roman singers, and we will accept every noble improbability without a skeptical thought; but let him tell us of political addresses in Boston Music Hall, political bargains between demagogues and moneyed men, political contests over senatorial elections, and we are on the alert, ready to challenge every assertion and to specialize every generalization.

The hero of *An American Politician* is a young Bostonian of social position, who leaves the ranks of his party and becomes a Democrat. He is honorable and ambitious. He has the mind of a reformer, and all those qualities of will and temper which make him a fit hero for a romance. The crisis of his fortune is in his failure to secure what Mr. Crawford calls the junior senatorship of Massachusetts; but his political views are more distinctly pronounced in two speeches, — one delivered, near the beginning of the story, in Boston Music Hall, and the other at the close of the book, in the Senate at Washington, to which he has finally been elected. Mr. Crawford has not shirked his difficulties, but has given a tolerably full summary of each speech. The first is devoted to the civil service and what he calls the navigation act. The last is a plea for the paramount value of the Union over political parties. There is an approach to practical discussion in the Music Hall speech, though it is a little hard to imagine a reformer holding a vast audience by such elementary statements. But the speech in the Senate — which, by the way, a senator could not have delivered on the occasion, since the occasion was one in which the House only could take action — is about as improbable and unnecessary a speech as it would be possible for an American citizen to conceive. It would hardly have been printed in the *Congressional Globe*. Mr. Crawford, we fear, has been reading American newspapers, and has

been aghast at the fury into which they have lashed themselves. We can imagine that to an outsider it must have looked as if there were a terrible storm raging, but an ordinary attention to the familiar duties of the day relieves the citizen of any extreme anxiety.

There is also a dark and mysterious conclave in London of Americans, who calmly write and receive a few telegrams which settle momentous questions. This is all Mr. Crawford's invention, and answers to Ram Lal and the insane Jew and other creations of his vivid imagination. As part of the machinery of his story it serves a purpose, though a somewhat inscrutable one; as a revelation of American political life it will chiefly be valuable to the marines.

It must not be supposed that there is no love-story in all this. That is the most rational and lively part of the book. We accept again the English girl and English young man, without much question; but the distinctively American characters and the pictures of American social life need to be seen from across the Atlantic to take on a perfectly natural air. Old Miss Schenectady, an example of Boston high breeding, discloses her nationality by a free use of the phrase "I expect," and by addressing her servant in the following terms: —

"Sarah, I think you could tell Miss Josephine that Mr. Surbiton is in the parlor, could not you?"

Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham have one dialect in which they converse with their English friends, and another, more relaxed one, in which they talk to each other. Paul Revere's church is incidentally mentioned as one of the Boston sights, and the General Court gets an offhand and slightly novel definition.

These little slips are entertaining, and they hurt no one. The cheerfulness of the love passages is not greatly marred by Mr. Crawford's political anxiety, and we can promise our readers a lively story, with a good deal of go to it, and that

unfailing heartiness which is so great a charm in Mr. Crawford's art. Nevertheless, for his own sake we trust that in selecting distinctive American subjects for his always readable novels he will write of that which he sees from the inside as well as the outside. There is no better observer of national or local characteristics than one who is native to them, but has absented himself for a time, and then has come back to a fresh survey. The country life is not repeated for us more surely than by those who were born in the country, but have been city exiles; the keenest critics of English politics are those Englishmen who have studied American institutions on the spot, and we have much to hope for from those Americans who, with their fortunes bound up in their country, have

yet availed themselves of the opportunity of comparison with foreign modes of life and thought.

We do not like to leave our half dozen novels without reminding the reader what significance they have as indications of the wider scope of American fictitious art. We have simply taken the recent novels which are best worth attention; yet no two cover the same field, and the reader of them travels in their company from the Atlantic coast to the Gulf, visits the valley of the Mississippi, crosses the great plain, rests in California, and comes back to a study which connects the Old World and the New. The journey is worth taking, if only for the renewed confidence which it affords the student of human nature in the superb and varied resources of American life.

STUDIES OF THE RENAISSANCE.

ÆSTHETIC criticism, according to Mr. Walter H. Pater, must be a personal, subjective matter. The student must realize all the primary data for himself, or not at all. He must pass through the alembic of his mind the pleasurable sensations produced in him by "all works of art and the fairer forms of nature and human life," analyzing them and reducing them to their elements. In this way, it is true that the phenomena of "the solemn sixteenth century" cannot be studied too much, since each analysis must bring forth a different result, and each result must show a different phase of truth.

Miss Violet Paget, an Englishwoman living in Italy, who writes under the pseudonym of Vernon Lee, is an apt pupil in this school of analytic criticism. She finds herself wandering about the streets of some quaint Tuscan town, entering the dim aisles of some mediæval

church, turning over the leaves of some musty volume, ransacking the treasures of some old curiosity shop, and to her imaginative mind the life of the dead past lives again: she sees the architect superintending the slowly-rising marble pile, the sculptor busy over tomb and statue, the painter filling the canvas or the tempered wall with glowing forms, the poet singing his immortal lays to listening ladies dressed in rich brocades. This concrete vision is a gift, but she does not concern herself wholly with what she sees: she goes deeper, and seeks for the causes of the civilization which lives again. She tries to explain the life and character of an epoch producing the men whose works she sees. She recreates abstractions existing in her own mind.

The collection of essays¹ containing

¹ *Euphorian*. By VERNON LEE. Two vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

her studies of the antique and the mediæval in the Renaissance she names Euphorion, after the marvelous child of Faust and Helena. Every reader of the second part of Faust is at liberty to interpret the Helena episode as he pleases. Faust to one represents the Romantic spirit in literature, Helena the Classic, and Euphorion is the poet Byron. To another, Euphorion, still concrete, is Goethe himself. Goethe, to whom full vision had not been vouchsafed, saw thus symbolized the century in which he lived. "Euphorion," says Carlyle, "is the offspring of Northern character wedded to Grecian culture." Vernon Lee reads the allegory to suit herself, and her quick intuition furnishes an explanation fertile in results. "In this strange Faustus, made up of so many and conflicting instincts; in this old man with ever-budding and ever-nipped feelings of youthfulness, muddling the hard-won secrets of nature in search after impossibilities; in him so all-sided and yet so willfully narrowed, so restlessly active yet so often palsied and apathetic; in this Faustus, who has labored so much and succeeded in so little, feeling himself at the end, when he has summed up all his studies, as foolish as before,— which of us has not learned to recognize the impersonated Middle Ages?" Helena, of course, is the spirit of antiquity, called to life again by Fate's necromancy; "a simulacrum of a thing long dead, yet with such continuing semblance of life— nay, with all life's real powers—that she seems the real, vital, living one, and Faustus yonder, thing as he is of the present, little better than a spectre." And Euphorion is the Renaissance, "a child of the Middle Ages, taking life and reality from them, but born of and curiously nurtured by the spirit of Antiquity."

A sentence from Carlyle's essay on the Helena applies with strange accuracy to Vernon Lee's book. It is an admirable makeshift criticism: "It is in-

deed a graceful, emblematic dance," he says, "this little life of Euphorion, full of meanings and half-meanings: the history of poetry; traits of individual poets; the Troubadours; the three Italians; glimpses of all things; full vision of nothing." Vernon Lee herself expressly disclaims full vision. She has no desire to make "an encyclopædic atlas" of the complex civilization of the Renaissance, and she declares that all the incompleteness, irrelevancy, and unsatisfactoriness of her book, as well as the pleasure or instruction which it can afford, are due to the fact that she has followed the bent of her own curiosity and fancy, and studied as much or as little as she pleased. Her essays, she says, "are mere impressions developed by means of study: not merely currents of thought and feeling which I have singled out from the multifold life of the Renaissance, but currents of thought and feeling in myself which have found and swept along with them certain items of Renaissance lore."

Not counting the Introduction and Epilogue, which together form a rather eloquent apology for her treatment of the subject, Euphorion contains seven essays, each complete in itself, but forming a whole through unity of purpose. "Each of these studies of mine," she says, "brings its own lesson, artistic or ethical, important or unimportant; its lesson of seeking certainty in our moral opinions, beauty in all, and, whatever our forms of art, spirituality in our love." She shows how the brilliant civilization of Italy, already doomed to death by inward rottenness, was made the common property of Europe through "the fatal sixteenth-century mistake" of inviting the French to settle the petty quarrels of princes and commonwealths; and how the stupid, rapacious ruffians, who came in iconoclastic wantonness with Charles VIII., carried back with them "the seeds of the ages of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., and of Goethe."

She contrasts the hateful life of the serfs of feudal Europe with the gay, independent peasantry of Italy, reconstructed from the specimens of out-door poetry which have come down to us, especially in the works of Lorenzo dei Medici, "the flippant, egotistic artist and despot, whose love of nature broke the long spell of the Middle Ages." She explains the point at issue between the art born of antiquity and the art born of the Middle Ages,—the art of Mantegna and the art of Fra Angelico; showing how the antique perfected but did not corrupt the art of the Renaissance. She points out the distinction between the ideal portrait art of the ancients and the realism of the school of Giotto, so often horrible, yet so wonderfully perfect. She traces the influence on Boiardo and Ariosto, Tasso and our English Spencer, of "the old, consistent, grandly tragic tale of the mysterious incests and revenges of the race of demi-gods," as told in the Eddas and retold in the Niebelungenlied; of the adulterous, fantastic legends of Arthur and the Round Table; and of the hazy, feudal cycle of Charlemagne and his Paladins,—and in spite of her crudeness she gives the palm to Boiardo, the least known of all the four. She takes the love of Dante for Beatrice as the text for a sermon on the strange phenomenon of mediæval love, which she does not hesitate to call adultery.

"Personal impression," she says, "has led me, perhaps; sometimes away from the direct road; but had it not beckoned me to follow, I should most likely have simply not stirred. Pleasant impression and painful, as I have said; and sometimes the painful has been more efficacious than the other. I do not know whether the interest which I have always taken in the old squabble of real and ideal has enabled me to make at all clearer the different characteristics of painting and sculpture in Renaissance portraiture, the relation of the art of Raphael to the art of Ve-

lasquez and the art of Whistler. I can scarcely judge whether the pleasure which I owe to the crowding together, the moving about, in my fancy of the heroes and wizards and hippogriffs of the old tale of Oberon and Ogier, the association with the knights and ladies of Boiardo and Ariosto of this or that figure out of a fresco of Pinturicchio, or a picture by Dosso, has made it easier or more difficult for me to sum up the history of mediæval romance in Renaissance Italy; nor whether the recollection of certain Tuscan farms, the well-known scent of the sun-dried fennel and mint under the vine-trellis, the droning song of the contadino ploughing or pruning unseen in the valley, the snatches of peasants' rhymes, the outlines of peasants' faces,—things all these of our own time, of yesterday or to-day,—whether all this, running in my mind like so many scribbly illustrations and annotations along the margin of Lorenzo dei Medici's poems, has made my studies of rustic poetry more clear or more confused." At any rate, Vernon Lee makes charming use of modern Italy to illustrate the Italy of the Renaissance, and almost every page brings up, like vivid illustrations, the life and scenery which make Italy so dear to its lovers.

But what seems to impress Vernon Lee more than aught else in the Renaissance is its immorality. It possessed, she says, the germs of every modern thing: the habit of equality before the law, civic organization, industry and commerce developed to immense and superb proportions, science, literature, and art, and, above all, consciousness of freedom and of unlimited powers. But this self-cognizance, which was the source of all its achievements, brought a terrible penalty,— "the loss of all moral standard, of all fixed public feeling." Such moral chaos is always the accompaniment of revolution. "In the eighteenth century," says Vernon Lee, "France

plays the same part that was played in the fifteenth by Italy: again we meet the rebellion against all that has been consecrated by time and belief, the toleration of evil, the praise of the abominable, in the midst of the search for the good."

It is this moral anomaly which weighs like a nightmare on Vernon Lee's mind. "This much I know as a certainty," she says: "that never should I have tried to unravel the causes of the Renaissance's horrible anomaly of improvement and degradation, had not that anomaly returned to make me wretched with its loathsome mixture of good and evil; its detestable alternative of endurance of vile solidarities in the souls of our intellectual forefathers, or of unjust turning away from the men and the times whose moral degradation paid the price of our moral dignity." She does not excuse or make light of the immorality of the Renaissance, but with pitying wonder she shows how inevitable it was, since "it was not a formal rebellion against God, but a natural evolution of the modern world."

Curiously enough, this horrible wickedness is not to be found in the writings of the Italians. Both poetry and prose are, says Vernon Lee points out, essentially light and quiet and well regulated, sane and reasonable, completely deficient in every tragic element. The art is absolutely stainless, full of vigorous, serene beauty, pure and lovely life. One must seek in the Elizabethan dramatists, Webster, Tourneur, and Marston, and above all in Ford, the reflection of the lurid crimes which fill Italian history. One of the most striking of Vernon Lee's essays is devoted to this astonishing contrast. "In all the works of our Elizabethans," she says, "we see not only the assimilated intellectual wealth of Italy, but we see the deep impression, the indelible picture in the memory, of Italy itself; the positive, unallegorical, essentially secular mode of thought;

the unascetic, æsthetic, eminently human mode of feeling; the artistic desire of clear and harmonious form; the innumerable tendencies and habits which sever the Elizabethans so completely from the Middle Ages, and bring them so near at once to ourselves and to the ancients, making them at once antique and modern, in opposition to mediæval." But, most of all, the crimes of Italy haunted the imagination of the English. "To these men, ardent and serious even in their profligacy, imaginative even in their Puritanism, all sucking avidly at this newly found Italian civilization, the wickedness of Italy was more than morbidly attractive or morbidly appalling; it was imaginatively and psychologically fascinating." And while the real Italy was, if anything, worse than it was painted, filled with murder and incest and crimes too horrible to mention, the very criminals were genial, polished, popular gentlemen and scholars. "The great criminals of the Renaissance," says Vernon Lee, — "traitors and murderers like Lodovico Sforza, incestuous parricides like Gianpaolo Baglioni, committers of every iniquity under heaven like Cæsar Borgia, — move through the scene of Renaissance history, as shown by its writers, great and small, quietly, serenely, triumphantly; with gracious and magnanimous bearing; applauded, admired, or at least endured."

We have seen whence arose this moral rottenness, which was the more deadly because those contaminated were blind to its presence. The Renaissance was not a period, but a condition. In Northern Europe it was confined to the few towns which had shaken off the choking traditions of feudalism. In Italy it was almost universal. The growth of free towns, mercantile commonwealths, and democratic principalities involved the failure of feudalism; and Italy was modern before it was ripe, like a child educated beyond its years, and liberated from the wholesome re-

straint of school. Vernon Lee has shown the causes and effects of this abnormal state with a master hand.

Her essays are full of fruitful suggestions, and throw a new light on Renaissance literature and art. They are intensely feminine, not only in their display of quick intuition, but also in their style. The style is always florid, and

often positively bad; she affects long and involved sentences, overweighted with ideas and thoughts, and rococo with affectations. But she has so much to say that is new and original, and her heart is so thoroughly in her work that one easily forgives her style, and remembers only what she teaches and suggests.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WE of America may not at all times have guarded with due care the Well of English Undeified; nay more, we may now and then have dropped roiling substances into that precious reservoir. In such case, we do not complain at any judgment which the grave custodians of the Well may have seen fit to pronounce. But how when the rod of punishment is broken over us because of our honest effort to filter yet clearer the afore-mentioned well-water? Are we not then justified in lifting our voice against chastisement? In no spirit of anglophobia (a malady as malignant in its way as anglomania), but very properly, one may resent a little such thrusts as this, leveled by *The Saturday Review*: "This book is published both in London and New York; but all copies would appear to have been printed in the transatlantic city. Not only do we meet in its pages with such ungainly and ugly words as 'honor,' 'favor,' and 'savory,' but we find the not only inane and idiotic, but, as the merest tyro in philology could inform Messrs. Van Campen and Van Pelt, the absolutely impossible adjective 'neighboring.'" It would, of course, be absurd to take up the cudgels for the "absolutely impossible," but we may with reason inquire why "honor," "favor," and "savory" should be thought more "un-

gainly and awkward" than "honour," "favour," and "savoury," which the English writer impliedly authorizes. If there is any beauty in orthographical simplicity and uniformity, then, with all its ungainliness and ugliness, the *or* termination is preferable to the *our*. This ground is well defended by the author of Webster's Unabridged, — a work for which some of us confess a fond attachment. Our good Noah lays to Dr. Johnson's charge the retention of the *u* in words of this class, and remarks aphoristically, "Nothing in language is more mischievous than the mistakes of a great man." And moreover, our favorite lexicographer is no farther sighted than ourselves, for he admits that he can't see why "favour" should be written thus, following neither the Latin "favor" nor the French "faveur." If a "tyro in philology" might venture to offer a suggestion, it should be that, by combining the Latin with the French, a comely word and the preservation of all the vowels in both orthographies would be secured: example, "faveour." The *u* in these few debatable words might well be considered as an international shibboleth, since no good American would be apt to employ the vowel in the connection indicated, and no good Englishman, 'pon his soul! would omit its use.

—A friend of mine, who for some time resided in the city of Cienfuegos, relates the amusing experience he had of a curious social amenity there in vogue, and characteristic, perhaps, of Spanish-American etiquette elsewhere. On first taking up his residence in the Cuban city, he was not a little puzzled at hearing himself uniformly addressed as Don José, his baptismal name being neither José (or Joseph), nor in any way resembling it. His perplexity was not lessened when, in a company where several other strangers were present, the preponderance of Don Josés was something to be remarked; he had not before observed that the name of Joseph was so very common. He was at some pains to correct what he supposed was an error with regard to his own name; at length, from a Cuban friend, the following explanation was elicited: "Don José" was a most honorable title (in part borrowed from a favorite saint), applicable to all strangers whom the native desires to treat with very polite regard, alike avoiding rigid formality and presumptuous familiarity; while it was difficult to assign the exact position which the typical "Don José" occupies between the mere *conocido* and the assured *amigo*, the distinction was one to be readily perceived by all courteous natures.

It occurs to me that, should this verbal coupling establish itself in general usage, it may finally take its place in the Spanish lexicon as a common name, or the equivalent thereof, used to denote the individual but recently presented, yet very eligible to one's further regard and favor,—in short, the individual with whom one would wish to appear on terms of hopeful and progressive amity. As an instance illustrative of the use to which the new vocable might be applied, take this bit of imaginary colloquy. It is asked, "Is he a friend of yours?" to which the reply is, "No, not precisely that, but a very agreeable and esteemed

don josé of mine." In case this new coinage is favorably passed upon by the Spanish Academy, let us lose no time in adopting it into our own vernacular; any one will at once see that it would render very efficient service.

—Some of the things we are most familiar with are those hardest to define, and perhaps by reason of our very familiarity with them. "Humor," for instance, is a word in every one's mouth, but to define it adequately in clear and concise phrase is not so easy as might be imagined; and how many of the people who use the term have even an approximate notion of its meaning? It is much the same with regard to the word "wit," although this idea is less complex than the former one. "Tact" is another word of the same kind; we recognize the thing much more readily than we can explain it. Wit, or the quality of mind that produces wit, has been described (not defined) as the antithesis of dullness. May we not describe tact fairly well as the antithesis of clumsiness? Etymologically, as we know, tact is touch, and it may be called, therefore, the deft way of handling people. It is born with some men and women, like the supple, delicate fingers of the artist's hand, and those who have it use their gift instinctively. It is not measured alike to those who have it,—men possess it in different degrees; while others, again, are wanting in it altogether.

Tact ought not to be confounded with *savoir-faire*: it is not merely the English equivalent for that term; one may have a large acquaintance with the world and its conventions and be perfected in the practice of social duties, great and small, and yet be lacking in this fine sixth sense, so invaluable to its possessors and to all with whom they come in contact. It is the outcome of intellectual and of temperamental qualities, and implies the possession of clear perceptions, quick imagination, and del-

icate sensibilities; it is these that give the tactful person his subtle intuition of another's mental processes and moods of feeling, and in the same moment the exactly right mode of dealing with these. Tact, it is true, like any other natural gift, may be consciously exercised and brought by use to a higher perfection. Practiced on a large scale, with experience and foresight aiding, it makes the successful diplomat. It is impossible not to feel a certain pleasure in the use of special faculties, of whatever kind; and it is not to be wondered at that a person possessing the gift of dextrous touch should regard with a mingling of amusement and compassion the unfortunate individual who goes on his blundering way through the world, forever stumbling against people's idiosyncrasies, bruising their small foibles, oversetting their cherished prejudices, when a little adroitness might save all the damage. There are men and women who are always doing this, just as there are those whose awkward motions and clumsy fingers are continually bringing disaster upon themselves and whatever they handle.

It is sometimes argued that this power of delicate manipulation of others is not altogether admirable thing,—that it is scarcely compatible with perfect sincerity of nature; and if you are inclined to oppose this view you are asked to think over the list of those among your acquaintance most remarkable for tact, and say if you consider such as trustworthy as others you know. There is a show of reason for this opinion, no doubt, but on the whole the case cannot be made out satisfactorily. It seems to me to reduce itself to a question of the use or the abuse of a good thing. The quality of our action depends upon the motive of it here as elsewhere. We may of course manage people for consciously selfish purposes, and we may do the same things out of the purest good-will, for wholly benevolent ends. Tact may be

called the worldly substitute for Christian love, or the practice of that golden rule whose universal observance would bring in the millennium. But while waiting for the perfection of individual Christians and the realization of the Christian ideal, we may be thankful for tact, and acknowledge our debt to it for hindering much of the friction of this jarring world.

—“Brer Jahsper? He live down dat street, roun’ de corner, on de lef’ han’ side, in a little frame house, wid steps up to de do’, an’ a right smart garden.”

Our pilgrim feet followed this direction until they brought us into the actual presence of the colored preacher so well known at home and abroad for his theory that “the sun do move.”

He was smoking a contemplative pipe before an open fire. With the old courtesy of the slave, his first thought seemed to be that the smoke might be unpleasant to his visitors, for the pipe disappeared somewhere even before he advanced to shake hands, then he hastily opened a window, and seated himself by it. The room apparently served him as chamber and study. A large Bible lay on the bureau, numerous likenesses of himself adorned the walls, the most prominent among them being a large oil portrait over his bed.

It was evident that “Brer Jasper” was accustomed to being interviewed, for he was in no wise abashed. When told that people North were interested in him and his church, he replied, “I am *awar* of that; I’ve had visitors from all parts of the world; committees have called on me. I’ve had applications from Europe and the State of Maine, Paris and Boston. I was offered as much as twelve hundred dollars in Washington, but I refused, because I was *ot*-tached to this church, and raised it up.”

His tall figure and dark, solemn old face were not without a dignity, imposing in its way, as he spoke of his career

and experience with the most genuine admiration of himself.

"I was the youngest of twenty-fo' children," said he; "my mother lived to be a hundred an' six years old, and not more'n half the har on her head was white; and my grandmother she was a hundred an' ten; an' I'm seventy-two now." (The Negro, like the Chinaman, is apt to age an ancestor in proportion to his veneration for him.)

"The onliest living pastor, white or colored, who was preaching when I began, that had any name in the public, was Dr. Ryland; he's principal now of a young ladies' seminary, and he was formerly pastor of the First Colored Baptist Church, — that was forty-five years ago. I came here as a hirelin' from Williamsburg in 1825; Mrs. Peachy was my mistress. As it was 'gainst the law for a slave to have a church, I preached round in different counties, and in family circles wherever they wrote me letters to come. My owners had no objection; I never was treated barbarously; they would n't impose upon me, or suffer anybody else to do it; I was the same as a prince to 'em; but when I worked in a tobacco factory my time had to be paid for by them that sent for me to preach, when they took me away from my work. Sometimes I was called off most every day in the week. They sent a dollar for my time in the afternoon, and when the colored families where I was going to preach the funeral could n't raise it, they got the whites to give it, and they often made me a present of five dollars just graciously. White people thought a heap of me then, and they do now. Some of the agedest white citizens — but young to me — come to see me; they sit down here in this room and 'verse with me. Young men come too, and they've all told me I never should suffer while I was living. I told 'em I had made a little preparation for my old age, that I was n't fur behind time. If my race thought as much of me as the

whites do there'd be another state of things about here; fact is, I don't accuse my race, it's jealous colored preachers. My first church was in Petersburg, after the war. I organized my present church — the Sixth Mount Zion Apostolic Baptist — in 1867. I was a member of the First Baptist twenty-seven years, and when I took my letter out, and went to raise this young church, I started with nine members. Now we don't number less'n twenty-three hundred. How did I come to preach about the sun? Well, it was six years ago, one of my members asked me to preach it. Richard Wells, the pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church, said it was a base fabrication, and a contemptible lie, and I preached to the world that it was God's revealed will. Philosophers believe in the world revolvin' upon axles, and there ain't no reason for it whatever. He take philosophers, and I take God's word. If the philosophers has got Wells, and gone from the Bible, they haven't got me, and I stick to it. If Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, how could it stand still unless it was a-movin'? I was n't after money, I only wanted to set the world right. I been offered three or four hundred dollars for preachin' that sermon about the rotation of the sun, but I refused; the onliest time I has ever commanded any money for it was once when I preached it here in Mozart Hall for the white people; then they give me a third, after they frame expenses. I reckon if I had all the letters been sent to me here since I preach that subject, a bag would n't hold 'em. Do I enjoy preachin'? Lord, ma'am! in my younger days I could preach a sermon every hour, — 't wan't no mo' to me than singin' a few verses of a hymn; then I had strength and lungs, — got no strength now. I'm an old man now, does very little preachin', fact is, I *could* preach more than two sermons a day, but 'tain't no use for me to impose myself. Does I take com-

fort in my religion? I ain't no mo 'fraid o' hell than you is of a fly. I was satisfied at my conversion that I was called to preach. A great deal is said about anointin', but little understood about it. I was anointed of God to preach, when I could n't read a word of the Bible, anointed by the Holy Ghost. I feel like it was an independent fortune to me in this world and the world to come. You ain't never seen any of the particular sketches which I preach on the rotation of the sun, — has you?"

Here the old man handed us some printed notes of his famous discourse, the text being taken from Exodus: "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name," and the motion of the sun proved from as many as a dozen texts from the Old Testament. As we left, Brother Jasper showed us his garden with some pride; it is his pleasure to work in it. He is paid a regular salary by his congregation, and is not obliged to resort to any secular business.

Thirty years hence the Rev. John Jasper and his innocent delusion will be a legend. He is nearly the last of his kind.

— It is not often that "Round Robins" have more than a circumscribed and ephemeral interest. The following verses, which were inspired by the receipt of Professor Palmer's Translation of the *Odyssey*, were sent from a Pennsylvania Rectory as part of a Round Robin greeting and acknowledgment, and as they have a certain application to the present phase of classical training they seem worthy of publication. 'Απόλλυ is of course the Rector's wife; the Doctor her father, and Chrysostom the pastor of a famous church in New York. "Uncle Sam," we scarcely need to add, is the late Dr. Samuel Taylor, of Andover.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF PALMER'S ODYSSEY.

The morning mail had brought us in the Book,
And down we sat to run it through and look

Again on sweet Nausicaä's maiden grace
And the worn furrows of Odysseus' face,
When, just as we were sitting down, we four,
There came a sudden ring at the front door.
(A knock would have been fitter far, but things
Have changed, and knocks have given place to
rings.)

"There!" said 'Απόλλυ (feminine of Apollo),
"We can't sit down but some call's sure to fol-
low;

Here, let me run!" She bundled up her knit-
ting,

Looped a stray lock of hair up, and was flitting,
When in there came a gray-haired, oldish party,
With long and serious face, but kind and hearty
In voice and manner, moving slow each limb,
As if his eyesight were a little dim.

His clothes all looked, though not so fresh and
gay,

Like Mr. Riddle's in the Cambridge play.
I just began, "Excuse me, sir, but who" —
When down he sat before I'd said, — "are
you?"

"Ah, here my exile — if it is such — ends!
At last," said he, "I've got among my friends!
Just think! the President of Harvard College
Talks of admitting other kinds of knowledge
From here and there and all about creation,
To take my place at June examination!
But there, don't mind me; egotism's bad breed-
ing.

Go on. Don't let me interrupt your reading."
"Well, really then," said I, "if you'll excuse
us;

We've got a book we're thinking will amuse
us.

This author writes poetic prose; embodies he
The very life and soul of Homer's *Odyssey*."
The old man gave a start and said, "Indeed!"
But Chrysostom took up the book to read.
The Doctor crossed his legs and smoothed his
breeches;

'Απόλλυ set herself to count her stitches;
While I enjoyed the luxury in reading
Of being fed myself, instead of feeding.

We took the tenth book, where the woes be-
gin,

Odysseus' crew have burst the wind-filled skin,
And raised, as if on Winter Street, the weather,
Where winds all come from every side together.
We read of Laistrygonia's strange night-day,
And how Odysseus' ships fled from the bay;
How, as his fortune went from bad to worse, he
Found a year's prison in the house of Circe.

Our guest soon grew uneasy in his chair,
And muttered here and knit his forehead there;
And once I heard him say, "Confound the fel-
low,

With his new-fangled book of blue and yel-
low!"

Soon he broke out, "I'll leave it to you, whether
That line, 'Then all the ships went down to-
gether,'

Is n't sheer poetry? why, they'll find it easy!
They've always rendered *Βυκταν* by 'breezy'!
This nonsense," he went on with louder clamor,

"Distracts attention wholly from the grammar.
Give a boy this, and he'll soon cease to be
Well up on special forms of verbs in μ .
I'll not endure it, I'll" — but here I grew
Impatient. "But, sir, pray then, who are
you?"

"What!" said he, rising; "surely you know
me!

Author, proprietor, sole patentee!
My name is Homer, — your old friend I am:
We made acquaintance under Uncle Sam."

But while he spoke, a something in his tone
Convinced me 't was a tramp I once had known.
We'd met, indeed, at Uncle Sam's, but slowly
Had dropped acquaintance utterly and wholly.
'T was not the great Ionian, clear of song,
Wise, childlike, eager, dignified, and strong.
This fellow needed more than emendation,
And was no nearer than a poor relation.
Besides, as he came in he made no bow,
While Homer nods (Horace informs us how;
Which, though to mention may not be good form,
it at

Least is true, "Bonus Homerus dormitat").

'Απόλλυ smiled, and he turned to accost her,
When I broke out, "Sir, you're a rank im-
postor!

Get out of here at once, and leave the Rectory!
None of your manners, Ajaxy and Hectory!
That name you used just now is a misnomer;
You're not the genuine, you're scholastic,
Homer.

This book and you — you're right! — cannot
be friends;

This gives your deathblow, your dominion ends.
Schoolboys shall learn in studying Greek's laws,
Amazed, that parsing 's not its final cause.
This ends their born hostility to Greek;
Here living men and women move and speak;
Their life we feel; why, we can almost see 'em!
Not like wax figures in your old museum,
But men that hope and love, and fear and pray,
And feel the interests that we feel to-day.
Come, there 's the door, sir! Leave! I'd have
you know

I cut our past acquaintance long ago!"

With this I turned him out and slammed the
door,

And trust I never shall behold him more.

But as we all began to talk and wonder,

My eye fell on the bust of Homer yonder.

I'll swear 't was so, although I know it 's
odd, —

I saw it several times distinctly nod.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. Stuff and Nonsense, by A. B. Frost. (Scribners.) Mr. Frost is a clever draughtsman, and he is sometimes funny, but his extravagance becomes wearisome, and though there is no vulgarity in the book one is affected by the exaggerations almost as if they were improper. — *Flowers from Glade and Garden*, by Susie Barstow Skelding (White, Stokes & Allen): a collection of poems chiefly by American writers, whose fac-simile draughts are frequently given, and a number of chromo-lithographs which are tolerably faithful in drawing, but somewhat coarse in color. — *Illustrated Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) One will linger a little over the form and cover of this volume, because of the admirable proportions and tasteful design. The poems, selected by Dr. Holmes, are possibly a little graver in tone than his admirers would have chosen, but they are favorites, nevertheless, with every one. The designs, while rarely rising above fair virtue, rarely fall below it, and the general make-up of the volume shows care and excellent taste. — *Garden of the Heart* is one of those distortions of art which do not have much to do with books of any kind: a heart-shaped collection of leaves, fringed of course, each one containing a verse of Scripture or some pious reflection or poem. We have looked in vain for any publisher's name. — *One Year's Sketch-Book*, illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome (Lee & Shepard): an oblong book of sketches, which

follow the seasons of the year. The verses and passages which are inwoven with the designs are well selected. The designs themselves, though somewhat conventional in their form, are well studied, and the engraving, if somewhat hard, is suited to the design. Altogether the book is above the average of its class, and represents much work and interest on the part of the arranger and illustrator. — *Wordsworth's Ode, Intimations of Immortality* (Lothrop), is valuable chiefly for the two portraits of Wordsworth which are given. The illustrations are of trifling value, and one or two, which essay to reproduce spiritualities, are puerile. — *An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, with illustrations by C. Napier Henry (Macmillan): an amiable sketch of travel to Land's End, undertaken by three ladies. The descriptions are frankly feminine, the illustrations bold and masculine. With our familiarity with American wood-cuts, these at first look coarse, and we think something has been lost in the printing; but it is not difficult to acquire a genuine liking for wood-cuts which have the vigor and rude effects of these pictures. — *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, a country tale, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (S. P. C. K., London; E. and J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a little story, illustrated by Caldecott, breathing the fragrance of English country life, sweet, pure, and worlds away from the madding crowd. — *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, by

G. H. Boughton, with illustrations by the author and E. A. Abbey (Harpers), is a delightful volume, and proves what Mr. Boughton's friends have always suspected, that he has a neat pen at the other end of his paint-brush. An artist always has special obstacles to overcome when he mixes ink with his colors. The letterpress of this book has many of the qualities of the illustrations, and it requires very good prose to stand the test of juxtaposition to drawings by Abbey and Boughton.

Poetry. A new edition of *Marmion* has been published by Crowell, with illustrations which are reasonably good and not too finely engraved for the design. — The same publisher issues an edition of Burns's complete works, — for the letters are added to the poems, — and considering the unsatisfactory character of the ordinary lives of Burns the reader may be congratulated at getting the work in this form. — *A Rosary of Rhyme*, by Clarence T. Urmy. (Jos. Winterburn & Co., San Francisco.) Mr. Urmy respects his work, and has shown a care in his form which augurs well. If the poems reflect rather moods than states, they have at least the merit of not attitudinizing. He has evidently read other poets, but read them thoughtfully. She and I, for example, recalls Browning's Evelyn Hope, without at all imitating that poem, and there are other coincidences which are not mere echoes. — *Poems*, by Mary Hunt McCaleb. (Putnams.) The writer of these poems evidently translates everything that she sees and something that she is into verse, and does it with a fatal facility. — *The Peril of the Republic*, and other *Poems*, by George Macdonald Major. (Putnams.) Mr. Major's patriotism is sound, and his poetry struggles for an effective voice, but this volume is still practice work. — *Echoes from the Highland Hills*, by Charles H. Collins. (P. G. Thompson, Cincinnati.) The author claims to have done nothing but amuse himself in these verses, and he would be a churl who would deprive him of his pleasure. — *Melodies of Verse*, by Bayard Taylor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a tidy little volume, in which a score or so of musical short poems have been taken from Taylor's works. The reader of his biography will be glad to have so convenient a testimony to the claim therein made that Taylor's place in literature is to be as a poet. — *A Dream of the Adirondacks*, and other *Poems*, by Helen Hinsdale Rich (Putnams): the poems of an earnest woman, who took refuge in sentiment from the oppressions brought by thought of wrong and evil. — *Cofachiqui*, and other *Poems*, by Castello N. Holford. (L. D. Holford, Bloomington, Wis.) The author apparently has Mexican blood; the poems have, at any rate. There is considerable vigor, but the poetry is chiefly represented by rhyme. — *Wanderings on Parnassus*, *Poems* by J. Hazard Hartzell. (Whittaker.) We think this is a case where Mr. Hartzell's senior warden might have interfered, when he saw his rector proceeding to lay aside his surplice and put on his singing-robos. Mr. Hartzell has lost his way on the mountain; he is on the other side from Helicon. — *Dunbar, the King's Advocate*; a *Tragic Episode in the Reformation*. (Waddie & Co., Edin-

burgh.) The author prefaces his drama with a short dissertation on the absence of dramatic art in Scotland; a still shorter one might be written on the absence of any remarkable insight into the subject in the preface. The scenes of the drama are laid in Edinburgh in 1530, and the drama itself is correct and tame. — *Callirrhoe, Fair Rosamund*, by Michael Field. (Holt.) The former of these dramas is Greek in theme, the latter English, and both have life in them. — *Over the Summer Sea*, by John Harrison and Margaret Compton (Lovell), is an ingenious medley, in which the characters are passengers upon an Atlantic steamship, and the scene is the voyage over. By rhymed narrative and intercalary songs the authors have told an entertaining story, and probably would be the last to imagine that they had written poetry. — *Lovers of exquisite and inexpensive books* are in debt to White, Stokes & Allen for at least three of their late publications: *Lyra Elegantiarum*, a collection of *vers de société*, edited by Frederick Locker; a new edition of Mr. Locker's own delightful lyrics; and Heine's *Book of Songs*, compiled from the translations of Theodore Martin and E. A. Bowring. — *A Minor Poet*, and other *Verse*, by Amy Levy (T. F. Unwin, London), has a great deal of crude gold in it.

History and Biography. The seventh, and we believe the penultimate, part of Mr. Francis Parkman's series, *France and England in North America* (Little, Brown & Co.), appears in Montcalm and Wolfe, now published in two volumes. The work is the ripe fruit of years expended not indeed on this particular subject, but upon the great panoramic history of the relations between France and England in America, which finds its most culminating passage in the contest which saw the dramatic death of the two heroes who give the name to the work. — *Outlines of Roman Law*, comprising its historical growth and general principles, by William C. Morey. (Putnams.) "It seems now to be a well-established fact," the author says, "that the history of modern systems of law and the principles of comparative jurisprudence cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of this most important branch of learning." His work is elementary, but is so well furnished with reference lists that it offers a very convenient hand-book, both for the private student and for the class-room. — *New York im Siebzehnten Jahrhundert*, by Dr. Victor Precht (Cherouny Printing and Publishing Co., New York): a sketch with special reference to the elucidation of the *Leisler* question. — *Thomas Carlyle, a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881*, by James Anthony Froude, completes the series of Carlyle biography. This section will have a greater interest for most people than the previous portions. It is, moreover, the presentation of Carlyle when he had become a formula, and when his hatred of sham had passed over into the natural condition of being itself a sham. It is extraordinary to see how Carlyle, when everything seemed to be in a state of wreckage, stood on the traditional faith of his ancestors. That was the rock which he never really left. For the rest, one is amazed at the prodigality of Carlyle's nature; his letters contain picturesque mate-

rial enough to construct half a dozen popular writers. We must say, that while we respect Mr. Froude for his fidelity to the trust imposed on him, we think his own interpretation of the universe, as thrust in occasionally, is a piece of impertinence. The book is issued in various forms by Scribners and Harpers, the former giving the more satisfactory library form. — *The Three Prophets*: Chinese Gordon, El Maahdi, and Arabi Pasha, by Colonel C. Chaillé Long. (Appleton.) A volume half narrative, half interpretative of English policy in Egypt. The writer was in a position to see affairs for himself, and he writes dispassionately and frankly. — *John Wycliffe, Patriot and Reformer*, by John Laird Wilson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A condensed but not desiccated biography, which claims no originality, but is apparently prepared with care and judgment. — *Our Great Benefactors*: short biographies of the men and women most eminent in literature, science, philanthropy, art, etc. Edited by Samuel Adams Drake. (Roberts.) The plan of the work embraces only those who have lived since the introduction of the art of printing, except that Chaucer heads the list, and it excludes merely military heroes and persons of local renown only. The last name given is that of A. G. Bell. The sketches are not always biographies. In the case of Bell, for instance, there is nothing biographic, not even the date of his birth. As other dates in the book are not all correct, this is less of a loss than it might have been. However, it is not the biographic element which is aimed at so much as an account of the contribution to the world's progress made by the different persons included. The book is by different hands, and there is a lack of skill shown in some of the sketches, which are really too short to justify so much rhetoric as appears. The emblematically embellished portraits are of varying degrees of infidelity. — *Biographical Essays*, by F. Max Müller. (Scribners.) The collection includes Rāmmahun Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayānanda Sarasvatī, Bunyiu Nanjio, Kenjiu Kasawara, Mohl, and Kingsley. The most of the book throws light upon the native religious movements in India, and the Catholic judgment of Max Müller is of great service in setting in true light the leaders in the movements. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is a centennial biography of Sir Moses Montefiore, by Lucien Wolf, a timely sketch, which will explain to some otherwise ignorant that it is not the Jew's hundred years, but his hundred well-spent years, which have made him justly famous. — *Julian Hawthorne's Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* makes two handsome volumes. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) We shall refer to the work later. — G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a very neat edition of the letters of Princess Alice, with an interesting biographical sketch by Dr. Sell, of Darmstadt. — *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, by H. D. Trail, is the latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series. (Harper Bros.) — The first volume of Justin McCarthy's *The Four Georges* (Harper Bros.) has prepared the reader to give an attentive welcome to the three volumes which are to complete the work.

Fiction. *My Friends and I*, edited by Julian

Sturgis. (Holt.) Three tales which Mr. Sturgis need not at all feel obliged to palm off on any imaginary Mrs. Harris. — *At Last*, by Carlotta S. Annsbaugh (Tribune Publishing Co., Oxanna, Ala.): a ridiculous story of the sensational order. — *The Shadow of John Wallace*, by L. Clarkson (White, Stokes & Allen), is a strained piece of writing, in which a sleepy village of Long Island and a mysterious English nobleman are brought together. The author weaves *The Ring* and the *Book into the web* as a sort of mystifying interpretation. — *On a Margin* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is a story of artful elaboration, but with no pattern which it is worth one's while to trace. — *Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina*, by Nathan C. Kouns (Fords, Howard & Hulbert): an historical romance of the fourth century. Historical accuracy seems to have been carefully studied, and the story is subordinated to an earnest attempt at making real the life of the Christians in the catacombs. — *Jack's Courtship*; a sailor's yarn of love and shipwreck, is the latest of W. Clark Russell's tales. (Harpers.) It is told with more or less faithfulness to a sailor's style of narrative, but the literary art is tolerably well superimposed. — *At the World's Mercy* (Appleton) is by the author of *The House on the Marsh*. It is romance served up in realistic form. — *John Rantoul*, by Henry Loomis Nelson. (Osgood.) — *Dark Days*, by Hugh Conway (Holt), is the latest book of an author who has sprung into sudden popularity, less through the literary merit of his work than through the story-telling faculty which he possesses. This book will be read quickly and forgotten, like his previous one. — *Thé Bassett Claim*, by Henry R. Elliot. (Putnams.) The claim was one of the French Spoliation claims, and Mr. Elliot has made a clever story out of it by making his hero a descendant of the original claimant, and employing the political circumlocution office for machinery. — *Choy Susan and other Stories*, by W. H. Bishop. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Bishop understands the art of short stories, for he has in each case employed a motif which requires quick movement and short compass. These stories are not brief novels, nor extended anecdotes, but well-considered stories, with just enough suspense in them to keep the reader's mind on the alert to the end. Bright, often witty, and crisp in style, they ought to be popular. — The latest issues in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *A North Country Maid*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron; *Beauty and the Beast*, by Sarah Tytler; *The Lovers' Creed*, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

Sociology and Politics. The fourth edition of that terrible book, *The Jukes* (Putnams), has been published. A brief introduction gives some glimpse of the personality of Mr. Dugdale, the heroic author. — *Black and White: Land, Labor, and Politics in the South*, by T. Thomas Fortune. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Fortune's position is that the problems at the South are part and parcel of all labor problems, and are not especially affected by racial or political considerations. He violently denounces the centralization of wealth, but his book offers little in the way of reasonable solution of any problem. He adds his testimony,

however, to that of others in pleading for a more technical education of the blacks. — *Public Relief and Private Charity*, by Josephine Shaw Lowell. (Putnams.) This is an attempt at formulating the best results of charitable organization, and is done with an earnestness and a soundness of judgment which make it both valuable and stimulating. — Judge Tourgée has wisely dropped the form of fiction, and made his *An Appeal to Cæsar* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) a direct one. The book is an impassioned argument for national legislation in aid of education at the South, and it is supported by a dense array of facts, figures, and observations. It is to be hoped that the book may be widely read, even though one may suspect the writer to be wanting in scientific habit of mind. — *Our Penal Machinery and its Victims*, by John P. Altgeld. (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) An inquiry into the prison and contract system, chiefly as carried out in Chicago and in the neighboring county. The study results in certain sensible propositions, looking to such a reform as will give convicts a chance to be self-supporting when discharged. — *The Way Out*; suggestions for Social Reform, by Charles J. Bellamy (Putnams), is a thoughtful book, intended to apply rational principles to the treatment of the various diseases now afflicting the body politic. Mr. Bellamy does not claim to have discovered a panacea, but he has studied his patient well, and the remedies which he proposes are not those of a quack.

Hygiene and Medicine. *The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful*, an allegory, teaching the principles of physiology and hygiene, and the effects of stimulants and narcotics, by Chilion B. Allen and Mary A. Allen (Fowler & Wells): a droll book, in which the customary facts are couched in alluring terms. The youngest pupils when listening to the book may be supposed to be playing baby-house. One may extract some entertainment from this ingenious work, and it might furnish teachers with illustrations, but it tries to do too much when it makes grave subjects dance a jig. — *Myths in Medicine and Old-Time Doctors*, by Alfred C. Garratt (Putnams): a book which is not confined in its interest to the profession, but will amuse many people who like curiosa. Dr. Garratt will lose some of these readers, however, when they come to the last section, and find that he includes the homeopathic school with the alchemists and other deluded folk. — *Health for the Maori* is a little book intended for the use of Maori children in the schools established by the English government. It is a most practical application of English sense. The author is James H. Pope, an inspector of native schools, and it is published at Wellington by George Didsbury, government printer.

Handbooks. Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book (Roberts Bros.) will prove a serious rival to the very best compendiums of the kind. Like other things with the prefix "Boston," it will be found indispensable everywhere. — The Harpers have added a valuable work to their Franklin Square

Library in Stormonth's English Dictionary, now issuing in weekly numbers. It is to be completed in twenty-three parts. — *A Handy Classical and Mythological Dictionary for Popular Use*, by H. C. Faulkner (A. L. Burt, New York): a convenient little book, if one is satisfied with the very meagre information to be obtained. — *Handbook for Horsewomen*, by H. L. De Bassigny (Appleton): a book which might be used to advantage by some teachers, but is inadequate as a guide to horsewomen themselves.

Criticism and Philology. *Elements of English Speech*, by Isaac Bassett Choate. (Appleton.) Mr. Choate, adopting the familiar grammatical classification, has given ten chapters, in which he illustrates in an agreeable fashion the forms which have been taken on by English speech. It is not a text-book, but will be read with interest by any intelligent observer of our language. It is a pity that the book is not furnished with an index. — *From Opitz to Lessing: a study of pseudo-classicism in literature*, by T. S. Perry. (Osgood.) Mr. Perry, who has shown himself a patient and minute student of literature, has aimed in this book to take German literature, within the time named in his title, in illustration of the phases of change common to all European nations. The comparative method which he employs is one full of suggestion, and his attempt to show the unity of literature is in itself one which will win readers for the book, since the tendency of thought is in this direction.

Government Documents. *Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883.* (Government Printing Office, Washington.) Among the recipients of this series of documents should be included all professional novelists of incident and adventure. Mere analysts of character might be omitted, unless they promised to introduce episodes of shipwreck. Mr. Howells would thus be entitled to the series. Yachtsmen who do or do not sail their own craft will be glad to see the book, for its list of places on the coast where vessels have stranded during the past fiscal year. A fiscal year is as good a one to be shipwrecked in as could be found.

Travel. *Three visits to America*, by Emily Faithfull. (Fowler, Wells & Co.) An uncommonly solemn preface by the publishers, which reads as if they had done an unexampled thing in arranging for the publication of this book, hardly prepares one for the endless chatter which he encounters as he moves with Miss Faithfull from point to point. All looks rosy to the good lady, but the freedom with which she uses names and introduces to the public at large all the American ladies who were civil to her is a curious commentary on manners. — Cupples, Upham & Co. send us the Report of an Archaeological Tour in Mexico in 1881, by A. F. Bandelier. The book, which is issued under the direction of the Archaeological Institute of America, contains a large number of excellent illustrations.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — FEBRUARY, 1885. — No. CCCXXVIII.

A MARSH ISLAND.

IV.

As Doris and her cavalier turned out of the yard and drove down the road, they were both silent for a minute or two. The evening seemed very dark, and Doris lost all thought of her companion as she instinctively assumed a certain responsibility and kept watch before her. In a little while, however, her strong eyes became independent of the shadows, and as the horse's feet struck the smooth track of the highway she leaned back in the carriage, and her attention became diverted to the interests of the occasion. Dan Lester was a dim figure at her side; he had seen his way all the time and felt no uneasiness, and now turned to look at Doris with entire satisfaction. He knew perfectly well that nothing served his purpose better than to be able to claim Doris's companionship on the slightest pretext. Doris herself was so shy of love-makers that he did not mean to startle her by any premature avowal of his true affection for her. This very evening his heart gave a happy beat, as he told himself that she could not have gone to the village very well without him; indeed, she might have to give up more than one pleasure if he were not always ready and glad to serve her; some day she would surely find out that she could not get along without him any better than

he could without her. And the good fellow leaned over and smoothed the lap-robe, and tucked it in more closely. Most of the maidens whom he had known were willing to be agreeable, and to smile upon him and his attentions, and he was not averse to being smiled upon; but Doris Owen's lack of self-consciousness and quiet dignity attracted him, and kept him eager to follow and to win her. He could not remember a time when he did not feel for her a tenderness that nothing should change. To-night he reassured himself that at last he was able to marry a wife whenever he chose, and suddenly found it more difficult than ever to bide his time. Dan was quite aware that the neighbors had long ago ceased to feel any excitement about so natural and proper a match; they had talked it over and over, and settled his future for him, and even spoken to him on the subject without the least hesitation. But, strange to say, in these days, when he continually told himself that all obstacles had been removed, the lover became for the first time disturbed and uncertain. Doris was so friendly and sisterly, and unlike other girls who thought of marriage. Yet it was not impossible that she was quiet and sweet, and untroubled even by love; and Dan Lester grew scarlet all at once in the sheltering darkness, because he was possessed by an eager de-

sire to risk asking the great question that very night. Perhaps Doris was waiting for him to declare himself; was wishing to hear the words he found it so hard to say.

At that instant the girl herself spoke, and he was instantly possessed by a sense of disappointment, for her tone showed her unexpectant of such an exciting possibility. "I was not sure that you would come," she said. "I hope you did n't feel obliged to keep the promise, if you were tired. I was n't counting on it greatly, and haying is hard work."

Lester laughed uneasily. "'T would take more than haying to beat me," he answered, and touched his horse unnecessarily with the whip, after which his thoughts returned to a subject which had provoked his curiosity while he waited in the farmhouse yard. "Have you had company come?" he asked. "I saw a stranger at supper with the rest of the folks."

Doris was glad to have a new topic for conversation suggested. She half feared that it was an unwelcome tax upon Dan to drive her to the village that evening. He was unusually silent, and she had begun to be the least bit uncomfortable.

She hoped that he would not feel bound to her, yet her woman's heart had become aware that one element in their relation to each other was fast growing more conspicuous than any other; and she had lately both dreaded and enjoyed being alone with him. Dan had been her brother Israel's crony, and was a near neighbor. It was perfectly natural that he should be at the farm often.

"Mother told me that the young man's name is Dale," she answered, cordially. "I don't know anything about him, except that he was painting a picture somewhere near here to-day, and they forgot to come for him from Dunster; so he came up to the house,

and asked to stay over night. They think he looks a good deal as Israel did," Doris added softly. "Father seemed to want him to stay. I did n't like to come away and leave mother with so much to do, but this morning she was very anxious to get word to Temp'rance; we were to let her know when we began to get the salt hay in. Mother said a little while ago that perhaps we'd better let her stay another day or two, or go over to-morrow and get her; but I was afraid she would be all tired out. You know what mother is when there's a great deal extra to do."

Dan Lester eagerly insisted that Doris had done exactly right. He had quickly understood Mrs. Owen's change of opinion, and found it enough to rouse a flame of jealousy. "Temp'rance has been away most a fortnight," he remarked as quietly as he could. "She never gets any rest over at her sister's, any way."

He could not be sufficiently thankful that Doris was not at home that evening, being suspicious of the unknown rival, and unpleasantly sure that Mrs. Owen was filled with ambitions for her daughter's future that overtopped and slighted his own claims. There was something ominous in the stranger's appearance at this critical time, and poor Lester wished that he were already sure that Doris belonged to him; he must settle it right away. But while he tried to gain courage to speak to her, Doris, who was in uncommonly good spirits, talked about one every-day thing after another until they reached the minister's door.

When the choir-meeting was over, fate would insist that a cousin, who lived half a mile or more beyond his own house, should ask to make a third passenger homeward in the new buggy. Dan was amazingly ungracious for the first few minutes, but the girls, who were good friends, gossiped together serenely all the way.

V.

The various excitements of the evening apparently exhausted Mrs. Owen's reserve fund of good-humor, for she came downstairs the next morning looking older than usual and very despondent. Her husband, on the contrary, was in a cheerful frame of mind, and even hummed a tune as he waited for his breakfast. Whenever his companion had occasion to go to the kitchen closet, just behind the chair where he sat, she gave a deep and ostentatious sigh. The farmer was always an early riser, and had already fed the horses and cattle; he asked now, with mild interest, if none of his assistants had yet appeared.

There was no answer to such an unnecessary question, and a vague thought flitted through the good man's mind that perhaps this had been one of the idle words for which he must give account. It was hardly a rebuke to himself, but rather a theological view of an unimportant mistake. He still waited patiently, giving his best attention to his interlaced fingers, matching one thumb to the other, and wondering, also, what "mother" had on her mind now. He had known these signs of storm to precede even so reasonable an event as her going to the village to pay an afternoon visit, and a general overturning of affairs always preceded the more serious enterprise of deciding upon new clothes. He assured himself that the clouds were likely to blow over, and smiled suddenly at his own philosophy. It was half past five o'clock; the morning was chilly and misty, and would have promised to an inland farmer anything but a good hay-day.

The smile reflected from his observation of the in-door weather seemed to deepen Mrs. Owen's sense of displeasure. "I'm getting the breakfast ready as fast's I can," she said, in a most of-

fended tone. "You just try to do all your farm work with one pair o' hands, and see how you make out."

"I did n't know as anybody was ever in the habit of usin' two pair," suggested Israel Owen mildly. "None of us is expected to do any more than we can do. Don't overtax yourself, Marthy," he added, placidly. "I declare, I don't know when I've ever been so sharp-set for breakfast, though. I think most like it may be on account of the weather's being cooler. What's goin' on with you to-day? I hope Temp'rance'll get home good an' early."

"'T will be the first day since she's been gone that she could wear her new thick dress. I told her 't was all nonsense to toil so over it. Anybody might know 't was like to be too warm weather to have any good of such a thick material. She thought she'd have it ready for winter if she got it done now, in leisure time, before we begun to get the ma'sh hay in. An' she did n't have a notion that you would begin till Monday. I must say I hate to spoil her visit, sending and getting of her home."

"We're going over on the south ma'sh," said the farmer, tilting his chair, "and most likely won't be back before seven or eight o'clock. You might take the old horse and jog up Dunster way, and fetch Temp'rance home yourself,—'t will be a change."

The cause of Mrs. Owen's despondency was at once apparent, and the discovery of her plan seemed to excite great anger: "I'd just like to know how I'm going over there without a decent thing to wear over my shoulders. Nobody would expect that I belonged to folks who had means. I've got some pride, if you ain't. There's Temp'rance's folks from the West all there. I do consider they are weak about dress, and lo'd on too much of it without respect to occasion; but I don't feel happy when I've got nothin' to wear over me except old things that's only

fit, and ought by good rights to be took, for rug-rags."

"They used to tell a story — I do' know but you've heard it — about old Sergeant Copp an' his wife, that was always quarrelin'," said the farmer, in a tone of great satisfaction. "Somebody heard her goin' on one day. Says she, 'I do wish somebody'd give me a lift as fur as Westmarket. I do feel's if I ought to buy me a cap. I ain't got no decent cap to my back: if I was to die to-morrow, I ain't got no cap that's fit to lay me out in!' 'Blast ye!' says he, 'why did n't ye die when ye had a cap?'"

Martha Owen tried to preserve her severe expression, but began to laugh in spite of herself, and her companion knew that this was an end of present discomfort. "It's your own fault if you an' Doris don't have what you want to wear," he added. "I'm sure I always make you free to spend what money you need, but you're always a-sufferin' for somethin'."

"Well, there, it's more the trouble of gettin' clothes than anything else," said the good woman. "I s'pose I can go over an' get Temp'rance. We'll have an early dinner soon as Doris gets back from Dunster with the young man. I shall have to send her off soon as we get breakfast cleared away," said the crafty mother. "There won't be a bit of tea in the house after to-morrow morning. We shall use up a sight with the three men, and now I suppose we must keep this new one. I don't know as he will make much trouble. They used to think Doris had a pretty taste for drawing; perhaps he will give her some lessons."

"He won't stay here long, at this time of the year," said the father. "We don't know a word about him, neither. I don't expect there's anything wrong in him; he could n't look ye so straight in the eye. Doris ought to be coming down; it ain't usual with her to be so

behindhand;" but at that minute her footfall was heard on the stairs.

Israel Owen's face brightened as he saw his daughter. "I thought 't was about time for you," he said affectionately.

Doris looked up at the clock, and then smiled at him without speaking.

"I don't know but quarter to six is full early enough," he answered. "I think hired men are apt to take it out in nooning, if they don't loiter all through the day, when you try to start 'em out too early. Your mother here has been hard at it since a little past five, though;" and this seemed like an attempt at reproach.

If Mrs. Owen had been allowed to speak her sorrows first, she could have made good use of the occasion; but as it was, she instantly defended her daughter, though in a manner which let both her companions understand that Doris had something else to answer for.

"You could n't have done anything until now, unless it was to open the fore-room windows before the young man comes down," she said; but after a minute's reflection and a glance at her father, Doris fell into line with the usual preparations for breakfast, and by six o'clock the family had assembled round the table. The sun had broken through the morning mists, and the kitchen seemed a very comfortable and smiling place. The company was much more prosaic and business-like than it had been the evening before, at supper-time, for the beginning of a busy day has not the leisure that the close of it offers as part of the worker's reward. Yet there has been a certain spirit of adventure at every breakfast table, whether it were surrounded by knights who were eager for the tournament, or bronze-faced hay-makers ready to prove their prowess with the armies of straight-stemmed marsh grasses. The evening ought to find men tired, and it may find them disappointed and defeated; in the morning

success seems possible, for who knows the treasures and surprises a new day may hold in its keeping?

As Dick Dale came through the clock-room he found the damp morning air very pleasant. There was no chill; only a sharp freshness, that gave an additional spur to his cheerful readiness to meet the world. The old farmer had opened the windows himself, and a straying branch of the cinnamon rosebush outside had been turned by the light wind, and was lying across one of the window sills, as if it were eager to come inside. The young man crossed the room quickly as he heard the sound of voices, and paused for a minute on the threshold of the kitchen, held by his pleased artistic sense. He had become somewhat familiar with such rural interiors in England and France, but the homelike quality of this, the picturesque grouping and good coloring, were a great surprise and satisfaction: he noted the bronzed faces of the men, the level rays of the pale sunlight, the dull gleam of the brass mountings of a chest of drawers at the shaded side of the room, and the central figure of the girl, who brought a tall coffee-pot with both hands, as if it were an urn of classic shape. Her delicate features and clear color seemed to intensify themselves as he looked,—Doris would make a picture by herself. He must surely do the best he could at making a sketch of her.

Mrs. Owen thought the guest was experiencing an attack of awkwardness, and was not sure of his place at the table, and at once signified the seat which had been given him the evening before. After a few minutes the interruption was forgotten, and the regular progress of the breakfast went on, as if it had been a brook into which somebody had lately thrown a stone. Dale was half amused and half gratified with his new position. He had felt very much like other people until the evening before, but so sensitive a nature was aware that he had

suddenly become the most interesting fact to several minds; that he represented an only half-understood order of things, and was looked upon with mingled suspicion and envy. It was not beyond his power to make his common humanity more apparent than the difference in experience and local values. Being, indeed, a man who was not ruled by the decorations of character, he had a true sympathy with his fellows, which gave him the advantage of feeling at home in almost any place; and with another glance at Doris, who sat by his side and next her father, without a word of entreaty to his companions, he began to lay the best claim he could to equal rights with the rest of the household. Busy Mrs. Owen could hardly spare time for her morning meal, and presently bustled away into the pantry to finish packing the dinner baskets. The farmer laid down his knife and fork, next, and carried the cider jug to the cellar, protesting that he had nearly forgotten it, which made the company smile; and two of the haymakers nodded at each other and grinned a moment later, when they heard their favorite beverage gurgling from its cask in the depths below. Then they went out together. There were a few reproachful cries at a restless horse, and a hurry and clatter and general excitement in the yard. The farmer came back again to the door to say that he should have to leave Mr. Dale to the favor of the women folks; but if he felt like strolling over to the marshes by and by he could find a welcome, especially if it looked like rain. The stranger himself laughed in response, and in a few minutes the stir was over, and quiet had again settled down upon the house.

After a minute's hesitation Dick wandered back into the clock-room, and stood before the sketch he had made the day before. This was disappointing, after all; the little birch-tree was more like a tree and less like Doris than he had hoped to find it. Yet he was not sure that he

felt exactly like going on with that bit of work; perhaps it would be better to look about the farm, and see what he could discover in the way of subjects. He had found his room at the north side of the house a little damp and cheerless that morning, and had doubted whether it were worth while to linger long in this rural neighborhood; but all trace of such want of hardiness had been dispelled by his comfortable breakfast. It really seemed his duty to forget inconveniences which could not be worth mentioning beside those he had encountered elsewhere in pursuit of his art. One did not happen upon such rich hunting-grounds every day, and he gave a complacent glance at a Washington pitcher of most rewarding quality, which held some durable dahlias and other late summer flowers, on the narrow table under the blurred mirror in its twisted frame. He was a trifle ashamed of his grasping worldliness, as he stood in the old room. The master of the house was most attractive; he and his daughter were of a different fibre from the other inmates of the household. The girl had a fine repose and dignity of manner. She seemed equal to her duties, but she was grave and brooding; like some women whom he had known among the French peasants, with her serene expectancy and steadfastness and careful expenditure of enthusiasm. She was an economist by nature, but rich with power and strength, the young man thought, as he wondered if there were any one who had the gift of sounding the depths of this faithful heart. He was ready to read much romance and sentiment between the straight, plain lines of this new character. Evidently nothing of any great interest had happened to Doris yet, but it could not be possible that she was made only for fading out and growing old, undeveloped by these dull fashions of country life.

As he went up the broad green sloping yard toward the orchard, a little

later, Mrs. Owen's voice reached him as she sang a high droning psalm tune behind the wilted scarlet runners of the pantry window. She had sung in the church choir in her early years, and had agreed with her neighbors that her gift was quite uncommon; but it was impossible now for the listener to resist a smile at some of her ambitious excursions among the higher notes. She was rolling out a new supply of the substantial ginger cakes that her dependents so much admired, and doughnuts also must be provided afresh; but she noticed with pleasure that her guest was going in the same direction from which Doris would presently be returning, and rejoiced to think they were sure to meet.

Nothing would give her daughter a better suggestion than such an acquaintance as this. It was Mrs. Owen's darling project that Doris should see something of the world. She dimly recognized that the world had a claim upon the girl's beauty and good sense, and she wished to hear her praised and see her take a rightful place. Her own most womanly perception had not been unconscious of young Dale's interest in her child's good looks. Dale himself was pleasant to look at; young Israel Owen might have truly been something like him, if he had grown older under such evidently prosperous worldly conditions; and the tears started to this mother's eyes, as she watched the stranger out of sight. She must ask him some time to give further particulars of the accident which had lamed him. He seemed to have difficulty in using his left foot, and limped a good deal now as he disappeared among the old trees of the orchard. Presently he came into view again, this time allured to the family burying-ground at the edge of the field. The good woman could see, as he had seen, the faded color of the little flag which since the last Decoration Day had fluttered in every breeze above the soldier's grave.

VI.

The weather did what it could to prosper the dwellers on the Marsh Island, and Dick Dale more than once assured himself that it was too heavenly beautiful for a man to do anything but enjoy life in idleness. There was a sturdiness and royalty about the stout-stemmed fruit trees. He looked along delightful vistas between their rows, and when he had followed the hillside a short distance he discovered, as he turned to look behind him, a view of the farmhouse roofs and chimneys against the willows, with a far distance of shore and sea and clouds beyond, which appeared to him of inestimable beauty and value. He forgot, as he looked across the country, that he had ever known any interest in existence save that connected with his paints and brushes, and would have hurried back for the best of them if he had not remembered, almost with impatience, that Doris would be ready to drive him to Dunster at eight o'clock. It was now a little past seven, and there never had been a better beginning of a day, with such wealth of time yet to look forward to. If Dale had been a more energetic person, he might have seized that perfection of morning light, and made sure of his sketch directly; but he looked back lovingly again and again instead, was sorry that the family plans seemed too important and inevitable to be disarranged, and strolled on through the open field. The aftermath here was wet with the heavy dew of the night before, and he kept to the cart track, along which the workmen had evidently passed earlier in the day. One of the ruts was well trodden and much used as a footpath. He wondered whither it led: it must be to the creek, and there was sure to be a fine view of the marshes after one reached the top of the slope beyond.

A salter breeze than any he had met

blew the drier grasses of the hill-top, and for his lame foot's sake he stopped, and then looked about eagerly. A wide, low country stretched away northward and eastward, with some pale blue hills on its horizon. The marshes looked as if the land had been raveled out into the sea, for the tide creeks and inlets were brimful of water, and some gulls were flashing their wings in the sunlight, as if they were rejoiced at the sight of the sinking and conquered shore. The far-away dunes of white sand were bewildering to look at, and their shadows were purple even at that distance. One might be thankful that he had risen early that morning, and had climbed a hill to see the world. Far away the haymaking was going on. In another direction some old haystacks looked soft and brown; and then Dale discovered a second group of men floating down the creeks, and was puzzled to know which were his friends. He felt like a leaf that drifts down a slow stream; he grew serenely contented in his delight, and dared to look the August sun full in its face, and then threw a stone with all his might at a bird that flew by. He blinked his dazzled eyes angrily because he could not tell whether the shot had been of any avail, and then laughed at himself, and felt like a boy on a stolen holiday. Just then he heard a noise of heavy footsteps, and behind some bushes, farther along the path he had been following, he was surprised to see Doris approaching, walking quickly beside two farm horses, whose harness was hanging about them, unfastened and clinking as they came. She was holding the near horse by his bit, and leaned backward to check the honest creatures, who were impatient to finish their breakfasts. The color flickered more brightly in her cheeks as she saw Dale, and watched him eagerly come down the slope to meet her.

The clumsy horses were filled with the spirit and excitement of the clear morning, and were ready to take advan-

tage of any excuse for prancing a little. They raised their heads and looked at the stranger, and the off horse capered at the sight; the dangling harness struck them unexpectedly, and their slender teamster was suddenly in danger. At least, Dale thought so, and hastened to the rescue. Doris lost sight of him, but presently had the horses well in hand again, and a moment afterward she was shocked to see the painter try to get up from the turf. He had stumbled and fallen ignominiously, but looked pale, as if he were really hurt. The conquered horses stood still now, at the girl's command. They were docile creatures, of great experience, who would stand in the hot sunshine all day, or follow the long spring furrows without impatience. They would not have struck their young mistress for all the cracked corn in the bin, and waited now, looking after her uneasily as she went toward the stranger.

"It is only this confounded ankle of mine!" growled Dale. "I believe I never shall get it strong;" and though he felt more and more disgusted and ashamed of himself and wished he were a thousand miles away, an unpleasant faintness was creeping over him. No, he would not be such a baby! But at this point the bright sky turned black, he felt the ground lift itself up and the short grass prick his cheek, and there was a pause altogether.

Only a minute went by before life resumed its course, and he opened his eyes, quite a languid and white-faced person now, instead of the stalwart admirer of the country who had come up the hill. "You had better lie still a little while," said Doris softly. He need not have felt such a sense of inferiority and silliness, for her face was very sober and distressed. The horses had become totally indifferent to their surroundings, except as they tried to brush away a fly now and then. Dale sat up presently, and leaned his head on one hand while

he felt his disabled ankle with the other, and then tied his handkerchief tightly about it. He felt sorry it was not the clean one which he had filled with mushrooms the day before; this looked miserably the worse for wear. Somehow, he never could remember to beg for paint rags before he started out for a day's sketching.

Doris looked on compassionately. She was standing close beside him, and he was sure she had stooped to take off his hat, which had been uncomfortably misplaced over his eyes as he lay down; but she had not lifted his head on her arm, or behaved at all as maidens do when their lovers, or even their friends, faint in the story-books. He was obliged to confess that she was very sensible and very kind, however, and that she looked sorry for him.

"I shall be all right directly," he said, with his best smile. "I must insist that I have n't fainted before since I was a boy. Could you ask?" — and Dale hesitated: there was nobody at the farmhouse save Mrs. Owen. "Can you get me a stick, do you think, so that I can hobble back to the house?"

"I will come back and help you, if you will wait right here for me," said the girl, flushing slightly, while leading the horses to the side of the path, she sprang upon the back of the nearer one, and went jolting toward the barns with entire composure. She was apparently familiar with this uncomfortable mode of travel; she did not turn her head, though Dale turned his, and saw her strike first the leader and then his mate with the end of the heavy leather reins. He wondered if she would not be hurt against the low boughs of the old apple-trees; he had been obliged to stoop more than once as he had walked under them. It was very odd that he should have been talking nonsense to himself the night before about being invalided upon the Marsh Island. Somehow, the reality was not so pleasant, and he felt

like a shipwrecked sailor, and unwontedly destitute at that. He could not go to Dunster now; perhaps he must ask Doris to bring a doctor. This was a dismal end to his triumphant morning; but his ankle was in a wretched way, and with an angry cry of misery, which nothing would have forced from him had he not been alone, he seized it with both hands, and soliloquized at intervals until Doris reappeared. Even in his suffering condition he felt a great joy, because she ran so lightly and so fast, as not one woman in ten thousand can run, with fleet-footed directness and grace. She was slow, she herself thought, — she had been afraid that he might faint again; and when she reached his side, and Dale leaned upon her firm arm and stopped to break a stick from a wild-cherry thicket, she thought him uncomplaining and even heroic. She was much disturbed, but the painter thought her very placid and quite motherly in her attentions and feeling toward him. She was a soulless creature, after all; beautiful to look at as a fawn and unconscious as a flower, but as a human being utterly commonplace. The confession must be made that when they reached the hot kitchen, and Dale deposited himself wearily in a padded rocking-chair, which he wished to be out of directly, Mrs. Owen was much more equal to the occasion in her expressions of sympathy than her daughter had been. "For mercy's sake, Doris," she demanded, "why did n't you slip one of the hosses into the old wagon, and not make Mr. Dale walk all the way? He may have het up the bone so 't will be stiff as a stake." But Doris looked so convicted and distressed that Dick announced gallantly his complete repugnance to being cruelly jolted over the uneven surface of a hillside field.

Dan Lester was happily unconscious of the devotion which was spent upon his rival that day at the farmhouse. The family doctor was seen coming along the road, and was called in with

great eagerness. He looked at his patient with much surprise, and recognized him as having sometimes been a guest at one of the fine houses on the shore, at the other extremity of his range of practice. The doctor had served as surgeon in the army during the war, and was a man of excellent acquirements and quick perceptions.

"I have seen you before, I think, at Mrs. Winchester's, Mr. Dale?" he said carelessly, when the bandage had fallen short, and Mrs. Owen had hurried away with thumping footsteps for more old cotton. "It was when a little grandson of hers had a bad fall in the stable," he explained, holding the strip of cloth with firm fingers.

"Yes," replied Dick Dale uneasily. "I thought I had seen you. If you run across any of my people, don't speak of my being here. I stopped to make a sketch or two, and meant to be away to-day. I have promised to visit my aunt later in the season," he added more boldly. He was unaccustomed to apologizing for his plans, and wondered, as he spoke, why he felt now a little at odds with propriety.

The doctor nodded, and seemed indisposed to criticise the deeds of any young man, especially an artist. "You could not find a more picturesque bit of country," he said, with considerable enthusiasm. "There were two or three artists staying at the east village in June. I dare say they might have been friends of yours."

Mrs. Owen had returned with a stout roll of linen and a damaged sheet, which she offered submissively for inspection. "There's plenty more where this come from," she announced, a little out of breath; and the doctor smilingly responded that she had better not let any of the hospitals hear of her; they were always beggared for want of such things.

"Will he be laid up a good while, do you suppose?" she asked the hurried

surgeon, with a shade of anxiety, as she followed him to the door, and hardly knew whether she was most relieved or disappointed when the doctor answered that this sprain was only slight; it was a miserable weak ankle; the fellow had used it too soon after the first injury.

The morning went by slowly, and Dale grew more and more dissatisfied and impatient with himself. He had heard the doctor's verdict upon his case, and did not anticipate any long delay; but his foot ached badly, and the bandage felt tight and bungling, though it looked so smooth and irreproachable. He had been established in a high-backed wooden rocking-chair in the clock-room, with his lame foot on another chair, cushioned by a small and fluffy pillow, with a cover so long that it drooped to the floor and looked like a baby's skimpy-frock. He was left to himself for a time. Doris was going to Dunster without him, and would bring back Temperance Kipp, the maid servant, and his own portmanteau. Dale could see her in the yard harnessing a horse into a light wagon. Presently her mother joined her, looking heated from her work in the kitchen. She was a fine, straight woman for her years, a most kind creature, the young man thought gratefully, and smiled as he heard her tell Doris what the doctor had said, and add that his own foot was as soft and white as a child's. Doris seemed impatient to be off. The young horse she drove was impatient, also, and whirled the wagon round a corner of the yard and down the road. Dale leaned forward to see better. Doris looked quickly up at the window, and their eyes exactly met; the next moment she was hidden by the willow boughs, but it was so still about the farm that the sound of wheels could be heard for some minutes.

Mrs. Owen looked in, every little while, and always said that they were going to have a regular dog-day. The

tall clock ticked excitedly, as if it were not pleased with this intrusion upon its own apartment. The county paper lay upon the table under the looking-glass, with the Massachusetts Ploughman and the semi-weekly Tribune, which Dale selected with satisfaction. After looking over its pages with sad quickness, he made use of it to beat away the flies which were flocking in from the kitchen. Mrs. Owen had unguardedly left the door half open, and they seemed eager to prove the truth of her repeated statement about the weather. From his seat by the window he could see the hillside and the orchard, with the small, pathetic crowd of gray and white headstones in the family burying-place. One might fancy that these stones were a sort of prosaic disguise, under which the former dwellers in the old farmhouse stood apart together to watch and comment gloomily upon their descendants. The faded little flag alone signified any active interest. There was a kind of hopeful beckoning and inspiration about its slight movements and flutterings.

In the dullest of the morning hours Dick was assured that he must communicate with his aunt, and make use of her hospitality. Later, he reflected that, however reasonable such an arrangement might appear, it would be also a great bore. The house was always well filled at this time of the summer. There was sure to be a flock of his aunt's grandchildren, and they were noisy and clamorous enough if a man were well, and he was not disposed to put himself at their mercy now, confounded little beggars! They were all extremely fond of him, and hitherto he had returned their affection with a more or less spasmodic warmth. Dick jerked his shoulders suddenly, as if a first-cousin, once removed, had unsympathetically tried to climb upon them. He would wait a day or two, and see how the ankle got on; indeed, he had often spent a week or two in a duller place than this. But he

wondered idly, more than once, if it were not time for Doris to be at home again.

VII.

Meanwhile work was going forward on the marshes. There had been some delay in transporting the crew of men; the great hay-boat, which had not been used before for some months, was stranded high and dry on the shore at the side of the creek. It had been well beached, and put as far out of reach of the spring tides as possible, lest it should float off across the shallow sea which covered the meadows, and be either wrecked or take up its residence inconveniently far inland. The same spring tide, however, had revenged itself for the loss of its prey by giving the heavy boat a lift and a push which made it swing about and tug at its moorings from the opposite direction. Finally, when the waters receded from their unnatural vantage ground, the craft settled down heavily, with its bow toward the deep channel; and when the huckleberry and bayberry bushes waked up a little later, they struggled and bent their twigs under a weight and obscurity equal to a land-slide, and concluded that it was not spring yet, after all.

The farmer had met such hindrances before, and had laid some persuasive rollers in the way to the water, and the launch was achieved in the early August morning with little difficulty, though with the aid of much shouting from Jim Fales, beside vigorous pushing from all the haymakers. The tide was in, and the stupid-looking square hay-boat floated lightly, with a somewhat coquettish air of being in its element, while the displaced water splashed among the coarse grass of the shore. A weather-beaten dory was brought up and fastened at the hay-boat's stern; the farmer was carefully putting his scythes and pitchforks on board. One of the men fas-

tened the horses to a small maple-tree, which they browsed industriously. Doris was to come presently to drive them back to the barn.

Jim Fales had worked furiously to aid the launching of the hay-boat, and now stood contemplating it with some scorn. "Ain't she got a sassy bow?" he remarked derisively. "I don't know's I ever see one that was built more awk'ard. 'Twas one o' old Lester's make, wa'n't it? His was all the same pattern."

"You take right holt now, my son, and help git these tools aboard," said Israel Owen serenely. "We're belated more 'n I wish we was a'ready. An' Lester's bo'ts are pretty much all afloat in the ma'shes now, while those that have been made since are mostly split or rotten. He put good stuff into 'em, and they carry well, a good load and well set, if they be square-nosed."

"We'll all be drowned, sure 's fate. I guess I'd better step along on the bank," laughed the young man; "she's leakin' like a sieve."

"Give her a couple of hours in the water and she'll be as dry as a cup," said the farmer. "I know her. But run along ashore if you feel skeary, James," as the youngster leaped lightly over the side. The other men smiled indulgently. Jim Fales was a good fellow, whose faults were those of youth and self-confidence. He was thin and light, quick as a flash, and apt to work beyond his strength in boyish bravado. He was employed at men's wages for the first time this summer, and had proved himself worthy to enter the lists at any sort of farm-work, though some of his comrades could not help wondering how he would hold out. He was frequently designated as the Grasshopper, and was worth at least half his pay for his good spirits and the amusement he afforded his associates.

One would have thought that the boat's builder had measured the width

of the creek before he laid her timbers, and then left very little room on either side. The complication which would be involved by one hay-boat's meeting another in the deep and narrow channels of the marsh can hardly be pictured, unless, indeed, the crews were amicably transferred. At some distance, however, a broader inlet was shining in the morning sunlight, and another boat and its company presently emerged from behind a point of the Marsh Island, and floated placidly away to the eastward.

"There goes Bennet's folks," said Mr. Jenks. "They're late this morning, too," and Jim Fales and Allen, who were poling, doubled their diligence, and made haste to signify their presence by loud and echoing outcries.

Farmer Owen had seated himself on the broad gunwale of his valued boat, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees and his brown hands clasped together before him. Sometimes the tall sedges brushed the faded cambric back of his waistcoat, and once Mr. Jenks reached out and cut two or three cat-tails with his great jack-knife, and selecting the largest proceeded to trim it, and then stuck it in a small auger hole in the stern, where it looked like the mockery of a mast. For some distance the faded square of yellow was visible where the boat had laid on the sloping bank; it made a surprisingly attractive point in the landscape, and Farmer Owen said once, as he looked at it, that the growth underneath would be likely to think there was an early fall. There had been no such high tides for ten years as the spring before, when Lester's masterpiece had been drifted so far ashore.

As they neared a point half-way to the south marsh, a young man was seen standing there, waiting, a solitary figure on the low shore. This was Dan Lester, who, as the hay-boat approached, took a flying leap and landed in what might be called the hold, making a great

splash in the six or seven inches of water, which seemed to disconcert neither him nor anybody else.

"I'd better have fetched a mallet and spike along, and caulked up this conveyance," he said soberly, with an inward sense of the scrutiny of Jim Fales's curious eyes. His mind was not at ease, and he tried to behave exactly as usual, without entire success.

"I guess 't will be the end o' the leakage now," Israel Owen announced, after a wondering though brief look at this new member of the crew. "The sides are tight, and 't was only the bottom planks that had shrunk a grain, same's they do every year. She'll be dry enough if she lays out in this sun till evenin'."

The fresh morning wind ruffled the surface of the tide river and tossed about the foliage on the shore, lifting the leaves and varying their shades of green skillfully. As the boat slowly rounded a point covered with underbrush, Lester saw a late wild rose almost within reach of his hand, and with the sudden thought of Doris that was always linked in his mind with anything beautiful he tried to catch and break the twig. But he had been carried just too far beyond, and almost fell over into the water. The other men laughed, and he joined them a little ruefully, and watched the flower, as if the loss of it foretold his fate. He had known the misery and anxiety of an unassured lover the night before. He had never until now been really uncertain or in such desperate earnest about winning Doris, and was shaken and hurt by his sleeplessness and fears. Dan was a model of health and vigor. Like men of his nature, he could ill bear suffering of any sort, but he was supported this morning by a noble instinct of heroism. He would die hard before he let himself betray the lack of courage that he sometimes felt. If Doris knew how troubled he was for her sake, she could not help

thinking that he deserved her love. Poor fellow! sometimes he needed her tender pity almost as much.

But saucy Jim Fales, with his quick, shrewd eyes, had dared to tell him that he looked afflicted, and was begging him to give the reason. It was a preposterous favor to ask, under the circumstances, and Jim seemed quite abominable. Lester was quick-tempered, and found himself growing very angry, although it would never do to wage open war against the youngster. Mr. Owen was already looking benignly at the faces of his companions, as if he were becoming conscious of the presence of some interest he did not understand.

They were so far away now from the farm that it showed its whole outline and extent from that eastern point of view. The hill which Dick Dale thought a good lookout had lowered itself, and was only a bare, unsheltered pasture upland. Israel Owen could read at a glance all the slopes and hollows of the woodland and fields of the neighboring country, and surveyed with pleasure his own sound fences and the tops of his fruit trees, which showed themselves over the crest of the island as if they were trying to see what was on the seaward side.

The tide was full; the lines of the creeks made a broad tracery whichever way one looked. Northward and southward from the Marsh Island the great reaches of the Sussex marshes spread themselves level and green, while the nearer hills of the inland country were bronzed and autumn-like, and the distant ones were blue in the morning haze. The sea-birds overhead were crying and calling, as if they besought the salt-hay makers to fly away with them, like reluctant nestlings of their own.

The outlying portion of Israel Owen's property, toward which he was voyaging, was a low bit of the sea country. Even this not unusual tide was submerging its

borders, and most of the grass must be taken away to be spread and dried elsewhere. The old farmer with Dan Lester went apart from the other workmen, and all began to mow as fast as possible, so that a good portion of the crop might be put into the boat, ready to carry away when the tide should be high again in the evening. The men stepped forward diligently; the tall grasses fell before their enemies, rank after rank. The tide held itself bravely for a time: it had grasped the land nobly; all its great weight and power were come in and had prevailed. It shone up at the sky; it laughed in the sun's face; then changed its mind, and began to creep away again. It would rise no more that morning, but at night the world should wonder! So the great sea, forsaking its purpose, slid back out of the narrow creeks and ditches, leaving them black and deep, with the green sedge drooping over their edges; and at midday the sun was fierce and hot, and the haymakers brought the small sail of the dory, and made a tent-like shelter of it with their pitchforks, and were ready for their nooning.

"I declare I don't know's it was ever hotter than this any of the hot days I've seen in my time," said the farmer. "Doris had a notion yisterday that 't would be better for her to bring over the dinner at noontime; she thought she could slip down the west crick in her small bo't, if 't was low water; but I'm glad she did n't." The younger men gave each other a sly look; they would have enjoyed such a visit in the midst of their dull work. Some evil spirit suggested to Jim Fales that it would be good fun to tease Dan Lester.

"Doris!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "She'll be all taken up with the city swell, I expect; she won't have no time to spare for country folks. Perhaps she'll fetch him along over here in her dory, long towards night, when it gits cooler, to make a picture of us."

"He looks like my boy Isr'el," said Farmer Owen, unexpectedly. "She's going to take him in to Dunster to git his trunk,—Doris is. Mis' Owen, she's calc'latin' to accommodate him for a spell." And one of the haymakers, who had been hungry enough the moment before, put down what would have been his next mouthful as if the bread were a stone. Jim Fales whistled at the sight, and the lover shot a fierce glance at him. What a fool he was making of himself, he thought piteously, the next minute, and tried to go on with his lunch. Mrs. Owen was a capital cook and provider, but Lester wondered how he could dispose of his share, while young Fales ventured to say satirically that he thought he had seen a snake; and being wonderingly answered by the proprietor that they were never common on the south marsh, held his peace.

Some of the men stretched themselves out for a nap, and Dan Lester feigned to copy their example; but when he left his hard couch, a little later, to join his employer, it was with sullen, tired eyes, and a determination to ask Doris's father a solemn question.

Farmer Owen had apparently taken no notice of Jim Fales's ostentatious discovery of the reptile, nor of the personal character of the talk, but Dan Lester looked dark, and muttered as if he were a strayed thunder-cloud. A light breeze had risen, and the stillness of the unusual heat was over with, but the young man grew flushed and warm, and stood holding his scythe as if it were an aggressive weapon, while he fanned himself with his frayed straw hat. He was a handsome fellow, dark and thin and straight, with a suggestion of French blood in his remote ancestry. A pair of honest blue eyes looked unrelated to his brown cheeks, and an inch or less above them there was a sharp dividing line between his singularly white forehead and the dusky tints below. The old farmer

glanced toward him once or twice compassionately, and at last came and laid a heavy hand kindly upon Dan's shoulder.

"Don't cry before ye're hurt, lad," he said. "Don't take no account of that youngster's nonsense, neither; 't ain't wuth your while, as I view it."

Lester flushed again, and looked angrier than before; his first impulse was to accuse his annoyers and defend himself, but luckily he became aware of the opportunity to plead his cause with Doris's father. He choked down his silly wrath, and a gentle, almost pleading expression came into his face; no words could be found for a minute, and the elder man stood waiting patiently. "Come," he said at last, "we must get to work."

"I've been wanting to speak with you," Lester whispered, as if they might be overheard even at that distance from their companions. "I do set everything by Doris. I feel as if I wanted to make certain I had a right to her."

"I can't say but I'm willin'," answered the farmer. "I should like to see it come about, far 's I'm concerned. Have ye spoke with her last night, may be?" and he looked hopefully at his would-be son-in-law's transparent countenance. "Your father and me, we was always the best of friends. I'd rather have you master of the old place than anybody about, so long 's poor Isr'el never 'll want it."

"I tried to screw me up to say something or 'nother, so she'd know, as we was ridin' along last evenin'," said Dan, grateful for the listener's confidence. "I don' know 's I'm chicken-hearted, but I could n't speak my mind. Seems if she must know, too. I wish the women was the ones that spoke first, they'd get over it a sight the easiest;" and Dan tried to laugh, but his mirth was not sincere. "She's too good for me by a long shot, but I never 'll let her want for nothin', specially lovin' kindness," he

burst out, with such excitement that the next moment a reaction followed his unwonted sentiment, and he felt afraid that his old friend would laugh at him.

"Yes, yes!" the elder man exclaimed somewhat impatiently. "I don't feel uneasy, Dan, an' 't will all come right in time. She ain't sure of her own mind p'rhaps, but 't is set that way. Women's a kind of game: you've got to hunt 'em their own track, an' when you've caught 'em they've got to be tamed some. Strange, ain't it?—they most all on 'em calc'late to git married; and yet it goes sort of against their natur', too, and seems hard to come to, for the most part:" and Mr. Owen shook his head solemnly over this difficult question, and walked away slowly to his work. Lester's mind felt not wholly unburdened, but this was at least a good beginning. "The old gentleman don't make so clean a cut this year as I've seen him," he thought. "I'll borrow some excuse to get him to quit work early;" and then Dan gave his own scythe a vigorous whetting, and mowed with surprising effect all the afternoon. Perhaps the stranger at the farmhouse was gone already. No, the farmer had said that his wife was going to take him to board for some days; and Dan felt an unusual sense of bitterness toward the good woman who seemed to be so unfriendly to his cause. Perhaps the painter was a married man. It was no use to be distressed, and Doris had been very good-humored the evening before, as they drove to the choir-meeting. Yet as the hours went by he grew more and more anxious to see her again.

As for Jim Fales and Mr. Jenks and Allen, they were filled with vain imaginings, and made themselves particularly merry over the lover's exasperation. "Land, how we 'll thorn Dan up to-morrow telling how him and her was keeping company in the best room, and walking up in the orchard after dark!" said Jim Fales. "There, now; see the

old sir a' clappin' him on the shoulder! He's going to say, Bless you, my child'n, sure 's you 're alive."

"He seemed mightily taken with the city chap, it struck me," said Mr. Jenks, who had worked in one of the Sussex shipyards all summer, and had lately been thrown out of employment by the dull season. "And look here, young man, you'd best keep out o' the range of Dan Lester's fist, if you've set your mind on baiting him." Mr. Jenks was a man of few words, and his junior looked disappointed and grave at this unexpected warning.

"I don't know 's we've got to settle everything for 'em this afternoon; but Dan's well stirred up and jealous as sin, ain't he?" inquired Jim, a few minutes afterward, in a serious tone. "I should n't wonder myself if it set him on to get matters fixed to his mind. He's been goin' with Doris Owen ever since I can remember. He was a big boy to school when I was a little one in the primer."

"He come from about here, did n't he?" asked Allen, who was a stranger in the neighborhood, though known to Mr. Jenks by means of the shipyards and other commercial interests.

"Right over beyond the cross-roads," answered Fales, "where the crick makes in. His father and grandfather was the best bo't-builders anywhere about; but Dan's father, he died young, and his mother married again to old Lawton, and a mighty poor business 't was," said the young philosopher sagely. "She'd done a sight better to stop where she was. Dan was always warrin' with the old man, and nobody blamed him. Dan had a good property from his father's folks, and his mother did n't know enough to hold on to it, and about all of it leaked away. You never see anybody step cheerfuller than Dan did to the burying-ground, when the old fellow was gathered. He was squiring his mother at the head o' the procession, sleevin' of

her handsome, as if he liked it. Dan's well off: he's been an awful lucky fellow, and some of his money that grand-sir Lawton did n't borrow turned out first-rate. I should n't be surprised if he was worth pretty near five thousand dollars to-day."

"That won't go's fur as it used to, in maintainin' a wife," said Jenks. His generous lunch seemed to have put him in a talkative temper. "Five thousand dollars used to be called a smart property, but nowadays folks has to have so many notions; everybody must stick a couple o' bay winders out front of their houses, else they ain't considered Christian. Bill Simms had to do it, for all his place was stuck as full o' lights as a lantern a'ready. I guess he finds he's got took in with his new companion. There was plenty warned him, but he

would n't hear to reason; he'd been told she'd got means."

"She's a homely creatur' enough," spoke Allen eagerly. "I see her out loppin' over the fence middle o' the mornin', day before yisterday. Where'd she come from, any way? Where'd Simms pick her up?"

"I b'lieve 't was over Seabrook way," drawled Mr. Jenks, stooping to take wider reaches at the grass. "I d' know whether she was drove ashore or whether he took her on a trawl, I'm sure, sir;" and this unusual turn of Mr. Jenks's conversation forced his comrades to laugh heartily. Indeed, the sound of their merriment beguiled Israel Owen from his thoughts of the past and Dan Lester from his hopes of the future, and they laughed back again with instinctive sympathy.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

WINTER BIRDS ABOUT BOSTON.

A WEED has been defined as a plant the use of which has not yet been discovered. If the definition is correct there are few weeds. For others beside men have made discoveries. What we are pleased to call the world below us is full of intelligence. Every animal has a lore of its own; not one of them but is — what the human scholar is more and more coming to be — a specialist. In these days the most eminent botanists are not ashamed to compare notes with the insects, who, it appears, long ago anticipated some of the latest improvements of our modern systematists.¹ We may see the red squirrel eating, with real epicurean zest, mush-

rooms, the white and tender flesh of which we have ourselves looked at longingly, but have never dared to taste. How amused he would be (I fear he would even be rude enough to snicker) were you to caution him against poison! As if *Sciurus Hudsonius* did not know what he were about! Why should a man be so provincial as to pronounce anything worthless merely because he can do nothing with it? The clover is not without value, although the robin and the oriole may agree to think so. We know better; and so do the rabbits and the humblebees. The wise respect wisdom wherever they see it, and are thankful for a good hint from no matter

¹ See a letter by Dr. Fritz Müller, *Butterflies as Botanists*: Nature, vol. xxx. p. 240. Of similar import is the case, cited by Dr. Asa Gray (in the *American Journal of Science*, November, 1884, p. 325), of two species of plantain found in this country, which students have only of late dis-

criminated, although it turns out that the cow have all along known them apart, eating one and declining the other, — the bovine taste being more exact, it would seem, or at any rate more prompt than the botanist's lens.

what quarter. Here is a worthy neighbor of mine whom I hear every summer complaining of the succory plants which disfigure the roadside in front of her windows. She wishes they were exterminated, every one of them. The chicory is homely, it must be confessed, for all the beauty of its individual sky-blue flowers. No wonder a neat housewife finds it an eyesore. But I never pass the spot in August (I do not pass it at all after that) without seeing that hers is only one side of the story. My approach is sure to startle a few goldfinches (and they too are most estimable neighbors), to whom these scraggy herbs are quite as useful as my excellent lady's apple-trees and pear-trees are to her. I watch them as they circle about in musical undulations, and then drop down again to finish their repast; and I perceive that, in spite of its unsightliness, the succory is not a weed, — its use has been discovered.

In truth, the lover of birds soon ceases to feel the uncomeliness of plants of this sort; he even begins to have a peculiar and kindly interest in them. A piece of "waste ground," as it is called, an untidy garden, a wayside thicket of golden-rods and asters, pig-weed and evening primrose, — these come to be almost as attractive a sight to him as a thrifty field of wheat is to an agriculturalist. Taking his cue from the finches, he separates plants into two grand divisions, — those that shed their seeds in the fall, and those that hold them through the winter. The latter, especially if they are of a height to overtop a heavy snow-fall, are friends in need to his clients; and he is certain to have marked a few places within the range of his every-day walks where, thanks to somebody's shiftlessness, perhaps, they have been allowed to flourish.

It is not many years since there were several such winter gardens of the birds in Commonwealth Avenue, — vacant house-lots overgrown with tall weeds.

Hither came flocks of goldfinches, red-poll linnets, and snow-buntings; and thither I went to watch them. The last two species are not to be seen in this region every season, and therefore are all the more interesting whenever they do appear. It happened that they were unusually abundant during the first or second year of my ornithological enthusiasm, and I remember yet the delight with which I added them to the small but rapidly increasing list of my feathered acquaintances.

The red-polls and the goldfinches often travel together, or at least are often to be found feeding in company; and as they resemble each other a good deal in size, general appearance, and ways, the casual observer is very likely not to discriminate between them. Only the summer before the time of which I speak I had spent a vacation at Mount Wachusett; and a resident of Princeton, noticing my attention to the birds (a taste so peculiar is not easily concealed), had one day sought an interview with me to inquire whether the "yellow-bird" did not remain in Massachusetts through the winter. I explained that we had two birds which commonly went by that name, and asked whether he meant the one with a black forehead and black wings and tail. Yes, he said, that was the one. I assured him, of course, that this bird, the goldfinch, did stay with us all the year round, and that whoever had informed him to the contrary must have understood him to be speaking about the golden warbler. He expressed his gratification, but declared that he had really entertained no doubt of the fact himself; he had often seen the birds on the mountain when he had been cutting wood there in midwinter. At such times, he added, they were very tame, and would come about his feet to pick up crumbs while he was eating his dinner. Then he went on to tell me that at that season of the year their plumage took on more or less of a red-

dish tinge: he had seen in the same flock some with no trace of red, others that were slightly touched with it, and others still of a really bright color. At this I had nothing to say, save that his red birds, whatever else they were, could not have been goldfinches. But next winter, when I saw the "yellow-birds" and the red-poll linnets feeding together in Commonwealth Avenue, I thought at once of my Wachusett friend. Here was the very scene he had so faithfully described,—some of the flock with no red at all, some with red crowns, and a few with bright carmine crowns and breasts. They remained all winter, and no doubt thought the farmers of Boston a very good and wise set, to cultivate the evening primrose so extensively. This plant, like the succory, is of an ungraceful aspect; yet it has sweet and beautiful blossoms, and as an herb bearing seed is in the front rank. I doubt whether we have any that surpass it, the birds being judges.

Many stories are told of the red-polls' fearlessness and ready reconciliation to captivity, as well as of their constancy to each other. I have myself stood still in the midst of a flock, until they were feeding around my feet so closely that it looked easy enough to catch one or two of them with a butterfly net. Strange that creatures so gentle and seemingly so delicately organized should choose to live in the regions about the North Pole! Why should they prefer Labrador and Greenland, Iceland and Spitzbergen, to more southern countries? Why? Well, possibly for no worse a reason than this, that these are the lands of their fathers. Other birds, it may be, have grown discouraged, and one after another ceased to come back to their native shores as the rigors of the climate have increased; but these little patriots are still faithful. Spitzbergen is home, and every spring they make the long and dangerous passage to it. All praise to them!

If any be ready to call this an over-refinement, deeming it incredible that beings so small and lowly should come so near to human sentiment and virtue, let such not be too hasty with their dissent. Surely they may in reason wait till they can point to at least one country where the men are as universally faithful to their wives and children as the birds are to theirs.

The red-poll linnets, as I have said, are irregular visitors in this region; several years may pass, and not one be seen; but the goldfinch we have with us always. Easily recognized as he is, there are many well-educated New Englanders, I fear, who do not know him, even by sight; yet when that distinguished ornithologist, the Duke of Argyll, comes to publish his impressions of this country, he avers that he has been hardly more interested in the "glories of Niagara" than in this same little yellow-bird, which he saw for the first time while looking from his hotel window at the great cataract. "A golden finch, indeed!" he exclaims. Such a tribute as this from the pen of a British nobleman ought to give *Astragalinus tristis* immediate entrance into the very best of American society.

It is common to say that the goldfinches wander about the country during the winter. Undoubtedly this is true in a measure; but I have seen things which lead me to suspect that the statement has sometimes been made too sweeping. Last winter, for example, a flock took up their quarters in a certain neglected piece of ground on the side of Beacon Street, close upon the line between Boston and Brookline, and remained there nearly or quite the whole season. Week after week I saw them in the same place, accompanied always by half a dozen tree sparrows. They had found a spot to their mind, with plenty of succory and evening primrose, and were wise enough not to forsake it for any uncertainty.

The goldfinch loses his bright feathers and canary-like song as the cold season approaches, but not even a New England winter can rob him of his sweet call and his cheerful spirits; and for one, I think him never more winsome than when he hangs in graceful attitudes above a snowbank, on a bleak January morning.

Glad as we are of the society of the goldfinches and the red-polls at this time of the year, we cannot easily rid ourselves of a degree of solicitude for their comfort; especially if we chance to come upon them after sunset on some bitterly cold day, and mark with what a nervous haste they snatch here and there a seed, making the utmost of the few remaining minutes of twilight. They will go to bed hungry and cold, we think, and were surely better off in a milder clime. But, if I am to judge from my own experience, the snow-buntings awaken no such emotions. Arctic explorers by instinct, they come to us only with real arctic weather, and almost seem to be themselves a part of the snowstorm with which they arrive. No matter what they are doing: running along the street before an approaching sleigh; standing on a wayside fence; jumping up from the ground to snatch the stem of a weed, and then setting at work hurriedly to gather the seeds they have shaken down; or, best of all, skimming over the snow in close order, their white breasts catching the sun as they veer this way or that,—whatever they may be doing, they are the most picturesque of all our cold-weather birds. In point of suspiciousness their behavior is very different at different times, as, for that matter, is true of birds generally. Seeing the flock alight in a low roadside lot, you steal silently to the edge of the sidewalk to look over upon them. There they are, sure enough, walking and running about, only a few rods distant. What lovely creatures, and how prettily they walk! But just as you are wish-

ing, perhaps, that they were a little nearer, they commence to fly from right under your feet. You search the ground eagerly, right and left, but not a bird can you discover; and still they continue to start up, now here, now there, till you begin to wonder whether, indeed, "eyes were made for seeing." The "snow-flakes" wear protective colors, and, like most other animals, are of opinion that, for such as lack the receipt of fern-seed, there is often nothing better than to sit still. The worse the weather, the less timorous they are, for with them, as with wiser heads, one thought drives out another; and it is nothing uncommon, when times are hard, to see them stay quietly upon the fence while a sleigh goes past, or suffer a foot passenger to come again and again within a few yards.

It gives a lively touch to the imagination to overtake these beautiful strangers in the middle of Beacon Street; particularly if one has lately been reading about them in some narrative of Siberian travel. Coming from so far, associating in flocks, with costumes so becoming and yet so unusual, they might be expected to attract universal notice, and possibly to get into the newspapers. But there is a fashion even about seeing; and of a thousand persons who may take a Sunday promenade over the Milldam, while these tourists from the North Pole are there, it is doubtful whether a dozen are aware of their presence. Birds feeding in the street? Yes, yes; English sparrows, of course; we haven't any other birds in Boston nowadays, you know.

With the pine grosbeaks the case is different. When a man sees a company of rather large birds about the evergreens in his door-yard, most of them of a neutral ashy-gray tint, but one or two in suits of rose-color, he is pretty certain to feel at least a momentary curiosity about them. Their slight advantage in size counts for something; for, without

controversy, the bigger the bird the more worthy he is of notice. And then the bright color! The very best men are as yet but imperfectly civilized, and there must be comparatively few, even of Bostonians, in whom there is not some lingering susceptibility to the fascination of red feathers. Add to these things the fact that the grosbeaks are extremely confiding, and are much more likely than the buntings to be seen from the windows of the house, and you have, perhaps, a sufficient explanation of the more general interest which they excite. Like the snow-buntings and the red-polls, they roam over the higher latitudes of Europe, Asia, and America, and make only irregular visits to our corner of the world.¹

I cannot boast of any intimate acquaintance with them. I have never caught them in a net, or knocked them over with a club, as other persons have done, although I have seen them when their tameness promised success to any such experiment. Indeed, it was several years before my lookout for them was rewarded. Then, one day, I saw a flock of about ten fly across Beacon Street, — on the edge of Brookline, — and alight in an apple-tree; at which I forthwith clambered over the picket-fence after them, heedless alike of the deep snow and the surprise of any steady-going citizen who might chance to witness my high-handed proceeding. Some of the birds were feeding upon the rotten apples; picking them off the tree, and taking them to one of the large main branches or to the ground, and there tearing them to pieces, — for the sake of the seeds, I suppose. The rest sat still, doing nothing. I was most impressed with the exceeding mildness and placidity of their demeanor; as if they had time enough, plenty to eat, and nothing to fear. Their only notes were

in quality much like the goldfinch's, and hardly louder, but without his characteristic inflection. I left the whole company seated idly in a maple-tree, where, to all appearance, they proposed to observe the remainder of the day as a Sabbath.

Last winter the grosbeaks were uncommonly abundant. I found a number of them within a few rods of the place just mentioned; this time in evergreen trees, and so near the road that I had no call to commit trespass. Evergreens are their usual resort, — so, at least, I gather from books, — but I have seen them picking up provender from a bare-looking last year's garden. Natives of the inhospitable North, they have learned by long experience how to adapt themselves to circumstances. If one resource fails, there is always another to be tried. Let us hope that they even know how to show fight upon occasion.

The purple finch — a small copy of the pine grosbeak, as the indigo bird is of the blue grosbeak — is a summer rather than a winter bird with us; yet he sometimes passes the cold season in Eastern Massachusetts, and even in Northern New Hampshire. I have never heard him sing more gloriously than once when the ground was deep under the snow; a wonderfully sweet and protracted warble, poured out while the singer circled about in the air with a kind of half-hovering flight.

As I was walking briskly along a West End street, one cold morning in March, I heard a bird's note close at hand, and, looking down, discovered a pair of these finches in a front yard. The male, in bright plumage, was flitting about his mate, calling anxiously while she, poor thing, sat motionless upon the snow, too sick or too badly exhausted to fly. I stroked her feather gently while she perched on my finger and then resumed my walk; first putting her into a little more sheltered position on the sill of a cellar window, and pron

¹ Unlike the snow-bunting and the red-poll, however, the pine grosbeak is believed to breed sparingly in Northern New England.

ising to call on my way back, when, if she were no better, I would take her home with me, and give her a warm room and good nursing. When I returned, however, she was nowhere to be found. Her mate, I regret to say, both on his own account and for the sake of the story, had taken wing and disappeared the moment I entered the yard. Possibly he came back and encouraged her to fly off with him; or perhaps some cat made a Sunday breakfast of her. The truth will never be known; our vigilant city police take no cognizance of tragedies so humble.

For several years a few song sparrows — a pair or two, at least — have wintered in a piece of ground just beyond the junction of Beacon Street and Brookline Avenue. I have grown accustomed to listen for their *tseep* as I go by the spot, and occasionally I catch sight of one of them perched upon a weed, or diving under the plank sidewalk. It would be a pleasure to know the history of the colony: how it started; whether the birds are the same year after year, as I suppose to be the case; and why this particular site was selected. The lot is small, with no woods or bushy thicket near, while it has buildings in one corner, and is bounded on its three sides by the streets and the railway; but it is full of a rank growth of weeds, especially a sturdy species of aster and the evergreen golden-rod, and I suspect that the plank walk, which on one side is raised some distance from the ground, is found serviceable for shelter in severe weather, as it is certainly made to take the place of shrubbery for purposes of concealment.

Fortunately, birds, even those of the same species, are not all exactly alike in their tastes and manner of life. So, while by far the greater part of our song sparrows leave us in the fall, there are always some who prefer to stay. They have strong local attachments, perhaps; or they dread the fatigue and

peril of the journey; or they were once incapacitated for flight when their companions went away, and, having found a Northern winter not so unendurable as they had expected, have since done from choice what at first they did of necessity. Whatever their reasons, — and we cannot be presumed to have guessed half of them, — at all events a goodly number of song sparrows do winter in Massachusetts, where they open the musical season before the first of the migrants make their appearance. I doubt, however, whether many of them choose camping grounds so exposed and public as this in the rear of the "Half-Way House."

Our only cold-weather thrushes are the robins. They may be found any time in favorable situations; and even in so bleak a place as Boston Common I have seen them in every month of the year except February. This exception, moreover, is more apparent than real, — at the most a matter of only twenty-four hours, since I once saw four birds in a tree near the Frog Pond on the last day of January. The house sparrows were as much surprised as I was at the sight, and, with characteristic urbanity, gathered from far and near to sit in the same tree with the visitors, and stare at them.

We cannot help being grateful to the robins and the song sparrows, who give us their society at so great a cost; but their presence can scarcely be thought to enliven the season. At its best their bearing is only that of patient submission to the inevitable. They remind us of the summer gone and the summer coming, rather than brighten the winter that is now upon us; like friends who commiserate us in some affliction, but do not comfort us. How different the chickadee! In the worst weather his greeting is never of condolence, but of good cheer. He has no theory upon the subject, probably; he is no Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; but he knows bet-

ter than to waste the exhilarating air of this wild and frosty day in reminiscences of summer time. It is a pretty-sounding couplet, —

“Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year,” —

but rather incongruous, he would think. *Chickadee, dee*, he calls, — *chickadee, dee*; and though the words have no exact equivalent in English, their meaning is felt by all who are worthy to hear them.

Are the smallest birds really the most courageous, or does an unconscious sympathy on our part inevitably give them odds in the comparison? Probably the latter supposition comes nearest the truth. When a sparrow chases a butcher-bird we cheer the sparrow, and then when a humming-bird puts to flight a sparrow, we cheer the humming-bird; we side with the king-bird against the crow, and with the vireo against the king-bird. It is a noble trait of human nature — though we are somewhat too ready to boast of it — that we like, as we say, to see the little fellow at the top. These remarks are made, not with any reference to the chickadee, — I admit no possibility of exaggeration in his case, — but as leading to a mention of the golden-crested kinglet. He is the least of all our winter birds, and one of the most engaging. Emerson’s “atom in full breath” and “scrap of valor” would apply to him even better than to the titmouse. He says little, — *zee, zee, zee* is nearly the limit of his vocabulary; but his lively demeanor and the grace and agility of his movements are in themselves an excellent language, speaking infallibly a contented mind. (It is a fact, on which I forbear to moralize, that birds seldom look unhappy except when they are idle.) His diminutive size attracts attention even from those who rarely notice such things. About the first of December, a year ago, I was told of a man who had shot a humming-bird only a few days before in the vicinity of Boston. Of course I expressed a

polite surprise, and assured my informant that such a remarkable capture ought by all means to be put on record in *The Auk*, as every ornithologist in the land would be interested in it. On this he called upon the lucky sportsman’s brother, who happened to be standing by, to corroborate the story. Yes, the latter said, the fact was as had been stated. “But then,” he continued, “the bird did n’t have a *long bill*, like a humming-bird;” and when I suggested that perhaps its crown was yellow, bordered with black, he said, “Yes, yes; that’s the bird, exactly.” So easy are startling discoveries to an observer who has just the requisite amount of knowledge, — enough, and (especially) not too much!

The brown creeper is quite as industrious and good-humored as the kinglet, but he is less taking in his personal appearance and less romantic in his mode of life. The same may be said of our two black-and-white woodpeckers, the downy and the hairy; while their more showy but less hardy relative, the flicker, evidently feels the weather a burden. The creeper and these three woodpeckers are with us in limited numbers every winter; and in the season of 1881–82 we had an altogether unexpected visit from the red-headed woodpecker, — such a thing as had not been known for a long time, if ever. Where the birds came from, and what was the occasion of their journey, nobody could tell. They arrived early in the autumn, and went away, with the exception of a few stragglers, in the spring; and as far as I know have never been seen since. It is a great pity they did not like us well enough to come again; for they are wide-awake, entertaining creatures, and gorgeously attired. I used to watch them in the oak groves of some Longwood estates, but it was not till our second or third interview that I discovered them to be the authors of a mystery over which I had been exercising my wits in vain, a tree-frog’s note

in winter! One of their amusements was to drum on the tin girdles of the shade trees; and meanwhile they themselves afforded a pastime to the gray squirrels, who were often to be seen creeping stealthily after them, as if they imagined that *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* might possibly be caught, if only he were hunted long enough. I laughed at them; but, after all, their amusing hallucination was nothing but the sportsman's instinct; and life would soon lose its charm for most of us, sportsmen or not, if we could no longer pursue the unattainable.

Probably my experience is not singular, but there are certain birds, well known to be more or less abundant in this neighborhood, which for some reason or other I have seldom, if ever, met. For example, of the multitude of pine finches which now and then overrun Eastern Massachusetts in winter I have never seen one, while on the other hand I was once lucky enough to come upon a few of the very much smaller number which pass the summer in Northern New Hampshire. This was in the White Mountain Notch, first on Mount Willard and then near the Crawford House, at which latter place they were feeding on the lawn and along the railway track as familiarly as the goldfinches.

The shore larks, again, are no doubt common near Boston for a part of every year; yet I found half a dozen five or six years ago in the marsh beside a Back Bay street, and have seen none since. One of these stood upon a pile of earth, singing to himself in an undertone, while the rest were feeding in the grass. Whether the singer was playing sentinel, and sounded an alarm, I was not sure, but all at once the flock started off, as if on a single pair of wings.

Birds which elude the observer in this manner year after year only render themselves all the more interesting. They are like other species with which we consider ourselves well acquainted,

but which suddenly appear in some quite unlooked-for time or place. The long-expected and the unexpected have both an especial charm. I have elsewhere avowed my favoritism for the white-throated sparrow; but I was never more delighted to see him than on one Christmas afternoon. I was walking in a back road, not far from the city, when I descried a sparrow ahead of me, feeding in the path, and, coming nearer, recognized my friend the white-throat. He held his ground till the last moment (time was precious to him that short day), and then flew into a bush to let me pass, which I had no sooner done than he was back again; and on my return the same thing was repeated. Far and near the ground was white, but just at this place the snow-plough had scraped bare a few square feet of earth, and by great good fortune this solitary and hungry straggler had hit upon it. I wondered what he would do when the resources of this garden patch were exhausted, but consoled myself with thinking that by this time he must be well used to living by his wits, and would probably find a way to do so even in his present untoward circumstances.

The snow-birds (not to be confounded with the snow-buntings) should have at least a mention in such a paper as this. They are among the most familiar and constant of our winter guests, although very much less numerous at that time than they are in spring and autumn, when the fields and roadsides are fairly alive with them.

A good word ought to be spoken for the shrike, also, who during the three coldest months is to be seen on the Common oftener than any other of our native birds. *There*, at all events, he is doing a good work. May he live to finish it!

The blue jay stands by us, of course. You will not go far without hearing his scream, and catching at least a distant view of his splendid coat, which he is

too consistent a dandy to put off for one of a duller shade, let the season shift as it will. He is not always good-natured; but none the less he is generally in good spirits, and, all in all, is not to be lightly esteemed in a time when bright feathers are scarce.

As for the jay's sable relatives, they are the most conspicuous birds in the winter landscape. You may possibly walk to Brookline and back without hearing a chickadee, or a blue jay, or even a goldfinch; but you will never miss sight and sound of the crows. Black against white is a contrast hard to be concealed. Sometimes they are feeding in the street, sometimes stalking about the marshes; but oftenest they are on the ice in the river, near the water's edge. For they know the use of friends, although they have never heard of Lord Bacon's "last fruit of friendship," and would hardly understand what that provident philosopher meant by saying that "the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself." How aptly their case illustrates the not unusual coexistence of formal ignorance with real knowledge! Having their Southern brother's fondness for fish without his skill in catching it, they adopt a plan worthy of the great essayist himself, — they court the society of the gulls; and with a temper eminently

philosophical, not to say Baconian, they cheerfully sit at their patrons' second table. From the Common you may see them almost any day flying back and forth between the river and the harbor. One morning in early March I witnessed quite a procession, one small company after another, the largest numbering eleven birds, though it was nothing to compare with what seems to be a daily occurrence at some places further south. At another time, in the middle of January, I saw what appeared to be a flock of herring gulls sailing over the city, making progress in their own wonderfully beautiful manner, circle after circle. But I noticed that about a dozen of them were black! What were these? If they could have held their peace I might have gone home puzzled; but the crow is in one respect a very polite bird: he will seldom fly over your head without letting fall the compliments of the morning, and a vigorous *caw, caw* soon proclaimed my black gulls to be simply erratic specimens of *Corvus Americanus*. Why were they conducting thus strangely? Had they become so attached to their friends as to have taken to imitating them unconsciously? Or were they practicing upon the vanity of these useful allies of theirs, these master fishermen? Who can answer? The ways of shrewd people are hard to understand; and in all New England there is no shrewder Yankee than the crow.

Bradford Torrey.

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

DEAD? Not to thee, thou keen watcher, — not silent, not viewless, to thee,
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal! I, from the mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens thou smilest to hear and to see.

For I, when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the entering morn;
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew on the leaf and the thorn,
The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight on harvests of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path,—thou bendest to look in my eyes;
The bird in its nest in the thicket,—thou heedest my love-laden cries;
The planet that leads the night legions,—thou liftest thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with its fluttering swarms;
The summer-day cloud on the hilltops, that showeth thee manifold forms;
The wind from the south and the west, the voice that sings courage in storms!

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to thee now:
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvelest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward and the bough!

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened between us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage to thee:
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou art set free!

Edith M. Thomas.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE were two drawing-rooms at Mrs. Clarke's: one for conversation; the other for music, dancing, blind-man's-buff, or whatever the company liked. The music sometimes carried the day so completely that it silenced the conversation in the other room, and drew all to listen. Among the amateur artists who achieved this triumph were Madame Andryames, Silvio Pellico's companion in captivity, who many a time held old and young spellbound by her voice. The Princesse de la Moskowa, the Marquise de Gabriac, Madame de Sparre, and others made the evenings brilliant with their gift of song, cultivated as so many women of rank cultivated it then.

Another *dilettante* of talent was M. de Maupas, then quite a young man, making his *début* in society, and as yet "uncorrupted;" nothing tending to denote him as the future minister of Napoleon III.

Among the literary stars of the cir-

cle, the most prominent at this period was Fauriel. He was, *par excellence*, the *ami de la maison*, and therefore deserves a special mention in this record of Mary Clarke and her salon. Fauriel was born in 1772, and was consequently eighteen years older than Mary. He was already distinguished as a writer when he made her acquaintance. Jouffroy, the great critic, said of Fauriel's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, "It is a book that men of letters and historians will quarrel for, because it presents to the former a poetic monument of the greatest originality, and to the latter authentic documents on an unknown people whom Europe has just conquered in the middle of the Mediterranean." Fauriel was a man of rare goodness and refinement, and so extremely conscientious that whenever a question arose which put, or threatened to put, his principles at variance in the smallest degree with the duties of his situation his first impulse was to escape

the difficulty by sending in his resignation. He had done this so often that it became a joke among his friends. One day, Fauriel was relating how he and some of his intimates had been distributing to one another imaginary political rôles; he was going to say what rôle had fallen to him, when Guizot interrupted him with "You need not tell us, my dear fellow; we know what it was." "And what was it?" asked Fauriel, in surprise. "Why, of course, you gave in your resignation."

In 1834, Fauriel published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a study on Dante and the origin of Italian literature, which brought him prominently forward as a student of deep research and erudition, and led to his being named to the chair of foreign literature at the Sorbonne. It also brought him into personal contact with the leading Italian writers of the day. Manzoni he already knew, but from this date they grew very intimate. The Clarkes soon afterward made a journey to Italy, and were accompanied by Fauriel, who introduced them to all his friends. They spent some time at Milan, where they saw a great deal of Manzoni. They owed the Italian element of their salon to this winter spent in the Italian cities.

Fauriel had a sincere attachment to Mary Clarke, which she reciprocated, and it was a matter of surprise to many that this mutual attraction did not end in marriage. It was strong enough on her side, at any rate, to prevent her marrying any one else while Fauriel lived.¹

Thiers had been intimate with the Clarkes from the prehistoric times of the Rue Bonaparte. When he came to Paris in 1821, a young man of five and twenty, he was introduced to Mrs. Clarke,

with a view to enlisting her influence in getting him employment. She made him known to Manuel, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, who at once discerned the value of the young aspirant to journalistic service, and put him on the staff of his newspaper. The Clarkes' society was, no doubt, a great resource to the lonely young provincial, and it seemed a matter of course that he should fall in love with Mary. He used to come every evening, and talk with her for hours; staying so late that the *concierge* lost patience, and said to her one morning, "Mademoiselle, if that little student does not take himself off before midnight, I will lock the gate, and he may sleep on the staircase!" After this, the little student was dismissed earlier. Though less assiduous in his attendance than in these young days, Thiers remained one of the *habitués* of the Rue du Bac.

Mérimée used to go there frequently to practice his English, at which he was working hard. Mrs. Clarke helped him by correcting his mistakes, and Mary by laughing at them.

M. de Tocqueville was another of their *habitués*, as well as Guizot, Cousin, Augustin Thierry, Benjamin Constant, Mignet, Boretty, etc.; in fact, the cleverest men of the day. But among all these brilliant personalities Julius Mohl calls for chief notice, not merely because of his merit and distinction, but because of the part he was to play in Mary's life.

His father, Herr von Mohl, was minister to the King of Würtemberg. He was of noble birth and very small fortune. He had four sons, who had all to make their way in the world. His wife was a cultivated, clever woman, an admirable manager as well as a devoted

¹ A letter of Mary Clarke's to Ampère, dated October 2, 1830, says, "Monsieur Fauriel walked in last night with an air of *vin de champagne* that astonished me. Instead of dragging himself to the sofa and letting himself drop on it, he walked about as brisk as possible; and instead of inquir-

ing after my toothache (to my great scandal), he said, 'Ampère is named to the École Normale! Cousin made them sign it as on a volcano!' I wanted to hear more about it, to get details, but I could get nothing out of him. He told me to write to you." . . .

mother. By dint of strict economy and self-denial, she saved out of their small means enough to give her sons a first-rate education, thus providing them with means of honorable livelihood. Her noble ambition was that no son of hers should ever be compelled to sell his opinions (*vendre sa pensée*). She secured to them this intellectual independence at cost of much patient courage and self-sacrifice, and they all repaid her abundantly, attaining distinction in their separate careers, and loving their mother with the most chivalrous affection.

Julius Mohl, from his earliest boyhood, showed rare taste for Oriental languages and lore; and so great was his proficiency in this line that, at the age of twenty, he was offered a professorship at the University of Tübingen, in Würtemberg. He refused it, on the plea that he could not become a teacher while still a learner. "I must," he said, "feel myself master of Oriental languages before I attempt to profess them."

Soon after this he got the promise of a scholarship at the College of Benares, and went to London to make the final arrangements for his journey to India. From some unexplained cause the whole scheme fell through, and instead of going to Benares Julius crossed over to Paris. This was about 1822. In Paris he set to work at his chosen studies, following M. de Sacy's Cours of Persian and Arabic, Abel Rémusat's Cours of Chinese, and that of M. Burnouf, then secretary to the Société Asiatique.

Not long after coming to Paris he met Dr. Roulain, an able and learned man, with whom he formed a close friendship, which they tested by living together for many years in perfect harmony.

His meeting with Jean Jacques Ampère was another important event in his early Paris life. Ampère had just returned from one of his long journeys, and was the hero of the day. Everybody wanted to see him, to hear him

talk,—he was the most delightful of talkers. Julius Mohl met him for the first time at the house of Cuvier. He was extraordinarily brilliant that evening, and quite inebriated the company. They drew him out about his travels, made him tell stories, and received all he said with the warmest applause. Julius Mohl knew not what to think of it. It upset all his conventional ideas of what a learned and literary man ought to be; but when Ampère, yielding to the entreaties of the company, took his stand at the chimney-corner, and began to declaim verses of his own composition, exciting the feeling of the audience to enthusiasm, the amazement of the quiet, reverential German student reached its climax. "*Je n'en revenais pas*," he wrote to a friend, long after. "I had never seen anything of the kind; and though, since then, I have been present at many affairs of the sort, I have never grown used to them." To M. Mohl it was a totally new phase of literary character and deportment, as well as of social life.

From this first meeting, however, dated a close and warm friendship between him and Ampère. He took a room next to Ampère's, and they lived almost in common for many years. The partnership was broken by Ampère's periodical absences on long journeys; but when he was in Paris the two friends were "done for" by the *concierge* and his wife M. and Madame Félix. An entire dissemblance of character between these two friends of Mary Clarke's did not prove any impediment to perfect mutual understanding. Ampère was remarkable for his absence of mind, and a sort of mental untidiness which reproduced itself in the disorder of his external and pecuniary affairs. Mohl, though unconscious as a babe of externals, was the most orderly of men in his mind; he cared nothing for money, but he knew to a fraction how much he had and how far it must go. Ampère's incapacity for

taking care of himself kept his friends perpetually on the *qui vive*. Coming home from the Abbaye, one winter's night, shivering with cold, he stirred up the embers, and sat down to warm himself, piling up logs of wood till the chimney took fire, and blazed away so fiercely that it threatened the safety of the house. At this point Ampère noticed that something was amiss. He rushed in to Mohl, who was howling with toothache under the blankets, dragged him out of bed, and adjured him to put out the fire.

Mohl's unconsciousness was of the most harmless kind. He would, for instance, wear out the carpet of his room till the holes tripped one up by the heel, and made treading upon it unsafe; and when Madame Félix called his attention to the fact he would go out and buy a new one, and politely beg the tradesman who brought it home to spread it out over the old, it never occurring to him that it was necessary to remove the latter.

Ampère, starting on his never-ending expeditions, — "dancing over the world like a will-o'-the-wisp," as Mary Clarke said, — would stow away his money in his stockings; then he would forget this, and drop it about when pulling on the stockings; or he would lose the pair that held the chief deposit; or he would leave behind his portmanteau, and find himself stranded in some out-of-the-way place, and write home to Mohl to go and receive and transmit to him other moneys which were due to him. Mohl, though oblivious to an incredible degree of his own wants, was the most punctual and orderly of men in managing the affairs of his friends, and would execute these commissions with the utmost promptitude, attending to every detail with careful accuracy.

When the two friends were together they found a great bond in common pur-

suits. They both followed the Chinese class of M. Rémusat, and studied many other subjects together, making joint stock of their wealth of brains. In recalling those days, Mohl would say, "Ah, those were the good old times!"

Under a rough exterior and blunt manner Julius Mohl hid the kindest heart, — a combination that got him the sobriquet of *le bourru bienfaisant*. He was a centre of help, both moral and material, to his struggling fellow countrymen; assisting them not only with good counsel, but, poor as he was, by giving or obtaining for them pecuniary aid in many a critical strait. For he was very poor. These "good old times," that in later years he could look back upon through the beautifying haze of memory, were times of austere privation and self-denial. He had brought his little patrimony with him, and kept it, not, perhaps, in his stockings, but in some bank equally accessible and unremunerative. He had nothing but this patrimony to live on, and he must go on spending it until he had completed his studies, and was free to devote to earning money some of the time now wholly absorbed by them. When an old and comparatively rich man, he used to relate to M. Antoine d'Abbadie¹ how he had learned to spend exactly five sous a day on his breakfast. He invested in a sack of potatoes, which he kept in a closet off his room; every morning Madame Félix boiled him a dishful of these, which he ate *en salade* with a sausage and a hunch of bread. This was the only meal he took at home. He was in constant request among his friends, and he had a dress-coat which enabled him to accept their invitations to dinner every day. One day it occurred to him, What should he do if any accident should happen to his coat? "Many a time," he said, relating these reminiscences to Madame d'Abbadie,² — "many a time,

¹ The distinguished Orientalist and Ethiopian traveler.

² The wife of M. Antoine d'Abbadie.

when putting on that coat, I have shuddered at the mere thought of what must become of me if any mishap befell it. For years, that coat was an income to me."

But neither the coat nor his rigid economy could prevent his capital from melting away. It had dwindled to the sum of two thousand seven hundred francs (£108), when one morning a friend came to him in a state of despair, and asked him for the sum of twelve hundred francs. "If I don't get it at once, I am a ruined man," he said, "and there is nothing left for me but suicide." Julius Mohl was generous as the sunlight, and cared as little for money as any man in need of it could do; but this was asking him for a proof of generosity and disinterestedness little short of the heroic. He explained his position, and begged his friend to consider, before exacting the sacrifice, whether he did not know some one else who was better able to make it. No, the friend said, he knew no one. Julius gave the money; but when he reckoned up what remained to him his heart sank, and he asked himself in dismay what was to become of him when the diminished hoard was exhausted. Fortunately help was at hand. A friend¹ learned that he was in great straits, and went to M. Villemain, who was then member of the Conseil Royal de l'Université, and, describing Julius Mohl's character, his noble passion for learning, and his honorable poverty, claimed for him one of the pensions granted to students without fortune. Villemain was interested, and at once obtained for him a pension of three thousand francs. Julius had not been many months in possession of this affluence when he was named Professor of Persian at the Collège de France, with a salary of five thousand francs. The appointment was a distinction which was rarely conferred on a foreigner, and his

friends, Mary Clarke especially, were greatly elated by it. "Can you not," she writes to Ampère, "have inserted in two or three newspapers the bare fact that M. Mohl will make the twenty-seventh naturalized foreigner who has been named professor at the Collège de France? It was Rossi² who discovered that he would be the twenty-sixth, when they talked of appointing him before, and the statement is exact. I entreat you, do this, and say nothing about it to M. Mohl, for he has not common sense on the point."

He gave, indeed, on receiving this appointment, a singular proof of what many persons would probably consider a want of common sense. He went straight to M. Villemain, and after informing him of his nomination handed him back his pension. M. Villemain took up the paper, looked at Mohl, and said, "I do not understand."

"I have been appointed professor, with a salary of five thousand francs," explained Mohl.

"I know that, and I congratulate you; but what has that to do with this pension?"

"I have no longer any right to the pension; it belongs to some student as poor as I was when it was granted to me."

M. Villemain at last understood, and he expressed his admiration of Mohl's disinterestedness with a warmth which, in its turn, astonished the young student as much as he had amazed his patron.

Julius Mohl related this incident some forty years afterwards to M. d'Abbadie, to prove the corruption that must have existed among men of letters, which alone could explain Villemain's astonishment on meeting with an act of common honesty in one of them.

M. Villemain, from this date, conceived the most profound respect for Julius Mohl, and took a creditable pride in

¹ I have reason to believe, though I cannot certify it, that this friend was M. Guizot.

² Afterwards minister to Pius IX., and murdered by the Carbonari in Rome.

proclaiming it on all occasions. When he became minister he showed this regard by consulting him on all matters connected with Oriental lore, which was Julius Mohl's special line. If there was an appointment in his gift, any mission to the East, etc., and Mohl applied for it for any friend of his, "the thing was done" at once. Villemain would sign "with his eyes shut" any recommendation from Mohl. He considered his science and erudition inexhaustible. The explorations at Nineveh and Babylon were undertaken at Mohl's suggestion during Villemain's term of office, and carried out, as M. Botta repeatedly affirmed, on Mohl's indications.

In 1844, M. Mohl succeeded to M. Burnouf as secretary to the Société Asiatique, and was elected member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. He lived with Ampère till 1847; till his own marriage, in fact. Julius Mohl was endowed with that kind of charm which makes a man loved by those who come in contact with him. He had "a charm like a woman," people used to say of him. His goodness, his unselfishness, his truthfulness, his powerful intellect, his fine humor, his sparkling conversation, his innate gentleness under an almost rustic simplicity, made of him the most delightful of companions and the most valuable of friends. Sainte-Beuve describes him as "a man who was the very embodiment of learning and of inquiry; the Oriental *savant*, — more than a savant, a sage, — with a mind clear, loyal, and vast; a German mind passed through an English filter, — a cloudless, unruffled mirror, open and limpid; of pure and frank morality; early disenchanted with all things; with a grain of irony devoid of all bitterness, the laugh of a child under a bald head, a Goethe-like intelligence, but free from all prejudice."

A charming and *spirituelle* Frenchwoman said of Julius Mohl that Nature, in forming his character, had skimmed

the cream of the three nationalities to which he belonged by birth, by adoption, and by marriage; making him "deep as a German, *spirituel* as a Frenchman, and loyal as an Englishman."

The woman who was tenderly loved and patiently waited for by such a man for three terms of seven years could be no ordinary woman. Nor was she. Mary Clarke, if she lacked his high intellectual qualities, was in her way as original as Julius Mohl. Châteaubriand said of her, "La Jeune Anglaise is like no one else in the world."

Fauriel, Mohl's friend for twenty years, died in 1844. Mohl attended him in his illness, and received his last breath. Mary Clarke grieved passionately over the loss of this devoted friend, whom she had loved with a tenderness that was, perhaps, a unique thing in her life. He had left her his library and certain literary papers, with the subsequent publication of which she took great pains. Two years after Fauriel's death her mother died, and Mary felt herself absolutely alone in the world. Mrs. Frewen Turner's life had drifted so far away from her French sister's that the latter was practically as much alone as if she had no kith or kin; and the sea lay between them.

About a year after her mother's death she consented to marry Julius Mohl. She was fifty-seven years of age, and he forty-seven. They naturally shrank from any display on the occasion; indeed, they took as many precautions to keep the matter secret as if they had been a pair of young lovers plotting an elopement. On the eve of the great event Mohl sent a note to his friend Professor Mérimée, which ran thus: —

"MON CHER MÉRIMÉE, — J'ai un service à vous demander: faites-moi le plaisir de venir demain matin à dix heures me servir de témoin."¹

¹ "I have a service to ask of you: do me the pleasure to come to-morrow morning at ten to be my witness."

Témoin in French means second in a duel, as well as witness to a marriage, and Mérimée, never dreaming that so confirmed a Benedict as his friend could contemplate getting married, jumped at the still more improbable conclusion that he was going to fight a duel. At the hour named, the next morning, he walked into Mohl's room, exclaiming, "In Heaven's name, my dear Mohl, whom are you going to fight with?" Mohl reassured him, and received such congratulations as Mérimée was capable of giving under the circumstances.

Mary, on her side, had taken precautions not to be found out. She told her two maids that on a certain day she should go on a tour in Switzerland with a friend, and that she should be absent about a month. On the morning of the marriage, she dressed herself carefully in her best clothes, and drove to the church in a cab. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the témoins, and the newly married couple parted at the church door, and returned to their respective homes. Two days later they met again at a restaurant near the railway station, dined there with their witnesses, and set off on a wedding tour to Switzerland.

The event passed off without exciting the amount of gossip it might have done, owing partly to a great crime which was committed just then, and which absorbed public attention and drew private curiosity in another direction. Madame Mohl used to say, when relating the story of her marriage, "Luckily for me, the Duc de Preslin killed his wife, and this gave everybody so much to talk about that they forgot me and M. Mohl."

Julius Mohl had dropped the aristocratic *von* before his name on becoming a naturalized Frenchman,¹ and his wife always called him "Mr.," as if he had been an Englishman.

Her marriage did not change the ex-

ternal framework of Madame Mohl's life. She continued to reside in her old apartment, which was quite large enough, her mother's room being fitted up as a library for M. Mohl.

Not long after their marriage, Châteaubriand died. He had long occupied the lower story of the house where the Clarkes lived. This had given Mary an opportunity of continuing the intimacy begun at the Abbaye, and a day seldom passed without her spending an hour, or more, with the poet. Her sprightly presence retained to the last the power of amusing him, and smoothing from his wrinkled brow the frown of ennui long permanently settled there. There were few now who thought it worth while to come and amuse the great poet, who had been so plentifully fed on flattery. But Madame Récamier was faithful and devoted as ever. Châteaubriand's health had been failing for a long time, and when it was evident that the end was drawing near Madame Mohl asked Madame Récamier to come and stay with her, so that she might be within reach of her old friend at all hours. She came, and remained there three days. She used to sit for hours in his room, her blind but still beautiful eyes turned towards the dying man with a yearning gaze that was indescribably touching. The tone of his voice was her only guide to his state; by it she knew whether he was suffering or not. Never before had she felt the loss of sight so bitterly. "Tell me how he looks," she would say to Madame Mohl. "Does he look often at me? Does he seem glad when I come in? Does he seem in pain?" She was present at the end, and knelt beside him while he breathed his last.

Madame Récamier survived her friend only a year. During the interval between his death and hers the Abbaye was like some deserted place, sacred to memories of the past. The very furniture of the drawing-room had a sort of *in*

¹ Somewhere about 1830.

memoriam air about it. In that armchair by the mantelpiece Châteaubriand had sat and pontificated; no one ever sat in it now. That other, to the left, had been kindly old Ballanche's accustomed seat. They were all gone; and she, who had been their liege lady, their friend, sat looking at the empty places, and waiting for her turn. The message came to her in terrible guise. She had a morbid fear of cholera. When the epidemic broke out, her niece, Madame Lenormant, persuaded her to come and stay with her in the Rue Richelieu. She left the Abbaye with a certain reluctance, and scarcely had she done so when the spectre that she had fled from pursued and seized upon her. She died on the 11th of May, 1849.

If this event had occurred some years sooner, it would have made a sensation in the world; but politics and the recent revolution were absorbing everybody just then, and with the exception of a little circle of faithful friends no one noticed the setting of that sweet star that had shone so long and with such peerless lustre in the social heavens.

The revolution of '48 dated a new era for Madame Mohl's salon. From 1830 it had been a remarkable centre. The revolution of July had been fatal to salon life, as all revolutions are, and the political atmosphere had continued stormy long after the change of kings had taken place, and the new monarch was firmly established on his throne. Social life had suffered deeply from this disturbance. Young couples would quarrel in the middle of a quadrille, and a fair enthusiast for the exiled prince would break away angrily in the waltz from a partner who declared himself for the new *régime*. The few salons that remained, such as Madame de Boigne's and the Princess Lieven's, became simply political coteries, or clubs where the members "made opposition" on one side or the other.

Legitimists retreated to their fortress

in the Faubourg St. Germain, and railed from behind its gates at the "traitors" who had gone over to the *bourgeois* king. The traitors were attacked with pens dipped in vitriol by the daily press; old wounds were envenomed, new ones inflicted; the Chamber and the journals coalesced to abuse the government and its supporters, and it was *bien porté* in society to make chorus with this abuse.

This period of social dislocation was, nevertheless, a time of intense social vitality. The national life still drew its productive elements from those ranks that constitute society, and this draught maintained in society itself that vigor which it has lost since the system of reciprocal supply and demand has ceased. The great want of the moment was a legitimate ground on which all this latent activity could exercise itself. The question was, where to find a field of enterprise for those who were hindered on all sides by barriers of political antagonisms. There was only one open, — one where all might meet on neutral ground: this was finance. For want of nobler opportunities, society took to making money.

Money has been a power from the beginning of the world, and will be to the end. It was a power in the days of the patriarchs and in the times of the crusaders: but in those primitive and mediæval ages, and even long after them, it was not supreme; it was controlled and kept down by higher forces, as the vulgar *parvenu* was kept in his place by the gentleman. There were bulwarks that protected society against the encroachments of Pluto. Noble birth, for instance, was of more account than money-bags, — it held them under its feet; so did genius, so did military glory. These things had, virtually at least, survived the wreck of '93. But with the new reign came a change. The old chivalrous legend "Noblesse oblige" was furled in the White Flag, and disappeared with it. The golden calf was

set up on high, and many bowed down to it who had never done so before. France grew rapidly rich. The immense resources of the country took a sudden and extraordinary development; railways, finance, and commercial enterprise were stimulated under Louis-Philippe as they had never been under any preceding reign. This influx of wealth was undoubtedly a national and social gain, but it was also, in another sense, a social loss. If the shattered forces of society had rallied to the rescue, they might have made head against the invasion of plutocracy; but they were divided against themselves. The old noblesse sulked in dignified retirement, and those of the upper classes who had gone over to the constitutional monarch went with the stream, and the stream had set towards the practical. Gentlemen whose grandfathers would have scorned to handle money, except to give it away, now went into finance, and were glad to let their sons go shares with an *agent de change*. It was the beginning of a new revolution, a golden sequel to the bloody one of a quarter of a century before, which was, in our own day, to reach its climax in the Bontoux adventure.¹

This phase of discontent and irascible party feeling offered a grand opportunity to any one who wished to open a salon and provide a pleasant meeting-place, where people might breathe free from the pressure of politics. Mary Clarke turned the opportunity to account. She cared very little about politics or parties, though a staunch partisan of certain political representatives. Dr. Guineau de Mussy, who knew her well, says that she had an intense admiration and sympathy for the Duchess of Orleans, and a downright *culte* for the Comte de Paris, — a culte that she would explain on the ground of the fine qualities that she recognized in him.

She was always a sincere admirer of Louis-Philippe, and maintained, both

during his reign and ever after, that his government was the one best suited to the nation, and that the French had been fools to turn him out. To the last day of her life she was faithful to this conviction, and yet her friends remember how fiercely she rated Louis-Philippe and his government when there occurred that theft of books that has since become so famous. A man named Libri, who was librarian under the government, purloined a considerable number of costly books and manuscripts, old missals, and unique volumes of every sort, from the public libraries of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, etc., and carried on this systematic robbery for years. When, finally, he was found out, Madame Mohl's indignation against the government, that had allowed the larceny to go on so long undiscovered, was beyond description. She abused the king and his ministers and the whole administration with a vehemence that drove an old friend to exclaim impatiently, "And so, forsooth, because a man in the public service was a thief, you would upset the king and the cabinet!"

This headlong violence against the whole régime on account of an individual defalcation was extremely characteristic of Madame Mohl's general manner of judging men and things. She was so entirely under the influence of her feelings at the moment that she lost sight, for the time being, of everything else, and went far beyond the bounds of reasonableness, and said a great deal more than she meant. People who happened to come in contact with her during this crisis of rage about the Libri robbery, and left Paris before it cooled down, carried away the impression that she hated Louis-Philippe as she afterwards hated Napoleon III. It was merely a passing ebullition. When it was over, she returned as firmly as ever to her allegiance to the liberal king. He was her first love in politics, and her last.

¹ The affair of the Union Générale.

Nevertheless, with the downfall of Louis-Philippe began the most brilliant period of her salon. It was also the date of her first hatred. She used to declare that the only man she ever hated with her whole mind and her whole soul was Napoleon III. She certainly did hate him with a rancor that never diminished; and although, as I have said, she cared very little for politics, and never encouraged political discussions, her salon took a certain tone from this hatred of the Emperor and the empire.

A good grumble is a pleasure to most of us; but to a Frenchman a grumble against the government is the sweetest luxury, and the knowledge that this was to be enjoyed at Madame Mohl's raised her popularity to high-water mark. Clever, agreeable men, who hated the empire, either from principle or from disappointment, went to the Rue du Bac, and said witty things against "*Celui-ci*," as Madame Mohl called the Emperor (accompanying the pronoun with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb over her shoulder), and were sure their wit would be cordially appreciated. Men who would not have met in any other salon, or who, if they had met by chance, would have scowled at one another, came together here as on neutral ground, where they felt as if bound over to keep the peace. Such a field of truce would be impossible nowadays; it was a phenomenon even at that time; and since then "what a lot of water has run under the bridge!"

The eclectic character of Madame Mohl's salon (with the single exception of its anti-imperialist tone), together with her being a foreigner, made it easier for her to establish this kind of neutrality. It was essentially a *salon d'esprit*. No matter what principles you professed, or what party you belonged to, — always with the one exception, — if you had esprit, you were welcome at the Rue du Bac. This was the attraction; people went there simply for this.

There was no party interest to be served, — no personal interest, even; young men did not go to get pushed on in their career, to pay court to politicians or men in power; everybody, young and old, went to be amused and interested. This bright intellectual centre was considerably enriched from the time of Madame Mohl's marriage by a luminous contingent from the world of science that claimed Julius Mohl as one of its lights. All the distinguished men of letters, all the scientists of Germany, — Wolfgang Müller, Raumer, Ranke, Tischendorf, Helmholtz,¹ — in fact, the whole company of distinguished Germans, at once became, in the measure of their opportunities, habitués of the Rue du Bac; while the *confrères* of the great family of science all over Europe were proud to make acquaintance with Julius Mohl's wife, and swell the long roll of her visitors.

Madame Mohl's salon now became one of the social features of the period; and it speaks well for society that it was so. A great deal has been said of the money-making thirst that prevailed under Louis-Philippe, and of the passion for parade and luxury that was developed under the empire; and though these accusations may have been exaggerated, both were in the main true. The eagerness to get rich and the love of display were carried under both those reigns to a point without parallel in modern times. The simplicity which had survived in social and domestic life under Louis-Philippe, owing to the influence of the good and noble queen who presided over his court, quickly vanished under the empire, and gave place to an extravagance of expenditure which changed the whole tone of society, and left on the social life of the nation a mark that is perhaps indelible. The style of dress and entertainment rose so high that it was now not *convenable* for a lady to ap-

¹ The celebrated physiologist, afterwards married to M. Mohl's charming niece.

pear at an ordinary *soirée* in a dress that she might with perfect propriety have worn when paying her court to Queen Marie Amélie. The reign of crinoline was altogether a disastrous one for the women of France. It invaded their moral life, and lowered their character by lowering their standard. It shifted their field of action and narrowed the scope of their ambition. The ambition of the Frenchwoman, especially of that most accomplished type of the sisterhood, the *Parisienne*, had always been to shine, to rule her world, and to influence men's minds by her esprit, and in this she had, for centuries, succeeded. She had been a preponderance in politics, an inspiration in art, an incentive in religion, a moving force wherever man's head and heart were the instruments to be played upon and the agencies to be stimulated. She had been admired universally for her esprit and her charm; to sing her praises as "*une femme charmante*," "*une femme d'esprit*," was the sweetest flattery that could be offered her. But crinoline changed this ideal of feminine vanity. Her ambition, or at any rate her primary preoccupation, henceforward was her dress. The crinoline made this inevitable; it was a tyranny that imposed itself on the most sensible woman. She was not bold enough to discard it, so she had to submit to it.

Other things rose to the keynote of exaggeration struck by this ugliest fashion that ever caricatured the human form divine. Quiet "at homes," with a couple of lamps, glasses of *eau sucrée* in summer and weak tea in winter, were replaced by expensive buffets and lavish suppers and brilliantly lighted rooms. Such entertainments exacted a great deal of money, both from those who gave and those who accepted them: consequently, those only could see their friends who could afford to spend a great deal of money, or who chose to spend without being able to afford it. The result was, on one side, a sense of

gêne, irritation, and aching discontent; on the other, the unhealthy elation of vulgar vanity and purse-pride. French society, from being the bright and refined centre that irradiated the whole society of Europe, became an artificial nucleus that blinded it with a false glare. The tone went down in proportion as the standard of extravagance went up. When women had spent so much money on their dresses, they were naturally anxious about the effect the dresses were producing. They had been too much absorbed in preparing this effect to have any leisure for "preparing their conversations," as some of their pretentious predecessors of the last century were accused of doing; there had been no time for that process of thinking which is the necessary and inevitable preparation of all conversation worthy of the name. With the gentlemen, the fathers and husbands, who had their own share in these preoccupations, the same causes tended to similar results. When they conversed, they were naturally careful to choose the subjects that would be agreeable to their fair companions; but, as a rule, they did not converse with them; they kept at a respectful distance, grouping together in doorways, breaking away from all intercourse with the ladies, and leaving the crinolines in undisturbed possession of the floor.

It would obviously be both absurd and unjust to attribute the decay of conversation to the influence of crinoline alone. Crinoline itself was the outcome of lowered social conditions which all tended to that decay. Conversation perished for want of its natural wholesome food and stimulants; grist fell away from the mill in many directions. Owing to the strained diplomatic relations between other courts and the empire, the foreign element kept aloof: consequently, foreign affairs — literary, social, and political — ceased to furnish materials for talk in drawing-rooms. The aristocracy *boudéd* the new court as it had *boudéd*

the court of Louis-Philippe. Young men would not enter the public service; they began to be proud of "doing nothing;" having nothing to do, they had nothing to talk about. Public affairs, *la chose publique*, ceased to be a matter of private interest; impersonal subjects were no longer discussed. When all these reinforcements were withdrawn from conversation, there was so little left for it to feed upon that it naturally dwindled to small talk and gossip.

While society, generally, was being swamped in this slough of frivolity and ostentation, Madame Mohl's salon stood out in strong relief, with a character entirely its own. It was a permanent protest against the spirit and tendency of the day; against pretension, purse-pride, vulgarity in every form. While it was being loudly proclaimed by high and low that luxury had rendered quiet sociability impossible, that the pleasures of conversation were a thing of the past, that unless you could "entertain," in the modern sense of the word, no one would come to you, this old woman, without rank or fortune, living in high-perched, shabbily-furnished rooms, without either suppers or chandeliers, enjoyed a position unrivaled in its way, and contrived to attract to her house all that was best worth having in Paris. By the sole magnet of her esprit, she drew around her the most remarkable personalities, not only of France, but of the world. Celebrities from every capital in Europe gave one another rendezvous at Madame Mohl's Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoons. And yet, strangers, who hearing of this salon were at pains to get an introduction there, were sometimes taken by surprise when they entered it for the first time. They found a few quiet people, chiefly gentlemen, and most of them elderly, "making conversation" by the light of a couple of lamps, which modest illumination was dimmed by green shades out of consideration for M. Mohl's eyes.

The one luxury of the room was a great many very comfortable armchairs, of all shapes and sizes. It was a notion of Madame Mohl's that people could not talk their best unless they were comfortably seated. "I like my friends to be snug when they are talking," she would explain, if she noticed a curious glance wandering over the motley gathering of *fauteuils*,—a good enough theory in its way (Madame Mohl once quoted St. Theresa, rightly or wrongly, in support of it!), but not infallible. Her contemporary, Madame Swetchine, had some good talk in her drawing-room, and only discovered a few days before her death that she had made her friends "do penance," as she sweetly said in apologizing for it, on hard chairs for thirty years.

The refreshments on the Friday evenings were on the old-fashioned scale of simplicity and sobriety. On a table in a corner of the room there was a tea-tray and a plate of biscuits. Except when one of M. Mohl's charming and accomplished nieces was there, Madame Mohl managed the tea-making herself, even to the boiling of the water, which was done in the drawing-room. She built up a little hot-bed of embers, and set the kettle on it; and if she detected a smile in the eyes of any guest who watched these preparations, she would say, "French servants never know when the water boils; and if by chance they do, they don't believe it matters a pin to the tea." As a rule, she let no one help her in the operation, from first to last. There were, however, one or two privileged exceptions, notably Mr. Guy LeStrange and another young Englishman. These gentlemen were allowed to carry the kettle for her; but this was the only aid she accepted.

The amount of dress expected of the guests was regulated by that of the hostess. This consisted of a black silk gown, that she had worn all day, and a short skirt, guiltless of the faintest

suspicion of crinoline, in an age when to look like a walking balloon was a law of decency to every woman. It was difficult to carry fine clothes, or pretension of any sort, into a salon where the lady of the house received you in this costume, and offered you an arm-chair that had seen service, showing it, perhaps, a little at the elbows. To *pose*, or aim at any effect but an intellectual one, in such an atmosphere was out of the question. Madame Mohl herself was too unobservant of externals to notice what any one wore, unless they were so fine as to strike her as "gorgeous," and consequently "vulgar and ridiculous, my dear."

An Englishman, passing through Paris, inquired of a friend who was taking him to the Rue du Bac whether he was expected to appear in a white cravat. "Madame Mohl would not notice if you appeared without any cravat," was the reply. "All she expects of you is to be agreeable."

In truth, to make themselves agreeable was all that she demanded of her guests; and if she was strict in exacting this, she certainly did all in her power to make compliance easy. She had a charming *accueil*, cordial, natural, and cheerful. She was glad to see you, — otherwise you would not have been asked, — and she showed it. The moment you entered the room you felt welcome. Madame Mohl took immense pains with the management of her salon, but it was done so cleverly that you never saw her pulling the wires. She ruled it with a strong hand, too. You were not permitted to be tiresome to yourself or to other people; you were expected to contribute to the general fund, either by talking or listening; you were at liberty to hold your tongue, but you must not be bored; you were not allowed to sit staring at the company through an eyeglass; any one who offended in this way was pounced upon at once.

Madame Mohl's was one of the very few drawing-rooms under the empire where the gentlemen did not form themselves into groups, standing in doorways, and keeping aloof from the ladies all the evening. She never tolerated this habit, which has now, like universal suffrage and other remnants of the empire, taken too deep root, apparently, to be eradicated from the soil of France. Every man who entered Madame Mohl's salon was expected that evening to do his duty, and his duty was to make himself agreeable.

Another unpardonable offense was making *tête-à-têtes* in corners, or chatting about the room in duets and trios, when conversation, real conversation, was going on. Madame Mohl had no objection to flirtation. She pleaded penitently to having been "a sad flirt" in her day, and was lenient toward those who wished to indulge in the pastime. They were at liberty to do so at their ease in an adjoining room, sacred to this entertainment, as formerly it had been to music or dancing, but the flirtation was not to interfere with the conversation.

Englishmen, and more especially Englishwomen, were a great trial to her in the matter of whispering and chatting. As a rule, English people do not understand the part that listening plays in conversation. They have the reputation of being much more taciturn than the lively French, and so they are; but they cannot hold their tongues in a drawing-room and listen, as the French do. This apparent inconsistency may, perhaps, be explained by saying that the English talk, while the French converse. Now, talk is best enjoyed by twos and threes, in snug privacy, without any outside listeners; whereas conversation is a kind of tournament, where two or three perform in presence of company. The English get a deal of genuine happiness out of these eye-to-eye, heart-to-heart, vital talks; the French find a great amount of

keen pleasure in *la conversation*. The distinction is characteristic of the two races: the former hungering most after that mutual helpful understanding of mind and heart that we call sympathy; the French delighting in the bright intellectual festival, where they can exercise their wits and other people's, going down into the lists and fencing and tilting, exhibiting grace and skill and prowess in the exercise, while the spectators "assist" in the game, controlling, protesting, cheering, now and then participating directly by throwing down a glove, challenging the combatants, and giving them breathing space.

Madame Mohl had witnessed this delightful game at the Abbaye in its perfection, and even before that, and ever since, had enjoyed practice with the best performers of the day. There were certain rules handed down by tradition, and she insisted on these being strictly observed in her salon. The conversation was conducted in this way: One good talker took possession of the chimney-corner, — that traditional tribune of the French salon, — and threw the ball to somebody; these two kept it going, occasionally tossing it to any of the company who liked to catch it. Madame Mohl, who never took the tribune in her own house, was very clever at catching the ball when it was thrown out, hap-hazard, in this way: she would seize it and toss it and worry it like a kitten, to the great delight of the principal performers. She knew neither timidity nor *mauvaise honte*, but would dart into the most learned discussion, like a child, with some comical remark, which perhaps betrayed entire ignorance of the subject, but never failed to enliven it.

The chimney-corner of the Rue du Bac was held habitually by the most brilliant talkers of the day. Ampère, Montalembert, Loménie, Cousin, Thiers, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Mignet, etc., in turn glorified that well-worn hearth-rug. It required no common impudence or

stupidity to spoil such sport as this by breaking into tête-à-têtes. Outer barbarians, whose undeveloped instincts led them to prefer these, soon learned to retire into the adjoining room, where they might chatter without disturbing other people's enjoyment.

Madame Mohl's own powers of conversation were extraordinary, and quite unique in their way. It would be almost impossible to convey any true idea of the stream of wit, sense, and nonsense that flowed from her as spontaneously and with as little self-consciousness as the sparks fly up from the logs when you stir them. She loved talk, — not talking, — and she was quite willing to talk nonsense, if by doing so she could goad others into talking sense or wit. The mind of a clever man was to her what the soil that contains gems or archæological remains is to the passionate amateur in these things. She dug away at it with her bright little pickaxe, exulting over every fragment or bit of glittering treasure that it turned up; never giving a thought to how she was performing the digging, or what effect she was producing on the bystanders. Her rôle was chiefly to draw other people out, stimulating them by contradiction, by approval, by criticism, by laughter, but always with inimitable tact. No one knew better than she how to provoke a clever man into shining at the chimney-corner, even if he were not in the mood for it. One evening, Loménie was there. He had been received into the Academy that day, and was consequently the hero of the evening. He was an incomparable talker; but perhaps the pleasurable excitement of the day had tired him, or for some other reason he was disinclined to talk. Madame Mohl, however, had no mind to lose so good an opportunity. Seeing that indirect tactics were of no effect, she said bluntly, "Allons, Loménie, racontez-nous quelquechose!" Loménie obediently began to *raconter*, and seldom did

the hearth-rug witness a more astonishing display of fireworks than he let off that evening.

Madame Mohl was sometimes accused of disliking Englishwomen. It was a most unjust accusation. She loved and admired her countrywomen above all others, and always declared there were no women friends like them; but she did not care for them at her Friday evenings. "My dear, they have no manners," she would say. "I can't abide them in my drawing-room! What with their *morgue* and their shyness and their inability to hold their tongues, they ain't fit for decent company."

Once, Mrs. Wynne Finch asked permission to bring a friend on Friday evening. "My dear," said Madame Mohl, "if your friend is a man, bring him without thinking twice about it; but if she is a woman, think well before you bring her, for of all the creatures God ever created none does spoil society like an English lady!"

Her favorite protest, delivered with characteristic vehemence, "I can't abide women!" applied only to silly women. She was just as ready to admire a clever, sympathetic woman as a clever, sympathetic man. She had an odd notion that women were only silly from their own fault; that it was an effect of ill-will in them. It was a source of genuine astonishment to her that women were so addicted to idle gossip. "Why don't they talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains?" she would ask angrily; and if it were objected that they might have no brains to use, she would retort still more angrily. "Nonsense! Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they exercise their brains as they do their fingers and their legs, sewing and playing and dancing? Why don't they read?"

To modest ignorance, especially in the young, she was very gentle and indulgent, and would be very kind in lending

books to young girls, and assisting them to make the most of their brains. She even forgave them when they injured or lost valuable books. This was a misdemeanor that M. Mohl dealt more severely with. He divided *les honnêtes gens* into two categories: those who returned borrowed books, and those who did not. Madame Mohl was very fond of young people, — though boys she professed not to admire. Introducing an English lad to some friends of hers, she writes, "He is much admired by his parents, and he looks a good boy (for a boy); but they are a set of animals I don't patronize, because they make railroad carriages of my chairs." Young girls she dearly loved, and entered into their pleasures and feelings with that quick and large sympathy that old people are often wanting in, but which she preserved to the very last. "These young folk do make me make a goose of myself!" she would say, when she was taking some special trouble to amuse or indulge them. The innocent unconsciousness and simplicity of a young girl was to her something exquisite; she enjoyed these sweet graces in the young as she enjoyed other lovely things. Her sister's grandchildren afforded her a great fund of this pleasure. "I have staying with me a niece of sixteen and a half," she wrote to her dear friend Madame Scherer,¹ many years ago. "Her father is a clergyman. She has scarcely lived in a town, is very innocent and very intelligent, and curious about everything except common gossip (a rare disposition in woman). I shall keep her now six or eight months, and probably bring her back next winter. I should like her to see a girl of her own age who would be safe, and I am *quite* sure you would approve of her. She is so innocent in worldly matters that she wonders I don't return the call of such and such a gentleman whom I

¹ Wife of the distinguished writer, whose literary articles in the *Temps* are so well known to amateurs and critics.

like, that he may come again soon! I hope you do me the justice to guess that I never express any astonishment at these speeches, but say quietly, 'It is not the custom.' I was so pleased with the word '*inconsciente*' that M. Scherer uses, and which is greatly wanted (it suits her particularly; she is most unconscious). I hope it will obtain right of citizenship."

Kathleen O'Meara.

A SHEAF OF SONNETS.

I.

Ellen Terry's Beatrice.

A WIND of spring that whirls the feignèd snows
 Of blossom-petals in the face, and flees;
 Elusive, made of mirthful mockeries,
 Yet tender with the prescience of the rose;
 A strain desired, that through the memory goes,
 Too subtle-slender for the voice to seize;
 A flame dissembled, only lit to tease,
 Whose touch were half a kiss, if one but knows.

She shows by Leonato's dove-like daughter
 A tercel, by a prince to be possessed,
 Gay-graced with bells that ever chiming are;
 In azure of the bright Sicilian water,
 A billow that has rapt into its breast
 The swayed reflection of a dancing star!

II.

The Resolve.

Thou intimate, malign, benumbing power
 I cannot name, since names that men have made
 For shapes of evil shine beside thy shade,
 Who from the seat of mine own soul dost lower,—
 Darkness itself, that doth the light devour,—
 I feel thine urgency upon me laid
 To voice despair! Thou shalt not be obeyed;
 Thou art my master only for thine hour!

As some sad-eyed, wan woman that is slave
 To the swart Moor, being bid her lute to bring,
 Since song of her strange land her lord doth crave,
 With lip a-tremble dares the scourge's sting,
 Refusing,—thy brute might so far I brave:
 I will not sing what thou wouldst have me sing!

III.

On First Reading Landor's Hellenics.

Two sauntering, hand in hand, one happy day,
 Along a pleasant path that neither knew,
 Came, glad and startled, on the sudden blue,
 With sails unclouded, of a sunny bay,
 And hollowing toward the wave a meadow, gray
 With honey-giving growths thick-spread as dew.
 There goatskin-girt, with limbs like bronze in hue,
 Free-bathed in sun and wind, a shepherd lay,

Asleep, his reed pipe fallen by his knee;
 And late, it seemed, a song had left his lips.
 We heard but lapping ripple, prattling bee
 Above the thyme's dim purple, downy tips;
 Beyond, once beat by oars of beakèd ships,
 Far outward swept the calm, the storied sea.

IV.

Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music.

Hark! on this wind eternal Voices ride.
 Oh, hark! out of the deep mysterious East
 The Voices of Disciple and High-Priest,
 Betrayer, and Denier, and Denied:
 Strong prayers at midnight by a streamlet-side,
 And broken sayings at a solemn feast;
 A sea-like sound: "Barabbas be released!"
 A fiercer wave: "Let Him be crucified!"

And now arise new voices blent with these,
 In sober chorals linkèd, like the beads
 Of some brown chaplet; breathing pieties
 Of faithful souls that sifted not the creeds.
 The names of those that sang the loiterer reads
 In God's green acre, spired with poplar-trees.

V.

The Passing of the Year.

O gentle Year, I'll not entreat thee stay,
 Since now thy face is set to some far land
 Not named of men, untrod, a shadow-strand!
 And those most powerful prayers that lips could pray
 Would not obtain thy tarrying for a day.
 Yet, gliding from us with the sliding sand,
 Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand
 That gave me joys, and took but time away.

Can Love, that of the soul's delight is born,
 Being matched in stature to the soul, increase?
 Not so: but Memory, leaning at his side,
 Waxes with every rosy draught of morn,
 And gathers to her every moon's full peace,
 And, gazing on dark seas of summer, grows deep-eyed.

Helen Gray Cone.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

II.

THE summer days climbed slowly over the Great Smoky Mountains. Long the morning lingered among the crags, and chasms, and the dwindling shadows. The vertical noontide poised motionless on the great balds. The evening dawdled along the sunset slopes, and the waning crimson waited in the dusk for the golden moonrise.

So little speed they made that it seemed to Rick Tyler that weeks multiplied while they loitered.

It might have been deemed the ideal of a sylvan life, — those days while he lay hid out on the Big Smoky. The region is the Elysium of a hunter. His rifle brought him food with but the glance of the eye and a touch on the trigger. "Ekal ter the prophet's raven, ef the truth war knowed," he said sometimes, while he cooked the game over a fire of dead-wood gathered by the wayside. A handful of blackberries gave it a relish, and there were the ice-cold, never-failing springs of the range wherever he might turn.

But for the unquiet thoughts that followed him from the world, the characteristic sloth of the mountaineer might have spared him all sense of tedium, as he lay on the bank of a mountain stream, while the slow days waxed and waned. Often he would see a musk-rat — picturesque little body — swimming in a muddy dip. And again his listless gaze

was riveted upon the quivering diaphanous wings of a snake-doctor, hovering close at hand, until the grotesque, airy thing would flit away. The arrowy sunbeams shot into the dense umbrageous tangles, and fell spent to earth as the shadows swayed. Further down the stream two huge cliffs rose on either side of the channel, giving a narrow view of far-away blue mountains as through a gate. In and out stole the mist, uncertain whither. The wind came and went, paying no toll. Sometimes, when the sun was low, a shadow — an antlered shadow — slipped through like a fantasy.

But when the skies would begin to darken and the night come tardily on, the scanty incidents of the day lost their ephemeral interest. His human heart would assert itself, and he would yearn for the life from which he was banished, and writhe with an intolerable anguish under his sense of injury.

"An' the law holds me the same ez 'Bednego Tynes, who killed Joel Byers, jes' ter keep his hand in, — hevin' killed another man afore, — an' I never so much ez lifted a finger agin him!"

He pondered much on his past, and the future that he had lost. Sometimes he gave himself to adjusting, from the meagre circumstances of their common lot on Big Smoky, the future of those with whose lives his own had heretofore seemed an integrant part, from which it should forevermore be dissevered.

All the pangs of penance were in that sense of irrevocability. It was done, and here was his choice : to live the life of a skulking wolf, to prowl, to flee, to fight at bay, or to return and confront an outraged law. He experienced a wild frenzy of rage to realize how hardly his world would roll on without him. Big Smoky would not suffer ! The sun would shine, and the crops ripen, and the harvest come, and the snows sift down, and the seasons roll. The boys would shoot for beef, and there was to be a gander-pulling at the Settlement when the candidates should come, "stumpin' the Big Smoky" for the mid-summer elections. And when, periodically, "the mountings" would awake to a sense of sin, and a revival would be instituted, all the people would meet, and clap their hands, and sing, and pray, and that busy sinner, D'rindy, might find time to think upon grace, and perhaps upon the man whom she likened to the prophets of old.

Then Rick Tyler would start up from his bed of boughs, and stride wildly about among the bowlders, hardly pausing to listen if he heard a wolf howling on the lonely heights. An owl would hoot derisively from the tangled laurel. And oh, the melancholy moonlight in the melancholy pines, where the whip-poor-will moaned and moaned !

"I'd shoot that critter ef I could make out ter see him !" cried the harassed fugitive, his every nerve quivering.

It all began with Dorinda ; it all came back to her. He drearily foresaw that she would forget him ; and yet he could not know how the alienation was to commence, how it should progress, and the process of its completion. "All whilst I'm a-roamin' off with the painters an' sech !" he exclaimed bitterly.

And she, — her future was plain enough. There was a little log-cabin by the grist-mill : the mountains sheltered it ; the valley held it as in the

palm of a hand. Hardly a moment since, his jealous heart had been racked by the thought of the man she likened to the prophets of old, and now he saw her spinning in the door of Amos James's house, in the quiet depths of Eskaquia Cove.

This vision stilled his heart. He was numbed by his despair. Somehow, the burly young miller seemed a fitter choice than the religious enthusiast, whose leisure was spent in praying in the desert places. He wondered that he should ever have felt other jealousy, and was subacutely amazed to find this passion so elastic.

With wild and haggard eyes he saw the day break upon this vision. It came in at the great gate, — a pale flush, a fainting star, a burst of song, and the red and royal sun.

The morning gradually exerted its revivifying influence and brought a new impulse. He easily deceived himself, and disguised it as a reason.

"This hyar powder is a-gittin' mighty low," he said to himself, examining the contents of his powder-horn. "An' that thar rifle eats it up toler'ble fast sence I hev hed ter hunt varmints fur my vittles. Ef that war the sher'ff a-ridin' arter me the day I war at Cayce's, he's done gone whar he b'longs by this time, — 't war two weeks ago ; an' ef he ain't gone back he would n't be layin' fur me roun' the Settlement, nohow. An' I kin git some powder thar, an' hear 'em tell what the mounting air a-doin' of. An' mebbe I won't be so durned lonesome when I gits back hyar."

He mounted his horse, later in the day, and picked his way slowly down the banks of the stream and through the great gate.

The Settlement on the Big Smoky illustrated the sacrilege of civilization. A number of trees, girdled years ago, stretched above the fields their gigantic skeletons, suggesting their former

majesty of mien and splendid proportions. Their forlorn leafless branches rattled together with a dreary sound, as the breeze stirred among the gaunt and pallid assemblage. The little log-cabins, five or six in number, were so situated among the stumps which disfigured the clearing that if a sudden wind should bring down one of the monarchical spectres of the forest it would make havoc only in the crops. The wheat was thin and backward. A little patch of cotton in a mellow dip served to show the plant at its minimum. There was tobacco, too, placed like the cotton where it was hoped it would take a notion to grow. Sorghum flourished, and the tasseled Indian corn, waving down a slope, had aboriginal suggestions of plumed heads and glancing quivers. A clamor of Guinea fowls arose, and geese and turkeys roved about in the publicity of the clearing with the confident air of esteemed citizens. Sheep were feeding among the ledges.

It was hard to say what might be bought at the store except powder and coffee, and sugar perhaps, if "long-sweetenin'" might not suffice; for each of the half dozen small farms was a type of the region, producing within its own confines all its necessities. Hand-looms could be glimpsed through open doors, and as yet the dry-goods trade is unknown to the homespun-clad denizens of the Settlement. Beeswax, feathers, honey, dried fruit, are bartered here, and a night's rest has never been lost for the perplexities of the currency question on the Big Smoky Mountains.

The proprietor of the store, his operations thus limited, was content to grow rich slowly, if needs were to grow rich at all. In winter he sat before the great wood fire in the store and smoked his pipe, and his crony, the blacksmith, often came, hammer in hand and girded with his leather apron, and smoked with him. In the summer he sat all day, as now, in front of the door, looking meditatively

at the scene before him. The sunlight slanted upon the great dead trees; their forms were imposed with a wonderful distinctness upon the landscape that stretched so far below the precipice on which the little town was perched. They even touched, with those bereaved and denuded limbs, the far blue mountains encircling the horizon, and with their interlacing lines and curves they seemed some mysterious scripture engraven upon the world.

It was just six o'clock, and the shadow of a bough that still held a mass of woven sticks, once the nest of an eagle, had reached the verge of the cliff, when the sound of hoofs fell on the still air, and a man rode into the clearing from the encompassing woods.

The storekeeper glanced up to greet the new-comer, but did not risk the fatigue of rising. Women looked out of the windows, and a girl on a porch, reeling yarn, found a reason to stop her work. A man came out of a house close by, and sat on the fence, within range of any colloquy in which he might wish to participate. The whole town could join at will in a municipal conversation. The forge fire showed a dull red against the dusky brown shadows in the recesses of the shop. The blacksmith stood in front of the door, his eyes shielded with his broad blackened right hand, and looked critically at the animal. Horses were more in his line than men. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow of thirty, perhaps, with the sooty aspect peculiar to his calling, a swarthy complexion, and a remarkably well-knit, compact, and muscular frame. He often said in pride, "Ef I hed hed the forgin' o' myself, I would n't hev welded on a pound more, or hammered out a leader differ."

Suddenly detaching his attention from the horse, he called out, "Waal, sir! Ef thar ain't Rick Tyler!" This was addressed to the town at large. Then, "What ails ye, Rick? I hearn tell ez you-uns war on yer way ter Shaftesville

along o' the sher'ff." He had a keen and twinkling eye. He cast it significantly at the man on the fence. "Ye kem back, I reckon, ter git yer handcuffs mended at my shop. Gimme the bracelets." He held out his hand in affected anxiety.

"I ain't a-wearin' no bracelets now." The young man's hasty impulse had its impressiveness. He leveled his pistol. "Ef ye hanker ter do enny mendin', I'll gin ye repairs ter make in them cast-iron chit'lins o' yourn," he said coolly.

Rick Tyler was received at the store with a distinct accession of respect. The blacksmith stood watching him, with an angry gleam in his eyes, and a furtive recollection of the reward offered by the governor for his apprehension.

The young fellow, with a sudden return of caution, did not at once venture to dismount; and Nathan Hoodendin, the storekeeper, rose for no customer. Respectively seated, for these diverse reasons, they transacted the negotiation.

"Hy're, Rick," drawled the storekeeper languidly. "I hopes ye keeps yer health," he added, politely.

The young man melted at the friendly tone. This was the welcome he had looked for at the Settlement. Loneliness had made his sensibilities tender, and "hiding out" affected his spirits more than dodging the officers in the haunts of men, or daring the cupidity roused, he knew, by the reward for his capture. The blacksmith's jeer touched him as cruelly as an attempt upon his liberty. "Jes' toler'ble," he admitted, with the usual rural reluctance to acknowledge full health. "I hopes ye an' yer fambly air thrivin'," he drawled, after a moment.

A whiff came from the storekeeper's pipe; the smoke wreathed before his face, and floated away.

"Waal, we air makin' out, — we air makin' out."

"I kem over hyar," said Rick Tyler, proceeding to business, "ter git some powder out'n yer store. I wants one pound."

Nathan Hoodendin smoked silently for a moment. Then, with a facial convulsion and a physical wrench, he lifted his voice.

"Jer'miah!" he shouted in a wild wheeze. And again, "Jer'miah!"

The invoked Jer'miah did not materialize at once. When a small tow-headed boy of ten came from a house among the stumps, with that peculiar deftness of tread characteristic of the habitually barefoot, he had an alert, startled expression, as if he had just jumped out of a bush. His hair stood up in front; he had wide pop-eyes, and long ears, and a rabbit-like aspect that was not diminished as he scudded round the heels of Rick Tyler's horse, at which he looked with apprehensive eyes.

"Jer'miah," said his father, with a pathetic cadence, "go into the store, bub, an' git Rick Tyler a pound o' powder."

As Jeremiah started in, the paternal sentiment stirred in Nathan Hoodendin's breast.

"Jer'miah," he wheezed, bringing the forelegs of the chair to the ground, and craning forward with unwonted alacrity to look into the dusky interior of the store, "don't ye be foolin' round that thar powder with no lighted tallow dip nor nuthin'. I'll whale the life out'n ye ef ye do. Jes' weigh it by the window."

Whether from fear of a whaling by his active parent, or of the conjunction of a lighted tallow dip and powder, Jeremiah dispensed with the candle. He brought the commodity out presently, and Rick stowed it away in his saddlebags.

"Can't ye 'light an' sot a while an' talk, Rick?" said the storekeeper. "We-uns hev done hed our supper, but I reckon they could fix ye a snack yander ter the house."

Rick said he wanted nothing to eat, but, although he hesitated, he could not finally resist the splint-bottomed chair tilted against the wall of the store, and a sociable pipe, and the countryside gossip.

"What 's goin' on 'round the mountain?" he asked.

Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith, came and sat in another chair, and the man on the fence got off and took up his position on a stump hard by. The great red sun dropped slowly behind the purple mountains; and the full golden moon rose above the corn-field that lay on the eastern slope, and hung there between the dark woods on either hand; and the blades caught the light, and tossed with burnished flashes into the night; and the great ghastly trees assumed a ghostly whiteness; and the mystic writing laid on the landscape below had the aspect of an uninterpreted portent. The houses were mostly silent; now and then a guard-dog growled at some occult alarm; a woman somewhere was softly and fitfully singing a child to sleep, and the baby crooned too, and joined in the vague, drowsy ditty. And for aught else that could be seen, and for aught else that could be heard, this was the world.

"Waal, the Tempter air fairly stalkin' abroad on the Big Smoky, — leastwise sence the summer season hev opened," said Nathan Hoodendin. His habitual expression of heavy, joyless pondering had been so graven into his face that his raised grizzled eyebrows, surmounted by a multitude of perplexed wrinkles, his long, dismayed jaw, his thin, slightly parted lips, and the deep grooves on either side of his nose were not susceptible of many gradations of meaning. His shifting eyes, cast now at the stark trees, now at the splendid disk of the rising moon, betokened but little anxiety for the Principle of Evil a loose in the Big Smoky. "Fust, — lemme see, — thar war Eph Lowry, ez got inter a

quar'l with his wife's half-brother's cousin, an' a-tusslin' 'roun' they cut one another right smart, an' some say ez Eph 'll never have his eyesight right good no more. Then thar war Baker Teal, what the folks in Eskaquia Cove 'low let down the bars o' the milk-sick pen, one day las' fall, an' druv Jacob White's red cow in; an' his folks never knowed she hed grazed thar till they hed milked an' churned fur butter, when she lay down an' died o' the milk-sick. Ef they hed drunk her milk same ez common, 't would hev sickened 'em, sure, an' meb-be killed 'em. An' they 've been quar-'lin' bout'n it ever since. Satan 's a-stirrin', — Satan 's a-stirrin' 'roun' the Big Smoky."

"Waal, I hearn ez some o' them folks in Eskaquia Cove 'low ez the red cow jes' hooked down the bars, bein' a turrible hooker," spoke up the man on the stump, unexpectedly.

"Waal, White an' his folks won't hear ter no sech word ez that," said the blacksmith; "an' arter jowin' an' jowin' back an' fo'th they went t'other day an' informed on Teal 'fore the jestice, an' the Squair fined him twenty-five dollars, 'cordin' ter the law o' Tennessee fur them ez m'liciously lets down the bars o' the milk-sick pen. An' Baker Teal hed ter pay, an' the county treasury an' the informers divided the money 'twixt 'em."

"What did I tell you-uns? Satan 's a-stirrin', — Satan 's a-stirrin' 'roun' the Big Smoky," said the storekeeper, with a certain morbid pride in the Enemy's activity.

"The constable o' this hyar destric'," recommenced Gid Fletcher, who seemed as well informed as Nathan Hoodendin, "he advised 'em ter lay it afore the jestice; he war mighty peart 'bout'n that thar job. They 'low ter me ez he air tuk up a crazy fit ez he kin beat Micajah Green fur sher'ff, an' he 's a-skeetin' arter law-breakers same ez a rooster arter a Juny-bug. He 'lows it 'll show

the kentry what a peart sher'ff he'd make."

"Shucks!" said the man on the stump. "I'll vote fur 'Cajah Green fur sher'ff agin the old boy; he hev got a nose fur game."

"He hain't nosed you-uns out yit, hev he, Rick?" said the blacksmith, with feigned heartiness and a covert sneer.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Nathan Hoodendin. "What war I a-tellin' you-uns? Satan's a-stirrin', — Satan's sure-ly a-stirrin' on the Big Smoky."

Rick sat silent in the moonlight, smoking his pipe, his brown wool hat far back, the light full on his yellow head. His face had grown a trifle less square, and his features were more distinctly defined than of yore; he did not look ill, but care had drawn a sharp line here and there.

"One sher'ff's same ter you-uns ez another, ain't he, Rick?" said the man on the stump. "Any of 'em'll do to run from."

"They tell it to me," said the store-keeper, with so sudden a vivacity that it seemed it must crack his graven wrinkles, "ez the whole Cayce gang air a-goin' ter vote agin 'Cajah Green, 'count o' the way he jawed at ole Mis' Cayce an' D'rindy, the day he run you-uns off from thar, Rick."

"I ain't hearn tell o' that yit," drawled Rick, desolately, "bein' hid out."

"Waal, he jawed at D'rindy, an' from what I hev hearn D'rindy jawed back; an' I dunno ez that's s'prisin', — the gal-folks ginerally do. Leastwise, I know ez he sent word arterward ter D'rindy, by his dep'ty, — ez war a-scoutin' 'roun' hyar, arter you-uns, I reckon, Rick, — ez he war a-kemin' up some day soon ter 'lectioneer, an' he war a-goin' ter stop ter thar house an' ax her pardin'. An' she sent him word, fur God's sake ter bide away from thar."

A long pause ensued; the stars shone faint and few; the iterative note of the katydid vibrated monotonously in the

dark woods; dew was falling; the wind stirred.

"What ailed D'rindy ter say that word?" asked Rick, mystified.

"Waal, I dunno," said Hoodendin, indifferently. "I hev never addled my brains tryin' ter make out what a woman means. Though," he qualified, "I *did* ax the dep'ty an' Amos Jeemes from down yander in Eskaqua Cove, — the dep'ty hed purtended ter hev summonsed him ez a posse, an' they war jes' rollickin' 'roun' the kentry like two chickens with thar heads off, — I axed 'em what D'rindy meant; an' they 'lowed they did n't know, nor war they takin' it ter heart. They 'lowed ez she never axed *them* ter bide away from thar fur God's sake. An' then they snickered an' laffed, like single men do. An' I up an' tole 'em ez the Book sot it down ez the laffter o' fools is like the cracklin' o' bresh under a pot."

Rick Tyler was eager, his eyes kindling, his breath quick. He looked with uncharacteristic alertness at the inexpressive face of the leisurely narrator.

"They capered like a dunno-what-all on the Big Smoky, them two, — the off'cer o' the law an' his posse! Thar goin's on war jes' scandalous: they played kyerds, an' they consorted with the moonshiners over yander," nodding his head at the wilderness, "an' got ez drunk ez two fraish biled owels; an' they sung an' they hollered. An' they went ter the meetin'-house over yander whilst they war in liquor, an' the preacher riz up an' put 'em out. He's toler'ble tough, that thar Pa'son Kelsey, an' kin hold right smart show in a fight. An' the dep'ty, he straightened hisself, an' 'lowed he war a off'cer o' the law. An' Pa'son Kelsey, he 'lowed *he* war a off'cer o' the law, an' he 'lowed ez his law war higher 'n the law o' Tennessee. An' with that he barred up the door. They hed a cornsid'ble disturbamint at the meetin'-house yander at the Notch, an' the saints war tried in thar temper."

"The dep'ty 'lows ez Pa'son Kelsey air crazy in his mind," said the man on the stump. "The dep'ty said the pa'son talked ter him like ez ef he war a onregenerate critter. An' he 'lowed he war baptized in Scolacutta River two year ago an' better. The dep'ty say these hyar mounting preachers hain't got no doctrine like the valley folks. He called Pa'son Kelsey a ignorant cuss!"

"Laws a massy!" exclaimed Nathan Hoodendin, scandalized.

"He say it fairly makes him laff ter hear Pa'son Kelsey performin' like he hed a cut-throat mortgage on a seat 'mongst the angels. He say ez he thinks Pa'son Kelsey speaks with more insuranc'e 'n enny man he ever see."

"I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, the dep'ty ain't got no religion, an' never war in Scolacutta River, 'thout it war a-fishin'," said the blacksmith, meditatively.

The fugitive from justice, pining for the simple society of his world, listened like a starveling thing to these meagre details, so replete with interest to him, so full of life and spirit. The next moment he was sorry he had come.

"That thar Amos Jeemes air a comical critter," said the man on the stump, after an interval of cogitation, and with a gurgling reminiscent laugh. "He war a-cuttin' up his shines over thar ter Cayce's the t'other day; he war n't drunk *then*, ye onderstan'?"

"I onderstan'. He war jes' fool, like he always air," said the blacksmith.

"Edzactly," assented the man on the stump. "An' he fairly made D'rindy laff ter see what the critter would say nex'. An' D'rindy always seemed ter me a powerful solemn sorter gal. Waal, she laffed at Amos. An' whilst him an' the dep'ty war a-goin' down the mounting—I went down ter Jeemes's mill ter leave some grist over night ter be ground—the dep'ty, he run Amos 'bout'n it. The dep'ty, he 'lowed ez no gal hed ever made so much fun o' him,

an' Amos 'lowed ez D'rindy *did n't* make game o' him. She thunk too much o' him fur that. An' that bold-faced dep'ty, he 'lowed he thought 't war *him* ez hed fund favior. An' Amos,—we war mighty nigh down in Eskaquia Cove then,—he turned suddint an' p'inted up the mounting. 'What kin you-uns view on the mounting?' he axed. The dep'ty, he stopped an' stared; an' thar, mighty nigh ez high ez the lower e-end o' the bald, war a light. 'That shines fur me ter see whilst I'm 'bleeged ter be in Eskaquia Cove,' sez Amos. An' the dep'ty said, 'I think it air a star!' An' Amos sez, sez he, 'Bless yer bones, I think so, too,—sometimes!' But 't war n't no star. 'T war jes' a light in the roof-room window o' Cayce's house; an' ye could see it, sure enough, plumb to the mill in Eskaquia Cove!"

Rick rose to go. Why should he linger, and wring his heart, and garner bitterness to feed upon in his lonely days? Why should he look into the outer darkness of his life, and dream of the star that shone so far for another man's sake into the sheltered depths of Eskaquia Cove? He had an impulse which he scorned, for his sight was blurred as he laid his hand on the pommel of his saddle. He did not see that one of the other men rose, too.

An approach, stealthy, swift, and the sinewy blacksmith flung himself upon his prisoner with the supple ferocity of a panther.

"Naw—naw!" he said, showing his strong teeth, closely set. "We can't part with ye yit, Rick Tyler! I'll arrest you-uns, ef the sher'ff can't! The peace o' Big Smoky an' the law o' the land air ez dear ter me ez ter enny other man."

The young fellow made a frantic effort to mount; then, as his horse sprang snorting away, he strove to draw one of his pistols. There was a turbulent struggle under the great silver moon and the dead trees. Again and again the sway-

ing figures and their interlocked shadows reeled to the verge of the cliff; one striving to fall and carry the other with him, the other straining every nerve to hold back his captive.

Even the storekeeper stood up and wheezed out a remonstrance.

"Look a hyar, boys" — he began; then, "Jer'miah," he broke off abruptly, as the hopeful scion peered shyly out of the store door, "clar out'n the way, sonny; they hev got shootin'-irons, an' some o' em mought go off."

He himself stepped prudently back. The man on the stump, however, forgot danger in his excitement. He sat and watched the scene with an eager relish which might suggest that a love of bull-fights is not a cultivated taste.

"Be them men a-wrastlin'?" called out a woman, appearing in the doorway of a neighboring house.

"'Pears like it ter me," he said dryly.

The strength of despair had served to make the younger man the blacksmith's equal, and the contest might have terminated differently had Rick Tyler not stumbled on a ledge. He was forced to his knees, then full upon the ground, his antagonist's grasp upon his throat. The blacksmith roared out for help; the man on the stump slowly responded, and the storekeeper languidly came and overlooked the operation, as the young fellow was disarmed and securely bound, hand and foot.

"Waal, now, Gid Fletcher, ye hev got him," said Nathan Hoodendin. "What d'ye want with him?"

The blacksmith had risen, panting, with wild eyes, his veins standing out in thick cords, perspiring from every pore, and in a bounding fury.

"What do I want with him? I want ter put his head on my anvil thar, an' beat the foolishness out'n it with my hammer. I want ter kick him off'n this hyar bluff down ter the forge fires o' hell. That air what I want. An'

the State o' Tennessee ain't wantin' much differ."

"Gid Fletcher," said the man who had been sitting on the stump, — he spoke in an accusing voice, — "ye ain't keerin' nuthin' fur the law o' the land, nor the peace o' Big Smoky, nuther. It air jes' that two hunderd dollars blood money ye air cottonin' ter, an' ye knows it."

The love of money, the root of evil, is so rare in the mountains that the blacksmith stood as before a deep reproof. Then, with a moral hardihood that matched his physical prowess, he asked, "An' what ef I be?"

"What war I a-tellin' you-uns? Satan 's a-stirrin', — Satan 's a-stirrin' on the Big Smoky!" interpolated old Hoodendin.

"Waal, I'd never hev been hankerin' fur sech," drawled the moralist.

A number of other men had come out from the houses, and a discussion ensued as to the best plan to keep the prisoner until morning. It was suggested that the time-honored expedient in localities without the civilization of a jail — a wagon-body inverted, with a heavy rock upon it — would be as secure as the state prison.

"But who wants ter go ter heftin' rocks?" asked Nathan Hoodendin pertinently.

For the sake of convenience, therefore, they left the prisoner with the rope made fast around a stump, that he might not, in his desperation, roll himself from the crag, and deputing a number of the men to watch him by turns the Settlement retired to its slumbers.

The night wore on; the moon journeyed toward the mountains in the west; the mists rose to meet it, and glistened like a silver sea. Some lonely, undiscovered ocean, this; never a sail set, never a pennant flying; all the valley was submerged; the black summits in the distance were isolated and insular; the moonlight glanced on the sparkling

ripples, on the long reaches of illusive vapor.

At intervals cocks crew; a faint response, like furthest echoes, came from some neighboring cove; and then silence, save for the drone of the nocturnal insects and the far blast of a hunter's horn.

"Jer'miah," said Rick Tyler, suddenly looking at the boy as he crouched by one of the stumps and watched him with dilated, moonlit eyes, — when Nathan Hoodendin's vigil came the little factotum served in his stead, — "Jer'miah, git my knife out'n the store an' cut these hyar ropes. I'll gin ye my rifle ef ye will."

The boy sprang up, scudded off swiftly, then came back, and crouched by the stump again.

The moon slipped lower and lower; the silver sea had turned to molten gold; the stars that had journeyed westward with the moon were dying out of a dim blue sky. Over the corn-field in the east was one larger than the rest, burning in an amber haze, charged with an unspoken poetical emotion that set its heart of white fire aquiver.

"I'll gin ye my horse ef ye will."

"I dassent," said Jer'miah.

The morning star was burned out at last, and the prosaic day came over the corn-field.

III.

Twilight was slipping down on the Big Smoky. Definiteness was annihilated, and distance a suggestion. Mountain forms lay darkening along the horizon, still flushed with the sunset. The Cove had abysmal suggestions, and the ravines were vague glooms. Fireflies were afflicker in the woods. There might be a star, outpost of the night.

Dorinda, hunting for the vagrant "crumple cow," paused sometimes when the wandering path led to the mountain's brink, and looked down those gi-

gantic slopes and unmeasured depths. She carried her milk-piggin, and her head was uncovered. Now and then she called with long, vague vowels, "Soo — cow! Soo!" There was no response save the echoes and the vibrant iteration of the katydid. Once she heard an alien sound, and she paused to listen. From the projecting spur where she stood, looking across the Cove, she could see, above the forests on the slopes, the bare, uprising dome, towering in stupendous proportions against the sky. The sound came again and yet again, and she recognized the voice of the man who was wont to go and pray in the desert places of the bald, and whom she had likened to the prophets of old. There was something indescribably wild and weird in those appealing, tempestuous tones, now rising as in frenzy, and now falling as with exhaustion, — untiringly beseeching, adjuring, reproaching.

"He hev fairly beset the throne o' grace!" she said, with a sort of pity for this insistent piety. A shivering, filmy mist was slipping down over the great dome. It glittered in the last rays of the sunlight, already vanished from the world below, like an illuminated silver gauze. She was reminded of the veil of the temple, and she had a sense of intrusion.

"Prayer, though, air free for all," she remarked, as self-justification, since she had paused to hear.

She did not linger. His voice died in the distance, and the solemnity of the impression was gradually obliterated. As she went she presently began to sing, sometimes interpolating, without a sense of interruption, her mellow call of "Soo — cow! Soo!" until it took the semblance of a refrain, with an abrupt crescendo. The wild roses were flowering along the paths, and the pink and white azaleas, — what perfumed ways, what lavish grace and beauty! The blooms of the laurel in the darkling places were like a spangling of stars. Dew was fall-

ing, — it dashed into her face from the boughs that interlaced across the unfrequented path, — and still the light lingered, loath to leave. She heard the stir of some wild things in the hollow of a great tree, and then a faint, low growl. She fancied she saw a pair of bright eyes looking apprehensively at her.

"We-uns hev got a baby at our house, too, an' we don't want youn, ma'am; much obleeged, all the same," she said, with a laugh. But she looked back with a sort of pity for that alert maternal fear, and she never mentioned to the youngest brother, a persistent trapper, the little family of raccoons in the woods.

She had forgotten the voice raised in importunate supplication on the bald, until, pursuing the path, she was led into the road, hard by a little bridge, or more properly culvert, which had rotted long ago; the vines came up through the cavities in the timbers, and a blackberry bush, with a wren's nest, flourished in their midst. The road was fain to wade through the stream; but the channel was dry now, — a narrow belt of yellow sand lying in a long curving vista in the midst of the dense woods. A yoke of oxen, hitched to a rude slide, stood at rest in the middle of the channel, and beside them was a man, of medium height, slender but sinewy, dressed in brown jeans, his trousers thrust into the legs of his boots, a rifle on his shoulder, and a broad-brimmed old wool hat surmounting his dark hair, that hung down to the collar of his coat. Her singing had prepared him for her advent, but he barely raised his eyes. That quick glance was incongruous with his dullard aspect; it held a spark of fire, inspiration, frenzy, — who can say?

He spoke suddenly, in a meek, drawling way, and with the air of submitting the proposition: —

"I hev gin the beastis' a toler'ble hard day's work, an' I 'm a-favorin' 'em, goin' home."

A long pause ensued. The oxen hung down their weary heads, with the symbol of slavery upon them. The smell of ferns and damp mould was on the air. Rotting logs lay here and there, where the failing water had stranded them. The grape-vines, draping the giant oaks, swayed gently, and suggested an observation to break the silence.

"How air the moral vineyard a-thrivin'?" she asked, solemnly.

He looked downcast. "Toler'ble, I reckon."

"I hearn tell ez thar war a right smart passel o' folks baptized over yander in Scolacutta River," she remarked, encouragingly.

"I baptized fourteen."

She turned the warm brightness of her eyes upon him. "They hed all fund grace!" she exclaimed.

"They 'lowed so. I hopes they 'll prove it by their works," he said, without enthusiasm.

"Ye war a-prayin' fur 'em on the bald?" she asked, apprehending that he accounted these converts peculiarly precarious.

"Naw," he replied, with moody sincerity; "I war a-prayin' for myself."

There was another pause, longer and more awkward than before.

"What work be you-uns a-doin' of?" asked Dorinda, meekly. She quailed a trifle before the uncomprehended light in his eyes. It was not of her world, she felt instinctively.

"I hev ploughed some, holpin' Jonas Trice, an' hev been a-haulin' wood. I tuk my rifle along," he added, "thinkin' I mought see suthin' ez would be tasty fur the old men's supper ez I kem home, but I forgot ter look around keen."

There was a sudden sound along the road, — a sound of quick hoof-beats. Because of the deep sand the rider was close at hand before his approach was discovered. He drew rein abruptly, and they saw that it was Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith of the Settlement.

"Hev you-uns hearn the news?" he cried, excitedly, as he threw himself from the saddle.

The man, leaning on the rifle, looked up, with no question in his eyes. There was an almost monastic indifference to the world suggested in his manner.

"Thar's a mighty disturbamint at the *Settlemint*. Las' night this hyar Rick Tyler, — what air under indictment fur a-killin' o' Joel Byers, — he kem a-nosin' 'roun' the *Settlemint* a-tryin' ter buy powder" —

Dorinda stretched out her hand; the trees were unsteady before her; the few faint stars, no longer pulsating points of light, described a circle of dazzling gleams. She caught at the yoke on the neck of the oxen; she leaned upon the impassive beast, and then it seemed that every faculty was merged in the sense of hearing. The horse had moved away from the blacksmith, holding his head down among the bowlders, and snuffing about for the water he remembered here with a disappointment almost pathetic.

"War he tuk?" demanded the preacher.

"Percisely so," drawled the blacksmith, with a sub-current of elation in his tone.

There was a sudden change in Kelsey's manner. He turned fiery eyes upon the blacksmith. Light and life were in every line of his face. He drew himself up tense and erect; he stretched forth his hand with an accusing gesture.

"'T war you-uns, Gid Fletcher, ez tuk the boy!"

"Lord, pa'son, how'd you-uns know that?" exclaimed the blacksmith. His manner combined a deference, which in civilization we discriminate as respect for the cloth, with the easy familiarity, induced by the association since boyhood, of equals in age and station. "I hed n't let on a word, hed I, D'rindy?"

The idea of an abnormal foreknowledge, mysteriously possessed, had its

uncanny influences. The lonely woods were darkening about them. The stars seemed very far off. A rotting log in the midst of the *débris* of the stream, in a wild tangle of underbrush and shelving rocks, showed fox-fire and glowed in the glooms.

"I knowed," said Kelsey, contemptuously waiving the suggestion of miraculous forecast, "bekase the sher'ff hain't been in the Big Smoky for two weeks, an' that thar danglin' shadder o' his'n rid off las' Monday from Jeemes's Mill in Eskaquia Cove. An' the constable o' the deestric air sick abed. So I 'lowed 't war you-uns."

"An' why air it me more 'n enny other man at the *Settlemint*?" The blacksmith's blood was rising; his sensibilities descried a covert taunt which as yet his slower intelligence failed to comprehend.

"An' ye hev rid with speed fur the sher'ff — or mebbe ter overhaul the dep'ty — ter kem an' jail the prisoner afore he gits away."

"An' why me, more 'n the t'others?" demanded the blacksmith.

"Yer heart air ez hard ez yer anvil, Gid Fletcher," said the mind-reader. "Thar ain't another man on the Big Smoky ez would stir himself ter gin over ter the gallus or the pen'tiary the frien' ez trested him, who hev done no harm, but hev got tangled in a twist of a unjest law. Ef the law tuk him, that's a differ."

"'Tain't fur we-uns ter jedge o' the law!" exclaimed Gid Fletcher, his logic sharpened by the anxiety of his greed and his prideful self-esteem. "Let the law jedge o' his crime."

"Jes' so; let the law take him, an' let the law try him. The law is ekal ter it. Ef the sher'ff summons me with his posse, I'll hunt Rick Tyler through all the Big Smoky" —

"Look a hyar, Hi Kelsey, the Gov'nor o' Tennessee hev offered a reward o' two hunderd dollars" —

"Blood money," interpolated the parson.

"Ye kin call it so, ef so minded; but ef it war right fur the Gov'nor ter offer it, it air right fur me ter yearn it."

He had come very close. It was his nature and his habit to brook no resistance. He subdued the hard metals upon his anvil. His hammer disciplined the iron. The fire wrought his will. His instinct was to forge this man's opinion into the likeness of his own. His conviction was the moral swage that must shape the belief of others.

"It air lawf fur me ter yearn it," he repeated.

"Lawful!" exclaimed the parson, with a tense, jeering laugh. "Judas war a law-abidin' citizen. He mos' lawfully betrayed *his* Frien' ter the law. Them thirty pieces o' silver! Sech currency ain't out o' circulation yit!"

Quick as a flash the blacksmith's heavy hand struck the prophet in the face. The next moment his sudden anger was merged in fear. He stood, unarmed, at the mercy of an assaulted and outraged man, with a loaded rifle in his hands, and all the lightnings of heaven quivering in his angry eyes.

Gid Fletcher had hardly time to draw the breath he thought his last, when the prophet slowly turned the other cheek.

"In the name of the Master," he said, with all the dignity of his calling.

As the blacksmith mounted his horse and rode away, he felt that the parson's rifle-ball would be preferable to the gross slur that he had incurred. His reputation, moral and spiritual, was annihilated; and he held this dear, for piety, or its simulacrum, on the primitive Big Smoky, is the point of honor. What a text! What an illustration of iniquity he would furnish for the sermons, foretelling wrath and vengeance, that sometimes shook the Big Smoky to its foundations! He was cast down, and indignant too.

"Fur Hi Kelsey ter be a-puttin' up

sech a pious mouth, an' a-turnin' the t'other-cheek, an' sech, ter me, ez hev seen him hold his own ez stiff in a many a free-handed fight, an' hev drawn his shootin'-irons on folks agin an' agin! An' he fairly tuk the dep'ty, at that thar disturbamint at the meet'n'-house, by the scruff o' the neck, an' shuck him ez ef he hed been a rat or suthin', an' drapped him out'n the door. An' now ter be a-turnin' the t'other cheek! An' thar's that thar D'rindy, a-seein' it all, an' a-lookin' at it ez wide-eyed ez a cat in the dark."

Dorinda went home planning a rescue. Against the law this was, probably, she thought. "Ef it air—it ought n't ter be," she concluded, arbitrarily. "It don't hurt nobody." How serious it was—a felony—she did not know, nor did she care. She went on sturdily, debating within herself how best to tell the news. With an intuitive knowledge of human nature, she reckoned on the prejudice aroused by the recital of the blacksmith's assault upon the preacher and the forbearance of the man of God. She began to count those who would be likely to attempt the enterprise when it should be suggested. There were the five men at home, all bold, reckless, antagonistic to the law. She paused, with a frightened face and a wild gesture as if to ward off an unforeseen danger. Never, never, would she lift her hand or raise her voice to aid in fulfilling that grimly prophesied death on the muzzle of the old rifle-barrel. She trembled at the thought of her precipitancy. His life was in her hand. With a constraining moral sense she felt that it was she who had placed it in jeopardy, and that she held it in trust.

She was cold, shivering. There was a change in the temperature; perhaps hail had fallen somewhere near, for the rare air had icy suggestions. She was seldom out so late, and was glad to see, high on the slope, the light that was wont to shine like a star into the dark

depths of Eskagua Cove. The white mists gathered around it; a circle of pearly light encompassed it, like Saturn's ring. As she came nearer, the roof of the house defined itself, with its oblique ridge-pole against the sky, and its clay and stick chimney, also built in defiance of rectangles, and its little porch, and the hop-vines, dripping, dripping, with dew. In the corner of the rail fence was the "crumpley cow," chewing her cud.

The radiance of firelight streamed out upon the porch through the open door, around which was grouped a number of shadows, of intent and wistful aspect. These were the hounds, and they crowded about her ecstatically as she came up on the porch.

She paused at the door, and looked in with melancholy eyes. The light fell on her face, still damp with the dew, giving its gentle curves a subdued glister, like marble; the dark blue of her dress heightened its fairness. A sudden smile broke upon it as she leaned forward. There were three men, Ab, Pete, and Ben, seated around the fire; but she was looking at none of them, and they silently followed her gaze. Only one pair of eyes met hers, — the eyes of a fat young person, wonderfully muscular for the tender age of three, who sat in the chimney-corner in a little wooden chair, and preserved the important and impassive air of a domestic magnate. This was hardly impaired by his ill-defined, infantile features, his large tow-head, his stolid blue eyes, his feminine garb of blue-checked cotton, short enough to disclose sturdy white calves and two feet with the usual complement of toes. He looked at her in grave recognition, but made no sign.

"Jacob," she softly drawled, "why n't ye go ter bed?"

But Jacob was indisposed for conversation on this theme; he said nothing.

"Why n't you-uns git him ter bed?" she asked of the assemblage at large.

"He'll git stunted, a-settin' up so late in the night."

"Waal," said one of the huge jeans-clad mountaineers, taking his pipe from his mouth, and scrutinizing the subject of conversation, "I 'low it takes more 'n three full-grown men ter git that thar servigrous buzzard ter bed when he don't want ter go thar, an' we war n't a-goin' ter resk it."

"I did ax him ter go ter bed, D'rindy," said another of the bearded giants, "but he 'lowed he *would* n't. I never see a critter so pompered ez Jacob; he ain't got no medjure o' respec' fur nobody."

The subject of these strictures gazed unconcernedly first at one speaker, then at the other. Dorinda still looked at him, her face transfigured by its tender smile. But she was fain to exert her authority. "Waal, Jacob," she said decisively, "ye mus' gin yer cornsent ter go ter bed, arter a while."

Jacob calmly nodded. He expected to go to bed some time that night.

The hounds had taken advantage of Dorinda's entrance to creep into the room and adjust themselves among the family group about the fire. One of them, near Jacob, lured by the tempting plumpness, put out a long red tongue and gave a furtive lick to his fat white leg. The little mountaineer promptly doubled his plucky fist, and administered a sharp blow on the black nose of the offender, whose yelp of repentant pain attracted attention to the canine intruders. Ab Cayce rose to his feet with a oath. There was a shrill chorus of anguish as he actively kicked them out with his great cowhide boots.

"Git out'n hyar, ye dad-burne beastises! I hev druv ye out fifty timesence sundown; now *stay* druv!"

He emphasized the lesson with several gratuitous kicks after the room and the porch were fairly cleared. But before he was again seated the dogs were once more clustered about the door, with i

tent bobbing heads and glistening eyes that peered in wistfully, with a longing for the society of their human friends, and a pathetic anxiety to be accounted of the family circle.

There was more stir than usual in the interval between supper and bedtime. During the three memorable days that Dorinda had sojourned in Tuckaleechee Cove Miranda Jane's ineffective administration had resulted in domestic chaos in several departments. The lantern by which the cow was to be milked was nowhere to be found. The filly-like Miranda Jane, with her tousled mane and black forelock hanging over her eyes, was greatly distraught in the effort to remember where it had been put and for what it had been last used, and was "plumb beat out and beset," she declared, as she cantered in and cantered out, and took much exercise in the search, to little purpose. One of the men rose presently, and addressed himself to the effort. He found it at last, and handed it to Dorinda without a word. He did not offer to milk the cow, as essentially a feminine task, in the mountains, as to sew or knit. When she came back she sat down among them in the chair usually occupied by her grandmother, — who had in her turn gone on a visit to "Aunt Jerushy" in Tuckaleechee Cove, — and as she busied herself in putting on her needles a sizable stocking for Jacob she did not join in the fragmentary conversation.

Ab Cayce, the eldest, talked fitfully as he smoked his pipe, — a lank, lantern-jawed man, with a small, gleaming eye and a ragged beard. The youngest of the brothers, Solomon, was like him, except that his long chin, of the style familiarly denominated jimper-jawed, was still smooth and boyish, and, big-boned as he was, he lacked in weight and somewhat in height the proportions of the senior. Peter was the contentious member of the family. He was wont to bicker in solitary disaffection, until he

seemed to disprove the adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. He was afflicted with a stammer, and at every obstruction his voice broke out with startling shrillness, on several keys higher than the tone with which the sentence commenced. He was loose-jointed and of a shambling gait; his hair seemed never to have outgrown the bleached, colorless tone so common among the children of the mountains, and it hung in long locks of a dreary drab about his sun-embrowned face. His teeth were irregular, and protruded slightly. "Ez hard-favored ez Pete Cayce," was a proverb on the Big Smoky. His wrangles about the amount of seed necessary to sow to the acre, and his objurgation concerning the horse he had been ploughing with that day, filled the evening.

"Thar ain't a durned fool on the Big Smoky ez dunno that thar sayin' 'bout 'n the beastises : —

'One white huff — buy him;
Two white huffs — try him;
Three white huffs — deny him;
Four white huffs an' a white nose —
Take off his hide an' feed him ter the crows.'"

Outside, the rising wind wandered fitfully through the Great Smoky, like a spirit of unrest. The surging trees in the wooded vastness on every side filled the air with the turbulent sound of their commotion. The fire smouldered on the hearth. The room was visible in the warm glow: the walls, rich and mel-low with the alternate dark shade of the hewn logs and the dull yellow of the "daubin';" the great frame of the warping-bars, hung about with scarlet and blue and saffron yarn; the brilliant strings of red pepper, swinging from the rafters. The spinning-wheel, near the open door, revolved slightly, with a stealthy motion, when the wind touched it, as though some invisible woodland thing had half a mind for uncanny industrial experiments.

Dorinda told her news at last, in few

words and with what composure she could command. As the listeners broke into surprised ejaculations and comments, she sat gazing silently at the fire. Should she speak the thought nearest her heart? Should she suggest a rescue? She was torn by contending terrors, — fears for them, for the man in his primitive shackles at the Settlement, for the enemy whose life she felt she had jeopardized. She had a wild vision — half in hope, half in anguish — of her broth-

ers in the saddle, armed to the teeth and riding like the wind. They had not moved of their own accord. Should she urge them to go?

Oh, never had the long days on the Big Smoky, never had all the years that had visibly rolled from east to west with the changing seasons, brought her so much of life as the last few hours, — such intensity of emotion, such swiftness of thought, such baffling perplexity, such woe!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE QUEST FOR THE GRAIL OF ANCIENT ART.

WHILE the literary revival of the fifteenth century was at its height, an enthusiast might have been seen rummaging about amid the ruins of ancient buildings; turning up fragments of architecture and of art; copying the inscriptions of friezes, walls, triumphal arches, and tombs; journeying from city to city and from villa to villa; traversing every part of Italy, then restlessly hurrying away to Greece to ransack each nook and corner of that delightful land; flitting from island to island of the archipelago; collecting coins, manuscripts, busts, bas-reliefs, and statues; and everywhere urged on by an impulse resistless as that which impelled the ill-fated poet in the *Alastor* of Shelley. This man was Ciriaco of Ancona. Educated for commerce, he had spent his years hitherto in the marts of trade; but, touched by the sacred fire of learning, he had abandoned ships and warehouses, and consecrated his life to the task of rescuing from destruction the precious relics of antiquity. A wise and enlightened scholar some called him; others, a hair-brained visionary, a lunatic, or a fool. Men could not understand how one who might have risen to wealth and ease by the handling of merchandise

could forsake its hallowed paths for the whimsical enjoyments of an investigator. The answer which he gave to those who demanded a reason for this strange choice shows a just comprehension of the mission of that age, and merits immortality: "I go to awake the dead."

These words fitly characterize the state into which the magnificent civilization of the past had fallen. It was not sleep or temporary lethargy; it was death, and to restore it once more to the domain of active life meant, not to arouse it from slumber, but to summon it from the grave. It is difficult for us, indeed, to realize how vast a distance lay between the time of Perikles, or even Cæsar, and that of Dante. The Greece and Rome of classic memory are immeasurably nearer to the England or America of the nineteenth century than they were to the Italy of the thirteenth. The chasm which separated the ancient from the modern era had not then been bridged. Across the stagnant sea of the Dark Ages the gaze of men wandered only to lose itself in mist. Little did they dream that along its shores were scattered the works of a peerless literature and the remnants of a plastic art more precious than all their scholastic

treaties or cherished pictures of saints. Immortal poems were there, buried beneath the sands of forgetfulness; songs, to which the deepest emotions of the human heart had responded; the wisdom of sages, whose precepts the race never can outgrow; the words of orators, who had thrilled assemblies and moulded the destinies of nations; the narratives of historians, in which were recorded the noblest deeds of heroic achievement; the matchless creations of sculpture, — forms that breathed the tenderness and grace of womanhood, limbs instinct with the pulsating life of youth, torsos whose swelling muscles spoke of the completest powers of manhood, faces in whose lineaments dwelt the eternal calmness and repose of divinity. Strange that no eye had ever caught sight of a mirage of lovely creations hovering above the waters, that no ear had heard sighs rippling along the waves, like those which in the first circle of the Inferno made the dim air tremulous forever; for truly these, no less than the spirits of that shadowy abode, had cause to grieve at so unmerited a fate.

During almost the whole of the mediæval period Italy had little to do with anything which really merits the name of art. In the third century after Christ sculpture showed unmistakable signs of decay, and before the close of the fourth it was evident that nothing could arrest its downward course. The bas-reliefs of the arch of Constantine indicate how rapid this decline had been, and the statues executed in his reign were in almost the same degraded style. From this time onward things continually grew worse, as society sank deeper and deeper in barbarism, until the rise of the Christian spirit of antagonism extinguished the last ray of sympathy between a degenerate intellect and the masterpieces of antiquity. A slight revival of interest occurred under the Gothic kings in the sixth century, but it was of short duration. It took no hold

upon the consciousness of the people, and the returning waves of ignorance obliterated all that had been gained. Henceforward for nearly seven hundred years Europe was a vast desert, in which only stunted shrubs remained where once flourished that magnificent tree of art whose fruit had enriched the nations. Even these sickly growths, too, are chiefly valuable as waymarks, by which the historian of culture may trace his progress through the dreariest of wildernesses. Such works as were produced were mostly rude figures of saints, emperors, and ecclesiastics, or insipid bas-reliefs, often in wood or common stone, sculptured for sarcophagi, reliquaries, ciboria, and doors of churches, or for public fountains and city gates. Of so-called statues but few survived, those ordered by popes up to the end of the ninth century having perished almost without exception. This is probably due to the fact that they were merely metal images, hammered out by goldsmiths, or first roughly cast, and afterwards retouched and finished with the chisel. Objects of this kind would of course be most exposed to plunder in mediæval wars, and would very easily be lost. Hence the chief means of determining the state of art for some three or four centuries is by an examination of the coins of different rulers. These show a constant deterioration. The finer instincts of the mind seemed dead, and sovereigns whose character and achievements might once have inspired an Apelles or a Lysippos awakened no response in the breasts of the unimaginative limners and stone-cutters of the age. For them there was no higher task than a slavish copying of the conventional and scarcely human representations of their predecessors, — figures devoid of proportion, faces empty and expressionless, members tacked on awry to bodies such as never were tenanted by a human soul, and draped in garments as stiff and awkward as they were ungainly and gro-

tesque. It seems not to have occurred to the makers of these nullities to look at one of their fellow-beings, and see if he were really put together and clothed in such a fashion; and it may be doubted whether, had they done so, they could have represented him as he actually appeared. Still, we should not forget that the artistic, or rather inartistic, ideal of the age operated no less than the lack of manual skill to produce these results. In the minds of all classes holiness was associated with sallow features and meagre, macerated forms. Beauty was incompatible with sanctity. It was of the earth, earthy. It deified the present existence, which the Christian was taught to despise and turn away from, in order to fix his thoughts upon the life to come. Ancient art was no doubt more perfect in a physical point of view, but it was the type of sleek, well-fed sinfulness, — the glorification of worldly pleasure, the apotheosis of the flesh involving the perdition of the soul. It was inevitable, therefore, that sculpture, employed almost exclusively in the service of the church, should conform to the ecclesiastical conceptions which prevailed.

Thus for a score of generations no attempt was made to throw off the nightmare which oppressed the world. Charlemagne, it is true, had, in the patronage of learning, showed a degree of enlightenment which has cast an enviable lustre upon his reign. That he was not wholly insensible to the influence of art is proved by the marbles which he transported from Ravenna and Rome to adorn his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle. The low state of sculpture at this time is indicated, however, by the bas-reliefs of his own sepulchre at Aix and that of his uncle, Carloman, in the church of St. Remy at Rheims. These are nothing more than rough copies of ancient sarcophagi, such as had long been a regular object of commerce in Italy. The fact that even royalty was forced to content itself with these wretched works, pur-

chased in the open market, instead of having others made expressly for its own use, testifies alike to the dearth of talent and the degraded taste existing in the most cultivated court of Europe. But the eclipse was not yet at its full. The black shadow continued to creep over the face of the sun until the eleventh and twelfth century, when the obscuration was well-nigh complete.

For seven hundred years antiquity had been receding ever farther from the thoughts of men, and in just that proportion the mind had lost its noblest powers and the hand its mastery over nature. The wings of the soul had been clipped, and it had been weighted with lead, by which it sank continually deeper and deeper in the abysses of a spiritual Inferno. But in the midst of this apparently hopeless darkness the east suddenly grew ruddy with the promise of dawn. Among the ancient relics which had escaped destruction were collected at Pisa a few sarcophagi and urns of Hellenic, Roman, and Etruscan origin, exhumed on the spot, or brought from Southern Italy and Greece in the victorious vessels of the republic. These objects, neglected and discarded by others, at length, in the early part of the thirteenth century, caught the eye of a lad who was accustomed to wander about the old cathedral and examine every fragment of sculpture to be found there. Like the Lynkeus of Argonautic fable, whose gaze could penetrate the earth and behold the treasures which it contained, he discerned the priceless wealth which generations of ignorance had overlooked, and resolved to make it his own. This youth, afterwards known to fame, was Niccolò of Pisa. Refusing to conform to the conventionalities of mediæval schools, he insisted that his work should express himself, and not the mere traditions of his craft; that it should either portray life as seen in the world of reality, or be ennobled and elevated above it as in the masterpieces of

Athens and Rome. Though unable fully to embody in his own productions the principles which he recognized as comprising the essence of all true progress, — the ineptitude of centuries, so to speak, still lingering in his chisel, — he nevertheless struck out a new thought for his age, and inaugurated a better era in the plastic art of Europe. Any one who has compared his bas-reliefs with those of his immediate predecessors must have been impressed with their marvelous superiority, and must also have been filled with admiration for the man who could so liberate himself from the thralldom of his times, and leap at a single bound to that higher plane on which he was ultimately to be joined by the giants of the sixteenth century.

Of the antiquities that exerted so powerful an influence on the unfolding genius of Niccolò, the chief were a Greek vase and a sarcophagus ornamented with reliefs generally supposed to represent the story of Phædra and Hippolytos. Both of these may still be seen in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and must ever be regarded with peculiar interest as being the starting-point not only of modern sculpture, but of that movement which has restored to us so many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient statuary. His magnificent pulpit in the baptistery of Pisa, finished when he was between fifty and sixty, shows how unswervingly he adhered to the principles which had guided him in early life. The scenes represented upon this display unmistakable affinity with the antique. The reclining Virgin in the Nativity is apparently copied from a figure on an Etruscan tomb, while her attendant maidens are nymphs from a Roman vase. The Crucifixion evinces careful observation of the classic nude, the Christ in it being nearly as muscular as a Hercules. The Last Judgment is thoroughly Greek in style. The form of Moses is an exact reproduction of a bearded Bacchus on the vase already

mentioned. The Hercules with lions and the two torsi used as Caryatides might almost have been produced by some ancient master; and the Eve and Fortune are only the Venus and Abundantia of Roman consular coins. But it would be unjust to regard Niccolò solely or even mainly as an imitator. He had comprehended the truth that Hellenic sculpture was itself based upon nature, and that, to attain any lasting excellence, the study of the two must go hand in hand.

The influence of this remarkable man was felt not only in the places where he found employment, but, through his pupils, in all the chief cities of Italy. Still, he doubtless realized as little as any one the far-reaching consequences of his views. He builded better than he knew. He had, in fact, planted the seeds of the Renaissance; and though the chill of early springtime might prevent them from germinating at once, they were destined to yield an ample harvest in the end.

Circumstances in the political world now became more favorable to art. The freedom of the Italian towns, conceded by Frederick Barbarossa in the peace of Constance, but little over twenty years before Niccolò's birth, resulting in an immense expansion of commerce, had led to a state of prosperity unexampled since the days of Roman supremacy. The increase of wealth soon made itself observable in the intellectual and æsthetic life of the people. Sumptuous cathedrals, municipal buildings, and private palaces were constructed and decorated with the utmost care. This called into requisition the services of innumerable architects, painters, and sculptors, while the mysteries and similar spectacles then in vogue furnished an endless variety of subjects for frescoes and other pictures designed for scenic effect. Figures of new saints were carved; their sepulchres were ornamented with bas-reliefs exhibiting the principal events of

their lives; and the public squares were graced with fountains and statues commemorating important facts in the history of the different cities.

In spite of these facts, the age of Niccolò never really comprehended the truth to which his whole career had pointed. His pupils, and indeed the entire body of his followers, lacking the originality and independence of their master, were content to imitate his style, and maintain art at the point at which he had left it. Even they had not fully divined his secret, and none among them was sufficiently great to conduct the rest along the path that now seems so plain.

But this was natural, — we may say, inevitable. Anything like a wide study of principles was at that time impossible. The ransacking of the soil of Italy had not yet begun, and comparatively few treasures of the Greek and Roman period were known. Before these could become an object of common quest, some one must arise capable of inspiring mankind with such enthusiasm for antiquity that its slightest possessions should seem to them more precious than the gold for which they were so madly struggling. The prejudices of seven hundred years were not to be blown away by a breath. The horror with which all good Christians had been taught to look upon paganism had been like the blight of mildew on every product of the earlier civilizations. It could neither be wise nor safe to concern one's self with the history or pursuits of nations on whom the Almighty had set the seal of his displeasure by sweeping them, root and branch, into perdition. As a result, men strove to forget the past, or to remember it only as an awful admonition for the future. Its magnificent literature was replaced by the writings of the church, and its free, joyous life by a mournful and depressing gloom. Of Hellenic learning absolutely nothing remained, the mediæval grammarians being unable even to distinguish the titles of Greek

books from the names of the authors who wrote them. The Latin language, however, still survived; the deliberations of general councils, the intercourse between the sovereign pontiff and the church in various nations, and at a later age the rise of the universities, rendering some common medium of communication necessary. For purposes of instruction, therefore, the classics were still found to be serviceable. Among these the chief place in poetry was held by Virgil and Ovid, in prose by Cicero and Boethius, though the grammatical and rhetorical manuals of Donatus, Priscian, and Cassiodorus, with their wide range of quotations, were even more popular. In this way the great names of Latin literature, and of Greek through the medium of Latin translations, were kept before the minds of scholars, though for the most part they were vague, shadowy figures, hovering like phantoms on the borders of the unknown, yet possessing a certain august dignity which made them impressive even at the distance of centuries. The bard of Mantua himself was thought of more as a magician and conjurer than a poet, — a being of occult wisdom and mighty power, capable of piercing mountains and rearing huge blocks of stone into vaults and arches like those beheld among the Roman ruins. So strong was this feeling even in the fourteenth century that Petrarch was accused of familiarity with magic merely from his admiration for the *Bucolics* and *Æneid*. Still, those gentler and more lovely traits of character, which rendered Virgil so popular among his contemporaries, were not without their influence upon mediæval thought. The impression which he made on nobler minds is well seen in the *Divine Comedy*, where Dante's love, reverence, and loyalty for the master whom, above all others, he had chosen to be his exemplar in verse form one of the most beautiful and touching features of that immortal work. It is here, indeed, that we

discern the dawning of a genuinely modern appreciation of whatever was excellent in antiquity. The devotion of the Florentine scholar to the guide who conducted him on that weird, enchanting journey through "the blind world" does not diminish his homage to the other worthies who had once contributed to the intellectual and moral enlightenment of the race. They had, it is true, failed of the bliss of heaven, since that could be entered only through the portal of baptism; yet it was not in his heart to picture them as in the realms of endless torment, though popes and cardinals would have been their companions there. He assigns them a place in the limbo of departed spirits, where they may live over the scenes of their earthly life, subjected to no punishment except a hopeless but always dignified yearning for joys which cannot be attained. Homer is there, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan; Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, and Euclid; Cicero, Livy, Seneca, and Cæsar; Æneas, Hector, Electra, Camilla, Penthesilea, Brutus the foe of Tarquin, Lucretia, Julia, Marcia, Cornelia, and others like them, conspicuous in letters, philosophy, virtue, and heroic achievement. There, in the inclosure of their sevenfold wall, this goodly company, with voices sweet and solemn eyes and slow, wander along the green slopes, and bask in the calm, bright atmosphere, where the sighs that tremble on the air without are never heard, conversing on those high themes and glorious deeds whose memory has been the inspiration of mankind. Thus at length we behold the human mind bursting the fetters of centuries, and asserting its claim to its long-lost birthright. Well may we apply to the sad-faced Tuscan himself the words "*onorate l'altissimo poeta*," which he heard addressed to his immortal leader on approaching

"the fair school

Of that lord of the song preëminent,
Who o'er the others like an eagle soars."

But the genius that was to rouse and quicken Italian society was yet to come. Unlike Dante, he must be more than a poet, more than a schoolman, more than a reformer with overmastering convictions in regard to moral and religious truth. He must be a broad and comprehensive scholar, not only familiar with the thought and learning of the past, but keenly alive to the spirit of his own times, and, above all, capable of addressing men, and firing them with his own enthusiasm. This rare power his generation found in Petrarch. He was no stern, austere nature, hurt, persecuted, and driven from home, as Dante had been, but free, warm, generous, and open-hearted, responsive to the charms of life and love. Surrounded in the most susceptible years of youth, now by the influences of the great University of Bologna, now by the attractions of the gay city of Avignon, which, during the papal residence, was thronged with the learned and noble of every nation, he developed a taste not only for the classical studies which so powerfully moulded his mind, but also for the fascinations of that brilliant social life to which his talents and fine personal qualities secured him instant admission. Endowed with an intellect whose capacity and thirst for knowledge soon placed him far in advance of his age, he was flattered and sought for by kings, cardinals, popes, and emperors, and treated by them more as a superior than an equal. Honors fell thick upon him. Wherever he went, his coming was heralded as an event of no ordinary importance, and the hospitality of sovereigns was strained to assure him of a welcome. Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, chosen judge to decide on Petrarch's fitness for the laureate's crown, presented him with one of his own royal robes to wear at the coronation ceremony, and, receiving the poet in Naples, showed him every mark of respect, consulted him in regard to his various pursuits, personally acted as his guide

about the city, conducting him up the steep rock that overlooks the fair Vesuvian bay to the tomb of Virgil, and, as we may believe, standing by with reverent emotion and uncovered head while Petrarch planted there the laurel-tree which for more than four centuries continued to blossom as a token of remembrance and affection. Other princes and nobles were not less eager to testify their esteem for the foremost scholar of Italy, and the different cities considered it a day of happy omen that brought him within their walls.

To everything connected with antiquity Petrarch's nature was keenly alive from his earliest years. Even when a lad, thumbing the pages of his Latin grammar, he was accustomed to read aloud the magnificent prose of Cicero, listening with delight to the musical flow of its periods, although he could not comprehend its meaning. Young as he was, his instinctive sense of proportion and of the beauties of literary art responded to that consummate mastery of style which had once charmed the ears of cultured Rome, and has been the admiration of all succeeding ages. This feeling gained strength with each succeeding year, and when to the fascination of outward form he was at length able to add the majestic march of thoughts marshaled in such splendid array by that prince among orators and rhetoricians, the flame of enthusiasm which leaped up within him can be realized only by those who have felt something akin to it in their own experience. No wonder that, compared with works like these, the degraded vocabulary, the corrupt syntax, the droning style, and the dull monotony of mediæval authors seemed to him but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." No wonder that the hymns of the church, and even the *Dies Iræ* itself, with whose solemn, organ-like music the awful tones of the judgment trumpet seemed blending, should have fallen with uncouth

rudeness upon an ear fresh from the stately lines of Virgil, the facile and melodious verse of Ovid, the polished and ever-varying metres of Horace. How was it possible that one in whose soul the strings of harmony had thus been swept by the most skillful masters of antiquity should not be drawn irresistibly toward that bright civilization by the hands which reached forth across the chasm of the dark ages to clasp his own? The nearer he came to it, the richer and more satisfying did that civilization appear. What mighty intellects! What glorious achievements! What sublime virtues! What heroic lives and deaths! How petty and puny appeared, in comparison, the selfishness, intrigue, and vain, low strife which he beheld about him! How immeasurably had man fallen from his former estate, while blatantly proclaiming to the centuries that he was scaling the heights of heaven! Here, in spite of the anathemas of more than a thousand years, was the Eden to which the world must return, or give up its birthright and feed forever on husks. As a result of this feeling he set himself in uncompromising antagonism to the so-called science of his age; declaring ceaseless war, not only against the frauds and impostures of physicians, lawyers, and astrologers, but even against theologians, whose trivial erudition yielded nothing satisfying to mind or heart, but on the contrary obstructed and dwarfed those powers which should have been consecrated to nobler uses. Thus the standard of progress was at length raised, and the immense influence which Petrarch had acquired over his generation enabled him to carry with him all the more enlightened thinkers of Italy.

At a little past the age of thirty the poet found himself in the Eternal City, occupying comfortable apartments on the Capitol. Beneath him, on every hand, was the Rome of his boyhood's dreams and his manhood's imaginings.

A thousand times he had pictured it in its feeble origin, its grandeur, and its decay; a thousand times had wandered in thought amid those stupendous structures, whose weird and supernatural stories had been whispered under breath at night, while visions of sorcerers and evil spirits floated before the mind. Now, as guest of a senator, he had actually taken up his abode on that hill which Scipio, Cato, Pompey, and Cæsar had ascended in triumphal procession, to deposit their laurel wreaths in the lap of Jupiter. At his very feet lay the Forum, with all its sacred memories; above and beyond it rose the arches of Titus and Constantine; on his right were the wonderful ruins of the Palatine, on his left the huge vaults and massive piers of the basilica of Constantine; while, dwarfing all else into insignificance, towered, close at hand, the mighty fabric of the Coliseum. As he gazed upon these miracles of human effort, all that he had read and heard, all that his fancy had conceived of, dwindled into nothingness, and he wrote to the Cardinal Colonna, "Truly, Rome was greater and her remains are vaster than I had ever believed. Now I wonder, not that she conquered the world, but that she conquered it so late." Turn whichever way he might, he saw indisputable evidence that in all the arts of peace and war the ancients were possessed of a genius finer, stronger, and grander than the world had since beheld.

Yet what a contrast between them and the Romans of his own day! In place of that energetic and invincible people was a race sunk in spiritless sloth and ignorance, and unable even to read the inscriptions which told of the glory of their ancestors. Of the temples of the gods, for the most part only shattered masonry and isolated columns remained; of the palaces of the emperors, nothing but heaps of *débris*, over which the ivy was creeping. The Forum was buried under accumulated rubbish, and

the peerless creations of ancient art slumbered, absolutely forgotten, beneath the soil. The baths were merely aggregations of crumbling walls, upon which the lover of antiquity might climb, and sit him down amid woodbine, convolvulus, and springing shrubs, to muse on the exemplification of the truth enunciated by the noblest of imperial philosophers, when he declared that life was but a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame was oblivion. The wanton destruction of ancient works had already begun. The demolition of buildings by the senator Brancalone had taken place over three quarters of a century before; the ruins were serving as quarries, and the rich marbles were disappearing in the lime-kiln to furnish mortar for mediæval masons. Large quantities of shafts, capitals, entablatures, and even statues from the sepulchres were, Petrarch lamented, carried off to Naples, and monuments which neither time nor the violence of Rome's bitterest foes had been able to destroy were now doomed to meet that fate at the hands of her most illustrious citizens. Against this desecration he raised his voice in earnest and repeated protest, seeking to awaken among his countrymen some sense of the injury they were inflicting upon themselves and posterity. To recall the greatness and grandeur which had departed became the ruling passion of his life. Like Ciriaco, he felt it his mission to awake the dead. With this aim, he gathered coins and inscriptions, urged measures for the protection of architecture and art, and ransacked every nook and corner which he thought might contain manuscripts of the classics. This latter quest, beginning with a desire to regain the books of Cicero, gradually grew into a purpose to recover, as far as possible, all the lost masterpieces of ancient authors. To attain this end, he not only undertook extensive journeys himself, but communicated whatever information he possessed to others who were

about to visit foreign lands, and urged them to make inquiries and institute search wherever there was the slightest hope that their labors would be rewarded. In this way he either sent or traveled to France, Spain, Germany, Greece, and even England. He induced Boccaccio to learn Greek in order to translate into Latin the works of Homer, who, he says, borrowing an expression of Cicero's, in allusion to his ignorance of the language, "is dumb to me, and I am deaf to him. Yet," he continues, speaking of a copy of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* which had been sent him from Constantinople, "I rejoice even to look at him; and often embracing him, I exclaim with a sigh, 'O great man! how gladly would I listen to you! But death has closed one of my ears, and distance the other.'" Afterwards he set about the study himself, and when a little under forty began to read Plato under the monk Barlaam.

Thus did the scholar of Vacluse devote himself to the task of bringing Rome and Athens back into the world from which they had departed so long before. Others lighted their torches at the *Ætna* of his enthusiasm. Robert of Anjou had been so moved as to declare that literature was dearer to him than his kingdom, and that, if he were compelled to surrender either, he would lay aside his diadem rather than give up the works which had been the food and consolation of his mind. Boccaccio, too, inspired by Petrarch's example, abandoned commerce for the nobler pursuits of a scholar and man of letters, and not only was able to persuade the republic of Florence to establish in its university the first professorship of Greek founded in the West, but by the influence of his writing contributed powerfully to banish the austerity and gloom that overhung the mediæval mind, and to assert the rightfulness of that free, joyous life which even at the present day forms so striking a contrast between the Italian people and the nations of Germanic

origin. In still another way Petrarch contributed unconsciously, and indeed unintentionally, to form the system which more than all else moulded the scholarship of the succeeding age, and inaugurated the Renaissance in its intensest activity. His amanuensis, Giovanni da Ravenna, endowed with an imaginative and passionate temperament, well calculated to make a strong impression upon those with whom he came in contact, having absorbed the poet's wonderful learning, quarreled with his master, and set out as a wandering professor, to impart to others the treasures of knowledge which he had received. After various vicissitudes, he found himself everywhere welcomed with eagerness and honor. His reputation increased from year to year; the most illustrious youth of Italy enrolled themselves as his pupils, and under his instruction were trained almost all the great scholars whose names leap spontaneously to our lips whenever the fifteenth century is mentioned. Others, encouraged by his success, soon followed in his footsteps, expounding the poets and rhetoricians from place to place, till one city after another was set aflame, and devoted itself to the study of Latin literature. Thus was gradually brought about that brilliant intellectual movement which culminated under the enlightened patronage of the Medici and their contemporaries.

Two sculptors, both men of original genius and eminent ability, now arose to turn the thoughts of their countrymen in the direction of Greek and Roman art. The first of these was Ghiberti. Like Niccolò of Pisa, he seems from childhood to have felt its superiority, as if by instinct. Educated by his stepfather to the trade of a goldsmith, he rapidly developed a taste for drawing, painting, and modeling, and commenced to make copies of such ancient coins and medals as came within his reach. The influence of these upon the growing mind of the boy it would

be difficult to exaggerate. They trained his eye and hand to higher and more subtle forms of beauty, and placed before him nobler ideals than he before possessed. Vasari declares him to have been the first who applied himself to the study of classic models, but the statement is to be considered as among the inaccuracies of that charming biographer. This praise is due to Niccolò alone, and can be shared by no other. Yet the great Pisan had been dead for more than a century, and on no one had his mantle fallen. Now a new genius had arisen, filled with the same spirit and endowed with similar insight and skill. The circumstances of the age, too, were more propitious. An era of culture had succeeded to that dim morning twilight in which Niccolò was compelled to grope about, amid a generation not yet sufficiently awake to comprehend his meaning. The value and significance of the past were at length recognized, and the mind had acquired the confidence which fitted it to walk boldly in the pathway of its choice. A group of fellow artists, also, were gathered around this consummate master of bronze, gifted with power to discern the tendency of the times, and ready to follow in the direction in which his successes pointed. This it was which enabled Ghiberti to do so much for the restoration of the antique. His early fondness for it never diminished. As his productions brought him fame and fortune, he began to purchase the rare and exquisite treasures which the spade was already turning up, or which were coming to light in gardens, tombs, and out-of-the-way corners of Italy, until he had collected in his house a considerable number of choice bronzes, marbles, and terra cottas. These included beautiful Greek vases, two or three Venuses, a Narcissus, a Satyr, a Mercury, and a winged Genius. The Satyr may still be seen in the Bargello at Florence, but the rest have been dispersed and lost sight of.

The second sculptor, whose influence acted so strongly in the same direction, was Donatello. In his early youth he had formed an intimate acquaintance with Brunelleschi, and when he was but seventeen years old the two set out together for the ancient capital, where alone they could be brought face to face with the imposing remains of the imperial age, and imbibe something of its greatness. Here, while Brunelleschi devoted himself to the investigation of Roman buildings, in his enthusiasm almost forgetting food and sleep, Donatello wandered about the city, pencil in hand, digging amid the ruins of temples, baths, palaces, and basilicas; excavating cornices, bas-reliefs, coins, and fragments of statuary; and making careful drawings of everything that could throw light upon the subject so dear to his heart. In this way he acquired that breadth of knowledge and insight into fundamental principles which placed him in advance of most of his contemporaries in the handling of costume, in ideal beauty of form, and in that profoundness of character and boldness of treatment which are among the chief excellences of his work.

An anecdote told by Vasari well illustrates the power of Donatello to awaken in others an interest in the things which had strongly impressed himself. One morning after his return to Florence, the young sculptor was standing in the piazza of the cathedral, conversing with a group of brother artists, among whom was Brunelleschi. He was relating that on his way home he had taken the road to Orvieto to see the façade of the Duomo, and that on passing through Cortona he had been surprised and delighted to find in the capitular church of that city a remarkable Greek or Roman vase adorned with sculptures in relief. As he enlarged upon the delicacy and perfection of its execution, Brunelleschi was so moved that when the party separated he immediately set out for Cortona, with-

out going home to change his mantle, hood, or wooden shoes, and, walking the entire distance, made a sketch of the vase, and was back in Florence before any one was aware of his departure.

The genius and intelligence of Donatello, combined with those qualities of character which made him a favorite with all who knew him, eminently fitted him to be the apostle of progress to his generation. His life at Rome had convinced him that inestimable service might be rendered to art if the treasures so little valued or understood could be gathered into a suitable museum. He accordingly suggested to Cosimo de' Medici the formation of such a collection in some place where it would be accessible to the rising talent of Italy. This was the beginning of that celebrated garden of San Marco, in which the foremost sculptors of the fifteenth century found examples for study and imitation, and in which the boy Michael Angelo first put chisel to marble, and won his youthful success in the grinning satyr face still to be seen in the gallery of the Uffizi. But discoveries of classic marbles in the age of Donatello were by no means so numerous as at a later date. Ghiberti, in one of his Commentaries, has described three which merit particular attention. Two of these—the fountain-figure at Siena and the statue which had been concealed in a tomb—have been mentioned in a previous article. The former bore the name of Lysippos, and appears to have possessed much merit. From the dolphin at its foot it may be conjectured to have been a Venus. The latter had been disinterred on the estate of the Brunelleschi family at Florence. "This statue," Ghiberti continues, "when the Christian faith triumphed, was hidden there by some gentle spirit, who, seeing it so perfect and fashioned with art and genius so marvellous, moved to pity, caused a sepulchre of brick to be constructed, and within inclosed the figure, covering it with a

slab of stone, that it might not be entirely destroyed. It had been found with head and arms broken, and had been placed here that the rest might not meet a similar fate. Thus secreted, it was preserved in our city for a very long period without farther injury. The statue is a marvel among sculptures. It rests upon the right foot, and is draped about the loins with great skill. It is carefully finished, and possesses very many sweet charms, which the eye comprehends not either by strong or tempered light. The hand alone finds them by the touch." The third, an hermaphrodite, which he saw in Rome in 1440, was entire, with the exception of the head, which was wanting. It had been exhumed at a depth of about eighteen feet, by some laborers engaged in clearing out a street near Santo Celso. The use to which it had been put strikingly illustrates that contempt for art that has already been dwelt upon. The flat socle on which the figure reclined had been employed as a coping-stone to roof over a common sewer, and the earth had been thrown in above it to the street level. It so happened that a sculptor, coming along, stopped to look at the excavations, and seeing the marble caused it to be taken out and carried to St. Cecilia in Trastevere, where he was engaged upon a tomb for a cardinal. The learning, mastery of details, and excellence of the work, Ghiberti declares, were beyond the power of tongue to describe. This statue has now been lost.

Thus by the combined action of many causes was gradually brought about that brilliant period of literary and artistic revival which must ever be regarded as the most memorable in the history of human development. The fervor which had previously been felt by individuals now permeated society. A sense of the importance of culture took complete possession of Italy. It had come slowly and uncertainly, as a morning beset with clouds, in which the contest between

light and darkness seems for a time doubtful. Yet men, peering across the sea on whose borders they had so long been wandering, saw the mists begin to lift, and at length descried the farther shore. Enchanted by the vision which, like some magnificent mirage, arose before their gaze, they stood for a moment spellbound; then reverently knelt to pay their adoration and offer their gifts at the cradle of this new-born redemption for the race. The conviction pervaded all classes that antiquity alone had power to rescue the world from the evils with which it had been so hopelessly struggling. "Like islands of safety in the midst of the universal deluge," says Grimm, "the ideas of the great minds of the past emerged; in the general confusion men fled to them for refuge." In city after city the flame of enthusiasm burst forth. Youths forsook the warehouse and the tavern to consecrate themselves to learning. Merchants stole away from their counting-rooms to converse with literary friends, or listen to the lectures of eminent professors. Captains of adventure read Virgil and Livy by the camp-fire, or in the pauses of the march. Noble ladies fled from the *ennui* of seclusion, and exchanged the trivial gossip of courts for the priceless treasures of knowledge. Princes spent fabulous sums in the patronage of humanists, artists, and authors. Peasants sought for their sons a place in the republic of letters, where genius was everywhere acknowledged as the peer of birth. The leaders of the *demi-monde* applied themselves to the poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy of Rome, in order to acquire that development and elegance of taste which should fit them, like Leontium and Glycera of Athens and Diotima of Mantinea, for companionship with the wits and thinkers of their time. Municipalities furnished employment to skillful Latinists as secretaries, chancellors, and ambassadors. Popes vied with sovereigns in encour-

aging and promoting the very things which their predecessors had denounced as damnable. The Medici and other great Florentines directed their correspondents to purchase relics of antiquity at any price, and their ships came home laden not only with costly merchandise, but with precious codices, busts, statues, reliefs, and other objects of vertu. Niccolò Niccoli sat at table with his friends, discussing the questions then uppermost in every mind, and eating from fair antique vases, while his house was literally packed with inscriptions, coins, marbles, and engraved gems, purchased without regard to cost, or sent him as gifts by those who knew his love of such things. The learned rejected their own names in the vulgar tongue, and assumed Latin titles instead. Pagan writers were quoted in the pulpit on an equality with the Fathers of the church, and at length, in the estimate even of high ecclesiastics, were set far above them. "Give up those trivialities," wrote Cardinal Bembo to Sadoletto, in allusion to the Epistles of St. Paul, "for such inelegancies are unworthy a man of dignity," — *Omitte has nugas, non enim decent gravem virum tales ineptiæ*. The coins of Mantua were marked with the head of Virgil. Pius II. granted amnesty to the inhabitants of Arpino because it was the birthplace of Cicero, and Alfonso the Magnanimous forbade his engineers to trespass on the site of the orator's villa at Gaeta. Pomponio Leto delighted in leading the life of a Roman sage: tilling his ground in the manner described by Varro and Columella; eating his frugal meals, like a veritable Stoic, beneath the branches of an oak-tree on the Campagna; and directing that after his death his body should be placed in a sarcophagus on the Appian Way, amid the tombs of the republican and imperial age. The class-rooms of professors were crowded to overflowing with pupils from every grade in life, eager to catch each word that fell from the teacher's lips. The

palaces of wealthy citizens were thrown open to the disciples of erudition, and in them assembled those brilliant coteries of scholars whose discussions of ancient authors gradually unlocked the secrets of the past, and made them accessible to all mankind. The scenes which were presented on occasions like these must ever possess an indescribable charm. As the modern traveler stands in the magnificent gardens of Careggi, overlooking Florence, with the Arno stealing silently away to lose itself in the purple Mediterranean, the prospect of beauty before him vanishes like some lovely dream, and in its place return those morning hours of newly awakened intellectual life, when Lorenzo, "the sure anchor of the storm-tossed muses," gathered the members of the Platonic academy about him, and spent the long hours of the afternoon in drinking deep from that pure fount of truth, whose waters have refreshed the thirst of great spirits in every age. Then, when their minds had become wearied by concentration, they seated themselves about the board of their munificent host; rising from it to wander forth among the acacias, rose-trees and laurels, while the air of evening, loaded with the perfume of countless flowers, fanned their temples back to coolness, and the calm stillness of the Italian twilight stole over the landscape, whispering to them each its message of peace. Strolling thus amid the garden-beds, and communing with each other's thoughts, while day slowly vanished from the sky and the silent stars came forth one by one above them, with the lights of Florence twinkling in the distance and the Apennines and the mountains of Carrara sleeping in the east and west, what emotions must have thrilled their souls, what visions have been caught sight of, what hopes, aspirations, and high resolves have been theirs, as this new consciousness of power was awakened within their breasts! What wonder is it that these men were able so to

impress themselves upon their generation; that Politian could tune his lyre to the language of three great nations; that Pico della Mirandola, at the early age of twenty-three, should have proposed his famous nine hundred theses at Rome, offering to dispute with all comers on any subject in the entire domain of knowledge; that Michael Angelo, even, should have produced the Moses and the Sistine Chapel, or have sculptured those wonderful figures which sleep the centuries away on the Mediterranean tombs!

There is an Eastern legend that the touch of a maiden's hand causes the trees to bloom. Thus had the virgin finger of ancient culture been laid upon the modern spirit, and a whole century had leaped into blossom. The infant Hercules was at length born. Ignorance had retarded its birth, and superstition was ready with persecutions, as of old; but the child had been laid at the Juno breasts of heavenly truth and beauty, and had drank therefrom the milk which nourishes only to confer immortality. Snatch it away now, if you will, — fling it to the remotest regions of the sky; yet the divine strength has been imbibed, and with it the capacity for godlike achievements and a promise of Olympus at the end. The feelings which Petrarch had experienced at the sight of Rome's desolation became universal among men of letters, and the Eternal City was made the Mecca of a new race of pilgrims, prompted not by religious fervor, but by interest in the remains of the classical age. Niccolò Niccoli and Ugo da Este undertook the journey in 1396 for the express purpose of examining its antiquities, and Lorenzo de' Medici, Leo Battista Alberti, Donato Acciajuoli, and Bernardo Rucellai set out together with the same aim in 1465. But by far the most diligent investigator was Poggio Bracciolini, whose brilliant talents and elegant Latinity won for him the post of Apostolic Letter

Writer under Boniface IX. at the early age of twenty-four. The ancient monuments were now for the first time subjected to a systematic and careful study. Poggio attempted to catalogue, and as far as possible to identify, existing relics, comparing them with the descriptions given by Livy, Vitruvius, and Frontinus. The interior of the Coliseum had for a long time been used as a quarry, but the external structure was uninjured, and the bronze of the Pantheon had not yet been carried off for the altar-canopy of St. Peter's, or for the cannon of the papal fortress. The theatres of Marcellus and Pompey were in great measure occupied by public and private buildings, suggestive of the shops of blacksmiths and other artisans, which to-day surprise the visitor to the former of these renowned edifices. The list of ruins known to him, and described in the opening section of his treatise *De Varietate Fortunæ*, need not be inserted here. A synopsis of it is given in the seventy-first chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, where it may be read by such as desire. For the present it suffices to say that during a long residence at the papal court Poggio continually occupied himself with every discoverable vestige of Roman civilization, and sought to awaken a similar interest in others. The learned everywhere regarded him as the leading authority in such matters, and on visiting the capital were accustomed to seek his services as a guide, for the sake of those explanations which no one else could give so well. "Though I have lived here for many years," he wrote to Bartolommeo Facio, "and indeed from my youth till now, yet, like one who has but just arrived, I am daily struck dumb with wonder at things so vast, and often seek recreation from my labors in contemplating those edifices which the masses, in their imbecility, declare to have been reared by demons."

But Poggio did not confine his attention to architecture. Wherever excava-

tions were in progress he was sure to be found, anxious to recover any objects of art which had escaped destruction. Extending his researches into the surrounding country, he exhumed a portion of Ferentinum, and ransacked the ruins of Tibur, Tusculum, Aletrium, Alba, Ostia, Grotta Ferrata, and Arpinum. He had purchased a small villa in the valley of the Arno, a few miles from Florence, to which he intended to retire from the strife and confusion of public life, and end his days in the peaceful seclusion of a scholar and author. For his library and garden he could conceive of no more fitting ornaments than the treasures which the spade was constantly turning up in different parts of Italy. Happening to pass through Monte Cassino, where some workmen were engaged in digging for the foundations of a house, "I fished out, uninjured," he wrote to Niccolò Niccoli, "a female bust in marble which greatly delights me. I took good care that it should be delivered to me and forwarded to my garden at Terra Nova, which I am adorning with articles of great beauty." Learning that a certain Francesco of Pistoia was about to sail for Greece on an embassy from the Pope, Poggio requested him to secure some statue, even if broken, or some fine head, and bring it with him on his return. A letter of Poggio to Niccolò presents so lively a picture of the times as to be worth quoting: "Yesterday I received word from him [Francesco] that he has bought me three marble heads by Polykleitos and Praxiteles, representing Juno, Bacchus, and Minerva. He bestows great praise upon them, and promises to deliver them at Gaeta. In regard to the names of the sculptors I know not what to think. The Greeks, as you are aware, are great talkers, and may have misrepresented them in order to command a higher price. I hope I am mistaken. He also writes that he obtained these heads from a man by the name of Ca-

loiros, who recently found about a hundred marble figures, of admirable and beautiful workmanship, uninjured, in a cave. He adds that a certain Andreolo Giustiniano will send something for you. I am sure that, when you read this, you will be filled with a desire to proceed thither at once, and will wish yourself possessed of wings; but neither wings nor the speed of winds would satisfy your haste. I wrote immediately to Messer Francesco, and likewise to Andreolo, — for our friend Renuccio informs me that he is a very learned man, — directing them to make diligent inquiry whether any of those statues could be obtained by money or entreaties, and to report to me without delay. I wish you to share the credit of this discovery. I think, judging from the busts already mentioned, that these works must be statues of divinities, and that they were hidden in some shrine. The head of Minerva, Francesco tells me, has a laurel crown, that of Bacchus two small horns. When they arrive, I shall send them to my villa. A Minerva among us will be a prosperous omen. I shall put her among my books. The Bacchus will be exceedingly appropriate; for if he deserves a shelter anywhere, it is in my native land, where he is held in special honor. We will also find a place for Juno; and as she once suffered from an unfaithful husband, she shall now avenge the wrong by becoming my mistress. I have also something here which I shall bring with me when I come. Donatello has seen it, and bestows upon it the highest praise." In addition to the works thus mentioned, Francesco obtained a statue about three feet in height, which he was to deliver to Poggio with the rest. On his arrival, however, it could not be found. The wily Pistoian pretended that it had been stolen from the ship, but Poggio could never be persuaded that the thief was any other than Francesco himself. This suspicion seems to have been well founded, the

same unscrupulous agent having afterwards sold to Cosimo de' Medici the antique busts which he had received from Andreolo with instructions to carry them to Poggio.

When Bracciolini first went to Rome, in 1403, the Temple of Concord in the Forum was almost entire, and the tomb of Cæcilia Metella stood unharmed beside the Appian Way, — a graceful and magnificent structure, overlooking the broad expanse of the Campagna. Before he left the city, he saw the former, with the exception of a portion of its portico, razed to the ground and burned into lime, and the latter stripped of its marble ornaments and in part demolished, for the same purpose. Fra Giocondo, the celebrated architect and antiquary, who was associated with Raphael and San Gallo in the construction of St. Peter's, declared that Rome was becoming more and more ruined every day; that remains now seen in the Circus Flaminius would to-morrow be found upon the Tarpeian Rock, if not in some lime-kiln, or in the foundation of some rustic cottage; while even those things which diligent hands had rescued and erected in conspicuous places were often torn down by the ignorant or careless, to be reduced to dust beneath the feet of horses. To snatch some of these precious relics from destruction, he began the celebrated collection which he afterwards presented to Lorenzo de' Medici. Pius II. affirmed that if the vandalism prevalent in his own time continued for three centuries more every vestige of the former dignity and greatness of the city would be obliterated.

At length, in the pontificate of Leo X., Raphael was appointed superintendent of antiquities at Rome by a brief bearing date of August, 1516. This document ordered that, in view of the constant finding of valuable marbles, the artist should have control of all excavations made within a circumference of ten miles; that persons of whatever

rank should report to him any discoveries which might come within their knowledge, under a penalty of from one hundred to three hundred gold crowns; while those who, without his express permission, sawed or cut any stone containing inscriptions were made liable to a similar fine. In the eight years of his residence there Raphael had seen enough to convince him of the need of such a law. During this time a portion of the Forum Transitorium, the Temple of Ceres in the Via Sacra, the arches at the entrance to the baths of Diocletian, the *meta* in the Via Alexandrina, and the larger part of the basilica of the Forum had been destroyed. Supported by his friends, the Count Castiglione and the antiquary Andrea Fulvio, he accordingly applied himself to the study of his subject. He directed his men to make drawings of all important structures throughout Italy, and even sent some of them as far as Greece and Germany for the same purpose. He prepared a map of Rome, divided into fourteen sections, and laid plans for a general restoration of all the ancient edifices. So careful was his mastery of details that his contemporary, Paulo Giovio, declared him able to rebuild the entire capital anew, and set it complete in its former glory before the world. In a memorable letter or report to Leo, written in 1518, Raphael explained his whole project, urging the Pope to undertake the task at once, and thus restore the Eternal City to the beauty and grandeur of earlier days. The hopes which this great scheme had everywhere awakened, however, were doomed to disappointment. Before it could be carried out the artist had passed to his rest, and the work was never attempted.

But the attention of scholars had been called to the importance of bestirring themselves, if they would save the art of their ancestors from utter loss. Experience had shown, too, that the sole means of recovering it was by the spade,

which, struck into the ground at almost any point, was liable to be stopped by torso of nymph or goddess, or to reveal limbs whose exquisite proportions had perhaps been chiseled by the hand of Praxiteles or Polykleitos. Men felt that beneath their feet were slumbering forms of unimagined beauty, which a single blow of the pick might restore to the light of day, and which, falling into the hands of the unenlightened, might be broken up for lime or cast into the stone-heap of the mason. They accordingly set to work to preserve as many as possible from such a fate. These precious objects were to be found in every conceivable place,—amid the ruins of ancient buildings, in the débris which had accumulated in public squares, under the road-beds of streets, in the chambers of ancient tombs, built into walls, imbedded in pavements, buried beneath the soil of old estates once owned by the Roman or mediæval nobility. The mattock exposed them in the vineyard; the plough turned them up in the corn-field; the rains of spring uncovered them by the wayside; the laborer disinterred them as he excavated for the foundations of shops and houses; the peasant came upon them as he dug his well, or made ditches for the drainage of his land. In the neglected corners of villas and gardens, too, there still existed many busts, statues, bas-reliefs, and sarcophagi, overgrown and hidden by weeds and bushes, or half covered up by the deposits of decaying vegetation. These were now drawn from their concealment, to be washed, scraped, freed from dirt and mould, and set up in the palaces and courtyards of nobles, rich citizens, and ecclesiastics. Lorenzo de' Medici and the Rucellai had agents ever on the watch to purchase and ship to Florence such choice pieces as could be secured. Celebrated collections were also made by Agostino Chigi, Leonardo Bruni, Ferrarini di Reggio, Marcanova, Ciriaco, Bolognini, Felici-

ano, Pomponio Leto, Flavio Biondo, Isabella d'Este, and others. So eager did this quest become that Lorenzo even broke the heads from the prisoners sculptured on the arch of Trajan, and Lorenzino similarly defaced the pulpit of Niccolò at Pisa to ornament his own study with the fragments. Rome, Venice, and Florence were filled with galleries; the churches, streets, and piazzas were adorned with the chefs-d'œuvre of classical times; and cities and individuals vied with each other in placing at the service of rising artists these consummate models of grace and skill.

The feelings awakened within discerning minds, as the masterpieces of art one by one came to light, are well illustrated in the case of the Laocoön. This was found in or near the baths of Titus, in the spring of 1506, by the owner of the property, a Roman citizen, named Felice de' Fredis. The news reached the ears of the Pope, Julius II., when the figure was but partly disinterred, and he immediately ordered the architect Giuliano San Gallo to go and ascertain what it was. Michael Angelo happening to be at San Gallo's when the message came, the two set out together early in the morning, accompanied by Francesco, Giuliano's son. On dismounting at the spot San Gallo at once exclaimed, "That is the Laocoön of which Pliny speaks!" Men were immediately set to work with shovels to enlarge the opening, and the statue was drawn out. After carefully examining it the party went home to breakfast.

The fortunate discoverer of this renowned work now offered it to a cardinal for five hundred gold crowns; but Julius interfered, bid six hundred, and secured it for himself. It was accordingly removed to the Vatican, where a sort of chapel was constructed for it in the Belvedere. To determine its genuineness, Michael Angelo and Cristoforo Romano were summoned to inspect it, and compare it with Pliny's description.

They reported that instead of being made from a single block, as the historian had asserted, it consisted of three pieces, — there are now said to be six, — but these had been so skillfully joined that the seams could be discovered only by careful observation. This fact, as well as the surpassing excellence of the execution, caused it to be regarded as genuine.

In all Rome the Laocoön was the chief topic of conversation. Poems were written in honor of it; the learned flocked to the Vatican to see it; artists and antiquaries discussed its merits; visitors to Rome wrote glowing descriptions of it to absent friends. De' Fredis was rewarded by a grant of the tolls and part of the customs duties received at the gate of St. John Lateran, — an emolument afterwards exchanged for the post of apostolic notary, — and on his death was entombed in the church of Araceli, on the Capitol, with an epitaph declaring that he merited immortality.

The statues which came to light at the period of the Renaissance, like those found at a later date, were as a rule sadly mutilated. It was but natural that, in an age when æsthetic considerations predominated over mere antiquarian interest, an effort should be made to restore them to something like completeness, in order to realize anew the impressions which they originally produced. The services of eminent artists were therefore obtained to supply missing parts, and thus call back to life the fair ideals of the ancient world. In general, however, as in the case of the Laocoön, the authorship of these modern additions is difficult to determine. The sculptor did not feel at liberty to put his name upon them, and for the most part nothing but questionable tradition remains. But this is not always so. The Apollo Belvedere was repaired by Montorsoli in 1532, the left hand and the fingers of the right alone being lost. The legs of the Farnese Herakles, which with the Farnese

Bull and Flora was found in the baths of Caracalla in the middle of the sixteenth century, were replaced by Guglielmo della Porta; his success pleasing Michael Angelo so much that, on the discovery of the antique limbs twenty years later, they were thrown aside as superfluous. This act Grimm attributes to the great respect which Angelo felt for Guglielmo, since he cannot have been insensible to the immense superiority of the original. Goethe, too, saw the figure when in Rome, and was well satisfied with it till the genuine feet were brought forward. Then he declared it inconceivable that the others had been thought good so long. This celebrated production was at length removed to Naples, and the ancient portions, having been presented to King Ferdinand by Prince Borghese, were reunited to it, and now sustain it in the National Museum. A large number of statues, busts, and bas-reliefs were restored by the sculptor Cavaceppi in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and described in three sumptuous folios then published. The right arm of the so-called Dying Gladiator is attributed to Michael Angelo, merely, as Grimm remarks, because its extraordinary excellence allows it to be assigned to no one else, — a kind of argument which has been relied upon far too often. When we remember that “none like him could animate bronze or cause marble to breathe,” we can realize that the temptation to connect his name with well-known works, in order to increase their value, must at times have been irresistible; the same may be said of other eminent masters of that age.

In the repairs thus made the greatest liberty was allowed. It was not demanded that the character and intention of a given fragment should be settled beyond doubt before the artist put chisel to marble. He was chosen to complete, often, indeed, to reconstruct it, in accordance with some conjecture already

formed, or was allowed to follow his own judgment in the matter. If no one could suggest a more probable theory, his guesses were carried into effect without hindrance from his employers, who rivaled each other in the possession of galleries without a defective piece. Such a course at any time could lead only to countless blunders and utter falsifying of the original conception. In that age, just emerging from the long night of ignorance and superstition, — an age when archæological science was as yet unknown, — these unfortunate possibilities were multiplied a thousand-fold. As a result, the crudest and most random surmises were accepted with unquestioning credulity. Legs, arms, heads, and drapery were placed upon statues with whose real meaning they were at variance, and whose pose and muscular action were flatly contradicted by them. Extremities that had become separated from the works to which they belonged were attached to trunks in want of such parts, and chiseled over, if need be, to reduce them to the right proportions. Limbs of later and more sensuous types were joined to torsos of archaic severity. Heads of Roman ladies were set on figures of deities, and *vice versa*; and in some cases even sex was disregarded, through the obtuseness of the workman, or his eagerness to join fragments which must otherwise have remained unused.

Of sculpture recovered during the Renaissance, the greater part was unearthed between 1450 and 1550. The torso of Herakles, the Fighting Gladiator, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Meleager came to light about the middle of this period; the Farnese Bull, Herakles, and Flora, at its close. Many of the most famous statues, however, were not discovered till much later, — the Medicean Venus in the seventeenth century, the Capitoline Venus and the Barberini Juno some time in the eighteenth, the Apollo Sauroktonos in 1727, the Discobolos in action in 1781, the

companion statue in repose not far from the same time, the Venus of Melos in 1820, the Apoxyomenos in 1840, the Augustus in armor in 1863, the Mastai Hercules in 1864, the Hermes of Olympia in 1877.

The private galleries, to which reference has been made, experienced many vicissitudes. When the Medici were expelled from Florence, in the autumn of 1494, their residences were stormed and plundered by the people. The garden of San Marco was laid waste; its works of art were sold to the highest bidder, and scattered over Europe. A few days later Charles VIII. of France entered the city, and appropriated to himself and suite all the valuables found in the chief palace of the family, which had been saved with difficulty when the others fell. On the capture of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, in 1527, worse scenes were enacted. The soldiers kindled their fires on the inlaid marble floor of the Vatican, the magnificent stained-glass windows were broken for their lead, the tapestries of Raphael were plundered, the eyes of renowned paintings on the walls were put out, horses were stabled in the Sistine Chapel, valuable documents were thrown to them for litter, the images of the Virgin in the churches were shattered, and statues in the streets were thrown down and broken to pieces. During the investment of Florence by these same adventurers, two years later, works of gold and silver were melted, and pictures and statues were sold by their possessors, and passed from the country. Francis I. kept an agent constantly on the lookout, who, taking advantage of the universal scarcity of money, raked together all that could be secured among the distressed citizens, and sent them to his master in Paris. Other collections met a similar fate in the calamities of war, or on the extinction of the families who had formed them.

Public museums, however, have been

more fortunate. The earliest of these, the Capitoline at Rome, was begun in 1471, when Paul II. bought up such statues as could be obtained in the vicinity, and placed them in his palace at the foot of the ancient citadel. Chief among these were the bronze Hercules from the Forum Boarium, the boy pulling a thorn from his foot, the urn of Agrippina, and the group which represents a lion attacking a horse. This number was greatly increased by subsequent popes, and was at length ceded to the municipal authorities.

The art treasures of the Vatican date from 1503, when the celebrated Apollo was placed there by Julius II. This statue had been found in the ruins of Antium a few years before, and had been acquired by Julius when he was the Cardinal della Rovere. On his election to the papacy it was erected in the gardens of the Belvedere, receiving from them the name by which it has become universally known. Around it, in that lovely inclosure, where the poets and artists of the Renaissance were accustomed to assemble, soon gathered a group of marble masterpieces, such as the Laocoön, the Ariadne, the Commodus of the Campo di Fiore, the Nile, the Tiber, the torso of Herakles, and the Antinous of the baths of Trajan. From this small beginning has arisen that bewildering array of antiquities which, filling eighteen or twenty great halls of the papal palace, is now the wonder and admiration of the world.

Various cities and nations followed the example of the church and state of Rome. The Medici of Florence, after their restoration in 1512, again began to purchase works of art to replace those which had been lost. The Uffizi is the result. The Farnese statues from Rome and Parma were united with the numerous relics excavated in Campanian towns to stock the noble Museum of Naples. At length the enthusiasm spread beyond the Alps, until at London, Paris,

Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin were founded collections rivaling those of Italy. In the stillness and seclusion of these retreats the fair creations of the classic period have at length found shelter. Here the student, passing but the thickness of a wall, may find himself for the time being in another world. The hurry and noise of the century recede from his thoughts, and in their place return the ages of Hadrian, Augustus, Alexander, Scopas, and Perikles. The motionless forms around him seem like the gods and people of those far-off days, turned to stone by the spell of some mighty enchanter. The Herakles reposes in its almost divine perfection of human development; the Laocoön writhes in eternal pain; the Ariadne

sleeps her unbroken sleep of beauty; the lip of the Apollo curls forever in contempt of his haughty but impotent foe; the sad, tender features of Demeter plead with hopeless yearning for her long-lost daughter; the eyes of the Melian Venus look with the calmness of deity into the vistas of the hereafter. Wars may rage without; famine and pestilence do their work of destruction; generation after generation come into being, to fret and strut their little hour upon the stage, then lapse into silence and forgetfulness: but to these no change can come. As in some bright Olympus, they dwell forever apart from the joys and sorrows of human life and love, in the undisturbed serenity of their marble immortality.

William Shields Liscomb.

VERNON LEE.

It is so long now since the point was virtually conceded by the world, that women may learn what they like and do what they can, that it is quite time to begin to look for the fruit, in them and their doings, of multiplied opportunities and a broader and deeper culture. From fifteen to twenty years of the so-called higher education, and of the atmosphere of freedom which it implies (for the education open to girls during that period has undoubtedly been more liberal than the old, if still less "high" than many desire), means a period covering the exclusively studious years of many women now in the full vigor of early middle life, from some of whom we have a right to expect, if the new theories be sound, more virile and important performance in letters and in art than was possible to their less fortunate elder sisters. Leaving out of the question those very rare geniuses of the first order, the heaven-

appointed, who have always and everywhere made good their claim and received their meed, and of whom there seems, as yet, no good reason to believe that the generation of which we are speaking will furnish even one, there ought, by this time, to be a certain number, amounting to a class, of professional writers, for example, capable of the sustained production of valuable work,—of work which should rival in even excellence the regular contributions to the leading and long-established reviews. Let us take the great English periodicals as the best type of these, or at least the one best known to ourselves; for Blackwood, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, the Contemporary, the Fortnightly, and their fellows still guide the judgment of American readers in many lines, and furnish a standard for American magazine writers. We all know what admirable work even the dull numbers of these reviews usually contain, and what

brilliant work their best; what keen thought on contemporary things, and what patient research into those which are bygone; great resources unostentatiously used; great beauty of fitness, often, in the form into which they are thrown. We all know, too, that, up to the present time, so immense a proportion of this best periodical literature has been the work of men that the feminine writers would have counted for nothing in a general view of it; and we know, too, that a good deal of it has been merely the incidental, anonymous, and gratuitous work of men whose chief energies were absorbed by other and larger affairs.

What we would like to inquire is, how far the emancipated, encouraged, and enlightened women of the now rising literary generation are beginning to find places among this excellent stock company of writers, and of how many the actual quality of their published work seems to entitle them to such places.

The essays of certain Englishwomen occur at once to the memory, and from these we propose to select, for a somewhat careful consideration, those of the remarkably endowed and equipped being who writes under the masculine pseudonym of Vernon Lee. We like the instinct in her, old-fashioned though it be, which led her to desire, at first, wholly to hide her personality; and if there were still the shadow of a secret about it we would scrupulously respect the same.

As it is, there is no need to say more than that Vernon Lee is a young lady of English parentage, born, we believe, and certainly bred, in Italy, who has made such good use of uncommon powers and opportunities that she has been able, at an age when most girls have barely realized their emancipation from the school-room, to shed light on the annals of a comparatively neglected period, and to make a fresh and important contribution to the literature of that

vast but always interesting subject, the History of Italian Art.

Her first book,¹ *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, was published four years ago. The half dozen essays of which it is composed are preceded by an introductory chapter, in which the writer tells us clearly enough, albeit with a little harmless pomp of manner, the object of a work which she fears will strike its readers, at first sight, as "both heterogeneous and anomalous." It is to call attention to the fact that a hundred years ago, in Italy, long after the decline of the plastic and pictorial art of the Renaissance, there was another "spontaneous efflorescence" of national art on that favored soil, — of art, musical and dramatic; that fusion of arts, that dual art, which culminated in the complete Italian opera. In this way she gives herself great scope, and is able to embrace, in her extensive outlook over the last century, both literature and music; being, as she goes on to say, still with magnificent modesty, "neither a literary historian nor a musical critic, but an æsthetician," and finding both literature and music within the "æsthetician's" domain.

The truth is that she has qualifications of no mean order for both the offices which she disclaims. There is a deal of curious learning, not ungracefully employed, in the picturesque *résumé*, with which her volume opens, of the history of the Arcadian Academy at Rome; that musty and shadowy institution, whose annals are so obscure and its local habitation so problematical that it would puzzle some of its own honored members, we fancy, to give a clear account of it without the help of Vernon Lee. The great days of the Academy live again under this vivacious pen. The mouldering old villa on the Janiculum, hard by the Corsini Palace, where

¹ *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy.* By VERNON LEE. London: W. Satchell & Co. 1880.

its sessions used to be held, is searched and illuminated in every corner by the light of a vivid and irrepressible curiosity; the prone statues in the garden wilderness are freed from their entangling vines, and made to shine upright; the peasants, who have stored their fruit and vegetables in the classic halls, to decamp; the faded portraits, to come down from their crumbling frames, and move and speak once more "each in his own tongue." Queen Christina is re-animated, and Crescimbeni, and Gravina, the *père adoptif* of Metastasio; Carlo Maratta, and his beautiful daughter Faustina, and her husband, the clever and elegant Imolese poet, Zappi, beside a stately procession of Odescalchi, Ottoboni, Albani, and Corsini, variously eminent in their day, and more or less respectable; the great *improvisatore* Perfetti, who was crowned, in good faith, upon the Capitol, and that Maria Morelli, surnamed Corilla, whose almost farcical coronation, fifty years later, was idealized by Madame de Staël into the triumph of Corinne. Of all these diverse characters the intellectual or artistic pedigree is unrivaled, the near relations are explained, and the remoter divined; the busy and buoyant imagination of the writer sees not merely the world of Italy around each successive figure, but the world of Europe around that; and she is incessantly trying, by means of episodes and excursions, to make her reader share the extent and the completeness of her own view. There is a sketch, in this essay on the Arcadian Academy, of the general social condition and life of Italy, in the last century, outside the four great cities of Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice, visited by the ordinary traveler, which is a perfect marvel of lively realization and telling detail. It is a great deal too long to quote; and the fact that it is so points to one of the faults of Vernon Lee's style, — a sort of riotous verbiage and eager habit of iteration and

reiteration, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. But here is an aside brief enough to be detached:—

"There remains yet another figure in the Rome of those days, which, although scarcely noticed, was a more important one than all the cardinals and pretenders: a German priest, — a hanger-on, first of Cardinal Archinto, and then of Cardinal Alessandro Albani; a sort of pedant, after the German fashion; a kind of humble companion, eating what the charity of his employer gave him, and wedging his way into the company of his employer's grand friends; a cynical, pleasure-loving, information-seeking man, hanging on to the rich and intelligent painter Raphael Mengs, and who yet gave himself strange airs toward Roman artists and antiquaries. There he was, continually poring over books, though no lover of literature; continually examining works of art, though no artist, clambering on to the pedestals of statues and into the holes of excavations. What was he about? What was he trying to do? The Romans got the answer, although they probably did not fully understand it, when there appeared the first volumes of *A History of Art* among the Ancients, and when it became known that, in the midst of the cockleshell and mirror art of the eighteenth century, Winckelmann had discovered the long-lost art of antiquity."

To catch so good a likeness of a mere passer-by, to dash in with so much of spirit a figure so merely incidental and subordinate, and a hundred others equally so, shows a discursive habit of mind, perhaps, but still a brain teeming with information, and of almost superabundant activity. Yet, clever as this initial article on the Arcadian Academy is, and exhaustive and crowded with queer lore, it is not even here that the young essayist shows herself at her very best. In the two which follow, *The Musical Life* and *Metastasio and the Opera*, she is more sober, more concentrated; sub-

duced into genuine reverence before the great musical composers of the last century through a patient study of their mighty works, and furthermore steadied by the sincere conviction that she has a neglected truth to bring to the attention of the world. What that truth is we will try to let her tell in her own lusty words. It is not easy, we repeat, to select such words, because it is so uncommonly difficult for her ever to put her living, rustling, bustling, growing, and blowing thought into a nutshell; for one reason, perhaps, that, in the natural order of things, the nut comes with the fall of the leaf and after the death of the flower. But by snatching a phrase here and a paragraph there, we shall be able to construct for ourselves her musical creed, and come at the gist of her purpose.

"A hundred years ago," she says, "musical amateurs were rarer than now, and to be one involved more responsibility. For, among the Italians of the eighteenth century, music was at once more common and more prized than among us; it was a necessity to the greater part of the nation, but it was an art, a profession rather than an amusement or an accomplishment. All young ladies were not taught music; not, as Baretti most falsely and preposterously pretended, because the morals of professional musicians were too slack, but because people had not yet conceived the modern notion of culture, *which often consists merely in giving slovenly cultivation to endowments which deserve no cultivation at all*. But where real musical talent existed it was usually made the most of; and it must be remembered that the study of music was, at that time, far more arduous than in these happy days of classes, piano arrangements, manuals of harmony, and other *royal roads to mediocrity*. The musical education of professionals; the seven or eight years spent in learning to sing by men who were to be composers; the two or

three years spent in learning composition by those who were to be mere performers; the inexorably complete system, according to which one branch of the art could not be mastered without a knowledge of the others,—all this reacted on the education of the non-professional musicians. The music which people heard was too good to permit them to enjoy music which was bad; the masters were too thoroughly trained to submit to slovenly pupils." There follows a very clever and amusing analysis of the capacities and the limitations of the harpsichord, after which the happy warrior comes down in the following forcible fashion upon its admired and omnipresent successor: "An instrument like our pianoforte, with a loud, thick, muffy tone, on which you could execute, with considerable disadvantage, the music written for other instruments, beside the *sentimental and thundering imbecility* written expressly for it; with sufficient power of expression to supersede other instruments, and with power of mechanical dexterity unlimited enough to ruin itself,—such an instrument, such a compromise, could not have existed in the eighteenth century, and could not, therefore, usurp all musical privileges, make people lose all notion of adaptation of sound and style, accustom them to unlimited noise and to dubious tone, and foster that wholesale ignorance of music in general which is inevitable where a performer need aim only at mechanical dexterity; arranged pieces, pedals, and tuners having relieved him from the necessity of learning harmony, of studying expression by means of the voice, and of obtaining a correct ear by tuning his own instrument; where, above all, everything having been done for him by others, he has been educated to a total want of musical endeavor." And again, in the final summing up of her case, "The younger musicians, yet children in the *conservatori*, were destined to activity about the year 1800,

exactly the moment when classic music melted into nothing, when Italy ceased to be spontaneously creative. . . . Some persons, nay many, nay perhaps most, from that moment date the real existence of music,—at least of the music which will last; and Hegel, we know, distinctly said that music was essentially a romantic art, which only means that it thrives best when not cultivated for its own sake, and that it is most valuable in the days when composers aim at scenic effects and philological distinctions; when they build up their works out of the fragments left by various preceding generations, to the accompaniment of a chorus of critics; when art is born spontaneously nowhere, but exists equally artificially everywhere; when, therefore, composers who are putting together forms originally created by Italians talk loudly of German music, and Italians who have learned all their newest tricks from Germans cry out that foreign music should be banished; when, in short, criticism and eclecticism are playing at the game of original creation.”

It is plain that we have here an earnest student, who is both a skeptic with regard to the music of the present and an agnostic as to that of the “future;” and who would as soon think of turning from Raphael to Caravaggio as from Mozart to Wagner for authority and inspiration. Whether or no she is right in this position (our own untutored sympathies are entirely with her), she supports it with a torrent of eloquence and an amazing array of learning. Taking Dr. Burney’s History of Music for her text, she follows him step by step through that interesting tour undertaken in 1770, “when Alpine roads were unknown as yet, and Alpine scenery unnoticed.” Along with the enterprising doctor, she penetrates not only the great academies of Bologna and Venice, but all the lesser *circoli* and private musical cliques all over the peninsula, making

the acquaintance of the leading artists and composers in person; and of each, as she had done in the case of the Arcadian academicians, she sketches the biography and patiently analyzes the chief compositions. Where, as in the case of Metastasio, the great librettist, the details of personal adventure are authentic, abundant, and in themselves dramatic, she shows much of that felicity of choice and arrangement which constitutes the special skill of the biographer; and we are convinced that she might do far more excellent things in that high department of letters than she has done as yet. The whole tremendous task is executed *con amore*, with unstinted pains and unflagging enthusiasm, and such a bubble of wit and gush of epithets from beginning to end as suggest an inexhaustible spring.

The remaining essays in this first volume, namely on Goldoni, Gozzi, and the Realistic, and Fairy Comedy of Venice are only a trifle less elaborate than those which we have reviewed. They would seem, however, to have been subsequently prepared as supplementary to the earlier ones, and are somewhat less astonishing, for the reason that they cover ground more frequently traversed before. But they are marked by the same strong characteristics of thorough investigation, independent judgment, and fluent, not to say exuberant, diction. Taking the book as a whole, its matter and its workmanship, let us cordially admit that it is a great feat to have been performed by a girl in her earliest twenties. The critical faculty is lower than the creative, and usually, although not always, of later development, and there are hundreds of bright scholars and bright talkers for one born maker; but the thing which this young woman has accomplished would have been creditable to a mature man who had spent his life in the same line of research, and it is relatively as remarkable, in its lesser way, as the renowned precocities of pro-

duction of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Keats.

How can such promise be sustained, how has it been sustained, by Vernon Lee; or is this sort of pre-maturity really promising at all? We must confess that in our own case a sense, which we believe to be wholesome, of something very like relief blends with the disappointment with which we find her second volume of essays, bearing the fanciful title of *Belcaro*,¹ very much more youthful and less weighty than her first. It is more youthful, and it is much more feminine, intensely subjective, and at the same time gloriously lawless. It is all about herself and her emotions and her speculations, with something concerning those of the adored friend to whom she dedicates the book, whose idealized personality seems to hover behind her own as he whom we so desire to call Guido Cavalcanti hovers behind Dante in the Bargello at Florence, and with whose spirit she directly converses in a certain Dialogue on Poetic Morality, which attracted no little attention when it first appeared in an English magazine. *Belcaro*, like its predecessor, treats of things "æsthetical," but in a looser and more general way; with painting and sculpture chiefly, in place of musical and dramatic art. The book does not assume to be technical, but it is full of artistic intelligence and a cultivated susceptibility to beauty. It is redolent of Italy, also, in a charming way, each paper having its separate framework of delicately wrought Italian scenery; for the writer has learned, and learned well, from the illustrious art-critic whom she professes, in the essay on Ruskinism, to have so far outgrown, the art of landscape painting in words. There is a certain fervor and honesty of purpose, also, discernible amid its rather scatter-brained declamation, — a desire to

shake herself free of artistic affectations and conventionalisms, and to enter into the heart, and fathom for herself the sublime secret of those great antiques which she so truly loves to contemplate and to talk about. But still this book is not intrinsically important, like the first. It is all compact, as we have said, of imagination, emotion, and theory, with flashes of keen discernment here and there, and some few fresh and happy suggestions in the way of specific criticism (particularly in the chapter entitled *In Umbria*, which deals with the man Perugino and his work), but with much also that is tumid, and much that is, we fear, preposterous. The author indeed insists with vehemence, both in the Preface and in the Apology or Postscript to *Belcaro*, that she has had a fixed purpose, running straight amid all the anomalies of her book, and unifying all its vagaries; and we are, in fact, enabled to conclude from the whole that just at present she believes in art for art's sake, its own "excuse for being" and its own exceeding great reward, while her friend and interlocutor ever maintains that art should be modified by moral considerations and exert a moral influence. "I have never pretended" (we quote from the Postscript to *Belcaro*) "that I am not as bad as my neighbors; but the whole gist of these my theorizings is that people should try and take art more simply than they do; that, if not called upon to try and persuade others to simpler courses, they should not theorize themselves. By theorizing, I mean, incorrectly perhaps, all manner of irrelevant fantasticating, whether it take the shape of seeking, in art, for hidden psychological meanings or moral values, or of using art merely as a suggestion of images and emotions, the perception of which infallibly interferes with, and sometimes entirely replaces, the perception of art itself." This is all right, although it might possibly be more simply

¹ *Belcaro*. Being Essays on Sundry Æsthetical Questions. By VERNON LEE. London: W. Satchell & Co.

put. But we are even better pleased with the *naïveté* of the confession at the very end of this same postscript, in which the author owns, in words of much tenderness and beauty, that the loveliness of the scenes amid which these thoughts "æsthetical" of hers were born, and the sweetness of the companionship which fostered them, have a lasting power over her own spirit, far greater than that of the theories and conclusions themselves.

Our private notion is that Vernon Lee took what may be called her intellectual "fling" in Belcaro, and that the preternatural weight and wisdom of her first publication not only entitled her to such a fling, but rendered it almost inevitable. Antics are ever a proof of strength, and it is a great deal easier to reduce an excess than to supply a lack. We remember an excellent old singing-master who used always to say, "Give me a big, rough voice to prune and polish, *never* a slender one to develop." The rampant verbiage of Vernon Lee's style, for example, implies at least a marvelously rich vocabulary; and what so natural as that she should be prone, coming so early into such a heritage, to fling her wealth about a little wildly and wastefully? Extravagance is so much more proper to well-endowed youth than parsimony, and so much the more engaging fault of the two, that it is hard to quarrel with it. If only the fortune be not all spent in that first "fling"! If only there be left what may be called the *principal* of mental riches, together with the will and the power to increase the same by diligent study, while practicing that wise economy of ornament which results in the utmost beauty of literary form!

We fancy that Vernon Lee is going to show herself capable of this, and if so there is hardly anything which may not be hoped from a writer with her beginnings. Since the appearance of Belcaro she has published a novelette en-

titled *Ottilia, a Life of the Countess of Albany, and Euphorion*. *Ottilia* is a simple story, simply told, careful and even subtle in its delineation of character, humorous and humane. It is not very strong, but it is very symmetrical, and free, even singularly free, from extravagance, whether of sentiment or style. The *Life of the Countess of Albany*¹ is a contribution to the Eminent Women Series, a flourishing list of biographies of women by women. In her preface the author tells us that she considers the present sketch a needful complement to her previous eighteenth-century studies; and certainly that thorough knowledge of the Italy of a hundred years ago, which we so heartily respect and admire, renders her fitter, perhaps, than any other living person to write the Countess of Albany's life, provided that life were worth writing once again.

This, however, is a point so obviously doubtful that one is half tempted to fancy that the book was compiled for the sake of the material on hand,—on the good old household principle of letting nothing be wasted. That Louise, Countess of Albany, *née* Von Stolberg, was also born a fine and clever creature; that it was a heartless and wicked arrangement by virtue of which she was married, in her tender youth, to the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, in his besotted middle age; that she was, upon the whole, in her checkered career, more sinned against than (even) sinning, we are quite prepared to believe. But after all, she owes her notoriety to the fact that she was first the wife of Charles Edward, and afterwards the mistress of Alfieri; and it does not seem to us that these accidents make her, in the strict sense of the term, an exemplary character. The subject of one of the earlier numbers of the Eminent Women biographies did also, unhappily, live for

¹ *The Countess of Albany*. By VERNON LEE. Eminent Women Series. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.

many years as the wife of an eminent man, without a previous marriage ceremony. But George Eliot was the author of work so powerful and so wholly unapproachable in its own line that it compels the attention of the world; and even the interesting and in some respects melancholy features of her private history sink into insignificance by comparison with it.

Here, however, is Vernon Lee's Countess of Albany, learned and analytical, lively and pictorial also, and still too heavily charged with words, — a vigorous epitome of all the author's literary virtues and vices. She does not formally constitute herself the apologist of the Countess of Albany; she is much too proud and independent, too modern in her spirit and enamored of a grand impartiality, to do that. But she is able to feel for her subject that degree of sympathy which renders her image a warm and breathing one, and a passage like the following suggests the fancy that her sympathy is not wholly perfunctory, either, but is founded in a certain intellectual kinship: "She could read the books of four nations, — a very rare accomplishment in her day; and she was, moreover, one of those women, rarer even in the eighteenth century than nowadays, whose nature, while unproductive in any particular line, is intensely and almost exclusively intellectual, and in the intellectual domain even more intensely and almost exclusively literary, — women who are born readers, to whom a new poem is as great an excitement as a new toilette, a treatise of philosophy (we shall see the countess devouring Kant long before he had been heard of out of Germany) more exquisitely delightful than a symphony. And this woman, thus educated, with this immense fund of intellectual energy, was living, not a normal life, with the normal distracting influences of an *endurable husband*, of children and society, but a life of frightful mental and

moral isolation by the side, or rather in the loathsome shadow, of a degraded, sordid, violent, and jealous brute, from the reality of whose beastly excesses and bestial fury, of whose vomitings and oaths and outrages and blows, she could take refuge only in the world of books."

If, on the contrary, the power of morbid analysis displayed in tracing the degrading effects of sensual vice on both the heroes of the story is such that we forget sometimes the age and sex of the writer, and are a little startled by anything which recalls it, the proof is abundant that her own moral perceptions have been in no degree blunted by the inevitably revolting character of some of her investigations. Take one more passage as an illustration of this: "Social misarrangements which are crimes toward the individual are invariably partially righted — made endurable — by individual arrangements which are crimes toward society. The woman was not consulted by her parents before her marriage, she was not restrained by her conscience afterwards: she was given, for ambition, to a man whose tenure of her received legal and religious sanction; she gave herself, for love, to a man whose possession of her was against society and against religion; but society received her to its parties, and the church gave her its communion. And thus, in Italy and in the eighteenth century, where no one had found any fault at a girl of nineteen being married by proxy to a man who turned out to be a disgusting and brutal sot, no one also could find any fault at a young man of twenty-eight seeking and obtaining the love of a married woman of twenty-five. The immoral law had produced the immoral lawlessness." This is a good summing up of the case, and here, by the way, the expression is as terse as could be desired.

Perhaps, after all, this is to be a notable part of woman's new mission, — the power to touch pitch with no speck of

defilement, to explore loathsome places with a degree of delicacy and detachment impossible to the average man, and to extract with unexampled neatness whatever is to be learned therein. Again, and always, let us hope.

At all events, there are aspects, in no way dubious, in which Vernon Lee seems to us fit to be held up as an example to all ambitious and inexperienced writers, and particularly to certain beginners in letters among ourselves in America. The impression is rather too prevalent at home, just now, that a large literary business may be done on a very small literary capital.

The fashion of the day is for Chinese carving, — an indefinite number of ivory balls, one inside the other. No matter how trivial the subject, or tiny the tools, or meagre the preparation, the result, it is thought, will be artistic, provided the workmanship be sufficiently fine. Now there is no doubt that pretty and ingenious toys may be thus made, but toys only; nothing fit for lasting use, or even for the purposes of robust play. All critical and historical work of positive worth presupposes a long apprenticeship at severe and in itself often distasteful labor. The eighteenth-century studies reveal on every page the results of such an apprenticeship, — of a rare power of attention and acquisition, submissively applied and resolutely concentrated. We have said that Vernon Lee's verbiage is of the sort that implies a rich vocabulary; and that vocabulary, in its turn, implies a knowledge of many books in many tongues and an enormously retentive memory. It implies, also, hard work at the technicalities of more than one great art. These are parts of the indispensable drill of any didactic writer, man or woman, old or

young, who would really deserve the name. There is no royal road to the levels from which a comprehensive outlook may be gained over any province of human affairs, and even the most daring and agile imagination has to be supplied with facts before it can transmute them into shapes of real significance and power. The little story of *Ottilia*, already briefly mentioned, simple as it is, and so much less dramatic than the real life of the Countess of Albany, derives, no less than the latter, a wonderful charm from its author's perfect acquaintance with the period in which the scene is laid. All the dry research which had to precede the essays on the *Musical Life* and the *Venetian Comedy* helps to enrich the background of this quiet tale, giving depth to its landscape, body to its color, and reality to its quaint figures. One might smile at the ambitious nature of Vernon Lee's initial enterprise, if one were not constrained thoroughly to respect in her the serious and patient courage which, earlier yet, had attacked and gone triumphantly through such a world of preliminary toil. The charge of self-conceit cannot lie heavily against one who is even more eager to learn than she is impatient to teach; and however bold in announcing her own conclusions, she is keenly attentive to the conclusions of others. On the whole, therefore, we decline to believe that she has exhausted her possibilities at twenty-five. Instead, we look forward with confidence to seeing her take a permanent place among those most helpful and indeed indispensable of modern writers, whose personality is of less moment to us than their message, with whom as much may be learned as enjoyed, and who increase our possessions while they consume our time.

Harriet Waters Preston.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

IV.

It will be divined from what has been said that there was one element in the life at the Warren which has not yet been entered into, and that was Mrs. Warrender. The family were dull, respectable, and proper to their fingers' ends. But she was not dull. She had been Mr. Warrender's wife for six and twenty years, — the wife of a dull, good man, who never wanted any variety in his life, who needed no change, no outbursts of laughter or tears, nothing to carry away the superabundance of the waters of life. With him there had been no superabundance, there had never been any floods; consequently, there was no outlet necessary to carry them away. But she was a woman of another sort: she was born to hunger for variety, to want change, to desire everything that was sweet and pleasant. And lo! fate bound her to the dullest life, — to marry Mr. Warrender, to live in the Warren. She had not felt it so much in the earlier part of her life, for then she had to some extent what her spirit craved. She had children: and every such event in a woman's life is like what going into battle is to a man, — a thing for which all his spirits collect themselves, which she may come out of or may not, an enormous risk, a great crisis. And when their children were young, before they had as yet betrayed themselves what manner of spirits they were, she had her share of the laughter and the tears; playing with her babies, living for them, singing to them, filling her life with them, and expecting as they grew up that all would be well. Many women live upon this hope. They have not had the completion of life in marriage which some have; they have failed in the great lottery, either by their own fault or the

fault of others: but the children, they say to themselves, will make all right. The *désillusionment* which takes this form is the most bitter of all. The woman who has not found in her husband that dearest friend, whose companionship can alone make life happy, when she discovers after a while that the children in whom she has placed her last hope are his children, and not hers, — what is to become of her? She is thrown back upon her own individuality with a shock which is often more than flesh and blood can bear. In Mrs. Warrender's case this was not, as in some cases, a tragical discovery, but it had an exasperating and oppressive character which was almost more terrible. She had been able to breathe while they were children; but when they grew up they stifled her, each with the same "host of petty maxims" which had darkened the still air from her husband's lips. How, in face of the fact that she had been their teacher and guide far more than their father ever was, they should have learned these, and put aside everything that was like her or expressed her sentiments, was a mystery which she never could solve; but so it was. Mr. Warrender was what is called a very good father. He did not spoil them; bonbons of any kind, physical or spiritual, never came to them from his hands. He could not be troubled with them much as babies, but when they grew old enough to walk and ride with him he liked their company; and they resembled him, which is always flattering. But he had taken very little notice of them during the first twelve years or so of their life. During that time they had been entirely in their mother's hands, hearing her opinions, regulated outwardly by her will: and yet they grew up their father's children, and

not hers! How strange it was, with a touch of the comic which made her laugh! — that laugh of exasperation and impatience which marks the intolerable almost more than tears do. How was it? Can any one explain this mystery? She was of a much more vivacious, robust, and vigorous race than he was, for the level of health among the Warrenders, like the level of being generally, was low; but this lively, warm-blooded, energetic creature was swallowed up in the dull current of the family life, and did not affect it at all. She nursed them, ruled them, breathed her life into them, in vain: they were their father's children, — they were Warrenders born.

This was not precisely the case with Theo, her only son. To him she had transmitted something; not her energy and love of life, but rather something of that exasperated impatience which was so often the temper of her mind in later years, though suppressed by all the powers of self-control she possessed, and modified, happily, by the versatility of her nature, which could not brood and mope over one subject, however deeply that might enter into her life. This impatience took in him the form of a fastidious intolerance, a disposition to start aside at a touch, to put up with nothing, to hear no reason, even, when he was offended or crossed. He was like a restive horse, whom the mere movement of a shadow, much more the touch of a rein or the faintest vibration of a whip, sets off in the wildest gallop of nervous self-will or self-assertion. The horse, it is to be supposed, desires his own way as much as the man does when he bolts or starts. Theo was in this respect wonderfully unlike the strain of the Warrenders, but he was not on that account more like his mother; and he had so much of the calm of the paternal blood in his veins along with this unmanageableness that he was as contented as the rest with the quiet of the home life, and so long as he was permitted to shut him-

self up with his book wished for no distraction, — nay, disliked it, and thought society and amusements an intolerable bore.

Thus it was the mother alone to whom the thought of change was pleasant. A woman of forty-five in widow's weeds, who had just nursed her husband through a long illness and lost him, and whose life since she was nineteen had been spent in this quiet house among all these still surroundings, amid the unchangeable traditions of rural life, — who could have ventured to imagine the devouring impatience that was within her, the desire to flee, to shake the dust off her feet, to leave her home and all her associations, to get out into the world and breathe a larger air and be free? Sons and daughters may entertain such sentiments; even the girls, whose life, no doubt, had been a dull one, might be supposed willing enough, with a faint pretense of natural and traditional reluctance, and those few natural tears which are wiped so soon, to leave home and see the world. But the mother! In ordinary circumstances it would have been the duty of the historian to set forth the hardness of Mrs. Warrender's case, deprived at once, by her husband's death, not only of her companion and protector, but of her home and position as head of an important house. Such a case is no doubt often a hard one. It adds a hundred little humiliations to grief, and makes bereavement downfall, the overthrow of a woman's importance in the world, and her exile from the sphere in which she has spent her life. We should be far more sure of the reader's sympathy if we pictured her visiting for the last time all the familiar haunts of past years, tearing herself away from the beloved rooms, feeling the world a blank before her as she turned away.

On the contrary, it is scarcely possible to describe the chill of disappointment in her mind when Theo put an abrupt

stop to all speculations, and offered her his arm to lead her upstairs. She ought, perhaps, to have wanted his support to go upstairs, after all, as her maid said, that she had "gone through:" but she did not feel the necessity. She would have preferred much to know what was going to be done, to talk over everything, to be able to express without further sense that they were premature and inappropriate as much as it would be expedient to express of her own wishes. The absolute repression of those five dark days, during which she had said nothing, had been almost more intolerable to her than years of the repression which was past. When you know that nothing you can do or say is of any use, and that whatsoever struggle you may make will be wholly ineffectual to change your lot, it is comparatively easy, in the composure of impossibility, to keep yourself down; but when all at once you become again master of your own fate, even a temporary curb becomes intolerable. Mrs. Warrender went into her room by the compulsion of her son and conventional propriety, and was supposed to lie down on the sofa and rest for an hour or two. Her maid arranged the cushions for her, threw a shawl over her feet, and left her on tip-toe, shutting the door with elaborate precautions. Mrs. Warrender remained still for nearly half an hour. She wept, with a strange mixture of feelings; partly out of a poignant sense of the fictitiousness of all these observances by which people were supposed to show "respect" to the dead, and partly out of a real aching of the heart and miserable sense that even now, that certainly by and by, the man who had been so all-important a little while ago would be as if he had not been. She wept for him, and yet at the same time wept because she could not weep more for him, because the place which knew him had already begun to know him no more, and because of the sham affliction with which they were all

supplementing the true. It was she who shed the truest tears, but it was she also who rebelled most at the make-believe which convention forced upon her; and the usual sense of hopeless exasperation was strong in her mind. After a while she threw off the shawl from her feet and the cushions that supported her shoulders, and got up and walked about the room, looking out upon the afternoon sunshine and the trees that were turning their shadows to the east. How she longed, with a fervor scarcely explainable, not at all comprehensible to most people, to leave the place, to open her wings in a large atmosphere, to get free!

At half past four o'clock Minnie and Chatty went down to tea. They were to the minute, and their mother heard them with a half smile. It was always time enough for her to smooth her hair and her collar, and take a new handkerchief from her drawer, when she heard the sisters close their door. She went downstairs after them, in her gown covered with crape, with her snowy cap, which gave dignity to her appearance. Her widow's dress was very becoming to her, as it is to so many people. She had a pretty complexion, pure red and white, though the color was perhaps a little broken, and not so smooth as a girl's; and her eyes were brown and bright. Notwithstanding the weeks of watching she had gone through, the strain of everything that had passed, she made little show of her trouble. Her eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated. The girls were dull in complexion and aspect, but their mother was not so. As she came into the room there came with her a brightness, a sense of living, which was inappropriate to the hour and the place.

"Where is Theo?" she asked.

"He is coming in presently; at least, I called to him as he went out, and told him tea was ready, and he said he would be in presently," Chatty replied.

"I wish he would have stayed, if it had even been in the grounds, to-day," said Minnie. "It will look so strange to see him walking about as if nothing had happened."

"He has been very good; he has conformed to all our little rules," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Little rules, mamma? Don't you think it of importance, then, that every respect" —

"My dear," said Mrs. Warrender, "I am tired of hearing of every respect. Theo was always respectful and affectionate. I would not misconstrue him even if it should prove that he has taken a walk."

"On the day of dear papa's funeral!" cried Minnie, with a voice unmoved.

Mrs. Warrender turned away without any reply; partly because the tears sprang into her eyes at the matter-of-fact statement, and partly because her patience was exhausted.

"Have you settled, mamma, what he is going to do?" said Chatty.

"It is not for me to decide. He is twenty-one; he is his own master. You have not," Mrs. Warrender said, "taken time to think yet of the change in our circumstances. Theo is now master here. Everything is his to do as he pleases."

"Everything!" said the girls in chorus, opening their eyes.

"I mean, of course, everything but what is yours and what is mine. You know your father's will. He has been very just, very kind, as he always was." She paused a little, and then went on: "But your brother, as you know, is now the master here. We must understand what his wishes are before we can settle on anything."

"Why should n't we go on as we always have done?" said Minnie. "Theo is too young to marry; besides, it would not be decent for a time, even if he wanted to, which I am sure he does not. I don't see why we should make any

change. There is nowhere we can be so well as at home."

"Oh, nowhere!" said Chatty.

Their mother sat and looked at them, with a dull throb in her heart. They had sentiment and right on their side, and nature, too. Everybody would agree that for a bereaved family there was no place so good as home, — the house in which they were born and where they had lived all their life. She looked at them blankly, feeling how unnatural, how almost wicked, was the longing in her own mind to get away, to escape into some place where she could take large breaths and feel a wide sky over her. But how was she to say it, how even to conclude what she had been saying, feeling how inharmonious it was with everything around?

"Still," she said meekly, "I am of Mr. Longstaffe's opinion that everything should be fully understood between us from the first. If we all went on just the same, it might be very painful to Theo, when the time came for him to marry (not now; of course there is no question of that now), to feel that he could not do so without turning his mother and sisters out-of-doors."

"Why should he marry, so long as he has us? It is not as if he had nobody, and wanted some one to make him a home. What would he do with the house if we were to leave it? Would he let it? I don't believe he could let it. It would set everybody talking. Why should he turn his mother and sisters out-of-doors? Oh, I never thought of anything so dreadful!" cried Minnie and Chatty, one uttering one exclamation, and another the other. They were very literal, and in the minds of both the grievance was at once taken for granted. "Oh, I never could have thought such a thing of Theo, — our own brother, and younger than we are!"

The mother had made two or three ineffectual attempts to stem the tide of indignation. "Theo is thinking of noth-

ing of the kind," she said at last, when they were out of breath. "I only say that he must not feel he has but that alternative when the time comes, when he may wish — when it may be expedient — No, no, he has never thought of such a thing. I only say it for the sake of the future, to forestall after-complications."

"Oh, I wish you would n't frighten one, mamma! I thought you had heard about some girl he had picked up at Oxford, or something. I thought we should have to turn out, to leave the Warren — which would break my heart."

"And mine too, — and mine too!" cried Chatty.

"Where we have always been so happy, with nothing to disturb us!"

"Oh, so happy! always the same, one day after another! It will be different," said the younger sister, crying a little, "now that dear papa — But still no place ever can be like home."

And there was the guilty woman sitting by, listening to everything they said; feeling how good, how natural, it was, — and still more natural, still more seemingly, for her, at her age, than for them at theirs, — yet conscious that this house was a prison to her, and that of all things in the world that which she wanted most was to be turned out and driven away!

"My dears," she said, not daring to betray this feeling, "if I have frightened you, I did not mean to do it. The house in Highcombe, you know, is mine. It will be our home if — if anything should happen. I thought it might be wise to have that ready, to make it our headquarters, in case — in case Theo should carry out the improvements."

"Improvements!" they cried with one voice. "What improvements? How could the Warren be improved?"

"You must not speak to me in such a tone. There has always been a question of cutting down some of the trees."

"But papa would never agree to it; papa said he would never consent to it."

"I think," said Mrs. Warrender, with a guilty blush, "that he — had begun to change his mind."

"Only when he was growing weak, then, — only when you over-persuaded him."

"Minnie! I see that your brother was right, and that this is not a time for any discussion," Mrs. Warrender said.

There was again a silence: and they all came back to the original state of mind from which they started, and remembered that quiet and subdued tones and an incapacity for the consideration of secular subjects were the proper mental attitude for all that remained of this day.

It was not, however, long that this becoming condition lasted. Sounds were heard as of voices in the distance, and then some one running at full speed across the gravel drive in front of the door, and through the hall. Minnie had risen up in horror to stop this interruption, when the door burst open, and Theo, pale and excited, rushed in. "Mother," he cried, "there has been a dreadful accident. Markland has been thrown by those wild brutes of his, and I don't know what has happened to him. It was just at the gates, and they are bringing him here. There is no help for it. Where can they take him to?"

Mrs. Warrender rose to her feet at once; her heart rising too almost with pleasure to the thrill of a new event. She hurried out to open the door of a large vacant room on the ground floor. "What was Lord Markland doing here?" she said. "He ought to have reached home long ago."

"He has been in *that* house in the village, mother. They seemed to think everybody would understand. I don't know what he has to do there."

"He has nothing to do there. Oh, Theo, that poor young wife of his! And had he the heart to go from — from — us, in our trouble — there!"

"He seems to have paid for it, what-

ever was wrong in it. Go back to the drawing-room, for here they are coming."

"Theo, they are carrying him as if he were" —

"Go back to the drawing-room, mother. Whatever it is, it cannot be helped," Theodore said. He did not mean it, but there was something in his tone which reminded everybody — the servants, who naturally came rushing to see what was the matter, and Mrs. Warrender, who withdrew at his bidding — that he was now the master of the house.

V.

Markland was a much more important place than the Warren. It was one of the chief places in the county, in which the family had for many generations held so great a position. It was a large building, with all that irregularity of architecture which is dear to the English mind, — a record of the generations who had passed through it and added to it, in itself a noble historical monument, full of indications of the past. But it lost much of its effect upon the mind from the fact that it was in much less good order than is usual with houses of similar pretensions; and above all because the wood around it had been wantonly and wastefully cut, and it stood almost unsheltered upon its little eminence, with only a few seedling trees, weedy and long, like boys who had outgrown their strength, straggling about the heights. The house itself was thus left bare to all the winds. An old cedar, very large but very feeble, in the tottering condition of old age to which some trees, like men, come, with two or three of its longest branches torn off by storm and decay, interposed its dark foliage over the lower roof of the lowest wing, and gave a little appearance of shelter, and a few Lombardy poplars and light-leaved young birches made a thin and inter-

rupted screen to the east; but the house stood clear of these light and frivolous young attendants in a nakedness which made the spectator shiver. The wood in the long avenue had been thinned in almost the same ruthless way, but here and there were shady corners, where old trees, not worth much in the market, but very valuable to the landscape, laid their heads together like ancient retainers, and rustled and nodded their disapproval of the devastation around.

Young Lady Markland, with her boy, on the afternoon of the July day on which Mr. Warrender was buried, walked up and down for some time in front of the house, casting many anxious looks down the avenue, by which, in its present denuded state, every approaching visitor was so easily visible. She was still very young, though her child was about eight; she having been married, so to speak, out of the nursery, a young creature of sixteen, a motherless girl, with no one to investigate too closely into the character of the young lover, who was not much more than a boy himself, and between whom and his girlish bride a hot, foolish young love had sprung up like a mushroom, in a week or two of acquaintance. She was twenty-five, but did not look her age. She was small in stature, — one of those exquisitely neat little women, whose perfection of costume and appearance no external accident disturbs. Her dress had the look of being moulded on her light little figure; her hair was like brown satin, smooth as a mirror and reflecting the light. She did not possess the large grace of abstract beauty. There was nothing statuesque, nothing majestic, about her, but a kind of mild perfection, a fitness and harmony which called forth the approval of the more serious-minded portion of humanity as well as the admiration of the younger and more frivolous.

It was generally known in the county that this young lady had far from a happy life. She had been married in

haste and over-confidence by guardians who, if not glad to be rid of her, were at least pleased to feel that their responsibility was over, and the orphan safe in her husband's care, without taking too much pains to prove that the husband was worthy of that charge, or that there was much reasonable prospect of his devotion to it. Young Markland, it was understood, had sown his wild oats somewhat plentifully at Oxford and elsewhere; and it was therefore supposed, with very little logic, that there were no more to sow. But this had not proved to be the case, and almost before his young wife had reached the age of understanding, and was able to put two and two together, he had run through the fortune she brought him, — not a very large one, — and made her heart ache, which was worse, as hearts under twenty ought never to learn how to ache. She was not a happy wife. The country all about, the servants, and every villager near knew it, but not from Lady Markland. She was very loyal, which is a noble quality, and very proud, which in some cases does duty as a noble quality, and is accepted as such. What were the secrets of her married life no one ever heard from her; and fortunately those griefs which were open to all the world were unknown to her. She did not know, save vaguely, in what society her husband spent the frequent absences which separated him from her. She did not know what kind of friends he made, what houses he frequented, even in his own neighborhood; and she was still under the impression that many of her wrongs were known by herself alone, and that his character had suffered but little in the eyes of the world.

There was one person, however, from whom she had not been able to hide these wrongs, and that was her child, — her only child. There had been two other babies, dead at their birth or immediately after, but Geoff was the only one who had lived, her constant compan-

ion, counselor, and aid. At eight years old! Those who had never known what a child can be, at that age, when thus intrusted with the perilous deposit of the family secrets, and elevated to the post which his father ought but did not care to fill, were apt to think little Geoff's development unnatural; and others thought, with reason, that it was bad for the little fellow to be so constantly with his mother, and it was said among the Markland relations that as he was now growing a great boy he ought to be sent to school. Poor little Geoff! He was not a great boy, nor ever would be. He was small, *chétif*, unbeautiful; a little sandy-haired, sandy-complexioned, insignificant boy, with no features to speak of and no stamina, short for his age and of uncertain health, which had indeed been the first reason of that constant association with his mother which was supposed to be so bad for him. During the first years of his life, which had been broken by continual illness, it was only her perpetual care that kept him alive at all. She had never left him, never given up the charge of him to any one; watched him by night and lived with him by day. His careless father would sometimes say, in one of those brags which show a heart of shame even in the breast of the vicious, that if he had not left her so much to herself, if he had dragged her about into society, as so many men did their wives, she never would have kept her boy; and perhaps there was some truth in it. While he pursued his pleasures in regions where no wife could accompany him, she was free to devote all her life, and to find out every new expedient that skill or science had thought of to lengthen out the feeble days, and to gain time to make a cure possible. He would never be very strong, was the verdict now, but with care he would live: and it was she who had once again breathed life into him. This made the tie a double one; not out of

gratitude, for the child knew of no such secondary sentiment, but out of the redoubled love which their constant association called forth. They did not talk together of any family sorrows. It was never intimated between them that anything wrong happened when papa was late and mamma anxious, or when there were people at Markland who were not nice, — oh, not a word; but the child was anxious as well as mamma. He too got the habit of watching, listening for the hurried step, the wild rattle of the phaeton with those two wild horses, which Lord Markland insisted on driving up the avenue. He knew everything, partly by observation, partly by instinct. He walked with his mother now, clinging with both hands to her arm, his head nearly on a level with her shoulder, and close, close to it, almost touching, his little person confused in the outline of her dress. The sunshine lay full along the line of the avenue, just broken in two or three places by the shadow of those old and useless trees, but without a speck upon it or a sound.

"I don't think papa can be coming, Geoff, and it is time you had your tea."

"Never mind me. I'll go and take it by myself, if you want me to, and you can wait here."

"Why?" she said. "It will not bring him home a moment sooner, as you and I know."

"No, but it feels as if it made him come; and you can see from the very gate. It takes a long time to drive up the avenue. Oh, yes, stop here; you will like that best."

"I am so silly," she said, which was her constant excuse. "When you are grown up, Geoff, I shall always be watching for you."

"That you sha'n't," said the boy. "I'll never leave you. You have had enough of that."

"Oh, yes, my darling, you will leave me. I shall want you to leave me. A

boy cannot be always with his mother. Come, now, I am going to be strong-minded. Let us go in. I am a little tired, I think."

"Perhaps the funeral was later than he thought," said the boy.

"Perhaps. It was very kind of papa to go. He does not like things of that kind; and he was not over-fond of Mr. Warrender, who, though he was very good, was a little dull. Papa does n't like dull people."

"No. Do you like Theo Warrender, mamma?"

"Well enough," said Lady Markland. "I don't know him very much."

"I like him," said the child. "He knows a lot: he told me how to do that Latin. He is the sort of man I should like for my tutor."

"But he is a gentleman, Geoff. I mean, he would never be a tutor. He is as well off as we are, — perhaps better."

"Are men tutors only when they are not well off?"

"Well, dear, generally when they require the money. You could not expect young Mr. Warrender to come here and take a great deal of trouble, merely for the pleasure of teaching you."

"Why not?" said Geoff. "Is n't it a fine thing to teach children? It was you that said so, mamma."

"For me, dear, that am your mother; but not for a gentleman who is not even a relation."

"Gentlemen, to be sure, are different," said Geoff, with an air of deliberation. "There's papa, for instance" —

His mother threw up her hand suddenly. "Hark, Geoff! Do you hear anything?"

They had come in-doors while this talk was going on, and were now seated in a large but rather shabby sitting-room, which was full of Geoff's toys and books. The windows were wide open, but the sounds from without came in subdued; for this room was at the back of the house, and at some distance from the

avenue. They were both silent for some minutes, listening, and then Lady Markland said, with an air of relief, "Papa is coming. I hear the sound of the phaeton."

"That is not the phaeton, mamma; that is only one horse," said Geoff, whose senses were very keen. When Lady Markland had listened a little longer, she acquiesced in this opinion.

"It will be some one coming to call," she said, with an air of resignation; and then they went on with their talk.

"Gentlemen are different; they are not given the charge of the children like you."

"However, in books," said Geoff, "the fathers very often are a great deal of good; they tell you all sorts of things. But books are not very like real life; do you think they are? Even Frank, in Miss Edgeworth, though you say he is so good, does n't do things like me. I mean, I should never think of doing things like him; and no little girl would ever be so silly. Now, mamma, say true, what do you think? Would any little girl ever be so silly as to want the big bottle out of a physic shop? Girls may be silly, but not so bad as that."

"Perhaps, let us hope, she did n't know so much about physic shops, as you call them, as you do, my poor boy. I wonder who can be calling to-day, Geoff! I should have thought that everybody near would be thinking of the Warrens, and — It is coming very fast, don't you think? But it does not sound like the phaeton."

"Oh, no, it is not the phaeton. I'll go and look," said Geoff. He came back in a moment, crying, "I told you — it's a brougham! Coming at such a pace!"

"I wonder who it can be!" Lady Markland said.

And when the boy resumed his talk she listened with inattention, trying in vain to keep her interest fixed on what he was saying, making vague replies, turning over a hundred possibilities in

her mind, but by some strange dullness, such as is usual enough in similar circumstances, never thinking of the real cause. What danger could there be to Markland in a drive of half a dozen miles, in the daylight; what risk in Mr. Warrender's funeral? The sense that something which was not an ordinary visit was coming grew stronger and stronger upon her, but of the news which was about to reach her she never thought at all.

At last the door opened. She rose hastily, unable to control herself, to meet it, whatever it was. It was not a ceremonious servant announcing a visit, but Theo Warrender, pale as death itself, with a whole tragic volume in his face, but speechless, not knowing, now that he stood before her, what to say, who appeared in the doorway. He had hurried off, bringing his mother's little brougham to carry the young wife to her husband's bedside; but it was not until he looked into her face and heard the low cry that burst from her that he realized what he had to tell. He had forgotten that a man requires all his skill and no small preparation to enable him to tell a young woman that her husband, who left her in perfect health a few hours ago, was now on the brink of death. He stopped short on the threshold, awed by this thought, and only stared at her, not knowing what to say.

"Mr. Warrender!" she said, with the utmost surprise; then, with growing wonder and alarm, "You — Something has happened!"

"Lady Markland — yes, there has been an accident. My mother — sent me with the brougham. I came off at once. Will you go back with me? The horse is very fast, and you can be there in half an hour."

This was all he could find to say. She went up to him, holding out her hands in an almost speechless appeal. "Why for me? Why for me? What has it got to do with me?"

He did not know how to answer her question. "Lady Markland!" he cried, "your husband" — and said no more.

She was at the door of the brougham in a moment. She had not taken off her garden hat, and she wanted no preparation. The child sprang to her side, caught her arm, and went with her without a word or question, as if that were undeniably his place. Everybody knew and remarked upon the singular union between the neglected young wife and her only child, but Warrender felt, he could scarcely tell why, that it annoyed and irritated him at this moment. When he put her into the carriage, and the boy clambered after her, he was unaccountably vexed by it, — so much vexed that his profound sympathy for the poor lady seemed somehow checked. Instead of following them into the carriage, which was not a very roomy one, he shut the door upon them sharply. "I will walk," he said. "I am not needed. Right, Jarvis, as fast as you can go;" he stood by to see them dash off, Lady Markland giving him a surprised yet half-relieved look, in the paleness of her anxiety and misery. Then it suddenly became apparent to him that he had done what was best and most delicate, though without meaning it, out of the sudden annoyance which had risen within him. It was the best thing he could have done, but to walk six miles at the end of a fatiguing and trying day was not agreeable, and the sense of irritation was strong in him. "If ever I have anything to do with that boy" — he said involuntarily within himself. But what could he ever have to do with the boy, who probably by this time, little puny thing that he was, was Lord Markland, and the owner of all this great, bare, unhappy-looking place, eaten up by the locusts of waste and ruin.

The butler, an old servant, had been anxiously trying all this time to catch his eye. He came up now, as Warrender turned to follow on foot the car-

riage, which was already almost out of sight. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with the servant's usual formula, "but I've sent round for the dogcart, if you'll be so kind as to wait a few minutes. None of us, sir, but feels your kindness, coming yourself for my lady, and leaving her alone in her trouble, poor dear. Mr. Warrender, sir, if I may make so bold, what is the fact about my lord? Yes, sir, I heard what you told my lady; but I thought you would nat'rally say the best, not to frighten her. Is there any hope?"

"Not much, I fear. He was thrown out violently, and struck against a tree; they are afraid that his spine is injured."

"Oh, sir, so young! and oh, so careless. God help us, Mr. Warrender, we never know a step before us, do we, sir? If it's the spine, it will be no pain; and him so joky, more than his usual, going off them very steps this morning, though he was going to a funeral. Oh, Mr. Warrender, that I should speak so light, forgetting — God bless us, what an awful thing, sir, after what has happened already, to happen in your house!"

Warrender answered with a nod, — he had no heart to speak; and refusing the dogcart he set out on his walk home. An exquisite spring night: everything harsh stilled out of the atmosphere; the sounds of labor ceasing; a calm as of profoundest peace stealing over everything. The soft and subdued pain of his natural grief, hushed by that fatigue and exhaustion of both body and mind which a long strain produces, was not out of accord with the calm of nature. But very different was the harsh note of the new calamity, which had struck not the house in which the tragedy was being enacted, but this one, which lay bare and naked in the last light of the sinking sun. So young and so careless! So young, so wasteful of life and all that life had to give, and now parted from it, taken from it at a blow!

VI.

Lord Markland died at the Warren that night. He never recovered consciousness, nor knew that his wife was by his side through all the dreadful darkening of the spring evening, which seemed to image forth in every new tone of gathering gloom the going out of life. They told her as much as was necessary of the circumstances, — how, the distance between the Warren and the churchyard being so short, and the whole cortège on foot, Lord Markland's carriage had been left in the village; how he had stayed there to luncheon (presumably with the rector, for no particulars were given, nor did the bewildered young woman ask for any), which was the reason of his delay. The rest was very easily explained: everybody had said to him that "some accident" would happen one day or other with the horses he insisted on driving, and the prophecy had been fulfilled. Such prophecies are always fulfilled. Lady Markland was very quiet, accepting that extraordinary revolution in her life with a look of marble, and words that betrayed nothing. Was she broken-hearted; was she only stunned by the suddenness, the awe, of such a catastrophe? The boy clinging to her, yet without a tear, pale and silent, but never, even when the words were said that all was over, breaking forth into any childish outburst. He sat on the floor in her shadow, even when she was watching by the deathbed, never left her, keeping always a hold upon her arm, her hand, or her dress. Mrs. Warrender would have taken him away, and put him to bed, — it was so bad for him; but the boy opposed a steady resistance, and Lady Markland put down her hand to him, not seeing how wrong it was to indulge him, all the ladies said. After this, of course nothing could be done, and he remained with her through all that followed. What

followed was strange enough to have afforded a scene for a tragedy. Lady Markland asked to speak to Warrender, who had retired, leaving his mother, as was natural, to manage everything. He came to her at the door of the room which had so suddenly, with its bare, unused look, in the darkness of a few flickering candles, become a sort of presence chamber filled with the solemnity of dying. Her little figure, so neat and orderly, an embodiment of the settled peace and calm of life having nothing to do with tragedies, with the child close pressed against her side, his pale face looking as hers did, pale too and stony, never altogether passed from the memory of the man who came, reluctant, almost afraid, to hear what she had to say to him. It was like a picture against the darkness of the room, — a darkness both physical and moral, which centred in the curtained gloom behind, about which two shadowy figures were busy. Often and with very different sentiments he saw this group again, but never wholly forgot it, or had it effaced from the depths of his memory.

"Mr. Warrender," she said, in a voice which was very low, yet he thought might have been heard all over the house, "I want you to help me."

"Whatever I can do," he began, with some fervor, for he was young, and his heart was touched.

"I want," she continued, "to carry him home at once. I know it will not be easy, but it is night, and all is quiet. You are a man; you will know better how it can be done. Manage it for me."

Warrender was entirely unprepared for such a commission. "There will be great difficulties, dear Lady Markland," he said. "It is a long way. I am sure my mother would not wish you to think of her. This is a house of death. Let him stay."

She gave him a sort of smile, a softening of her stony face, and put out her

hand to him. "Do it for me," she said. She was not at all moved by his objections, — perhaps she did not even hear them; but when she had thus repeated her command, as a queen might have done, she turned back into the room, and sat down, to wait it seemed, until that command was accomplished. Warrender went away with a most perplexed and troubled mind. He was half pleased, underneath all, that she should have sent for him and charged him with this office, but bewildered with the extraordinary commission, and not knowing what to do.

"What is it, Theo? What did she want with you?" his sisters cried, in subdued voices, but eager to know everything about Lady Markland, who had been as the stars in the sky to them a little while before.

He told them in a few words, and they filled the air with whispered exclamations. "How odd, how strange; oh, how unusual, Theo! People will say it is our doing. They will say, How dreadful of the Warrenders! Oh, tell her you can't do it! How could you do it, in the middle of the night!"

"That is just what I don't know," Warrender rejoined.

"Mr. Theo," said the old man, who was not dignified with the name of butler, "the lady is quite right. I can't tell you how it's to be done, but gardener, he is a very handy man, and he will know. The middle of the night, — that's just what makes it easy, young ladies; and instead o' watching and waiting, the 'holl of us 'ull get to bed."

"That is all you're thinking of, Joseph."

"Well, it's a deal, sir, after all that's been going on in this house," Joseph said, with an aggrieved air. He had to provide supper, which was a thing unknown at the Warren, after all the trouble that every one had been put to. He was himself of opinion that to be kept up beyond your usual hours,

and subjected to unexpected fatigues, made "a bit of supper" needful even for the uncomfortable and incomprehensible people whom he called the quality. They were a poorish lot, and he had a mild contempt for them, and to get them supper was a hardship; still, it was his own suggestion, and he was bound to carry it out.

It is unnecessary to enter into all Warrender's perplexities and all the expedients that were suggested. At last the handy gardener and himself hit upon a plan by which Lady Markland's wishes could be carried out. She sat still in the gloomy room where her husband lay dead, waiting till they should be ready; doubting nothing, as little disturbed by any difficulty as if it had been the simplest commission in the world which she had given the young man. Geoff sat at her feet, leaning against her, holding her hand. It is to be supposed that he slept now and then, as the slow moments went on, but whenever any one spoke to his mother his eyes would be seen gleaming against the darkness of her dress. They sat there waiting, perfectly still, with the candles flickering faintly about the room in the night air that breathed in through the open windows. The dark curtains had been drawn round the bed. It was like a catafalque looming darkly behind. Mrs. Warrender had used every persuasion to induce her guest to come into another room, to take something, to rest, to remember all that remained for her to do, and not waste her strength, — all those formulas which come naturally to the lips at such a moment. Lady Markland only answered with that movement of her face which was intended for a smile and a shake of her head.

At last the preparations were all complete. The night was even more exquisite than the evening had been; it was more still, every sound having died out of the earth except those which make up silence, — the rustling among the

branches, the whirr of unseen insects, the falling of a leaf or a twig. The moon threw an unbroken light over the broad fields; the sky spread out all its stars, in myriads and myriads, faintly radiant, softened by the larger light; the air breathed a delicate, scarcely perceptible fragrance of growing grass, moist earth, and falling dew. How sweet, how calm, how full of natural happiness! Through this soft atmosphere and ethereal radiance a carriage made its way that was improvised with all the reverence and tenderness possible, in which lay the young man, dead, cut off in the very blossom and glory of his days, followed by another, in which sat the young woman who had been his wife. What she was thinking of who could tell? Of their half-childish love and wooing, of the awaking of her own young soul to trouble and disappointment, of her many dreary days and years; or of the sudden severance, without a moment's warning, without a leave-taking, a word, or a look? Perhaps all these things, now for a moment distinct, now mingling confusedly together, formed the current of her thoughts. The child, clasped in her arms, slept upon her shoulder; nature being too strong at last for that which was beyond nature, the identification of his childish soul with that of his mother. She was glad that he slept, and glad to be silent, alone, the soft air blowing in her face, the darkness encircling her like a veil.

Warrender went with this melancholy cortège, making its way slowly across the sleeping country. He saw everything done that could be done: the dead man laid on his own bed; the living woman, in whom he felt so much more interest, returned to the shelter of her home and the tendance of her own servants. His part in the whole matter was over when he stepped back into the brougham which she had left. The Warrenders had seen but little of the Marklands, though they were so near. The habits

of the young lord had naturally been little approved by Theo Warrender's careful parents; and his manners, when the young intellectualist from Oxford met him, were revolting at once to his good taste and good breeding. On the other hand, the Warrenders were but small people in comparison, and any intimacy with Lord and Lady Markland was almost impossible. It was considered by all the neighbors "a great compliment" when Lord Markland came to the funeral. Ah, poor Markland, had he not come to the funeral! Yet how vain to say so, for his fate had been long prophesied, and what did it matter in what special circumstances it came to pass! But Warrender felt, as he left the house, that there could be no longer distance and partial acquaintance between the two families. Their lines of life — or was it of death? — had crossed and been woven together. He felt a faint thrill go through him, — a thrill of consciousness, of anticipation, he could not tell what. Certainly it was not possible that the old blank of non-connection could ever exist again. *She*, to whom he had scarcely spoken before, who had been so entirely out of his sphere, had now come into it so strangely, so closely, that she could never be separated from his thoughts. She might break violently the visionary tie between them, — she might break it, angry to have been drawn into so close a relation to any strangers, — but it never could be shaken off.

He drove quickly down the long bare avenue, where all was so naked and clear, and put his head out of the carriage window to look back at the house, standing out bare and defenseless in the full moonlight, showing faintly, through the white glory which blazed all around, a little pitiful glimmer of human lights in the closed windows, the watch-lights of the dead. It seemed a long time to the young man since in his own house these watch-lights had been extin-

guished. The previous event seemed to have become dim to him, though he was so much more closely connected with it, in the presence of this, which was more awful, more terrible. He tried to return to the thoughts of the morning, when his father was naturally in all things his first occupation, but it was impossible to do it. Instead of the thoughts which became him, as now in his father's place, with so much power, the fortunes of his family, so much depending upon him, all that his mind would follow were the events of this afternoon, so full of fate. He saw Lady Markland stand, with the child clinging to her, in the dim room, the shrouded bed and indistinct attendant figures behind, the dimly flickering lights. Why had she so claimed his aid, asked for his service, with that certainty of being obeyed? Her every word trembled in his ear still, — they were very few; they seemed to be laid up there in some hidden repository, and came out and said themselves over again when he willed, moving him as he never had been moved before. He made many efforts to throw off this involuntary preoccupation as the carriage rolled quickly along; the tired horse quickening its pace as it felt the attraction of home, the tired coachman letting it go almost at its own pleasure, the broad moonlight fields, with their dark fringes of hedge, spinning past. Then the village went past him, with all its sleeping houses, the church standing up like a protecting shadow. He looked out again at this, straining his eyes to see the dark spot where his father was lying, the first night in the bosom of the earth: and this thought brought him back for a moment to himself. But the next, as the carriage glided on into the shadow of the trees, and the overgrown copses of the Warren received him into their shadow, this other intrusive tragedy, this story which was not his, returned and took possession of him once more. To see her standing there, speak-

ing so calmly, with the soft tones that perhaps would have been imperious in other circumstances: "Do it for me." No question whether it could be done, or if he could do it. One thing only there was that jarred throughout all, — the child that was always there, forming part of her. "If ever I have anything to do with that boy" — Warrender said to himself; and then there was a moment of dazzle and giddiness, and the carriage stopped, and a door opened, and he found himself standing out in the fresh, soft night with his mother, on the threshold of his own home. There was a light in the hall behind her, where she stood, with the whiteness of the widow's cap, which was still a novelty and strange feature in her, waiting till he should return. It was far on in the night, and except herself the household was asleep. She came out to him, wistfully looking in his face by the light of the moon.

"You did everything for her, Theo?"

"All that I could. I saw him laid upon his bed. There was nothing more for me to do."

"Are you very tired, my boy? You have done so much."

"Not tired at all. Come out with me a little. I can't go in yet. It is a lovely night."

"Oh, Theo, lovely and full of light! — the trees, and the bushes, and every blade of grass sheltering something that is living; and yet death, death reigning in the midst."

She leaned her head upon his arm and cried a little, but he did not make any response. It was true, no doubt, but other thoughts were in his mind.

"She will have great trouble with that child, when he grows up," he said, as if he had been carrying on some previous argument. "It is ridiculous to have him always hanging about her, as if he could understand."

Mrs. Warrender started, and the movement made his arm which she held tremble, but he did not think what this

meant. He thought she was tired, and this recalled his thoughts momentarily to her. "Poor mother!" he said; "you sat up for me, not thinking of your own fatigue and trouble, and you are overtired. Am I a trouble to you, *too*?" His mind was still occupied with the other train of thinking, even when he turned to subjects more his own.

"Do you know," she said, not caring to reply, "it is the middle of the night?"

"Yes, and you should be in bed. But I could n't sleep. I have never had anything of the kind to do before, and it takes all desire to rest out of one. It will soon be daylight. I think I shall take my bath, and then get to work."

"Oh, no, Theo. You would not work, — you would think; and there are some circumstances in which thinking is not desirable. Come out into the moonlight. We will take ten minutes, and then, my dear boy, good-night."

"Good-morning, you mean, mother, and everything new, — a new life. It has never been as it will be to-morrow. Have you thought of that?" She gave a sudden pressure to his arm, and he perceived his folly. "That I should speak so to you, to whom the greatest change of all has come!"

"Yes," she said, with a little tremor. "It is to me that it will make the most difference. And that poor young creature, so much younger than I, who might be my child!"

"Do you think, when she gets over all this, that it will be much to her? People say" —

"That is a strange question to ask," she said, with agitation, — "a very strange question to ask. When we get over all this, — that is, the shock, and the change, and the awe of the going away, — what will it be then, to all of us? We shall just settle down once more into our ordinary life, as if nothing had happened. That is what will come of it. That is what always comes of it.

There is nothing but the common routine, which goes on and on forever."

She was excited, and shed tears, at which he wondered a little, yet was compassionate of, remembering that she was a woman and worn out. He put his hand upon hers, which lay on his arm. "Poor mother!" he murmured, caressing her hand with his, and feeling all manner of tender cares for her awake in him. Then he added softly, returning in spite of himself to other thoughts, "The force of habit and of the common routine, as you say, cannot be so strong when one is young."

"No," she said; and then, after a pause, "If it is poor Lady Markland you are thinking of, she has her child."

This gave him a certain shock, in the softening of his heart. "The child is the thing I don't like!" he exclaimed, almost sharply. Then he added, "I think the dawn must be near; I feel very chilly. Mother, come in; as you say, it is the best thing not to think, but to go to bed."

VII.

The morning rose, as they had said to each other, upon a new life.

How strange it is to realize, after the first blow has fallen, that this changed life is still the same! When it brings with it external changes, family convulsions, the alteration of external circumstances, although these secondary things increase the calamity, they give it also a certain natural atmosphere; they are in painful harmony with it. But when the shock, the dreadful business of the moment, is all over, when the funeral has gone away from the doors and the dead has been buried, and everything goes on as before, this commonplace renewal is, perhaps, the most terrible of all to the visionary soul. Minnie and Chatty got out their work — the colored work, which they had thought out of place during the first

week. They went in the afternoon for a walk, and gathered fresh flowers, as they returned, for the vases in the drawing-room. When evening came they asked Theo if he would not read to them. It was not a novel they were reading; it was a biography, of a semi-religious character, in which there were a great many edifying letters. They would not, of course, have thought of reading a novel at such a time. Warrender had been wandering about all day, restless, not knowing what to do with himself. He was not given to games of any kind, but he thought to-day that he would have felt something of the sort a relief, though he knew it would have shocked the household. In the afternoon, on a chance suggestion of his mother's, he saw that it was a sort of duty to walk over to Markland and ask how Lady Markland was. Twelve miles — six there and six back again — is a long walk for a student. He sent up his name, and asked whether he could be of any use, but he did not receive encouragement. Lady Markland sent her thanks, and was quite well ("she says," the old butler explained, with a shake of the head, so that no one might believe he agreed in anything so unbecoming). The Honorable John had been telegraphed for, her husband's uncle, and everything was being done; so that there was no need to trouble Mr. Warrender. He went back, scarcely solaced by his walk. He wanted to be doing something. Not Plato; in the circumstances Plato did not answer at all. When he opened his book his thoughts escaped from him, and went off with a bound to matters entirely different. How was it possible that he could give that undivided attention which divine philosophy requires, the day after his father's funeral, the first day of his independent life, the day after — That extraordinary postscript to the agitations of yesterday told, perhaps, most of all. When the girls asked him to read to them, opening the book

at the page where they had left off, and preparing to tell him all that had gone before, so that he might understand the story ("although there is very little story," Minnie said, with satisfaction; "chiefly thoughts upon serious subjects"), he jumped up from his chair in almost fierce rebellion against that sway of the ordinary of which his mother had spoken. "You were right," he said to her; "the common routine is the thing that outlasts everything. I never thought of it before, but it is true."

Mrs. Warrender, though she had herself been quivering with the long-concentrated impatience for which it seemed even now there could be no outlet, was troubled by her son's outburst, and, afraid of what it might come to, felt herself moved to take the other side. "It is very true," she said, faltering a little, "but the common routine is often best for everything, Theo. It is a kind of leading-string, which keeps us going."

The girls looked up at Theo with alarm and wonder, but still they were not shocked at what *he* said. He was a man; he had come to the Warren from those wild excitements of Oxford life, of which they had heard with awe; they gazed at him, trying to understand him.

"I have always heard," said Minnie, "that reading aloud was the most tranquilizing thing people could do. If we had each a book it would be unsociable; but when a book is read aloud, then we are all thinking about the same thing, and it draws us together;" which was really the most sensible judgment that could have been delivered, had the two fantastic ones been in the mood to understand what was said.

Chatty did not say anything, but after she had threaded her needle looked up with great attention to see how the fate of the evening was to be decided. It was a great pleasure when some one would read aloud, especially Theo, who thus became one of them, in a way which was not at all usual; but perhaps she

was less earnest about it this evening than on ordinary occasions, for the biographical book was a little dull, and the letters on serious subjects were dreadfully serious. No doubt, just after papa's death, this was appropriate; but still it is well known there are stories which are also serious, and could not do any one harm, even at the gravest moments.

"There are times when leading-strings are insupportable," Theo said; "at any time I don't know that I put much faith in them. We have much to arrange and settle, mother, if you feel able for it."

"Mamma can't feel able yet," returned Minnie. "Oh, why should we make any change? We are so happy as we are."

"I am quite able," said Mrs. Warrender. She had been schooling herself to the endurance which still seemed to be expected of her, but the moment an outlet seemed possible the light kindled in her eye. "I think with Theo that it is far better to decide whatever has to be done at once." Then she cried out suddenly, carried away by the unexpected, un hoped-for opportunity, "Oh, children, we must get away from here! I cannot bear it any longer. As though all our own trouble and sorrow were not enough, this other — this other tragedy!" She put up her hands to her eyes, as though to shut out the sight that pressed upon them. "I cannot get it out of my mind. I suppose my nerves and everything are wrong; all night long it seemed to be before me, — the blood on his forehead, the ghastly white face, the laboring breath. Oh, not like your father, who was good and old and peaceful, — who was just taken away gently, led away, — but so young and so unprepared! Oh, so unprepared! What could God do with him, cut off in the midst of" —

Minnie got up hastily, with her smelling-salts, which always lay on the table. "Go and get her a glass of water, Theo," she said authoritatively.

Mrs. Warrender laughed. It was a little nervous, but it was a laugh. It seemed to peal through the house, which still was a house of mourning, and filled the girls with a horror beyond words. She put out her hands to put their ministrations away. "I do not want water," she said, "nor salts either. I am not going into hysterics. Sit down and listen to me. I cannot remain here. It is your birthplace, but not mine. I am dying for fresh air and the sight of the sun. If you are shocked, I cannot help it. Theo, when you go back to Oxford I will go to — I don't know where; to some place where there is more air; but here I cannot stay."

This statement was as a thunderbolt falling in the midst of them, and the poor woman perceived this on speaking. Her son's impatience had been the spark which set the smouldering fire in her alight, but even he was astounded by the quick and sudden blaze which lit up the dull wonder in his sisters' faces. And then he no longer thought of going to Oxford. He wanted to remain to see if he could do anything, — perhaps to be of use. A husband's uncle does not commend himself to one's mind as a very devoted or useful ministrant. He would go away, of course, and then a man who was nearer, who was a neighbor, who had already been so mixed up with the tragedy, — this was what he had been thinking of; not of Oxford, or his work.

"It is not worth while going back to Oxford," he said; "the term is nearly over. You know I was there only for convenience, to read. One can read anywhere, at home as well as — I shall not go back at present." He was not accustomed yet to so abrupt a declaration of his sentiments, and for the moment he avoided his mother's eye.

Minnie went back to her seat, and put down the bottle of salts on the table with an indignant jar. "I am so glad that you feel so, Theo, *too*."

Mrs. Warrender looked round upon her children with despairing eyes. They were all *his* children, — all Warrenders born; knowing as little about her and her ways of thinking as if she had been a stranger to them. She was indeed a stranger to them in the intimate sense. The exasperation that had been in her mind for years could be repressed no longer. "If it is so," she said, "I don't wish to interfere with your plans, Theo; but I will go for — for a little change. I must have it. I am worn out."

"Oh, mamma, you will not surely go by yourself, without us!" cried Chatty. She had perhaps, being the youngest, a faint stir of a feeling in her mind that a little change might be pleasant enough. But she took her mother at her word with this mild protest, which made Mrs. Warrender's impatient cry into a statement of fixed resolution: and the others said nothing. Warrender was silent, because he was absorbed in the new thoughts that filled his mind; Minnie, because, like Chatty, she felt quite apart from any such extraordinary wishes, having nothing to do with it, and she had nothing to say.

"It will be very strange, certainly, for me to be alone, — very strange," Mrs. Warrender said, with a quiver in her voice. "It is so long since I have done anything by myself; not since before you were all born. But if it must be," she added, "I must just take courage as well as I can, and — go by myself, as you say."

Once more there was no response. The girls did not know what to say. Duty, they thought, meant staying at home and doing their crewel-work; they were not capable of any other identification of it all at once. It was very strange, but if mamma thought so, what could they do? She got up with nervous haste, feeling now, since she had once broken bounds, as though the flood of long-restrained feeling was beyond her

control altogether. The natural thing would have been to rush upstairs and pack her things, and go off to the railway at once. That, perhaps, might not be practicable; but neither was it practicable to sit quietly amid the silence and surprise, and see her wild, sudden resolution accepted dully, as if a woman could contemplate such a severance calmly. And yet it was true that she must get fresh air or die. Life so long intolerable could be borne no longer.

"I think in the mean time," she said, with a forced smile, "I shall go upstairs."

"You were up very late last night," returned Theo, though rather by way of giving a sort of sanction to her abrupt withdrawal than for any other reason, as he rose to open the door.

"Yes, it was very late. I think I am out of sorts altogether. And if I am to make my plans without any reference to the rest of the family" —

"Oh, that is absurd," he said. "Of course the girls must go with you, if you are really going. But you must not be in a hurry, mother. There is plenty of time; there is no hurry." He was thinking of the time that must elapse before the doors of Markland would be open even to her who had received Lord Markland into her house. Till then he did not want her to go away. When she had left the room he turned upon his sisters and slew them.

"What do you mean, you two? I wonder if you have got hearts of stone, to hear the poor mother talk of going away for a little change, and to sit there like wooden images, and never open your mouths!"

The girls opened their mouths wide at this unexpected reproach. "What could we say? Mamma tells us all in a moment she wants to go away from home! We have always been taught that a girl's place is at home."

"What do you call home?" he asked.

It was a brutal speech, he was aware.

Brothers and sisters are permitted to be brutal to each other without much harm done. Minnie had begun calmly, with the usual, "Oh, Theo!" before the meaning of the question struck her. She stopped suddenly, looked up at him, with eyes and lips open, with an astonished stare of inquiry. Then, dull though she was, growing red, repeated in a startled, awakened, interrogative tone, "Oh, Theo?" with a little gasp as for breath.

"I don't mean to be disagreeable," he said. "I never should have been, had not you begun. The mother has tried to make you understand half a dozen times, but I suppose you did not want to understand. Don't you know everything is changed since — since I was last at the Warren? Your home is with my mother now, wherever she chooses to settle down."

It must be said for Warrender that he meant no harm whatever by this. He meant, perhaps, to punish them a little for their heartlessness. He meant them to see that their position was changed, — that they were not as of old, in assured possession; and he reckoned upon that slowness of apprehension which probably would altogether preserve them from any painful consciousness. But it is astonishing how the mind and the senses are quickened when it is ourselves who are in question. Minnie was the leader of the two. She was the first to understand; and then it communicated itself partly by magnetism to Chatty, who woke up much more slowly, having caught as it were only an echo of what her brother said.

"You mean — that this is not our home any more," said Minnie. Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and her face was flushed with the shock. She had seldom looked so well, so thoroughly awakened and mistress of her faculties. When she was roused she had more in her than was apparent on the surface. "I did not think you would be the one

to tell us that. Of course we know that it is quite true. Chatty and I are older than you are, but we are only daughters, and you are the boy. You have the power to turn us out, — we all know that."

"Minnie!" cried Chatty, struck with terror, putting out a hand to stop these terrible words, — words such as had never been said in her hearing before.

"But we did not think you would have used it," the elder sister said simply, and then was silent. He expected that she would end the scene by rushing from the room in tears and wrath. But what she did was much more embarrassing. She dried her tears hastily, took up her crewel-work, sat still, and said no more. Chatty threw an indignant but yet at the same time an inquiring glance at him. She had not heard or observed the beginning of the fray, and did not feel quite sure what it was all about.

"I am sure Theo would never do anything that was unkind," she remarked mildly; then after a little pause, "Would n't it have been much better to have had the reading? I have noticed that before: when one reads and the others work, there is, as the rector says, a common interest, and we have a nice evening; but when we begin talking instead — well, we think differently and we disagree, and one says more than one means to say, and then — one is sorry afterwards," Chatty said, after another pause.

On the whole, it was the girls who had the best of it in this encounter. It is impossible to say how much Theo was ashamed of himself when, after Chatty's quite unaccustomed address which surprised herself as much as her brother and sister, and after an hour of silence, broken by an occasional observation, the girls put aside their crewel again, and remarked that it was time to go to bed. A sense of opposition and that pride which prevents a man from

being the first to retire from a battle-field, even when the battle is a failure and the main armies have never engaged, had kept him there during the evening, in spite of himself. But when they left him master of the ground, there can be no doubt that he felt much more like a defeated than a triumphant general. This first consequence of the new *régime* was not a beautiful or desirable one. There were thus three parties in the house on the evening of the first day of their changed existence: the mother, who was so anxious to leave the scene of her past existence behind her; the girls, who clung to their home; the brother, the master, who, half to show that he took his mother's side, half out of instinctive assertion of himself, had let them know roundly that their home was theirs no longer. He was not proud of himself at all as he thought of what he had said; but yet when he recalled it he was not perhaps so sorry for having said it as he had been the minute after the words left his lips. It was better, possibly, as the lawyer, as the mother, as everybody, had said, that the true state of affairs should be fully understood from the first. The house was theirs no longer. The old reign and all its traditions had passed away; a new reign had begun. What that new reign might turn to, who might share it, what wonderful developments it might take, who could tell?

His imagination here went away with a leap into realms of sheer romance. He seemed to see the old house transformed, the free air, the sweet sunshine pouring in, the homely rooms made beautiful, the inhabitants — What was he thinking of? Did ever imagination go so fast or so far? He stopped himself, with vague smiles stealing to his lips. All that enchanted ground was so new to him that he had no control over his fancy, but went to the utmost length with a leap of bewildering pleasure and daring almost like a child. Yet mingled with this were various elements which

were not lovely. He was not, so far as had been previously apparent, selfish beyond the natural liking for his own comfort and his own way, which is almost universal. He had never wished to cut himself off from his family, or to please himself at their expense. But something had come into his mind which is nearer than the nearest, — something which, with a new and uncomprehended fire, hardens the heart on one side while melting it on the other, and brings tenderness undreamed of and cruelty impossible to be believed from the same source. He felt the conflict of these powers within him when he was left alone in the badly furnished, badly lighted drawing-room, which seemed to reproach him for the retirement of those well-known figures which had filled it with tranquil dullness for so many years, and never wished it different. With something of the same feeling towards the inanimate things about him which he had expressed to his sisters, he walked up and down the room. It too would have to change, like them, to acknowledge that he was master, to be moulded to new requirements. He felt as if the poor old ugly furniture, the hard curtains that hung like pieces of painted wood, the dingy pictures on the walls, contemplated him with panic and disapproval. They were easier to deal with than the human furniture; but he had been accustomed to them all his life, and it was not without a sense of impiety that the young iconoclast contemplated these grim household gods, harmless victims of that future which as yet was but an audacious dream. He was standing in front of the great chiffonier, with its marble top and plate-glass back, looking with daring derision at its ugliness, when old Joseph came in at his usual hour — the hour at which he had fulfilled the same duty for the last twenty years — to put out the lamps. Warrender could horrify the girls and insult the poor old familiar furniture, but

he was not yet sufficiently advanced to defy Joseph. He turned round, with a blush and quick movement of shame, as if he had been found out, at the appearance of the old man with his candle in his hand, and murmuring something about work hurried off to the library, with a fear that even that refuge might perhaps be closed upon him. Joseph remained master of the situation. He followed Warrender to the door with his eyes, with a slight contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, as at an unaccountable being whose "ways" were scarcely important enough to be taken

into account, and trotted about, putting out one lamp after another, and the twinkling candles on the mantelpiece, and the little lights in the hall and corridor. It was an office Joseph liked. He stood for a moment at the foot of the back stairs looking with complacency upon the darkness, his candle lighting up his little old wry face. But when his eye caught the line of light under the library door, Joseph shook his head. He had put the house to bed without disturbance for so long: he could not abide, he said to himself, this introduction of new ways.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

II.

THE reader will please to observe that I have not yet fairly opened the New Portfolio. It lies quietly upon my table, sober-looking, unpretending, with a narrow edge of gilt around its margin, which seems to say that something may possibly gleam out of it by and by, if my good friend will be patient. But before I open it I want to claim a little indulgence.

There is a subject of profound interest to almost every writer, I might say to almost every human being. No matter what his culture or ignorance, no matter what his pursuit, no matter what his character, the subject I refer to is one of which he rarely ceases to think, and, if opportunity is offered, to talk. On this he is eloquent, if on nothing else. The slow of speech becomes fluent; the torpid listener becomes electric with vivacity, and alive all over with interest.

The sagacious reader knows well what is coming after this prelude. He is accustomed to the phrases with which the

plausible visitor, who has a subscription book in his pocket, prepares his victim for the depressing disclosure of his real errand. He is not unacquainted with the conversational amenities of the cordial and interesting stranger, who, having had the misfortune of leaving his carpet-bag in the cars, or of having his pocket picked at the station, finds himself without the means of reaching that distant home where affluence waits for him with its luxurious welcome, but to whom for the moment the loan of some five and twenty dollars would be a convenience and a favor for which his heart would ache with gratitude during the brief interval between the loan and its repayment. I wish to say a few words in my own person relating to some passages in my own history, and more especially to some of the recent experiences through which I have been passing. In the next number of this magazine the New Portfolio shall positively be opened, but now I am writing on the back of it.

What can justify one in addressing himself to the general public as if it were his private correspondent? There

are at least three sufficient reasons: first, if he has a story to tell that everybody wants to hear,—if he has been shipwrecked, or has been in a battle, or has witnessed any interesting event, and can tell anything new about it; secondly, if he can put in fitting words any common experiences not already well told, so that readers will say, “Why, yes! I have had that sensation, thought, emotion, a hundred times, but I never heard it spoken of before, and I never saw any mention of it in print;” and thirdly, anything one likes, provided he can so tell it as to make it interesting.

I have no story to tell which can of itself claim any general attention. My first pages relate the effect of a certain literary experience upon myself,—a series of partial metempsychoses of which I have been the subject. Next follows a brief tribute to the memory of a very dear and renowned friend from whom I have recently been parted. The rest of this paper will be consecrated to the memory of my birthplace.

I have just finished a Memoir, which will appear soon after this page is written, and will have been the subject of criticism long before this number of *The Atlantic* is in the reader's hands. The experience of thinking another man's thoughts continuously for a long time; of living one's self into another man's life for a month, or a year, or more, is a very curious one. No matter how much superior to the biographer his subject may be, the man who writes the life feels himself, in a certain sense, on the level of the person whose life he is writing. One cannot fight over the battles of Marengo or Austerlitz with Napoleon without feeling as if he himself had a fractional claim to the victory, so real seems the transfer of his personality into that of the conqueror while he reads. Still more must this identification of “subject” and “object” take place when one is writing of a person whose

studies or occupations are not unlike his own.

Here are some of my metempsychoses:—

Ten years ago I wrote in this magazine what I called *A Memorial Outline* of a remarkable student of nature. He was a born observer, and such are far from common. He was also a man of great enthusiasm and unwearying industry. His quick eye detected what others passed by without notice; the Indian relic, where another would see only pebbles and fragments; the rare mollusk, or reptile, which his companion would poke with his cane, and never suspect that there was a prize at the end of it. Getting his single facts together with marvellous sagacity and long-breathed patience, he arranged them, classified them, described them, studied them in their relations, and before those around him were aware of it the collector was an accomplished naturalist. When he died his collections remained, and they still remain, as his record in the hieratic language of science. In writing this memoir the spirit of his quiet pursuits, the even temper they bred in him, gained possession of my own mind, so that I seemed to look at nature through his gold-bowed spectacles, and to move about his beautifully ordered museum as if I had myself prepared and arranged its specimens. I felt wise with his wisdom, fair-minded with his calm impartiality; it seemed as if for the time his placid, observant, inquiring, keen-sighted nature “slid into my soul,” and if I had looked at myself in the glass I should almost have expected to see the image of the Hersey professor whose life and character I was sketching.

A few years later I lived over the life of another friend in writing a Memoir of which he was the subject. I saw him, the beautiful, bright-eyed boy, with dark, waving hair; the youthful scholar,

first at Harvard, then at Göttingen and Berlin, the friend and companion of Bismarck; the young author, making a dash for renown as a novelist, and showing the elements which made his failures the promise of success in a larger field of literary labor; the delving historian, burying his fresh young manhood in the dusty alcoves of silent libraries, to come forth in the face of Europe and America as one of the leading historians of the time; the diplomatist, accomplished, of captivating presence and manners, an ardent American, and in the time of trial an impassioned and eloquent advocate of the cause of freedom; reaching at last the summit of his ambition as minister at the Court of Saint James. All this I seemed to share with him as I tracked his career from his birthplace in Dorchester, and the house in Walnut Street where he passed his boyhood, to the palaces of Vienna and London. And then the cruel blow which struck him from the place he adorned; the great sorrow that darkened his later years; the invasion of illness, a threat that warned of danger, and after a period of invalidism, during a part of which I shared his most intimate daily life, the sudden, hardly unwelcome, final summons. Did not my own consciousness migrate, or seem, at least, to transfer itself into this brilliant life history, as I traced its glowing record? I, too, seemed to feel the delight of carrying with me, as if they were my own, the charms of a presence which made its own welcome everywhere. I shared his heroic toils, I partook of his literary and social triumphs, I was honored by the marks of distinction which gathered about him, I was wronged by the indignity from which he suffered, mourned with him in his sorrow, and thus, after I had been living for months with his memory, I felt as if I should carry a part of his being with me so long as my self-consciousness might remain imprisoned in the ponderable elements.

The years passed away, and the influences derived from the companionships I have spoken of had blended intimately with my own current of being. Then there came to me a new experience in my relations with an eminent member of the medical profession, whom I met habitually for a long period, and to whose memory I consecrated a few pages as a prelude to a work of his own, written under very peculiar circumstances. He was the subject of a slow, torturing, malignant, and almost necessarily fatal disease. Knowing well that the mind would feed upon itself if it were not supplied with food from without, he determined to write a treatise on a subject which had greatly interested him, and which would oblige him to bestow much of his time and thought upon it, if indeed he could hold out to finish the work. During the period while he was engaged in writing it, his wife, who had seemed in perfect health, died suddenly of pneumonia. Physical suffering, mental distress, the prospect of death at a near, if uncertain, time always before him, it was hard to conceive a more terrible strain than that which he had to endure. When, in the hour of his greatest need, his faithful companion, the wife of many years of happy union, whose hand had smoothed his pillow, whose voice had consoled and cheered him, was torn from him after a few days of illness, I felt that my friend's trial was such that the cry of the man of many afflictions and temptations might well have escaped from his lips: "I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder; he hath also taken me by my neck and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground."

I had dreaded meeting him for the first time after this crushing blow. What a lesson he gave me of patience under sufferings which the fearful de-

scription of the Eastern poet does not picture too vividly! We have been taught to admire the calm philosophy of Haller, watching his faltering pulse as he lay dying; we have heard the words of pious resignation said to have been uttered with his last breath by Addison: but here was a trial, not of hours, or days, or weeks, but of months, even years, of cruel pain, and in the midst of its thick darkness the light of love, which had burned steadily at his bedside, suddenly extinguished.

There were times in which the thought would force itself upon my consciousness, How long is the universe to look upon this dreadful experiment of a malarious planet, with its unmeasurable freight of suffering, its poisonous atmosphere, so sweet to breathe, so sure to kill in a few scores of years at farthest, and its heart-breaking woes which make even that brief space of time an eternity? There can be but one answer that will meet this terrible question, which must arise in every thinking nature that would fain "justify the ways of God to men." So must it be until that

"one far-off divine event

To which the whole creation moves"

has become a reality, and the anthem in which there is no discordant note shall be joined by a voice from every life made "perfect through sufferings."

Such was the lesson into which I lived in those sad yet placid years of companionship with my suffering and sorrowing friend, in retracing which I seemed to find another existence mingled with my own.

And now for many months I have been living in daily relations of intimacy with one who seems nearer to me since he has left us than while he was here in living form and feature. I did not know how difficult a task I had undertaken in venturing upon a memoir of a man whom all, or almost all, agree upon as one of the great lights of the

New World, and whom very many regard as an unpredicted Messiah. Never before was I so forcibly reminded of Carlyle's description of the work of a newspaper editor,—that threshing of straw already thrice beaten by the flails of other laborers in the same field. What could be said that had not been said of "transcendentalism" and of him who was regarded as its prophet; of the poet whom some admired without understanding, a few understood without admiring, and many both understood and admired,—among these there being not a small number who went far beyond admiration, and lost themselves in devout worship? While one exalted him as "the greatest man that ever lived," another, a friend, famous in the world of letters, wrote expressly to caution me against the danger of overrating a writer whom he is content to recognize as an American Montaigne, and nothing more.

After finishing this Memoir, which has but just left my hands, I would gladly have let my brain rest for a while. The wide range of thought which belonged to the subject of the Memoir, the occasional mysticism and the frequent tendency toward it, the sweep of imagination and the sparkle of wit which kept his reader's mind on the stretch, the union of prevailing good sense with exceptional extravagances, the modest audacity of a nature that showed itself in its naked truthfulness and was not ashamed, the feeling that I was in the company of a sibylline intelligence which was discounting the promises of the remote future long before they were due,—all this made the task a grave one. But when I found myself amidst the vortices of uncounted, various, bewildering judgments, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, scholarly from under the tree of knowledge and sensible from over the potato-hill; the passionate enthusiasm of young adorers and the cool, if not cynical, estimate of hardened critics, all intersecting each other as they

whirled, each around its own centre, I felt that it was indeed very difficult to keep the faculties clear and the judgment unbiased.

It is a great privilege to have lived so long in the society of such a man. "He nothing common" said, "or mean." He was always the same pure and high-souled companion. After being with him virtue seemed as natural to man as its opposite did according to the old theologies. But how to let one's self down from the high level of such a character to one's own poor standard? I trust that the influence of this long intellectual and spiritual companionship never absolutely leaves one who has lived in it. It may come to him in the form of self-reproach that he falls so far short of the superior being who has been so long the object of his contemplation. But it also carries him at times into the other's personality, so that he finds himself thinking thoughts that are not his own, using phrases which he has unconsciously borrowed, writing, it may be, as nearly like his long-studied original as Julio Romano's painting was like Raphael's; and all this with the unquestioning conviction that he is talking from his own consciousness in his own natural way. So far as tones and expressions and habits which belonged to the idiosyncrasy of the original are borrowed by the student of his life, it is a misfortune for the borrower. But to share the inmost consciousness of a noble thinker, to scan one's self in the white light of a pure and radiant soul,—this is indeed the highest form of teaching and discipline.

I have written these few memoirs, and I am grateful for all that they have taught me. But let me write no more. There are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life. One is the person himself or herself; the other is the Recording Angel. The autobiographer cannot be trusted to tell

the whole truth, though he may tell nothing but the truth, and the Recording Angel never lets his book go out of his own hands. As for myself, I would say to my friends, in the Oriental phrase, "Live forever!" Yes, live forever, and I, at least, shall not have to wrong your memories by my imperfect record and unsatisfying commentary.

In connection with these biographies, or memoirs, more properly, in which I have written of my departed friends, I hope my readers will indulge me in another personal reminiscence. I have just lost my dear and honored contemporary of the last century. A hundred years ago this day, December 13, 1784, died the admirable and ever to be remembered Dr. Samuel Johnson. The year 1709 was made ponderous and illustrious in English biography by his birth. My own humble advent to the world of protoplasm was in the year 1809 of the present century. Summer was just ending when those four letters, "son b." were written under the date of my birth, August 29th. Autumn had just begun when my great pre-contemporary entered this un-Christian universe and was made a member of the Christian church on the same day, for he was born and baptized on the 18th of September.

Thus there was established a close bond of relationship between the great English scholar and writer and myself. Year by year, and almost month by month, my life has kept pace in this century with his life in the last century. I had only to open my Boswell at any time, and I knew just what Johnson at my age, twenty or fifty or seventy, was thinking and doing; what were his feelings about life; what changes the years had wrought in his body, his mind, his feelings, his companionships, his reputation. It was for me a kind of unison between two instruments, both playing that old familiar air, "Life,"—one a bassoon, if you will, and the other an

oaten pipe, if you care to find an image for it, but still keeping pace with each other until the players both grew old and gray. At last the thinner thread of sound is heard by itself, and its deep accompaniment rolls out its thunder no more.

I feel lonely now that my great companion and friend of so many years has left me. I felt more intimately acquainted with him than I do with many of my living friends. I can hardly remember when I did not know him. I can see him in his great bushy wig, exactly like that of the Reverend Dr. Samuel Cooper (who died in December, 1783) as Copley painted him, — he hangs there on my wall, over the revolving book-case. His ample coat, too, with its broad flaps and many buttons and generous cuffs, and beneath it the long, still more copiously buttoned waistcoat, arching in front of the fine crescentic, almost semi-lunar Falstaffian prominence, involving no less than a dozen of the above-mentioned buttons, and the strong legs with their sturdy calves, fitting columns of support to the massive body and solid, capacious brain enthroned over it. I can hear him with his heavy tread as he comes in to the Club, and a gap is widened to make room for his portly figure. "A fine day," says Sir Joshua. "Sir," he answers, "it seems propitious, but the atmosphere is humid and the skies are nebulous," at which the great painter smiles, shifts his trumpet, and takes a pinch of snuff.

Dear old massive, deep-voiced dogmatist and hypochondriac of the eighteenth century, how one would like to sit at some ghostly Club, between you and the bony, "mighty-mouthed," harsh-toned termagant and dyspeptic of the nineteenth! The growl of the English mastiff and the snarl of the Scotch terrier would make a duet which would enliven the shores of Lethe. I wish I could find our "spiritualist's" paper in the *Portfolio*, in which the two are brought to-

gether, but I hardly know what I shall find when it is opened.

Yes, my life is a little less precious to me since I have lost that dear old friend; and when the funeral train moves to Westminster Abbey next Saturday, — for I feel as if this were 1784, and not 1884, — I seem to find myself following the hearse, one of the silent mourners.

Among the events which have rendered the past year memorable to me has been the demolition of that venerable and interesting old dwelling-house, precious for its intimate association with the earliest stages of the war of the Revolution, and sacred to me as my birthplace and the home of my boyhood.

The "Old Gambrel-roofed House" exists no longer. I remember saying something, in one of a series of papers published long ago in this magazine, about the experience of dying out of a house, — of leaving it forever, as the soul dies out of the body. We may die out of many houses, but the house itself can die but once; and so real is the life of a house, so real to one who has dwelt in it, more especially the life of the house which held him in dreamy infancy, in restless boyhood, in passionate youth, — so real, I say, is its life that it seems as if something like a soul of it must outlast its perishing frame.

The slaughter of the Old Gambrel-roofed House was, I am ready to admit, a case of justifiable homicide. Not the less was it to be deplored by all who love the memories of the past. With its destruction are obliterated some of the footprints of the heroes and martyrs who took the first steps in the long and bloody march which led us through the wilderness to the promised land of independent nationality. Personally, I have a right to mourn for it as a part of my life gone from me. My private grief for its loss would be a matter for my solitary digestion, were it not that

the experience through which I have just passed is one so familiar to my fellow-countrymen that, in telling my own reflections and feelings, I am repeating those of great numbers of men and women who have had the misfortune to outlive their birthplace.

It is a great blessing to be born surrounded by a natural horizon. The Old Gambrel-roofed House could not boast an unbroken ring of natural objects encircling it. Northerly it looked upon its own outbuildings and some unpretending two-story houses which had been its neighbors for a century and more. To the south of it the square brick dormitories and the belfried hall of the university helped to shut out the distant view. But the west windows gave a broad outlook across the common, beyond which the historical "Washington elm" and two companions in line with it spread their leaves in summer and their networks in winter. And far away rose the hills that bounded the view, with the glimmer here and there of the white walls or the illuminated casements of some embowered, half-hidden villa. Eastwardly also, the prospect was, in my earlier remembrance, widely open, and I have frequently seen the sunlit sails gliding along as if through the level fields, for no water was visible. So there were broad expanses on two sides at least, for my imagination to wander over.

I cannot help thinking that we carry our childhood's horizon with us all our days. Among these western wooded hills my day-dreams built their fairy palaces, and even now, as I look at them from my library window, across the estuary of the Charles, I find myself in the familiar home of my early visions. The "clouds of glory" which we trail with us in after life need not be traced to a pre-natal state. There is enough to account for them in that unconsciously remembered period of existence before we have learned the hard limitations of

real life. Those earliest months in which we lived in sensations without words, and ideas not fettered in sentences, have all the freshness of proofs of an engraving "before the letter." I am very thankful that the first part of my life was not passed shut in between high walls and treading the unimpressible and unsympathetic pavement.

Our university town was very much like the real country, in those days of which I am thinking. There were plenty of huckleberries and blueberries within half a mile of the house. Blackberries ripened in the fields, acorns and shagbarks dropped from the trees, squirrels ran among the branches, and not rarely the hen-hawk might be seen circling over the barnyard. Still another rural element was not wanting, in the form of that far-diffused, infragrant effluvium, which, diluted by a good half mile of pure atmosphere, is no longer odious, nay is positively agreeable, to many who have long known it, though its source and centre has an unenviable reputation. I need not name the animal whose Parthian warfare terrifies and puts to flight the mightiest hunter that ever roused the tiger from his jungle or faced the lion of the desert. Strange as it may seem, an aerial hint of his personality in the far distance always awakens in my mind pleasant remembrances and tender reflections. A whole neighborhood rises up before me: the barn, with its haymow, where the hens laid their eggs to hatch, and we boys hid our apples to ripen, both occasionally illustrating the *sic vos non vobis*; the shed, where the annual Tragedy of the Pig was acted with a realism that made Salvini's Othello seem but a pale counterfeit; the rickety old outhouse, with the "corn-chamber" which the mice knew so well; the paved yard, with its open gutter, — these and how much else come up at the hint of my far-off friend, who is my very near enemy. Nothing is more familiar than the power of smell in reviv-

ing old memories. There was that quite different fragrance of the wood-house, the smell of fresh sawdust. It comes back to me now, and with it the hiss of the saw; the tumble of the divorced logs which God put together and man has just put asunder; the coming down of the axe and the hah! that helped it, — the straight-grained stick opening at the first appeal of the implement as if it were a pleasure, and the stick with a knot in the middle of it that mocked the blows and the hahs! until the beetle and wedge made it listen to reason, — there are just such straight-grained and just such knotty men and women. All this passes through my mind while Biddy, whose parlor-name is Angela, contents herself with exclaiming “ēgh! * ***** * *****!”

How different distances were in those young days of which I am thinking! From the old house to the old yellow meeting-house, where the head of the family preached and the limbs of the family listened, was not much more than two or three times the width of Commonwealth Avenue. But of a hot summer's afternoon, after having already heard one sermon, which could not in the nature of things have the charm of novelty of presentation to the members of the home circle, and the theology of which was not too clear to tender apprehensions; with three hymns more or less lugubrious, rendered by a village-choir, got into voice by many preliminary snuffles and other expiratory efforts, and accompanied by the snort of a huge bass-viol which wallowed through the tune like a hippopotamus, with other exercises of the customary character, — after all this in the forenoon, the afternoon walk to the meeting-house in the hot sun counted for as much, in my childish lead-reckoning, as from old Israel Porter's in Cambridge to the Exchange Coffee-house in Boston did in after years. It takes a good while to measure the radius of the circle that is about us, for

the moon seems at first as near as the watch-face. Who knows but that, after a certain number of ages, the planet we live on may seem to us no bigger than our neighbor Venus appeared when she passed before the sun a few months ago, looking as if we could take her between our thumb and finger, like a bullet or a marble? And time, too; how long was it from the serious sunrise to the joyous “sun-down” of an old-fashioned, puritanical, judaical first day of the week, which a pious fraud christened “the Sabbath”? Was it a fortnight, as we now reckon duration, or only a week? [Curious entities, or non-entities, space and time? When you see a metaphysician trying to wash his hands of them and get rid of these accidents, so as to lay his dry, clean palm on *the absolute*, does it not remind you of the hopeless task of changing the color of the blackamoor by a similar proceeding? For space is the fluid in which he is washing, and time is the soap which he is using up in the process, and he cannot get free from them until he can wash himself in a mental vacuum.]

In my reference to the old house in a former paper, published years ago, I said, —

“By and by the stony foot of the great University will plant itself on this whole territory, and the private recollections which clung so tenaciously to the place and its habitations will have died with those who cherished them.”

What strides the great University has taken since those words were written! During all my early years our old Harvard Alma Mater sat still and lifeless as the colossi in the Egyptian desert. Then all at once, like the commander's statue in Don Giovanni, she moved from her pedestal. The fall of that “stony foot” has effected a miracle like the harp that Orpheus played, like the teeth which Cadmus sowed. The plain where the moose and the bear were wandering while Shakespeare was writing Hamlet, where

a few plain dormitories and other needed buildings were scattered about in my school-boy days, groans under the weight of the massive edifices which have sprung up all around them, crowned by the tower of that noble structure which stands in full view before me as I lift my eyes from the portfolio on the back of which I am now writing.

For I must be permitted to remind you that I have not yet opened it. I have told you that I have just finished a long memoir, and that it has cost me no little labor to overcome some of its difficulties, — if I have overcome them, which others must decide. And I feel exactly as honest Dobbin feels when his harness is slipped off after a long journey with a good deal of up-hill work. He wants to rest a little, then to feed a little; then, if you will turn him loose in the pasture, he wants to *roll*. I have left my starry and ethereal companionship, — not for a long time, I hope, for it has lifted me above my common self, but for a while. And now I want, so to speak, to roll in the grass and among the dandelions with the other pachyderms. So I have kept to the outside of the portfolio as yet, and am disporting myself in reminiscences, and fancies, and vagaries, and parentheses.

How well I understand the feeling which led the Pisans to load their vessels with earth from the Holy Land, and fill the area of the Campo Santo with that sacred soil! The old house stood upon about as perverse a little patch of the planet as ever harbored a half-starved earth-worm. It was as sandy as Sahara and as thirsty as Tantalus. The rustic aid-de-camps of the household used to aver that all fertilizing matters “leached” through it. I tried to disprove their assertion by gorging it with the best of terrestrial nourishment, until I became convinced that I was feeding the tea-plants of China, and then I gave over the attempt. And yet I did love, and do love, that arid patch of ground. I

wonder if a single flower could not be made to grow in a pot of earth from that Campo Santo of my childhood! One noble product of nature did not refuse to flourish there, — the tall, stately, beautiful, soft-haired, many-jointed, generous maize or Indian corn, which thrives on sand and defies the blaze of our shrivelling summer. What child but loves to wander in its forest-like depths, amidst the rustling leaves and with the lofty tassels tossing their heads high up above him! There are two aspects of the corn-field which always impress my imagination: the first when it has reached its full growth, and its ordered ranks look like an army on the march with its plumed and bannered battalions; the second when, after the battle of the harvest, the girdled stacks stand on the field of slaughter like so many ragged Niobes, — say rather like the crazy widows of the dead soldiery.

Once more let us come back to the old house. It was far along in its second century when the edict went forth that it must stand no longer.

The natural death of a house is very much like that of one of its human tenants. The roof is the first part to show the distinct signs of age. Slates and tiles loosen and at last slide off, and leave bald the boards that supported them; shingles darken and decay, and soon the garret or the attic lets in the rain and the snow; by and by the beams sag, the floors warp, the walls crack, the paper peels away, the ceilings scale off and fall, the windows are crusted with clinging dust, the doors drop from their rusted hinges, the winds come in without knocking and howl their cruel death-songs through the empty rooms and passages, and at last there comes a crash, a great cloud of dust rises, and the home that had been the shelter of generation after generation finds its grave in its own cellar. Only the chimney remains as its monument. Slowly, little by little, the patient

solvents that find nothing too hard for their chemistry pick out the mortar from between the bricks; at last a mighty wind roars around it and rushes against it, and the monumental relic crashes down among the wrecks it has long survived. So dies a human habitation left to natural decay, all that was seen above the surface of the soil sinking gradually below it,

Till naught remains the saddening tale to tell
Save home's last wrecks, the cellar and the well.

But if this sight is saddening, what is it to see a human dwelling fall by the hand of violence! The ripping off of the shelter that has kept out a thousand storms, the tearing off of the once ornamental woodwork, the wrench of the inexorable crowbar, the murderous blows of the axe, the progressive ruin, which ends by rending all the joints asunder and flinging the tenoned and mortised timbers into heaps that will be sawed and split to warm some new habitation as firewood, — what a brutal act of destruction it seems!

Why should I go over the old house again, having already described it more than ten years ago? Alas! how many remember anything they read in a magazine so long ago as that? How many would find it out if one should say over in the same words that which he said in the last decade? But there is really no need of telling the story a second time, for it can be found by those who are curious enough to look it up in an old number of this magazine, or in a volume of which it occupies the opening chapter.

In order, however, to save any inquisitive reader that trouble, let me remind him that the old house was General Ward's headquarters at the breaking out of the Revolution; that the plan for fortifying Bunker's Hill was laid, as commonly believed, in the southeast lower room, the floor of which was covered with dents, made, it was alleged, by the butts of the soldiers' muskets. In that house, too, General Warren proba-

bly passed the night before the Bunker Hill battle, and over its threshold must the stately figure of Washington have often cast its shadow.

But the house in which one drew his first breath, and where he one day came into the consciousness that he was a personality, an *ego*, a little universe with a sky over him all his own, with a persistent identity, with the terrible responsibility of a separate, independent, inalienable existence, — that house does not ask for any historical associations to make it the centre of the earth for him.

If there is any person in the world to be envied, it is the one who is born to an ancient estate, with a long line of family traditions and the means in his hands of shaping his mansion and his domain to his own taste, without losing sight of all the characteristic features which surrounded his earliest years. The American is, for the most part, a nomad, who pulls down his house as the Tartar pulls up his tent-poles. If I had an ideal life to plan for him it would be something like this: —

His grandfather should be a wise, scholarly, large-brained, large-hearted country minister, from whom he should inherit the temperament that predisposes to cheerfulness and enjoyment, with the finer instincts which direct life to noble aims and make it rich with the gratification of pure and elevated tastes and the carrying out of plans for the good of his neighbors and his fellow-creatures. He should, if possible, have been born, at any rate have passed some of his early years, or a large part of them, under the roof of the good old minister. His father should be, we will say, a business man in one of our great cities, — a generous manipulator of millions, some of which have adhered to his private fortunes, in spite of his liberal use of his means. His heir, our ideally placed American, shall take possession of the old house, the home of his earliest mem-

ories, and preserve it sacredly, not exactly like the Santa Casa, but, as nearly as may be, just as he remembers it. He can add as many acres as he will to the narrow house-lot. He can build a grand mansion for himself, if he chooses, in the not distant neighborhood. But the old house, and all immediately round it, shall be as he recollects it when he had to stretch his little arm up to reach the door-handles. Then, having well provided for his own household, himself included, let him become the providence of the village or the town where he finds himself during at least a portion of every year. Its schools, its library, its poor, — and perhaps the new clergyman who has succeeded his grandfather's successor may be one of them, — all its interests, he shall make his own. And from this centre his beneficence shall radiate so far that all who hear of

his wealth shall also hear of him as a friend to his race.

Is not this a pleasing programme? Wealth is a steep hill, which the father climbs slowly and the son often tumbles down precipitately; but there is a table-land continuous with it, which may be found by those who do not lose their head in looking down from its sharply cloven summit. Our dangerously rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening, but if the gold-pointed lightning-rods are rightly distributed the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly. For it cannot be repeated too often that the safety of great wealth with us lies in obedience to the new version of the old world axiom, *RICHESSSE oblige*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

STRANGE.

HE died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him: sudden fame
These suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, You'd seek his like in vain, —
Gentle, and strong, and good: none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended, was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues; lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Thanked God they were not such as he;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread;
And made him, living, wish him dead.

E. R. Sill.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.¹

CIVILIZATION brings changes. In barbarous regions, when a man is thought to have outlived his usefulness, a son or a friend takes him to some secluded spot, and knocks him on the head. We have outgrown barbarism, and now the relatives await the natural demise, and then perform the *post mortem*. Either process interests the public and attracts an audience; but owing to the discovery of the art of printing, the modern method reaches more people. There is also the difference that, whereas the savage victim — so some writers assure us — took the process as a matter of course, and never objected, the civilized sufferer sometimes invites the autopsy and sometimes demurs. Carlyle insisted upon it, according to Mr. Froude; Hawthorne objected to it, as we know. Had he written poetry, he might possibly have entered as distinct a protest as Tennyson: —

“For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music, as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begin the scandal and the cry:

“Proclaim the faults he would not show;
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred; ’t is but just
The many-headed beast should know.”

“He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave;
My Shakespeare’s curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest.”

Shakespeare’s curse proved sufficient, because he left no sons. Tennyson’s time has not yet come, and may it be long postponed; he has not yet gone down into his grave, but only into the House of Lords. But let him beware, — he too has sons; and after Hawthorne, who is safe?

The previous memoir by Mr. Lathrop,

the son-in-law, was guarded, delicate, and therefore unsatisfactory. When is the public ever satisfied, so long as there is a “lock and seal” unbroken? So far as it lies in Mr. Julian Hawthorne, — and it lies in him pretty thoroughly, — the ultimate facts are now given without compunction; and as if to show that he loves his father as himself, he offers a liberal share of his own autobiography besides. Often the result is interesting, since the fatherly side of a great writer is always attractive. But after all, it is the writer, and not the father, who stands first in the public mind, and we could have done without many minutiae as to the little Julian’s feats of swimming and his torn garments for some added knowledge as to the genesis of the most remarkable fictitious writings of modern times. In the case of Hawthorne we especially need that knowledge “as to his chief works, their motives and origins,” which the publishers rashly promised in their advertisement, but which Mr. Julian Hawthorne has almost completely withheld. The interest of these pages lies almost wholly in their private aspects; they leave Hawthorne the author almost as much a sealed book to us as before.

For it is to be observed that in attempting to apply to this book the ordinary standards of biographical work we are met and defied at the outset. The corner-stone of a memoir would naturally seem to be the birthday of the person described, but we turn over nearly a hundred pages to discover when Hawthorne was born, and find it at last incidentally mentioned in somebody’s letter on the ninety-eighth page. The biography of an author should properly end with a bibliography, but we look for one vainly at the end of this work, and find only a fragmentary list at the middle

¹ *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife.* A Biography. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

of the first volume (i. 175); and this relates only to the earlier works, and entirely omits Hawthorne's very interesting contributions to the once-famous Peter Parley books. As we read the book, we come upon singular instances of unfamiliarity with very common things, as when (i. 10) the author apparently assumes that the speaker of a legislative body is so called because he makes speeches, and says of an ancestor who for more than twenty years presided over the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "Some echoes of his eloquence have come down to posterity; and it must have been of a sturdy and trenchant sort to hold the ears of Puritan law-givers so long" (i. 10). There are repeated inaccuracies in names and other words: thus we have "Hodgson" for "Hodgdon" (i. 152); "Camberling" for "Cambreling" (i. 153, 155); "Healy" for "Haley" (i. 235); "Morton" for "Norton" (ii. 24, 27, 444); "Soldanha" for "Saldanha" (ii. 87); "*sandades*" for "*saudades*" (ii. 101). In another place he spoils the celebrated joke, "*Ne laissez pas le feu sortir,*" by substituting *faire* for *feu* (ii. 145). In some cases the fault may be simply in the proof-reading, but the author himself makes it a serious charge against the Saturday Review that it changed Hawthorne's "Miriam" to "Miriani" (ii. 251), which can hardly have been anything but a typographical error. In many places we have inelegancies of expression that make us view with regret the fact mentioned by the editor with a sort of satisfaction, that he himself was always near the foot of his class at Harvard College (ii. 330). Thus we have "children to be born and raised" (i. 245); "*what De Quincey thought of Hawthorne's writings, or whether he ever read them, we have no record*" (ii. 9); "never has the present writer consumed *so much* food, . . . or of better quality *than,*" etc. (ii. 18); "taking with *her her* two daughters" (ii. 68); "young girls

and *fellows*" (ii. 321), and the like. Sometimes he omits very essential parts of the information he undertakes to give, as when, for instance, describing the Peabody bookstore in Boston (i. 262), he omits the essential point that it was chiefly a foreign bookstore, something then quite rare. Sometimes, again, he seems rather to mistake his father's position. Thus in speaking of the civil war, he says, "To maintain that we were ready to imperil our life mainly out of regard to the liberation of the negroes was, in his opinion, to utter sentimental nonsense" (ii. 271), whereas, in a letter of Hawthorne's, six pages on, he says, "If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, it may be a wise object, and offer a tangible result" (ii. 277).

Considered as a revelation of private life, this book has at least two merits, one of which is rare. It is not uncommon for the sons or daughters of a great man to write of him in a tone of absolutely uncritical admiration; though this is, on the whole, a merit, and one possessed by this book in a supreme degree. But the memoir has the much rarer merit of being written about Nathaniel Hawthorne "and his wife." Few children of authors pursue literally the scriptural injunction, "Honor thy father *and thy mother*;" and here this memoir strikes at the outset a high note. The mode of treatment undoubtedly invites questions, which never would occur to the biographer himself, as to the entire perfection of the married life which had so many lovely aspects; but it is a great thing to know that Mr. Julian Hawthorne, whose previous writings have never given marked indications of any very refined sensibilities, really becomes tender, and almost poetic, whenever he speaks of his mother. In this he only imitates the habitual tone employed by his father. There is not, perhaps, recorded in biographical literature a more complete and unsullied union of love than that which bound this gifted hus-

band and gifted wife together. It would not be right to suggest that it was too complete; but the question must certainly present itself to the careful reader whether the good effect of such engrossing love was in this case unalloyed. Mutual absorption, beyond a certain point, may partake of what may be called duplex selfishness. Hawthorne came to his wife from a morbidly recluse existence; she came to him from a sick-room. From the moment of contact they clung to each other, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that they helped each other to do without mankind outside. It is as if they had spent their lives within some magic glass, rose-tinted, but whose impassable crystal kept out all but the faintest vibrations of the busy world. In one place the editor speaks of his mother's "winning and humane characteristics," but there is throughout her correspondence scarcely a glimpse of those wider sympathies that are in a proper sense humane. There is only that utter merging of the wife in the husband which is the ideal of so many pious souls; we never see her heart yearning toward the sorrows of the world about her. Only twice do we find any such wider sympathies exhibited by Hawthorne: once when stirred by the wrongs of sailors, and yet again during the civil war. At all other times the married pair lived with almost literal exclusiveness for themselves and their children. In no literary biography that we can remember is the realm of human beings at large so wholly spectacular and remote.

Had either of these gifted people been of eminently charitable judgment, the case would have been different. Testing them by the standard of the Carlyles, we cannot, indeed, call them habitually sarcastic; but they clearly abetted each other in the practice of extremely sharp criticism on the very slightest grounds. To Mrs. Hawthorne, Theodore Parker was "only a scholar, bold and unscrupulous,

without a particle of originality" (i. 269), — a description about as ingeniously remote from the truth as the famous definition of a crab given by Cuvier's pupil. Hawthorne, in turn, found Thoreau "as ugly as sin," Margaret Fuller "a humbug," and could see in Emerson only a "seeker for he knows not what" (i. 293) and one "stretching his hand out of cloud-land in vain search for something real" (i. 291). Even Mrs. Hawthorne was chiefly interested in Emerson for what he said about her husband, who "seemed to fascinate him" (i. 271). This is conjugal and not unpleasing; but it is curious to see, on comparing their situation with that of the Carlyles, how an unhappy and a happy married life may lead in some respects to the same results. Perhaps the moral is that all indulged selfishness — even if it is the selfishness *à deux*, of very superior persons — may derange at last our relation to the larger world in which it is our lot to live, and so end in alienation or even bitterness in respect to our fellow-men.

A clear instance of the working of this mutual influence was in the natural wrath of the ladies of the Hawthorne family at the removal of Mr. Hawthorne from the Salem Custom House. There can be little doubt that their excess of sympathy stimulated him to an act which we now for the first time discover to have had a touch of vengeance in it. That they should have deplored his removal was a thing not unreasonable; but it was hardly needful to go farther, and assume that he who brought about the change must be a villain of the deepest dye. It is altogether probable that some one else had been removed when Hawthorne was appointed; and had these ladies ever seen villainy in that? The offender, it seems, was no other than Mr. Charles W. Upham, the historian of witchcraft, and at one time a Congressman; and we farther learn, with surprise, that he was the original of Judge Pyncheon, in *The House of the*

Seven Gables. Mr. Julian Hawthorne seems to share in the family animosity, for he refers to this very well-known author in a withering manner as "a Mr. Upham" (i. 336), and describes his conduct (in the index) as "interference" with the surveyorship, as if some one had not previously had to interfere to put his father in. It seems by a previous passage (i. 294) that Mr. Upham had himself been one of these who had thus assisted in Hawthorne's behalf; and that the novelist was then indignant at being represented as being very poor and needing the office. Apparently the matter was complicated by some charges against Hawthorne of too much partisanship; and there was a story — such as comes with a curious flavor of modernness in these days — of his dismissing two clerks who had not done enough for the party. This seems to be refuted; but the whole matter looks, at this late date, a little childish. "There he stands for all time," says Mr. Julian Hawthorne about "a Mr. Upham," "subtle, smooth, cruel, unscrupulous, perfectly recognizable to all who knew his real character," — this stern inheritor of the family *vendetta* having been at the time of the original injury less than three years old. Really, this is to carry rather too much of the hereditary feuds of Corsica and Arkansas into the serene paths of literature. In the days that preceded civil service reform, men in office were tenants at will; and Hawthorne had no more vested right in the Salem Custom House than had the man whom he had displaced, and who probably had no literary gifts to fall back upon. The general public cannot, at this distance of time, feel any great wrath against the Congressman who was incidentally the means of sending Hawthorne back to his natural career; and there is a sense of positive loss in knowing that the powerful delineation of Judge Pyncheon was in any respect due to a vulgar desire to "get even" with an enemy.

The same wholly conjugal standard of judgment was of course shown toward the most commonplace man who ever occupied the presidential chair, Franklin Pierce. It was no doubt an honest piece of loyalty in Hawthorne to write the campaign memoir, which did what it could to elevate its hero from his insignificance. It was not unnatural that so great a favor should be rewarded by President Pierce with the most lucrative office in his gift. Nobody grudged Hawthorne the office, and Charles Sumner took especial pains to secure the confirmation. There history might well leave the matter; but to Mrs. Hawthorne it was an affair not alone of fervid and enthusiastic gratitude, but of reverential admiration. She had previously written to her mother that President Pierce was "an incorruptible patriot;" "ambition has not touched him;" "he is a deeply religious man." "As regards the Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law, it is his opinion that these things must now be allowed — for the sake of the slave!" (i. 482, 483.) All this beforehand, but when the appointment to the Liverpool consulate was made it became "a very noble act." "General Pierce might have made great political capital out of it, if that were his way. But he acts from the highest, and not lowest, motives, and would make any sacrifices to the right" (ii. 12). Now it would be absurd, at this day, to count the transaction as in any way discreditable to Hawthorne or to Pierce: it was a bit of personal friendship upon both sides; but it was also, in its effect, one of the most politic acts that Pierce ever performed, and perhaps that by which he will be longest remembered, and it took a wife's devotion to see it on the heroic side.

But this is not all; this was not the worst result of this mutual absorption. There is in this book a singular barrenness of intellectual companionship outside the home. Hawthorne lived in a

time of very strong men. Of some of the strongest, as Garrison and Parker, he saw nothing and probably wished to see nothing; but he was on friendly terms with Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, of all of whom we here find next to nothing, while we are expressly told that he declined to meet them at the dinners of the Saturday Club (ii. 276). The letters, published in full, of his few American correspondents betray habitually the tone of secondary minds, not of men meeting him on high ground. His English correspondents are better, but they certainly do not supply the companionship that such a man might be expected to seek. In some cases the letters are given so fully as to give an impression of "padding," as where we have nine consecutive pages of not very interesting epistles from Herman Melville (i. 398), and where, amid the early letters of Hawthorne and his wife, we come upon eight pages of Italian guide-book from George William Curtis, then in early youth. The correspondence with Fields might have given much that was interesting in a literary way, but this is wholly omitted. Hawthorne is thus made to present to us, beyond all other intellectual men on record, the spectacle of avoidance of his proper companions. All this was unquestionably due in part to that absorbing domestic life, which, acting on his original temperament, still farther separated him from the world. Whenever he ventured out of this rarefied atmosphere, he sought, by natural reaction, a somewhat coarser aliment than he found at home. He would not dine with the Saturday Club, but he enjoyed playing euchre, evening after evening, with the sea-captains at his Liverpool boarding-house (ii. 74). This is not to attribute to him any low tendencies whatever, although his son takes pains to remark, with questionable taste, that he "never was a tetotaller, any more than he was an abolitionist

or a thug" (i. 87); but it certainly seems a pity that he had not a fancy for the finer bread of human companionship, as well as for the bran and sawdust.

Even this is not all of the revelation made to us by the over-frankness of the son. He shows us in various ways that Hawthorne's observation was far less close, his inferences far less trustworthy, than had hitherto been supposed. Take a single instance. We find Hawthorne, during the war, sitting for a long time in the company of a certain Maine colonel, home on a furlough, the centre of an admiring group; he describes him minutely, and adds, "his shoulder-straps having two stars on them, in token of his rank" (ii. 319). But if this officer wore two stars, he was a major-general. How then could Hawthorne have made such a mistake? There was not a tavern-crowd in the United States that would not have discriminated every five minutes in its form of address between "colonel" and "general;" and the only plausible explanation is that Hawthorne put the shoulder-straps of one man—possibly a local militia-general—upon the shoulders of another. But granting that his ordinary discernment was as keen as has always been supposed, it was long ago pointed out by some of his English friends that his observations were sadly biased by another fact,—that he talked with very few people, and therefore could not correct one witness by another, but was apt to swallow the whole story that any informant told. Of this his biographer unconsciously gives several instances, the most striking being his talk with a garrulous American artist in Rome, who retailed the idle gossip of that period about Ossoli,—Margaret Fuller's husband,—that he was "a boor," ignorant "of his own language," "scarcely able to read at all," and the like (i. 259). Ossoli's letters had not then been published,—letters which, it is needless to say, effectually dispose of all this chatter,—and as Haw-

thorne, who seems rarely to have met an intellectual woman outside of his own and his wife's family, had a natural distaste for Margaret Fuller, it is not perhaps strange that he was taken in by it. But the curious thing is that when his talkative informant, who, as a Vermont boy, had not always mingled exclusively with lords and ladies, went on to hold up the Ossolis to shame for supporting themselves, in times of revolution and distress, by honest industry, the remark did not open the eyes of Hawthorne to the fact that he was talking with a very poor type of scandal-monger. The truth is that, while Hawthorne constantly showed his genius in his penetrating glimpses of the world around him, he still saw most of its details through a glass, darkly; his mental processes were unsteady and fragmentary, however brilliant, and it was only when he transmuted them into the final form of art that the result became great.

All these facts and results are brought together by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, with little sifting, not much method, and, it is needless to say, the most utter and heroic disregard of the sensibilities of any living person. Thus he prints from his father's diary a long description, almost too frightful to put into words, — certainly to put into types, — of the precise appearance of the body of an innocent young girl who had drowned herself (i. 300). Had he introduced a series of photographs from the Paris morgue, the result would not have been more horrible; yet there it is in print, although the relations and schoolmates of the poor girl may still live in Concord. In one place in his diary, Hawthorne writes a sarcasm, rather ill-natured and decidedly coarse, upon a lifelong friend of his, now residing in Cambridge, and his editor takes pains to print it. While in England, Hawthorne was a guest at a hospitable home, that of Mr. M. F. Tupper, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. He wrote home a long de-

scription of the visit, which fills eight pages of the book (ii. 108–116). In this he says that he “instinctively knew [Tupper] to be a bore,” that he was “the vainest little man of all little men,” and much more of the same description. Mr. Tupper and his family are still living, and yet Mr. Julian Hawthorne prints it all. In the same way, Mrs. Ainsworth, of Hawthorne's favorite Smithell Hall, — where he found the bloody footstep, — is pilloried to all time as “a silly woman” (ii. 69), although she seems to have shown him kind hospitality, and may still be living; as may Mr. Bromley Moore, of whom his guest complained that he alluded to the cost of his wines and valuables (ii. 41). Nay, the biographer apparently adds his own dislikes and grudges to those of his father, prints in full two innocent letters from a young poet (ii. 273) for no conceivable object but to turn them into ridicule, and goes out of his way (ii. 250) to vent his spite upon a very unimportant person, Mr. S. C. Hall.

But it is when we come to consider Mr. Julian Hawthorne's omissions that the tone of the book is most extraordinary. That he should mention the fact of his sister Rose's marriage, but entirely ignore, both in the text and in the index, the name of her husband, is peculiar enough; but it is the omission of the name of Mr. James T. Fields that is especially objectionable. From his attributes both as publisher and man, Mr. Fields was practically the centre of the literary society of Boston during much of Hawthorne's career. A less discerning person would not have penetrated Hawthorne's shell as he did; interposed as a medium between a shy writer and a slow public; invited him, tempted him, urged him, encouraged him, and volunteered to put the stamp of the world upon the gold of genius. All who knew the literary society of that period knew how thoroughly and habitually Fields did this. He believed ardently in every word that

Hawthorne wrote; it would be almost true if we said that no man of his time believed in it so ardently, since such was Fields's temperament. Every one who ever heard Mrs. Hawthorne talk about her husband's literary career knows that, while it seemed to her a matter of course that all the world should bow down and acknowledge his greatness, she yet recognized Fields as the man who was first and most efficient in guiding the pilgrims to the shrine; and for this she expressed a gratitude which her son does not share. Who that will recur to the brief narrative long since given in this magazine (October, 1871), entitled *An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne*, can help seeing the immense value to both the Hawthornes of that early morning call, when Fields broke in upon their solitude to tell them that he had sat up all night to read the manuscript of the *Scarlet Letter*. The ship then was launched at last; and the author who had carried all that winter "a knot in his forehead," according to his watchful wife, "came down with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room a different man."

And yet Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who, as an author himself, cannot be ignorant what a sympathetic friend does for an author at such a moment, sees fit not

merely to omit all direct reference to Mr. Fields in his book, but where he is obliged to allude to him as the "publisher" (ii. 304) or "the editor" (ii. 311) makes no corresponding reference in his voluminous and careful index. To say that this is as if Lockhart's *Life of Scott* had omitted the name of Constable or Ballantyne is to say nothing; for the robust author of *Waverley* stood in no such need of publisher or editor as did Hawthorne. The qualities of this particular publisher were as well known to all Bostonians of his time as was his beaming and cordial personality; and of all the pettinesses of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book, there is none so petty as this omission. For the sake of what can only be a personal grievance he has left a gap in his delineation; he has sacrificed the completeness of his work to what can be but an ungenerous whim. He has made an interesting and valuable book, for he happened to be the possessor of materials whose value could not be spoiled; but it is one which gives a very inadequate view of the father, and will do no lasting credit to the son. So far as filial affection goes, his claim cannot be disputed; but the quality is unfortunately shown in such a way as to confuse and becloud the serene memory of Hawthorne.

MR. PARKMAN'S MONTCALM AND WOLFE.

THERE is a pleasure in taking up one of Mr. Parkman's histories, for the reader knows that he will be invited to a share in the results of the historian's patient labor without being made a partner in the labor itself. There are some historical writers who drag one along with them, and one has to work hard to make the book one's own; but Mr. Parkman's dealings with the reader

are of another sort. He assimilates his material so thoroughly that his narrative reads like the tale of a man who saw all, and if he was not a part of the action was all the better a narrator for being a bystander. The reader listens, and places implicit confidence in the narrator, not merely because the array of public and private authorities shows that Mr. Parkman has had access to material

known in its mass to no other student, but because the firm tone of the historian carries conviction of his entire familiarity with his subject.

Mr. Parkman occupies a somewhat peculiar position as an historical writer. He belongs, one would say, by culture and by choice to the older school of narrative historians, but he brings to his task a scholarship which identifies him with the newer school of critical historians. He has the virtues of both schools, the defects of neither. He avoids, on the one hand, the tendency to rhetoric and smoothness which makes one distrust some very agreeable and even fascinating writers, men who are praised for making history as interesting as a novel; and he has none of that contempt for human interest which leads the scientific historian to treat all historical questions as merely unsolved problems. His positive merit lies in the thoroughly scientific method of his knowledge and the fine artistic power of his expression; while he never writes as a partisan, his work is warm with a genuine human sympathy.

His latest book¹ affords a better opportunity than any of the previous volumes in the series for a judgment on Mr. Parkman's special gifts as a historical writer. The whole subject of France and England in North America, when treated in detail, is so dissipated, and owes its interest so much to detached incidents and half-isolated persons, that one is more impressed by Mr. Parkman's mastery of the separate passages and by his clear portraiture than by his dramatic power. The story of the downfall of France, however, as contained in the volumes before us, moves so swiftly to its conclusion, and involves such vast interests, that it might easily tempt one into a theatrical display. It is to the credit of Mr. Parkman's literary judg-

ment that he has not yielded to any such temptation, but has so marshaled his facts as to make the historical development depend for its impressiveness upon the luminous qualities of the narrative. The drama involved in the sequence of events receives no adventitious aid from any manipulation of detail.

Indeed, any mere scenic dramatic effect is forbidden, except in the culminating encounter between Montcalm and Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. The disputed points in the Seven Years' War, so far as America was concerned, were not many,—Fort Du Quesne, Louisbourg, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, the western forts, Montreal and Quebec; but the campaigns were so independent, for the most part, so little under the control of one master mind, that the impression created on the reader is of a great deal of straggling warfare,—an impression heightened by the remembrance of natural conditions, the dense forests, the trackless ways, the wilderness penetrated only by small parties, and by the frequent glimpses of Indians and bush-rangers, whose mode of warfare emphasizes the unscientific character of the entire struggle.

The real drama lies deeper than this superficial picture, and it is this essential dramatic property which is never lost sight of by Mr. Parkman. Faithful as he is to the delineation of details in this dispersed conflict, he knows that a bystander could not measure the significance of the contest. There is needed that larger historical knowledge, of which prescience can only be dim, and in the light of that knowledge he is able to interpret the isolated fights, to sketch the successive scenes upon the large background of that ethnic struggle for possession of the continent which now stands revealed to the human mind. The brief introduction with which the first volume opens is a vigorous outline of the thought underlying the struggle, and in the first chapter the author has

¹ *Montcalm and Wolfe*. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1884.

given a rapid, trenchant sketch of the physical, political, and social conditions under which the movements were to be made.

It may be said, without extravagance, that Mr. Parkman's previous volumes in the series have been in the nature of introduction to this; for he appears from the beginning to have kept in mind the real character of the forces to be pitted against each other, and to have given hints occasionally to the reader of what was finally to be expected. All this will undoubtedly appear more clearly when the only missing link has been supplied, and the reader is able to follow the entire series from *Pioneers of France in the New World* down to this work. We cannot forbear now calling attention to a singularly perspicacious passage in his volume *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, because it contains in a nutshell the difference of the two national elements at war with each other. It occurs in the eighteenth chapter, where the capture of Fort Nelson by Iberville leads Mr. Parkman into a sudden consideration of the rival colonies, English and French. "These northern conflicts," he says, "were but episodes. In Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia, the issues of the war were unimportant, compared with the momentous question whether France or England should be mistress of the West; that is to say, of the whole interior of the continent. There was a strange contrast in the attitude of the rival colonies toward this supreme prize: the one was inert, and seemingly indifferent; the other, intensely active." He then proceeds to analyze the character of the two colonies and their aim, in two or three pages, which are masterly in their clear, profound disclosure of the inherent differences between the French and the English.

It was in 1697 that Iberville took Fort Nelson. The attitude of the two nations was not essentially different in

1759, except that even under the narrow policy of France Canadian self-consciousness had grown more firm, and the community occupying the basin of the St. Lawrence could no longer be described as a mere French camp. Mr. Parkman occasionally hints at, but nowhere that we remember calls special attention to, the fact that in the final struggle Canada counted upon the side of France with something of the force that New England counted on the side of England. With something of the force, we say, for relatively New England was far more an integer in the struggle, and the evolution of the two peoples in America proceeded with greater rapidity in the case of the English settlers, since they were helped, not only as were the others, by physical conditions, but also by the accumulating influence of political and intellectual principles which made for freedom.

Mr. Parkman says in his introduction that "it was the fatuity of Louis XV. and his Pompadour that made the conquest of Canada possible," an epigram like Emerson's "In the year 1775 we had many enemies and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George the Third." If one concentrates one's attention, it is not difficult to sum the matter into such phrases, and Mr. Parkman gives abundant proof of the weakness of Canada through the fatuity of the French court, but his two volumes diminish the force of his epigram. He might with equal truth have said that it was the reinforcement of England by Pitt that made the conquest of Canada possible; and indeed one of the most brilliant passages in the work is to be found in the contrast drawn in the two pictures of Pitt and Pompadour:—

"The Great Commoner was not a man of the people, in the popular sense of that hackneyed phrase. Though himself poor, being a younger son, he came of a rich and influential family; he was

patrician at heart; both his faults and his virtues, his proud incorruptibility and passionate, domineering patriotism, bore the patrician stamp. Yet he loved liberty and he loved the people, because they were the English people. The effusive humanitarianism of to-day had no part in him, and the democracy of to-day would detest him. Yet to the middle-class England of his own time, that unenfranchised England which had little representation in Parliament, he was a voice, an inspiration, and a tower of strength. He would not flatter the people; but, turning with contempt from the tricks and devices of official politics, he threw himself with a confidence that never wavered on their patriotism and public spirit. They answered him with a boundless trust, asked but to follow his lead, gave him without stint their money and their blood, loved him for his domestic virtues and his disinterestedness, believed him even in his self-contradiction, and idolized him even in his bursts of arrogant passion. It was he who waked England from her lethargy, shook off the spell that Newcastle and his fellow-enchanters had cast over her, and taught her to know herself again. A heart that beat in unison with all that was British found responsive throbs in every corner of the vast empire that through him was to become more vast. With the instinct of his fervid patriotism he would join all its far-extended members into one, not by vain assertions of parliamentary supremacy, but by bonds of sympathy and ties of a common freedom and a common cause. The passion for power and glory subdued in him all the sordid parts of humanity, and he made the power and glory of England one with his own. He could change front through resentment or through policy, but in whatever path he moved his objects were the same: not to curb the power of France in America, but to annihilate it, — crush her navy, cripple

her foreign trade, ruin her in India, in Africa, and wherever else, east or west, she had found foothold; gain for England the mastery of the seas, open to her the great highways of the globe, make her supreme in commerce and colonization, and while limiting the activities of her rival to the European continent give to her the whole world for a sphere.

"To this British Roman was opposed the pampered Sardanapalus of Versailles, with the silken favorite who by calculated adultery had bought the power to ruin France. The Marquise de Pompadour, who began life as Jeanne Poisson, — Jane Fish, — daughter of the head clerk of a banking-house, who then became wife of a rich financier, and then, as mistress of the king, rose to a pinnacle of gilded ignominy, chose this time to turn out of office the two ministers who had shown most ability and force, — Argenson, head of the department of war, and Machault, head of the marine and colonies: the one because he was not subservient to her will, and the other because he had unwittingly touched the self-love of her royal paramour. She aspired to a share in the conduct of the war, and not only made and unmade ministers and generals, but discussed campaigns: and battles with them, while they listened to her prating with a show of obsequious respect, since to lose her favor was to risk losing all. A few months later, when blows fell heavy and fast, she turned a deaf ear to representations of financial straits and military disasters, played the heroine, affected a greatness of soul superior to misfortune, and in her perfumed boudoir varied her fulsome graces by posing as a Roman matron. In fact, she never wavered in her spite against Frederic, and her fortitude was perfect in bearing the suffering of others and defying dangers that could not touch her."

In these personal sketches Mr. Park-

nan is at his best. He loves men. He has drawn Montcalm and Wolfe with equal care and affection, and his sense of honor inspires him to give Vaudreuil his due, when that offensive governor turns his best side to the light. The persons who make history are dearer to him than the forces which the philosopher discovers at work; but this is only another way of saying that Mr. Parkman is an artist in his history, and that is what we wish to say most emphatically, for it is the charm of these volumes that the reader sees the action, while he is never deluded into supposing that he is merely watching a game of skill.

The story gains perceptibly from the familiarity which the writer shows with the actual ground of the several scenes. That Mr. Parkman should have taken pains to visit the localities mentioned in his history was to be expected; it was a part of his patient preparation for a faithful report. He has used his local knowledge, however, for other purposes than to identify movements or to fix the position of forces, for he has transferred the scene more than once to his pages with the effect of giving color and richness. Such a picture as he draws of Louisbourg at the beginning of chapter xix. is more than a pleasant way of introducing the reader to the scenes which are to follow. It is a background upon which one may see the moving figures in the siege; for it is clear that the historian himself was informed in his imagination by the aspect of the place.

We have preferred to direct attention to the artistic side of this admirable work. The material in which Mr. Parkman has dealt is very largely of his own gathering; the results which he reaches commend themselves to the reader's judgment by the clear, impartial tone which pervades the book; one feels that the years which have been given to the entire series have mellowed and ripened the author's power, and that if

the subject had been one which the world chose to consider a great subject the historian would by this time be ranked with the great historians. But is not the subject great? It is only when one considers it as the affair of Canada that one relegates it to a subordinate place. No juster or more generous conclusion could be drawn than Mr. Parkman presents when he sums up the case as it relates to Canada:—

“With the peace of Paris ended the checkered story of New France, a story which could have been a history if faults of constitution and the bigotry and folly of rulers had not dwarfed it to an episode. Yet it is a noteworthy one in both its lights and shadows; in the disinterested zeal of the founder of Quebec, the self-devotion of the early missionary martyrs, and the daring enterprise of explorers; in the spiritual and temporal vassalage from which the only escape was to the savagery of the wilderness; and in the swarming corruptions which were the natural result of an attempt to rule, by the absolute hand of a master beyond the Atlantic, a people bereft of every vestige of civil liberty. Civil liberty was given them by the British sword; but the conqueror left their religious system untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardianship is not without certain advantages. When faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues, if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping: but it is fatal to mental robustness and moral courage, and if French Canada would fulfill its aspirations it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world.”

It is when the history which Mr. Parkman records is taken as a constituent part of the history of great move-

ments in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and especially when it is considered with reference to the genesis of the United States, that it becomes one of dignity and consequence. To miss a knowledge of it is to miss a clear conception of the history of our own country; and as, generation

by generation, this history becomes of greater moment to American readers, and all else is read for the light it throws upon it, the series of which Montcalm and Wolfe is the closing number will come to have an importance much greater than the early books of Livy could have had to Romans.

JOHNSON'S PERSIA.

MR. JOHNSON'S friends will welcome the last volume of his great work, not merely as the most brilliant episode of it, but as the full demonstration of his genius and the final consummation of his aim. Had he lived a few weeks longer, he might have added a chapter or two, rounding off his exposition in a manner more agreeable to his taste, but he would have contributed nothing important to the statement itself. The three volumes are in fact one, describing three stages in the unfolding of the religious idea in the early history of mankind,—the era of thought, the era of ethics, and the era of will. The volumes seem large, but when one considers the extent of ground gone over, the number of authors consulted, the variety of views presented, the necessity for complete definition, the demand for adequate consideration of disputed points, the discussion of characters and events, the space given is small. Mr. Johnson is not a master of suggestive language, but his style is nervous, sinewy, exact, and by no means diffuse. It is hardly copious enough to be read on the run by readers who are not mainly interested in the thought. It is the style of a writer who thinks keenly, and whose words cling to his ideas. Not a sentence is composed with an eye to effect, and often one must read a passage twice, so compact are

the phrases employed. These glowing pages on Persia complete the design. The subject could not be pursued further without opening other fields of study, with which the author may be familiar, but which lie wholly in the modern world. The exposition is already carried far into the Christian centuries, and any attempt to look beyond must be attended by such an examination of details as Mr. Johnson would not think of undertaking, on the lines laid down. Christianity has been firmly though incidentally touched,—in connection with Manicheism and Gnosticism quite freely enough; and a more ample interpretation of the "cosmic" religion, which he regards as the coming faith, would take him far beyond his present limits. The key to the author's immediate theory is given in the opening pages of the chapter on Mahomet. The passage is too long for quotation here, but the substance is expressed in nearly every chapter, and can easily be divined as the development of the religious sentiment in man through successive phases of religious form and institution. Mr. Johnson does not believe in Christianity as the final mode of devout feeling, to which other faiths are but preliminary arrangements; on the contrary, he regards it as a step towards the future attainment of a free, scientific worship of law, order, beauty, wherein shall be

no element of revelation, no recognition of divine will, no rudiment of the monarchical spirit, no priesthood, no inspired book, but simply the highest unfolding of the human mind in every mode of art.

Professor Eitel gently criticises Mr. Johnson because he takes an ideal view of other religions and a literal view of Christianity, with which he might be presumed to be practically more familiar, and evidently thinks this is the reason for a preference of the former over the latter. The truth is that Mr. Johnson takes an ideal view of all religions; that is, he regards, or tries to regard, each form of faith in the light of its central idea. The religion of Christendom he treats in the same manner, and, having defined its genius according to his understanding of it, he does not deem it important to dwell on points that are familiar. In truth, Christianity is so implicated with modern civilization that the task of separating them is almost impossible; would, for the author's purpose, be altogether out of range. Its humanity, its breadth of sympathy, its respect for character as above dogma, its reach of fellowship, is, in his estimation, due more to Europe than to Palestine. With all this he has nothing to do; and this constitutes a large part of the Christianity of to-day. The occasional allusions to Christianity — unnecessarily curt, many will think — that mark the pages are mostly references to some unjust sentence upon foreign faiths, or the rejection on the part of believers of some claim that cannot be met. There may be mental irritation in the paragraph, but of personal feeling there is certainly none. The argument throughout is confined within logical limits.

To comprehend this argument in all its force one must bear in mind constantly that Mr. Johnson was a transcendentalist in philosophy. It was, in fact, as a disciple of that creed that he undertook this work. Preserving

his confidence in the supreme Substance, Cause, Harmony, as intuitions of the mind, he was sure that history would bear him out in his conviction; and while he leaves no stone unturned to discover the truth, he makes no secret of his persuasion that the postulates of the ideal philosophy will be vindicated. If there is a theory he has no patience with, it is the theory of Materialism, as being at once debasing and absurd; at the same time he triumphs in Pantheism, because it makes allowance for liberty and implies the energy of an immanent spirit. An air of expectancy was characteristic of his attitude. He was ever looking forward and upward, as if in anticipation of some unattained good. He saw the best where others saw the worst. During the period of moral conflict that preceded the civil war he was sanguine and jocund, and his sermons, which were printed from time to time in course of the strife of arms, were brimming over with confidence, not in victory merely, but in the triumph of divine principles, in the coming of a nobler condition of society.

He was an immense believer, as this volume shows on every page. He called himself a *fideist*, a man of faith, having in his vocabulary no word large enough to convey his thought. One must remember this in reading these chapters, lest a negative interpretation should do injustice to the writer whose gaze was fixed steadily on positive realities. He was an iconoclast, but, in the fine language of another, "he dashed the idol in order that he might reveal the god." One might question the soundness of his first principle, one might doubt the subtlety of his analysis; but to challenge his sincerity would be impossible, and to escape the contagion of his hopefulness was, for his intimates, a task they would rather not try to perform. In his joyous anticipation of benefit he went before them all. He was an optimist on principle; not that he did not

see the shadow, but he kept his eye fixed on the light, and was confident that the full development of the individual, under perfect liberty, must result in final excellence.

That Mr. Johnson was an ardent believer in the evolution of divine ideas as opposed to the method of direct communication cannot but be apparent to all who glance at these volumes. With evolution in the ordinary sense of the term, as implying the production of the greater from the less, mind from matter, soul from organization, he had no sympathy whatever. His faith in the supremacy of mind, in the primacy of the moral law, was absolute. But his assurance that the way of gradual unfolding was the way of science, of history, of logical thought, was as inflexible. Without that clue all, in his opinion, is confusion; with it difficulties become surmountable, and although obstacles do not disappear a certain order is visible and advance is manifest. His Pantheism comes into play here not merely as making the conception easier, but as delivering him from the necessity of explaining the determinations of a theistic will. The conflict of revelations is avoided, too, the animosities of opposing systems are rendered impossible, and the path is left open for endless expansion in knowledge.

The discussion of Persian thought brings to the front the ancient problem of evil. From such a discussion the author does not flinch; far from it, he rejoices in this opportunity to express all the faith there is in him, and to prove the sufficiency of his principle to master the hardest inquiry. His summary of the dualism of the Avesta, his account of Mani, his analysis of Manicheism, his sketch of the past and future of the speculation, cover the whole ground and exhaust the possibilities of philosophical debate. His own conviction — a conviction born of thought and experience, the conviction of an earnest, aspiring,

deeply-feeling man — is expressed in his own language, which embodies, on the whole, better than any existing statement, the view of the school to which he belongs.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that discussions of this kind occupy a very large space in this volume. Mr. Johnson was a keen thinker, a student of books, a lover of reflection, one with whom intellectual considerations were uppermost; but he was neither arid nor austere. Even in speculations on grave themes he was racy, nervous, vital. He had an eye for the picturesque. His love of natural beauty amounted to a passion. The descriptions of the desert and its influence on those who live on it or dwell within its atmosphere, of the city of Babylon, of the free Persian life, of cloud and mirage, are exceedingly fascinating. The accounts of Cyrus, of Xerxes, of Alexander the Great, of Mahomet, are brilliant enough for a romance. The side glances at Aristotle, at Justinian, are in the highest degree attractive. The author is learned, but his materials are so completely mastered that the radiant picture alone is presented to the reader. The love of art, of symmetry, of color, are kept subordinate to the love of knowledge; but they are active still, and make themselves felt in the general effect, so that one goes on from page to page without an effort.

Mr. Johnson's idea that the Persians illustrate the energy of personal will, the force of nerve power, is very striking, and, as presented, quite original with him. This idea he finds exemplified in all their institutions, in their habits, their laws, their social arrangements, their polity, their religion, which he regards as the worship of individual will in its majesty. There will, of course, be dissent from this daring generalization, — dissent, by no means in all cases coincident with capacity of judging. Some will object that the author, not being an eminent Oriental scholar, has no right

to assert such a proposition. But this objection, conceding for the moment its relevancy, may certainly be carried too far. The point in question is the *genius of the people*. To get at *that* is the desirable thing; and to get at that a knowledge of the cuneiform character will not go far. Provided one has a sufficient basis of knowledge, though it be derived from secondary sources, no complaint can be made. This information Mr. Johnson had taken pains to collect. He had read every important book on the subject in English, French, German, articles in learned magazines, reports of societies, journals of travel, incidents of adventure, legends, versions; turning over every scrap of paper on which instruc-

tion might by chance be written. Then he was in possession of the seer's gift of reading between the lines, of interpreting sentences, of running out hints to their conclusion, of divining the meaning of symbols. He was a man of genius, endowed with insight into causes, capable of tracing the fine lines of sequence. Besides, he was inspired by an idea which woke up all his powers, and carried him through investigations that would have appalled a feeblér spirit. He was essentially a poet, using the imagination as an organ of truth, while regarding truth as the end of imagination. Thus this volume is a lofty poem in celebration of the march of the Eternal through one of the epochs of time.

A WORD FOR PEPYS.

THE final edition of Pepys is a matter that may deservedly receive some brief attention. In these twelve volumes,¹ admirable in all points of book-making, low-priced, and containing large additions to Lord Braybrooke's version, together with important corrections in the old rendering of the cipher, we have all of the original manuscript that will see the light until there is some change in the editor's standard of decency; and the text is illustrated, and as fully as possible elucidated, by notes. As one glances over the pages, not for the last time, and lingers on some whimsicality, or piece of gossip, or other *révélation intime* it may be, he escapes the guilty consciousness of eaves-dropping just by the very awfulness of the joke Pepys played upon himself in being his own sole confidant, and thus blabbing more than the tiring-women of the whole

century. Here under our hands we have in cold type "the perpetual aside" he whispered in his own confidential ear, and the humor of the situation is something not approached in comedy. How could it be unless the screen-scene in Joseph Surface's drawing-room could be made a whole play, or Molly Seagrim's rug be falling through an entire novel? This dramatic situation, this continued discovery of Pepys behind the circumspect worldliness with which he sheltered his peeping soul, is a main element in the humorous fascination of the diary; one feels almost as if he were himself among the laughing gods who see this same comedy of What Fools these Mortals Be playing everywhere on the broad stage of the world, and there is a taste of divine felicity in the spectacle. If one cannot apply to the diary the classical definition of a good

¹ *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F. R. S.* From his MS. cipher in the Pepysian Library, with a life and notes by RICHARD

LORD BRAYBROOKE, deciphered, with additional notes by Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M. A. 12 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1884.

book, — “the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life,” — it is a classic, nevertheless, and keeps the plebeian vitality of a very honest, vain man and a true Briton, though possibly he would rather have been condemned to a second death than possess an immortality of such very extraordinary publicity as Fortune has given him. Be that as it may, he has added cheerfulness to history and given humaneness to our thoughts of the feeblenesses of our kind. The most cynical, seeing how fairly well this inconsiderate diarist turns out in the confessional of his least-breathed-on thoughts, must feel less certain of the sight men would see were the curtain lifted from the bosom of the passer-by. Pepys was one of the most English of his race; he was the British islander, and, circle within circle, the Londoner, just as Voltaire was French, Gautier Parisian; he had the defects of his nativity, broad, deep, well-marked defects, visible as far as you can see a scarlet coat, and he had foibles and eccentricities of his own, and cranks of many varieties, but his good nature and his contracted view carry them off; one no more thinks of criticising him than the ideas of old Sir Roger; and with all these appurtenances of humor, he had sound and sterling qualities of business, integrity, public spirit, intelligent and active curiosity, and, in a certain sense, traits of a liberal mind and some humane tastes, so that any reader may well pray that, should the discretion of his own silence ever be turned by some flank movement of posterity, and the conscienceless editor come in on the rear of his thoughts, he may cut as respectable a figure as the highly honorable Mr. Pepys, who was garrulous of his follies only to himself, and when his lock was forced was found to have been addicted

only to Lilliputian wickedness. Everything about him was on a petty scale, it is true, except his diary; but the size of that makes amends for his littleness in other things.

Of all the wandering loves of Fortune, this, which has made Pepys immortal, is the strangest vagary. How many laureled heads of Davenants and Bayeses did she pass by to fix this paper crown on the busy official of the navy, who wrote with less regard to his readers than probably any other popular author! All the comic dramatists of the Restoration, as they are now styled, have gone, with their dry jests and elaborated humor, into the property-box of the English theatre, and are shut up to be food for worms; their names fresh only in these pages and the foot-note that explains the obscure reference. The real comedy, the one Fortune had fixed her favor on, was this one of the navy official's indited in prose, — no French influence to be observed in it, corrupting and enfeebling the old English stock, any more than in the Department he had in charge. But Fortune is wise, and out of her caprice has given us a good gift to make our advantage of, — the sincere history of one Englishman's life, selected, it would seem, almost at random from the intelligent men of his time, but one who remained at bottom the mere human creature, and so by the weakness of our own nature creeps in to our hearts; and in our charity and remembrance and knowledge of ourselves he is as safely sheltered, perhaps, after all, as would have been the case had the short-hand volumes of manuscript never been disturbed. His journal is at once a history and a biography, as well as a scene from the great *Comédie Humaine*, and those whom it cannot satisfy in any of its three interests must be very dull people.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME ten years ago I chanced to be spending Christmas with a friend in an out-of-the-way village in Cornwall, England. The tourist in England very rarely includes this extremity of the kingdom in his rambles, and, indeed, to the majority of the English people Cornwall is still very much a *terra incognita*.

Cornwall was the last section of England to be invaded by the iron horse. The railway runs quite through the county, from Penzance to Plymouth, in Devonshire, where it connects with the Great Western broad gauge to the metropolis. Though comparatively few tourists deem "the fag-end of England" worth visiting, many artists, to their credit be it said, are wont to go thither for inspiration. And indeed the coast scenery of Cornwall is a blending of the awe-inspiring and the beautiful: it is a country of bold promontories and beetling cliffs, but these are covered with verdure, and not unfrequently the plough of the husbandman passes within a few feet of the brow of precipitous cliffs, a hundred feet below which the ocean heaves its foamy crests, or when in genial mood gently ripples in its ebb and flow.

It may be because of their comparative isolation that the Cornish people are so interesting. Physically, they are a splendid race, and far superior to the natives of other counties of England. The men are in general tall and finely moulded, with none of the slouchy, cart-horse inertness so characteristic of the Midlands and East Anglia. The women, when young, are remarkable for their graceful carriage and delicate complexions, but they are said to "grow old" at a comparatively early period. Both sexes are especially noted for their love of personal adorn-

ment, and nowhere else in all Europe is there so marked an absence of class distinctions in dress.

The main industries of the Cornish are tin-mining and sea-fishing. From the fishermen of the west Great Britain largely recruits her navy, and a Cornish youngster seems almost instinctively to find his way to the sea. The miners, however, are the most interesting to the stranger, because they are the least influenced by the world outside, and because their language, manners, and customs differ so materially from those of the laboring class elsewhere in England. Their dialect would sorely puzzle a philologist, and I cannot pretend to explain, much less account for, its peculiarities. The original tongue of the country exists, I believe, only in glossaries; but it could scarcely have been much more foreign to "English as she is spoke" than is the present vernacular of the mining districts.

The village where I was, at the time referred to, spending the Christmas vacation, was situated near the town of Redruth. On Christmas Eve the "waits," or minstrels, went from house to house with clarionets and flutes, rendering various carols and a sort of oratorio of their own composing, the words being derived from the prophet Isaiah. These people are born musicians. I never thought to discover in such a corner of the world a country so emphatically deserving to be called the land of song. Patti has made a similar observation respecting the Welsh, among whom she has made her home; and here, again, Mr. Galton, the hereditist, may perchance recognize traces of a race-faculty extending into the misty past, and connecting Cornish minstrels and Welsh hymnists with the bards of ancient Britain. So far as I could ob-

serve, the only special religious observance of the following day was held in the parish church, although there were at least three chapels, or "meeting-houses," of Nonconformists in the village. Since Wesley's time, the Dissenters have been numerically in the ascendant in this county, but here, as elsewhere throughout England, even Nonconformists are wont at certain times to put in a sort of tacit claim to membership in the church of their forefathers. On this occasion almost everybody went to church on Christmas morning, — possibly because there was no other service which they could attend, — and in the afternoon it was publicly announced by the town-crier that "the Christmas Players" would perform in "the big room of The Fountain Inn at six o'clock precisely: admission two pence, children one penny." This announcement was made directly in front of the house of the schoolmaster, with whom I was staying, himself a true born Cornubian and a Trewartha.

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen

You may know the Cornishmen."

"Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Oh Yes!" preceded by the ringing of a bell, was the way in which the town-herald attracted the popular attention. The voice was husky and cavernous, for William Brown Rowter had served many years in "the Queen's Navee," and the rude winds of the Bay of Biscay had blown too often down his throat to qualify him for proclaiming his corrupted form of the old Norman "Oyez!" with the silver tone of an ancient herald. Besides being the crier, Rowter was also the village jester, his wit being of the dry, caustic, and not always agreeable kind. His peculiar name was oftentimes a trouble to him, arising from the fact that the only "mountains" in Cornwall are two in number, the one being Brown Willy, the other Rowter. On his first voyage, the senior lieutenant of the ship was a Mr.

Mule. This officer was accustomed, at times, to descend somewhat from the pedestal of his dignity in his communications with inferiors, — always a risky thing to do, as it is not at all times so easy to remount. On one occasion he facetiously asked the rough Cornish lad to tell him "the difference between William Brown Rowter and Rowter Brown Willy." "The same difference as there is 'twixt a mule and an ass, sir," was the ready reply, and not even the discipline of the service could restrain the audible smile it provoked.

Mr. Rowter's announcement interested me, and I asked my friend Trewartha to enlighten me on the subject of Christmas Players. The information I received induced me to beg that we might be present at the entertainment, — a request that Trewartha somewhat reluctantly granted. At six o'clock, we made our way into the "big room" of the Fountain, which we found fairly well crowded with villagers, and not so fairly lighted by candles of the "dip" variety, stuck in tin sconces on the white-washed walls. The only stage was a clear space at the farther end of the room, the scenery being such as the imagination might succeed in conjuring out of bare walls and the floor. The first player to appear wore a huge wig of hemp, a fur coat, and a coronet of holly. In his hand he wielded a staff, to which a large blown bladder was attached. He at once proceeded to introduce himself: —

"Here be I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not!
But I hope old Father Christmas
Can never be forgot."

That his memory still remained green was evidenced by the shout of hearty gratulation raised by the more youthful among the audience, while the seniors laughed merrily and nodded their approbation. The venerable father was of a merry, not to say boisterous humor, as his next proceeding was to ad-

vance among the plauditors and bestow various hearty thwacks of the bladder with admirable impartiality and much vigor for one so aged as his name proclaimed him to be. He was apparently intent that no error should prevail with regard to the purpose of his visit, as he assumed quite a portentous frown while declaring, —

"I be not come here to laugh or to jeer,
But for a bag full of money and a skin full of
beer.
If you don't believe the words that I say,
Come on, bold Turkish Knight, and clear the
way!"

Following this invitation there entered a being gorgeous in spangles and silver lace, having a gilded helmet, in which portions of a shattered mirror reflected the light afforded by the candles. In his right hand he bore a lofty lance, whose blade or point was cunningly fashioned of Cornish tin; from his side there hung suspended a ferocious cutlass. As he strode forward the cutlass swung between his red-stockinged nether limbs, which caused him to come into violent contact with Father Christmas, who promptly restored the stranger's equilibrium, and with a resounding blow from the bladder admonished him to be more wary of walking. Recovering his dignity, the new comer, said, —

"Here stand I, a Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight :
If your St. George will meet me here,
I'll quell his courage without fear."

In response to this challenge, St. George came on the scene. He was armed like the knight, but his raiment was far more gorgeous. He wore a suit of chain mail, covered with scales of glistening tin, and in person he was tall and of a commanding presence. Passing by with indifference the mocking gesture of Father Christmas, — who seemed most unchristian-like to take the side of the Paynim, — St. George confronted his adversary. For an instant the two champions examined each other. St. George's countenance seemed illuminated by a lofty

enthusiasm; his opponent had evidently been studying the art of smiling with sardonic scorn. The champion of Christendom announced his title, country, and deeds of renown : —

"Here am I, St. George ! From England do I
come,
The land of love and beauty, the pride of Christendom.
I fought the dragon bold, and brought him to
the slaughter;
I saved the land of Egypt, and wed its prince's
daughter."

To this the arrogant Turk replied, —

"St. George, I pray be not too bold;
If your blood is hot, I'll make it cold."

The champion of England thereupon drew his sword with a flourish, and cried, —

"No further parley, Turkish Knight,
We prate in vain when we should fight."

The combat that followed was terrific. Both champions seemed unaware of the fact that their swords were pointed. During the fray Father Christmas capered about the combatants in great glee, ever and anon, however, most unfairly aiding and abetting the Paynim by striking St. George with the bladder. At last, after many vicissitudes, the victory lay with the English champion. The Turk was prostrated, and when dying he besought St. George to forgive him, which the hero graciously did. Before his decease he was most unsympathetically upbraided by Father Christmas for his want of success, and when dead his remains were spurned and even kicked by the indignant old worthy. Indeed, so angry was the latter that he went so far as to himself challenge St. George, avowing his own ability to knock off the Englishman's head with his bladder. Finding St. George impervious to abuse, the old fellow assumed a new rôle, that of a doctor. Taking a vial of what he termed cure-all from his pocket, he poured a few drops of the liquid into the mouth of the Turk, saying, —

"Drink a drop of elecampane;
Drink, rise up, and fight again."

The medicine must have been potent; at all events, it resuscitated the Turk. Then ensued another combat with St. George, which, however, this time terminated in the Paynim being killed without hope of redemption. "And serve him right," added Father Christmas, who now began to atone for his former treatment of the renowned champion. When the dragon — possibly not the same beast which St. George had assured us he had previously slain — rushed forth, it was difficult to determine whether the saint or Father Christmas did most of the killing. Like Falstaff with Hotspur's body, however, the father assumed the whole credit of the achievement.

The remainder of the play consisted of a combat between St. George and the King of France. The latter, being sorely wounded, had his life spared him on condition that he at once consented to a union between his daughter and his vanquisher. To this proposal the monarch gladly consented, and the play concluded with the espousals; the fair young bride having prepared herself for the altar by shaving a few days prior to the ceremony, as the blue tinge on her cheeks plainly indicated. During the betrothal of the happy couple Father Christmas was in high feather. His behavior at this part of the entertainment was unpardonably rude, and indicated a low tone of morality in the class to which the players belonged. Subsequently I found that these were all miners. My inquiries as to the origin of the play itself elicited no other information than that it "was before their time," and I do not question that Trewartha is correct in his impression that the Christmas Plays of Cornwall — now more and more rarely performed — are real relics of mediæval England, in all probability of the England of the Crusades.

— The Inquisition so impresses the imagination by its pitiless severity in the suppression of heresy that we are apt to think of it only in connection with the dungeon and the stake, and to lose sight of its activity in other directions. Yet it had a large field of operations through methods which, if less dramatic, were more widely diffused, and its services to its masters were by no means limited to retarding the development of the human mind. A little episode of Florentine history in the fourteenth century, hitherto, I believe, unpublished, will serve to illustrate one of these less conspicuous phases of its utility.¹

When the Inquisition was first organized the fines and confiscations imposed on heretics were abandoned to the secular potentates, to stimulate their zeal in persecution; but before long the Holy See claimed a third of the spoils in those Italian states which it could control. In 1343 the Apostolic Chamber became aware that it was cheated of these dues by some members of the Holy Office, and on August 5th of that year Clement VI. sent a commission to Pietro di Vitale, Primicerio of Lucca, authorizing him to prosecute and punish the inquisitors of Lucca and Florence, and force them to disgorge the sums which they had wrongfully withheld. Pietro placed the Florentine Abbot Nicolo of S. Maria in charge of the matter in that city, and the investigation speedily led to a vacancy in the Holy Office. By March, 1344, the Signoria of Florence had occasion to thank the general of the Franciscan Order for filling the vacancy with Frà Pietro d'Aquila. Frà Pietro was a man of some mark. His command of the scholastic theology of the day was shown by his Commentaries on the Master of Sentences, which were well thought of in the schools, and only two months earlier he had received the appointment

¹ The materials for this sketch are drawn from the Florentine Archivio delle Riformazioni and the Archivio Diplomatico, supplemented by a few

facts from Villani, Ughelli, Wadding, and Raynaldus.

of chaplain to Queen Joanna of Naples. Had the Florentines, however, foreseen what was in store for them, they scarcely would have welcomed him so gratefully.

A fearful financial crisis was impending over Florence. The republic was impoverished with the drain of the Lombard war, while the immense sums advanced by the Florentine bankers to Edward III. of England and Robert of Naples could not be collected. Money grew scarce, credit vanished, and when the storm broke it brought ruin to the whole community. The great banking and commercial companies, the Bardi, the Peruzzi, the Acciajuoli, closed their doors; the merchant princes were bankrupts, and the paralysis of all industry plunged the people into the severest suffering. Yet there was one creditor who was resolved to have his money.

The Cardinal of S. Sabina, in wandering as papal legate through several of the European kingdoms, had found it convenient to deposit his surplus collections, amounting to nearly seven thousand gold florins, with the agents of the company of the Acciajuoli; taking receipts under which its members were bound, jointly and severally, to repay the sums at the papal court in Avignon, and were subjected to the jurisdiction of the auditors of the papal chamber. When payment was claimed the funds were not forthcoming, and judgment was of course rendered against the bankers. The real creditor was doubtless the Pope, who lost no time in taking energetic steps to collect the debt. On October 9, 1343, he wrote to the republic, stating the claim, and ordering the Signoria to enforce its payment. In the financial distress of the time, this was impossible. Seven thousand florins was a large sum at a period when the whole annual revenue of Florence amounted to only three hundred thousand florins, and Florence was reckoned the richest state of Europe, except France.

As time passed on, and the Florentine bankers became yet more hopelessly involved, Clement resolved on sharper measures. The new inquisitor, Frà Pietro, was commissioned to collect the debt, with power to invoke the aid of the secular arm and to lay an interdict on the whole city, if necessary, to force the Acciajuoli to meet their obligations. Monstrous as this perversion of the power of the keys may seem to us, it was too common in those times to arouse remonstrance; and when, November 23, 1345, Frà Pietro summoned the Gonfalonier and the Priors of the Arts, under pain of excommunication, to arrest the debtors and hold them in prison until payment, the officials humbly promised to do so, out of reverence, as they said, for the Pope and respect for the inquisitor, and to oblige the cardinal. Yet the sum of seven thousand florins was not to be raised even by this stringent process; and it is quite possible that the political influence of the Acciajuoli, which was great, sufficed to deter the Signoria from employing the harshest methods. Be this as it may, in due time all the magistrates of Florence were excommunicated, and the city was laid under interdict by the inquisitor, who thus managed, in spite of a solemn protest and appeal to the Pope, on March 16, 1346, to render the whole republic responsible for the debt of a few of its citizens. It is true that the interdict was not observed in the city, even by the Bishop of Florence, for which he and his clergy were duly prosecuted; but, nevertheless, though its spiritual terrors were disregarded, its temporal penalties were sufficient speedily to humble the spirit of the Florentines. A commercial community, however little devout, could not afford to endure the derangement of trade consequent on being outlawed by the church and cut off from intercourse with the rest of Christendom. The tremendous nature of these penalties was illustrated in 1376, when, in a quarrel between the

papacy and Florence, Gregory XI. excommunicated the Florentines, and abandoned their persons and property to the first comer; and though they wholly denied the accusations alleged by Gregory in justification of his action, they were forced to submit on learning that in England Edward III., as a devout son of the church, had confiscated all the wealth of their factories, and had reduced their merchants to slavery. Similar submission was inevitable in the present case. By June 14, 1346, the Signoria succumbed, and gave to Nicolo Geri Soderini and Nicolo Bindi Ferucci a procuration authorizing them to pledge the faith of the republic for the payment within eight months of the claim, not exceeding seven thousand florins, of the Cardinal of S. Sabina on the company of the Acciajuoli; but a clause was added that this was done, not because the state was justly liable for the money, but in order to save its citizens from vexations, and to enable them to trade unmolested throughout the world. The Curia graciously accepted the submission, though, with customary procrastination, it was not till February 28, 1347, that Clement VI. removed the excommunication and interdict, conditioned on the payment, within the term agreed, of sixty-six hundred florins, the balance of the debt. As failure to meet the engagement revived the censures, *ipso facto*, and as we do not hear of their renewal, we may assume that the cardinal collected his claim from the bankrupt community.

Frà Pietro's successful energy in thus using the awful powers entrusted to him for such a purpose met its appropriate reward. Undeterred by the fate of his predecessor, which had created the vacancy for him, he had scarce been installed in office when he had fallen into the same evil courses, and worse. In less than two years he was a fugitive from justice. Abbot Nicolo of S. Maria had continued the investigation into the

affairs of the Holy Office, and had found Frà Pietro guilty, not only of withholding the sums due to the Apostolic Chamber, but of innumerable acts of the foulest extortion (*estorsioni nefande*) on individuals. The limitless opportunity which the inquisitorial procedures afforded for these abuses was such that only the most rigid integrity could resist the temptation; and even when the inquisitor himself was above suspicion, the creatures around his tribunal, his spies and familiars, had an ample field for villainous gain by working on the fears of any one whom they might threaten with arrest. Mere suspicion of heresy inflicted an indelible stain, to avert which the miser would willingly sacrifice a portion of his wealth. The whole community was thus at the mercy of the Holy Office, and it would be expecting too much of human nature not to believe that remorseless use was frequently made of this irresponsible power.

By March 16, 1346, the Signoria is seen asking the appointment of a Florentine, Frà Michele di Lapo, to fill the vacancy caused by Frà Pietro's flight, alleging the frightful abuses to which the city had been subjected from foreign inquisitors; and on April 11th it addressed a request to Don Pietro, the Lucchese papal commissioner, for the arrest of Frà Pietro, and for enlarged powers for the Abbot of S. Maria. The trial of Frà Pietro dragged on. He was formally cited and offered a safe-conduct if he would appear, but he prudently held aloof. After due delay, testimony was taken in his absence, when, among a number of witnesses, a single one swore to no less than sixty-six cases of extortion committed by him. During his two years of office he had evidently been active, and his industry had been profitable, for a list of a few of the victims has been preserved, with the sums obtained from them, ranging from twenty-five to seventeen hundred gold florins. In view of the financial distress of the

time, these extortions represent to us an amount of misery inflicted on the plundered which is not easily computable.

As Frà Pietro persistently refused to appear, he was finally declared contumacious, and in due course he was excommunicated for contumacy. The notice of excommunication was sent to all the churches and religious houses, to be published on Sundays and feast days, and the priests and superiors duly reported their compliance with the mandate. All this was done under direct papal authority, the Abbot of S. Maria being the delegate and representative of the Pope; and henceforth Frà Pietro was an accursed thing, to be shunned of all men, until he should win absolution by contrition and satisfaction rendered to those whom he had wronged.

Solemn as were these proceedings, yet were they none the less a comedy played for the amusement of the good Florentines. Frà Pietro understood the papal Curia far too well to waste in useless restitutions the treasures he had gathered, and he could rely on its gratitude for his activity in collecting the debt due to the cardinal. While the Abbot of S. Maria was citing him as a contumacious fugitive, Clement VI. was expressing his approbation by making him, February 12, 1347, Bishop of Sant'angeli de' Lombardi. The excommunication which followed soon after in no way affected the favor in which he was held, for in June, 1348, he procured his translation to another, and presumably a better, bishopric, — that of Trevinto, — where he appears to have quietly enjoyed the fruits of his labors. Nothing was left to the Florentines but to digest their wrongs as best they might, and to petition again that in future inquisitors might be selected from among their own citizens, over whom they apparently imagined that they could exercise some moral restraint.

— The *espièglerie* of our fancy during a single day, if faithfully reported, would

perhaps go far to impeach our sanity, in the opinion of an auditor, — unless that auditor were advised from within that he himself was subject to a like infirmity. Yet, how certain ideas naturally unrelated, or even mutually opposed, come to be associated in our minds is not, it seems to me, more singular than that they should remain thus associated long after our judgment has recognized the absurdity of the combination. The fantastic assemblages which childhood gets together have a fashion of lingering in our presence, though they have been repeatedly dismissed with our benediction. It is not easy wholly to dispossess ourselves of certain early impressions regarding physical nature: for instance, if in your tender juvenility you imagined that the bright new moon seen just above the place of the sun's disappearance was sent to reign in his stead, your momentary impression when you see the silver crescent may still be that the moon rises in the west.

I remember how after a first hearing of Hail, Columbia, in my childhood, I tried to reproduce its music and words. The first and second verses were readily recalled, but memory halted at the third; I was certain only that it had something to do with fighting and bleeding and Freedom. With these heroic elements I constructed a new line, and the song, in my version, ran thus: —

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled for Freedom's head," etc.

The leonine rhyme did wonderfully tickle my ear, and my imagination did not wince at the truculent circumstance. However, suspecting that my version might not tally precisely with that of older people, I always took care to render *pianissimo* the doubtful line. To this day, when the hymn is sung in my hearing, I have a vision of the "heaven-born band," gashed and gory, yet triumphant, marching away in undisputed possession of Freedom's head."

Does anybody know what the Long Gospel is (if there be a Long Gospel)? Until my tenth year I never questioned the canonicity of this evangel, which I supposed the preachers knew all about, as also about the corresponding Short Gospel, — though they never mentioned that, never (I thought it a pity!) discoursed therefrom, of an endless Sunday morning. It is, perhaps, not strange that I should have come to have extreme reverence for the Long Gospel. As conversationally employed by a shrewd, sententious relative of mine, the expression was, I felt, perilously near to profanity. How could the acts and words of one person, how could that person himself, be Long Gospel to another, as this relative was given to asserting? The reader has probably surmised that what was actually said was “law and gospel,” which slackly enunciated becomes “law ’n gospel,” whence, easily, “Long Gospel”!

I recall my first draught of mythology, drawn from an old-fashioned work on astronomy, *The Geography of the Heavens with a Celestial Atlas*. In the one I read the story of Jason and his expedition to Colchis; on the other I traced the ship which conveyed him thither. I have since been informed that the gallant commander had great difficulty in passing by certain treacherous rocks called the Symplegades, but I have never believed the tale: for me, *Argo Navis* sails the heavens (as in the *Celestial Atlas*), and the argonauts in effect remain aeronauts.

In a copy of Milton which I possess the printer's substitution of a small letter for a capital, in a certain passage in *Il Penseroso*, still, as when I first read the passage, colors the meaning extraordinarily: —

“Till the civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the attic boy to hunt.”

Naturally, the “attic boy” lived in an attic (I have since imagined that he be-

longed to the *genus irritabile ratum*), and most likely the rickety stairs gave out loud creaks under his joyous steps, as he bounded down to join the Morning, who had so kindly (“civil-suited,” indeed!) invited him to go hunting.

Lately, reading Chapman's version of the sufferings of Venus wounded by Diomed, — how

“She, sighing, went her way
Extremely grieved, and with her griefs her beauties did decay,
And black her ivory body grew,” —

instantly there came into my mind, not the image of the repining goddess, but that of the curious little wood plant *monotropa*, or Indian pipe. It too has an “ivory body,” and stem and flowers after a time grow dark. I shall never see this plant again without wondering if it has been wounded by Diomed, never read this passage in Homer without a vision of *monotropa* starting delicately through the leaf-mould in the middle of the rich woods.

—The very pleasant and taking essay in which Mr. Henry James has lately expressed some of his opinions on the art of fiction — writing, as he says, to “edge in a few words under cover of the attention which Mr. Besant is sure to have excited” — is as pretty a piece of controversial writing as one need care to read. So agreeable a debater almost invites any one who differs from him to rise and explain.

Now it may be true that, as Mr. James says, art lives upon discussion, and also that questions of art are (in the widest sense) questions of execution; but may there not be danger of too much formulation, too much discussion and comparison of standpoints, concerning any art? A little of Carlyle's horror of formulæ, of his suspicion that much of the talk about art is, after all, a species of cant, may come to be very wholesome, even in fiction, if we insist too much on laying down rules and setting up artificial standards. Humanity

is so broad and the questions affecting it are so infinite, that it seems petty to attempt limitation of any sort in the art which has humanity for its field. For whatever it may be in a novel — whether incident or analysis, charm of style or absorbing plot — that lends it interest, it is always the power of touching the human heart that gives it real worth at last. It is because we are interested in ourselves, in our fellow-beings' relations to each other, and curious to know how these relations are modified by acts and circumstances, that we demand reality in a novel, and that fiction has so boundless a scope. The questions of the "art," if they are in any sense questions of execution, must be forever secondary to this human element of sympathy; and though we hear of one sitting for hours with his head in his hands, in an agony of search for the "right word," and see rules and precepts on this side and on that for writing fiction, we may yet learn to believe that one's best qualification for a novelist is, after all, perhaps, not the ability to write exquisitely, nor to take notes, but rather to "fear himself and love all humankind," even as the poet does.

Then it is hard to see, too, what the real good is of these comparisons of fiction to painting and to other arts.

Schlegel says that perhaps the Greek painters were too much sculptors and the sculptors too much painters, while a character who had probably read Vivian Gray thinks the novelists of his time were too much historians and the historians too much novelists. It would be easy to go on in this way and make many epigrammatic combinations, such as "Some poets are too much novelists," or "Some novelists are too much painters;" but when all the various arrangements which this plan would afford were exhausted, nothing would have been gained. It is dangerous and misleading to reason from analogies; and fiction, if it is to be taken for an art at all, had best stand without props, — without aid or support from any of the sister arts. That Fiction is abundantly able to do this, that her purposes are high and broad enough, that her meaning and material are of depth and worth enough to do this, there are already many who are willing to believe; even though they make no clamor for her admittance into the sisterhood of arts, nor attempt to bind her in formulas simply that they may hold her up before an unthinking but admiring world, and say, "See! she is an art even as the other arts are; clothed, and with form and substance!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Philosophy. The Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture and attested by the Fathers of the First Five Centuries of the Church. In three volumes. (Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.) This work is a reissue of Father Waterworth's edition of the treatise originally put forth by Fathers Berington and Kirk in the early part of this century. It is enlarged by the addition of a chapter from Bishop Ullathorne on the Immaculate Conception, a translation of the first dogmatic constitution of the General Council of the Vatican, and a chronological list of the Popes of the first five centuries. It is also introduced by a preface of half a dozen pages from the pen

of Monsignor Capel, who dedicates the work in very complimentary fashion to the People of the United States. The work in its original form, and as freshly presented, is not for the benefit of believers so much as an apology, couched in persuasive terms, for the use of Protestants who themselves rely for the support of their faith on isolated texts of Scripture. That is to say, the book is an old-fashioned reply to an old-fashioned defense. But the habit of mind now prevailing in the stoutest Protestantism is not met by reasoning of the sort of these good fathers. — The Evidence of Faith, by James S. Bush (Osgood): a volume of sermons in defense of a spiritual recognition

of spiritual facts. The writer is very much in earnest, is thoughtful and unwilling to appear to hold truths which he cannot clearly and intelligently support. — *Out of Egypt: Bible Readings on the Book of Exodus*, by G. F. Pentecost. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The readings are reports of extemporaneous exegesis, and it may be added that they are readings into the Book of Exodus of a strictly modern and exclusive school of religious thought. — *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, a study of modern theology in the light of its history, by Alexander V. G. Allen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This work, an expansion of the author's now famous articles in the *Princeton Review*, is destined to make its mark in contemporary literature. It supplies a link in the chain of theologic and philosophic reasoning, which will make the whole chain every way more serviceable and operative. — *Atheism in Philosophy, and other Essays*, by Frederic Henry Hedge. (Roberts.) The essays included in the special title cover the topics of Epicurus, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann. The miscellaneous essays treat of Augustine, Leibnitz, Kant, Irony, Fetichism, Genius, and the Lords of Life. The writing is compact, nervous, and of an almost explosive vigor. — *Dr. McCosh's Philosophic Series* is continued by a criticism of the *Critical Philosophy*, which is in effect a study of Kant. (Scribners.) *The Reality of Religion*, by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr. (Scribners): a half dozen sermons, fervid, not devoid of thought, and an argument by their earnestness for the reality of religion, but so rhetorical in their style that one never forgets the preacher, the congregation, and the meeting. — *The New Philosophy*, by Albert W. Paine. (O. F. Knowles & Co., Bangor.) Mr. Paine postulates two worlds as the sphere of man's activity: the present visible one being the temporary scene of his spiritual energy; the future, now invisible one receiving into more full activity the powers of the spirit here dormant through bodily restraint. His new philosophy then concerns itself with the commerce between these worlds, and takes into consideration as most worthy of study visions, warnings, thought, transference, telepathy, and the like. The practical outcome is to disengage one's mind from a too slavish submission to his senses and what we ordinarily call reason. The author naturally takes great interest in the new society for psychical research. — *The Genius and Character of Emerson*, lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy, edited by F. B. Sanborn. (Osgood.) A brief sketch of the Concord School and its contributions to philosophical literature serves as an introduction, and then are given the several lectures, papers, and poems, presented in the session of 1884, by Mrs. Cheney, Julian Hawthorne, Dr. Bartol, Miss Peabody, Mr. Mead, Mr. Sanborn, Dr. Harris, Mrs. Howe, and others. There is necessarily a good deal of traversing by each of the ground of others, and discourses on Emerson are very apt to draw their inspiration of style from Emerson, but the volume has interest as a contemporary discipular portrait of the sage.

Holiday Books and Fine Arts. From Greenland's Icy Mountains has been set to pictures.

(Porter & Coates.) The contrasts permitted by the poem are hardly regarded except in one amusingly conventional picture, and the supernatural element is expressed by feeble fireworks. — *Lady Clare*, by Alfred Tennyson, with twenty-two illustrations by Fredericks, Perkins, Schell, Garrett, Church, and Fenn. (Porter & Coates.) There is more variety of work in this volume, but it can hardly be said that the work is really illustrative of the poem. It does not throw any light on it, and the figures which ought to carry the thought of the poem are very expressionless.

Literature. *Human Intercourse*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Brothers): a collection of twenty-six essays, by a thoughtful and graceful writer, upon those themes of human life which lie upon the surface of ordinary conversation, yet permit a deeper lead to be sunk. Mr. Hamerton will bring his readers back to certain principles of courtesy in human intercourse which can scarcely be learned from books of etiquette. — *Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel* appears in a new edition, with illustrations by Garrett, Harper, Taylor, Shelton, and others. (Crowell.) The page is good, and the illustrations show a little more historical study and a little less of the theatrical treatment than is common in such subjects. — *Miss Lucy Larcom's Poetical Works* having passed into the standard form of Household Edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), it is fair to give her a place in literature, and not relegate her to a seat in current poetry and the drama. Her fine humanity is not infrequently wedded to a clear and penetrating song. — *Sheridan's Comedies*, edited, with an introduction and notes to each play, and a biographical sketch of Sheridan, by Brander Matthews (Osgood): an interesting edition, with good apparatus and some serviceable illustrations. We think the form of the book unnecessarily clumsy. — *Annus Sanctus* is the title of a work of which the first volume now appears, edited by Orby Shipley, containing hymns of the Church for the ecclesiastical year, translated from the sacred offices by various authors, with modern, original, and other hymns, and an appendix of earlier versions. Cardinal Newman, E. Caswall, Dryden, Aubrey De Vere, Oxenham, are the best known of the translators. The work is an important addition to the higher order of hymnology. It professes to contain also a large number of hymns by Dryden not included in the regular editions of that poet. The editorial work bears the mark of great care. (Burns & Oates.)

Science. A curious paper is *The Revelations of Fibrin*, by Rollin R. Gregg, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., in which the author thinks he has presented testimony to the indestructible nature of fibrin, and has thus supplanted the bacteria theory. His aim goes beyond this, however, for he contends that if his position is sustained there is an argument for the immortality of the soul, since the greater includes the less. — The journal *Science* has issued a neat volume containing the numbers from August 29 to October 3, which include the admirable reports of the meetings of the Scientific Associations recently held in Montreal and Philadelphia. (Science Company, Cam-

bridge, Mass.) The workmanlike manner in which the great mass of material presented at the meetings was digested and made accessible to the general reader is clearly apparent when the whole is brought into view at once.

Books for Young People. The bound volume of *Our Little Ones and The Nursery*, edited by William T. Adams (Estes & Lauriat), is so prudently arranged that to the eye it scarcely suggests a serial. Every page, nearly, has its picture, and most of them are uncommonly pretty. The text is unpretentious, and though for steady reading it would be found somewhat weak, taken in small doses it would do little harm. But what an area of the commonplace it covers! — *Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time*, by Edward Jewett Wheeler. Illustrated by Walter Satterlee. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A pleasant book, not too ambitious, but merry and wholesome. — *Little Bell*, and other stories for boys and girls, by Margaret Vandegrift (Ketterlinus Printing House, Philadelphia): some capital stories in prose and verse, illustrated chiefly by color-prints, which are sometimes successful. — *The Absent-Minded Fairy*, by the same author (same publishers): a lively story, of the half-burlesque order, but not therefore unrefined. Some of the illustrations by E. B. Bensell are delightfully humorous. — *Other Folks at Home*, a trip through Europe (Estes & Lauriat); written in the Chinese dialect, chiefly to accompany a set of ingenious combination pictures containing flags, postage stamps, costumes, etc., printed in sticky colors. — *Young Folks' History of London*, by William H. Rideing. (Estes & Lauriat.) The author modestly disclaims any originality, but he has made a good mosaic and crowded a great many figures into the composition. A lad who should read this book would find an epitome of a good deal of English history. — *Heidi*, her years of wandering and learning, translated from the German of Johanna Spyri by Louise Brooks (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a delightful story, of the best German sentiment; the details are nearly all of peasant life, and the lessons of self-sacrifice and devotion are charmingly told. The book is, as it should be, printed in clear type, well-leaded, and is bound in excellent taste. Altogether it is one which we suspect will be looked back upon a generation hence by people who now read it in their childhood, and they will hunt for the old copy to read in it to their children. It is, so to speak, old-fashioned from the start. — *Katy Neal*, a comedy of child life, in three acts, for young performers, by Charles Barnard (Harold Roorbach, New York): a bright little piece, but we should have some misgivings about setting such small children on the stage as some of the characters require. — *The Browns*, by Mary P. W. Smith (Roberts): a story of Cincinnati young people, not too good for human nature's daily food. The spirit of the book is healthy, and though the adventures seem hardly worth telling, and there is in fact no special purpose in the book, it is less idle than many of its class. — *Spinning-Wheel Stories*, by Louisa M. Alcott (Roberts): a collection of stories, many of them of historic days, set in a decorative border of contemporaneous talk. Miss Alcott's rosy hue of life

is not the worst medium for children to see through. — *The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Miss Rosina Emmet. (Scribners.) Mrs. Harrison, with her head full of the old fairy tales, has produced a lively book of new stories out of the old cloth. Invention is the great thing, and she invents briskly, but we think she would have done well to discriminate a little more between the grotesque and the horrible. The gusto with which she tells her stories, however, is very effective in making good listeners. — *Six Girls*, a home story for girls, by Fannie Belle Irving. (Estes & Lauriat.) Of the Miss Alcott school, in which all the figures are in high light, and character and circumstances are manufactured out of new colors. The accompanying illustrations have the air of having been picked up from other books, or story papers. — *Chatterbox*, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) It turns out that *Six Girls* was the serial in *Chatterbox*, and appears to have been introduced for copy-right purposes. The other contents, both of text and illustration, are of the ordinary kind, showing little more than a scrap-book judgment and taste. The whole aspect of the book, with its advertisements and cheap art, is of the rankest Philistinism. — *Zig-Zag Journeys in Acadia and New France*, by Hezekiah Butterworth. (Estes & Lauriat.) In the style of the previous volumes in the series, crowded with cuts, broken up by story and verse, densely instructive, and with rheumatic gayety. — *Three Vassar Girls in South America*, by Lizzie W. Champney (Estes & Lauriat): a continuation of previous volumes in the series. It has the advantage of being written by a lady who has the playfulness which will not let her be too instructive even when she is resolutely bent on making a book of travels. — *Little Blossom*, a book of child fancies, invented and drawn by R. André (S. P. C. K., London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York); a series of chromo-lithographic illustrations of flowers, in sets, and the like, with snatches of verse. There is some humor and plenty of good nature in the work. — The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge through its agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co., of New York, sends a dozen cheap toy books in colors, all illustrated by R. André. Mr. André appears to be a disciple of Caldecott, but his work, though fair, lacks the peculiar grace of that delightful draughtsman. Half of these little books are rhymed stories by Miss Ewing, who is not always at her best, but is always cheerful, simple, and light in her touch. The other half are prose stories, which sometimes attempt too much in a small space, and are conventionally English, with frequent reminders of governesses, maids, and the state of life in which one is called. — *Last Fairy Tales*, by Edouard Laboulaye, translated by Mary L. Booth. (Harpers.) This volume contains the stories written or arranged by Laboulaye in addition to his well-known *Fairy Book*. The stories have the true fairy-tale flavor; it is noticeable that good storytellers of this sort are always quick to adopt folk-tales, for they recognize the fact that the best stories grow, and are not made. It is a pity that the number of illustrations was not reduced, and

the expense put into a few well-engraved pictures. The meanness of the process employed robs some excellent designs of their worth. — *Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy*, by James Otis. Mr. Otis says in a closing paragraph that his story is a true one. It is a pity, then, that he could not have told it as if it were true. A true story founded on fiction is one thing, but this is something else. It is so affected and artificial a story that the reasonable reader gets out of patience with the author who had real incidents and could so abuse them. — *Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones*, compiled by Mary J. Morrison. (Putnams.) There is a cheerfulness and a homeliness about most of these ditties which should commend the book to sensible parents. Occasionally a poem is given which is rather about children than for children, but in the main there is no sentimental rubbish, and a deal of honest, healthy story and moral. — *Prince Lazybones and other Stories*, by Mrs. W. J. Hays. (Harpers.) Mrs. Hays writes in an excellent spirit, and never loses her sprightliness, but the fairy machinery is rather violently overworked, and it must be a clear-headed child that can see its way through the tangle of the tales. — *Lamps and Paths*, by T. T. Munger (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an enlarged edition of a little book which appeared a year ago, and was welcomed by many in its briefer form for the clear, unaffected appeal which it made to the simple, religious nature of the young. Mr. Munger addresses children from the vantage-ground of a candid religious faith which is not nicely formulated; he uses anecdote sparingly, and relies chiefly upon a frank, intelligible reason.

Text-Books and Education. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1882-83 has been received. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) One can only stand and admire the mass of statistical information herein gathered, and ask if, besides the race of diggers, we are not also to have a race of assayers who will give us the bullion, for we surely cannot all do the work for ourselves. — *A Thousand Questions in American History*. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) To construct a history on this plan is mischievous, for it supposes no knowledge on the part of the pupil, and makes the work to be wholly that of the teacher except in a mere mechanical memorizing. It would be almost a waste of time to use the book in teaching history, and scarcely less in examining pupils. — *Sex in Mind and in Education*, by Henry Maudsley (Bardeen, Syracuse): a study based on physiological conditions, and of value to all who would carefully consider the intellectual education of girls. — *A Hand-Book of Latin Synonyms*, based on Meissner's *Kurzgefasste Lateinische Synonymik*, by Edgar S. Shumway (Ginn, Heath & Co.): a convenient handbook for teachers to use in expanding their pupils' conception of linguistic forms. — *A manual of the Gymnastic Exercises as practiced by the Junior Class in Amherst College*; prepared under the direction of Dr. Edward Hitchcock. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The object is to furnish a series of exercises by the use of which a teacher can instruct a class in light gymnastics; there are also exercises for company drill, and tables of meas-

urements. A little pamphlet of fifty-six pages only. — *Handbook of Latin Writing*, by Henry Preble and Charles P. Parker (Ginn, Heath & Co.): a most sensible little work, since it strikes at the root of the mechanical conception of translation. A hundred exercises are given, and the preliminary suggestions are full of value, especially to teachers. — *A Reader of German Literature*, with notes by W. H. Rosenstengal. (Putnams.) A tolerably wide range is followed, and the editor has undertaken to make his book serve as a real introduction to literature by examples, and not simply a practice book in reading. — *Colloquial Exercises and Select German Reader*, by William Deutsch. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The editor seeks to combine the Henness-Sauveur method with a more positive work on the part of the student in memorizing and linguistic gymnastics. — *A Grammar of the German Language*, by H. C. G. Brandt. (Putnams.) The author, himself a German, has approached his task in a severely scholastic fashion, and the young pupil must expect no Pullman cars on this line. If he sticks to the road, however, he will undoubtedly reach his journey's end in a very athletic condition. — *First Lessons on Minerals*, by Ellen H. Richards, is the thirteenth in the Guides for Science Teaching (Ginn, Heath & Co.): an admirable series of aids to teachers, published under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History. — *Select Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, edited with notes by William J. Rolfe (Osgood); uniform in general appearance with Rolfe's *The Princess* and other of his school editions of English Classics. Seventeen poems are taken, all of them notable ones. Mr. Rolfe prints some excellent notes, and, as before, makes free use of the best published criticism. — In the Circulars of Information issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington the fourth number for 1884 is devoted to the proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting at Washington, February 12-14, 1884. An abstract of the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1882-83 accompanies it, and partially supplies the need for which we have just been sighing. — *Female Education from a Physiological Point of View*, by John Thorburn, M. D. (J. E. Cornish, Manchester, England.) Dr. Thorburn repeats in brief the argument of Dr. Edward H. Clarke, and sounds a note of alarm in England, drawing his inferences very largely from American experience. — The youth of this country are fortunate in having such text-books as Mr. Horace E. Scudder's *History of the United States of America*. (J. H. Butler & William Ware & Co.) It is only within the last eight years that authors like Mr. Higginson and Mr. Scudder have brought accurate scholarship and trained literary skill to the preparation of works of this kind. Though intended for the use of schools and academies, Mr. Scudder's volume commends itself, by the charm and clearness of its style and the admirable arrangement of its matter, to maturer readers. The maps have been prepared with great care, and the illustrations which accompany the text are notable samples of American drawing and engraving. —

Professors Crane and Brun, of Cornell University, have rendered an inestimable service to teachers and students of the French language by the publications of *Tableaux de la Revolution Française*. (Putnams.) It is the best French reader that has come under our notice. — *How to Learn and Earn* (Lothrop) is a collection of sketches by various authors, descriptive of philanthropic schools, like that for the blind, those for Indians, cooking schools, art schools, sewing schools, and the like. West Point also comes in for attention. The book is an interesting indication of the work doing for the helpless or half-dependent. — *The Field of Honor*, by Major Ben C. Truman (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), is a compendium of dueling in all countries, and gives brief histories of all the more notable duels that have occurred in Europe and the United States. The book is interesting in its way, though it is poorly written. — *Choice Readings from Standard and Popular Authors*, embracing a complete classification of selections, a comprehensive diagram of the principles of vocal expression, and indices to the choicest readings from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Hymn-Book, compiled and arranged by R. T. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is classified under fourteen divisions, one of which, "imitative metrical," is novel. Of course a teacher can use the book any other way than in course, but we should think the danger would be that classes would read a whole section of "grave, solemn, serious, and pathetic" poems and articles, and become surfeited with them, before they struck the "lively, joyous, gay." The selections are generally well made, though the vulgar is included under "humorous, comic," and is not in a separate section by itself. — *Natural History Plays, Dialogues, and Recitations, for School Exhibitions*, by Louisa P. Hopkins (Lee & Shepard): an ingenious versification of familiar facts in natural history, for the use of children. It is an adaptation of the old-fashioned geography rhymes, and is fairly successful. — *Wentworth & Hill's Exercise Manuals, No. III.*, comprises Geometry. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is intended to practice the student in a great variety of exercises, so as to enable him to use the power which he has acquired by becoming acquainted with the principles. — *Addition Manual*, by which addition is memorized, and the sum or difference of any two numbers known at sight, by F. B. Ginn. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Mr. Ginn shows that there are but forty-five combinations to be learned in order to know the sum or difference of any two numbers, and that any one who can learn the multiplication table can memorize addition and subtraction. — *The Antigone of Sophocles*, edited on the basis of Wolff's edition, by Martin L. D'Ooge (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has, besides copious notes, the rhythmical scheme of the lyric parts, and a carefully annotated list of various readings. — *Experiment Blanks for a Short Course in Elementary Chemistry*, by Nathaniel S. French (Harris & Rogers, Boston): an ingenious little manual, adapted to the use of schools, with slight apparatus, and serving to make both teachers and pupils work more systematic and orderly. — *Italian Prin-*

cipia, Part II., is a first Italian Reading Book. (Harpers.) The editor, whose name is not given on the title-page, is Signor Ricci, professor at the City of London College. The extracts are from nearly all the best Italian prose writers, both ancient and modern, and proceed in natural order from the simple to the more complex forms. — Professor J. Laurence Laughlin has abridged and annotated Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, for college use. (Appleton.) Besides the service rendered by making the original work more compact, there has been a special gain in the introduction of American illustrations in place of and in addition to those used by Mr. Mill, in the insertion also of interesting new charts and diagrams, and in the addition of a full and useful bibliography. Altogether the book bears all the signs of a thoroughly-studied and well-furnished manual. — Mrs. Botta's *Handbook of Universal Literature* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been revised and brought down to date. It is now a quarter of a century old, and has borne the test of class-room use. The book does not disclose any singular insight on the part of the author, but a conservative and judicious mind. — *Outlines of Metaphysic*, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze. Translated and edited by George T. Ladd. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) This is the first of a short series intended to present the latest thought of Lotze. This one lies really at the basis of Lotze's system. — *The Origin of the First German Universities*, by G. G. Bush (New England Publishing Co., Boston): an encyclopædic pamphlet, reprinted from Education. The writer presents a good many facts, but he does not seem to us to have given as much attention as the reader would like to a philosophical view of the subject. The antiquarian aspects are more carefully considered than the historical.

Social and Domestic Literature. In Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing, *Bread-Making* is a recent volume, which is by necessity a small one. We wish it had been made still smaller by the omission of a sentence which encourages the production of soda biscuits. — *The Usages of the Best Society*, a complete manual of Social Etiquette, by Frances Stevens (A. L. Burt, New York): a harmless sort of book, since it supposes an ordinary knowledge of courtesy on the part of the people for whom it is designed. Such books, however, fill one with a mild despair as he thinks of the futile effort so often made to impose manners by rule. — *John Bull's Daughters*, by Max O'Rell, translated by F. C. Valentine (R. A. Saalfeld, New York): a tawdry piece of work. The reader feels that the writer is winking at him all the time that he is professing to give an account of female society in England. — *The Mentor*, a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort, by Alfred Ayres (Funk & Wagnalls): one of the better class of books on etiquette, and well written. — *How the Ends Meet*, by Susan Anna Brown (Osgood), though in the form of a story, is in substance a lesson in economy, illustrated by the experience of a family of excellent intentions and modest purse. — In *Bridget's Vacation*, by

the same author (Osgood), is an ingeniously prepared Daily Comforter for distracted housekeepers, being a series of directions for twenty-one simple meals. If Bridget does not then come back, the household will not probably greatly care. — *About People* is the title which Mrs. K. G. Wells gives to a collection of essays (Osgood) in which she aims at finding the true connection between society and the man or woman who is a man or woman "for a' that." She is very much in earnest, and very indignant over the false coin of society. Her sentiments are those of good sense and impatience at mere leather and prunella, expressed with a downrightness which must be accepted in place of much literary grace.

Biography. A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by Stuart J. Reid. (Harpers.) So good a subject could not easily be spoiled, and Mr. Reid does not come near spoiling it, but a less aggressive manner would have suited him better. He is too anxious to rehabilitate Smith, not in clerical robes, but in those of a whig reformer; he is somewhat labored in his style, sometimes even pedantic, and while he enjoys his subject's wit he seems to wish it were not so conspicuous. However, we have little to quarrel with in a book which gives so much genuine pleasure to the reader. — *Sir Moses Montefiore*, a centennial biography, with selections from letters and journals. (Harpers.) Mr. Lucien Wolf, the author of this sketch, has done his work well, with sensible reserve and dignity. The story is well worth reading, not only for the delineation which it gives of an admirable character, but for its interior pictures of modern Judaism. — *Fifty years of London Life*, memoirs of a man of the world, by Edmund Yates. (Harpers.) Mr. Yates's world is not exactly a disreputable one, but he manages to drop all the places and persons described by him a few pegs lower than a more healthy-minded man would do. There is something ignoble about the whole book. One lays it aside with the feeling that he has been in the company of a lot of cads. — *The Story of my Life*, by J. Marion Sims, edited by his son, H. Marion Sims. (Appleton.) Dr. Sims has told his story with a vigor and raciness which make it as interesting as a novel; he uses names pretty freely, and the book cannot be equally agreeable reading to everybody, but if one reads it as a romance he will be well repaid. — *Men of Invention and Industry*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Dr. Smiles has acquired a certain right to the treatment of subjects of this class, and by occupying the ground he has attracted to himself a good deal of new material; so that this volume has not only his own studies, but the contributions of others who have used him as a mouthpiece. — *John Adams*, by J. T. Morse Jr., is the latest number of *American Statesmen* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and is marked by the rugged, downright treatment of character and achievement which Mr. Morse displayed in his previous volumes. It is refreshing to meet an historical critic who is more in earnest to get at the truth and tell it than he is to adjust all matters to the satisfaction of everybody.

Poetry and the Drama. The Last David and

other Poems. (Elliot Stock, London.) The longest poem is the title one, which is a dramatic sketch. The author shows good taste, a scholar's mood, and a thoughtful mind, but his poetry is sometimes mechanical in form, and there is no strong spirit breathing in it. — *Pictures in Song*, by Clinton Scollard. (Putnams.) The title does not belie the contents of this little volume. Perhaps a more exact title still would be *Decorative Designs in Song*, for the poetry, often graceful and sometimes beautiful, is, after all, scarcely independent. It adorns this, that, and the other, rather than contains its own excuse for being. — *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, edited by his wife. (Scribners.) A biographical preface, by W. H. Ward, supplies some of the facts which one desires to know regarding Lanier, but it is a pity that more of his letters could not have been given. The story is of a brave struggle amidst peculiarly trying circumstances. The poems are collected from various magazines and journals in which they first appeared. One cannot help feeling that here was a true musician who, when he had once so mastered his instrument that he need never think of it, would have given some noble melodies. As it is, one wonders at the crass and brutal ridicule with which his cantata met when it first appeared. — *Ferishtah's Fancies*, by Robert Browning. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Browning (his name suits well the prologue to this volume, wherein the poems are likened to ortolans on toast and sage) has collected, under the name of *Ferishtah's Fancies* (*Ferishtah's*, in spite of its suggestion of a maudlin "for instance," being a Persian Dervish), a few apologues of Eastern scene and Western thought, and has appended to each, not a moral (his morals are usually applied to the tales as mustard plasters), but a lyrical reproduction of the esoteric philosophy of the apologue. The apologues are the ortolans, the lyrics are the toast; at least, so we read the riddle, for in this volume Browning retires into the recesses of his shell, only allowing his head to peep out now and then.

Politics and Economy. Money in Politics, by J. K. Upton, with an introduction by Edward Atkinson. (Lothrop.) This work does not relate, as one might suppose, to the purchase of votes or any Belshazzar's Feast, but to the effect upon money in the United States by legislative enactments. The author was formerly assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States, and his treatment is historical, beginning with early colonial money and concluding with trade dollars. The temper in which he writes is excellent, and his clear, unimpassioned style is an admirable medium, while his occasional bursts of honest indignation are welcome to the sympathetic reader. — *The Competitive Test* is the fourteenth of the *Economic Tracts* published by the Society for Political Education. Mr. E. M. Shepard, the author, considers the subject especially with reference to the civil service of States and cities; he writes temperately and with discrimination. — *Silver Coin*, by John Geo. Hertwig (the author, Washington): a plea for the retirement of government notes and the exclusive use of gold and silver coin.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — MARCH, 1885. — No. CCCXXIX.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

IV.

KELSEY trudged on with his slide and his oxen, elated by his moral triumph. He glorified himself for his meekness. He joyed, with all the turbulent impulses of victory, in the blacksmith's discomfiture.

Yet he was cognizant of his own deeper, subtler springs of action. There was that within him which forbade him to take the life of an unarmed man, but he piqued himself that he forbore. He had withheld even the return of the blow. But he knew that in refraining he had struck deeper still. He dwelt upon the scene with the satisfaction of an inventor. He, too, could foresee the consequences: the blood-curdling eloquence; the port and pose of a martyr; the far-spread doubt of the truth of the blacksmith's professions of piety, under which that doughty religionist already quaked.

And as he reflected he replied, tartly, to the monitor within, "Be angry and sin not."

And the monitor had no text.

Because of the night drifting down, perhaps, — drifting down with a chilling change; because of the darkened solemnity of the dreary woods; because of the stars shining with a splendid aloofness from all that is human; because of the weird suggestions of a will-o'-the-

wisp glowing in a marshy tangle, the exultation of his mood began to wane.

"Thar it is!" he cried, suddenly, pointing at the mocking illusion, — "that 's my religion: looks like fire, an' it's fog!"

His mind had reverted to his wild supplications in the solitudes of the "bald," — his unanswered prayers. The oxen had paused of their own accord to rest, and he stood looking at the spectral gleam.

"I 'd never hev thunk o' takin' up with religion," he said, in a shrill, upbraiding tone, "ef I hed been let ter live along like other men be, or ef me an' mine could die like other folks be let ter die! But it 'peared ter me ez religion war 'bout all ez war lef', arter I hed gin the baby the stuff the valley doctor hed lef' fur Em'ly, — bein' ez I could n't read right the old critter's cur'ous scrapin's with his pencil, — an' gin Em'ly the stuff fur the baby. An' it died. An' then Em'ly got onsettled an' crazy, an' tuk ter vagrantin' 'roun', an' fell off'n the bluff. An' some say she flunged herself off'n it. An' I knows she flunged herself off'n it through bein' out'n her mind with grief."

He paused, leaning on the yoke, his dreary eyes still on the *ignis fatuus* of the woods. "An' then Brother Jake Tobin 'lowed ez religion war fur sech ez me. I hed no mind ter religion. But

the worl' hed in an' about petered out for me. An' I tuk up with religion. I hev sarved it five year faithful. An' now" — he cast his angry eyes upward — "ye let me believe that thar is no God!"

So it was that Satan hunted him like a partridge on the mountains. So it was that he went out into the desert places to upbraid the God in whom he believed because he believed that there was no God. There was a tragedy in his faith and his unfaith. That this untrained, untutored mind should grope among the irreconcilable things, — the problems of a merciful God and his afflicted people, foreordained from the beginning of the world and free agents! That to the ignorant mountaineer should come those distraught questions that vex polemics, and try the strength of theologies, and give the wise men an illimitable field for the display of their agile and ingenious solutions and substitutions! He knew naught of this; the wild Alleghanies intervened between his yearning, empty despair and their plenished fame, the splendid superstructure on the ruins of their faith. He thought himself the only unbeliever in a Christian world, the only inherent infidel; a mysteriously accursed creature, charged with the discovery of the monstrous fallacy of that beneficent comfort, assuaging the grief of a stricken world, and called an overruling Providence. Again his flickering faith would flare up, and he would reproach God who had suffered its lapse. This was his secret and his shame, and he guarded it. And so when he preached his wild sermons with a certain natural eloquence; and prayed his frantic prayers, instinct with all the sincerities of despair; and sang with the people the mournful old hymns in the little meeting-house on the notch, or on the banks of the Scolacutta River, where they went down to be baptized, his keen introspection, his moral dissent, which he might not forbear, yet would not

avow, were an intolerable burden, and his spiritual life was the throe of a spiritual anguish.

Often there was no intimation in those sermons of his of the quaint doctrines which delight the simple men of his calling in that region, who are fain to feel learned. His Christ, to judge from this mood, was a Paramount Emotion: not the Christ who confuted the wise men in the temple, and read in the synagogues, and said dark allegories; but he who stilled the storm, and healed the sick, and raised the dead, and wept, most humanly, for the friend whom he loved. Kelsey's trusting heart contended with his doubting mind, and sometimes the simple humanities of these sermons comforted him. Sometimes he sought consolation otherwise; he would remember that he had never been like his fellows. This was only another manifestation of the dissimilarity that dated from his earliest recollections. He had from his infancy peculiar gifts. He was learned in the signs of the weather, and predicted the mountain storms; he knew the haunts and habits of every beast and bird in the Great Smoky, every leaf that burgeons, every flower that blows. So deep and incisive a knowledge of human nature had he that this faculty was deemed supernatural, and akin to the gift of prophecy. He himself understood, although perhaps he could not have accurately limited and defined it, that he exercised unconsciously a vigilant attention and an acute discrimination; his forecast was based upon observation so close and unsparing, and a power of deduction so just, that in a wider sphere it might have been called judgment, and, reinforced by education, have attained all the functions of a ripened sagacity.

Crude as it was, it did not fail of recognition. In many ways his "word" was sought and heeded. His influence yielded its richest effect when his *confrère* of the pulpit would call on him to

foretell the fate of the sinner and the wrath of God to the Big Smoky. And then Brother Jake Tobin would accompany the glowing picture by a slow rhythmic clapping of hands and a fragmentary chant, "That dreadful Day air a-comin' along!"—bearing all the time a smiling and beatific countenance, as if he were fireproof himself, and brimstone and flame were only for his friends.

Rousing himself from his reverie with a sigh, Hiram Kelsey urged the oxen along the sandy road, which had here and there an interval of boulders, threatening the slide with dissolution at every jolt. They began presently to quicken their pace of their own accord. The encompassing woods and the laurel were so dense that no gleam of light was visible till they brought up suddenly beside a rail fence, and the fitful glimmer of firelight from an open door close at hand revealed the presence of a double log cabin. There was an uninclosed passage between the two rooms, and in this a tall, gaunt woman was standing.

"Thar be Hi now, with the steers," she said, detecting the dim bovine shadows in the flickering gleams.

"Tell Hiram ter kem in right now," cried a chirping voice, like a superannuated cricket. "I hev a word ter ax him."

"Tell Hiram ter feed them thar steers fust," cried out another ancient voice, keyed several tones lower, and also with the ring of authority.

"Tell Hiram," shrilly piped the other, "ter hustle his bones, ef he knows what air good fur 'em."

"Tell Hiram," said the deeper voice, sustaining the antiphonal effect, "I want them thar steers feded foreshortly."

Then ensued a muttered wrangle within, and finally the shriller voice was again uplifted: "Tell Hiram what my word air."

"An' ye tell Hiram what *my* word air."

The woman, who was tall as a grenadier, and had a voice like velvet, looked meekly back into the room, upon each mandate, with a nod of mild obedience.

"Ye hearn 'em," she said softly to Kelsey. Evidently she could not undertake the hazard of discriminating between these coequal authorities.

"I hearn 'em," he replied.

She sat down near the door, and resumed her occupation of monotonously peeling June apples for "sass." Her brown calico sunbonnet, which she habitually wore, in doors and out, obscured her visage, except her chin and absorbed mouth, that now and then moved in unconscious sympathy with her work. There was a piggin on one side of her to receive the quartered fruit, and on the other a white oak splint basket, already half full of the spiral parings. Behind her, in the doorway, there sat on the step her husband, a shaggy-headed, full-bearded, unkempt fellow, in brown jeans trousers reaching almost to his collar-bone in front, and supported by the single capable suspender so much affected in the mountains. His unbleached cotton shirt was open at the throat, for there was fire enough in the huge chimney-place to make the room unpleasantly warm, despite the change of temperature without. Now and then he stretched out his hand for an apple already pared, which his wife gave him with an adroit back-handed movement, and which he ate in a mouthful or two. He made way for Kelsey to enter, and asked him a question, almost inarticulate because of the apples, but apparently of hospitable intent, for Kelsey said he had had a bite and a sup at Jonas Trice's, and did not want the supper which had been providently saved for him.

Kelsey did not betray which command he had thought best to obey.

"I hed ter put my rifle on the rack in the t'other room, gran'dad," he observed meekly, addressing one of two very old men who sat on either side of

the huge fireplace. There were cushions in their rude arm-chairs, and awkward little three-legged footstools were placed in front of them. Their shoes and clothing, although coarse to the last degree, were clean and carefully tended. They had each long ago lived out the allotted threescore years and ten, but they had evidently not worn out their welcome. One had suffered a paralytic attack, and every word and motion was accompanied with a convulsive gasp and jerk. The other old man was saturnine and lymphatic, and seemed a trifle younger than his venerable associate.

"What war ye a-doin' of with yer rifle?" mumbled "gran'dad," in wild, toothless haste.

"I tuk it along ter see, when I war a-comin' home, ef I mought shoot suthin' tasty for supper."

"What did ye git?" demanded gran'dad, with retrospective greed; for supper was over, and he had done full justice to his share.

"I never got nuthin'," said Kelsey, a trifle shamefacedly.

"Waal, waal, waal! These hyar latter times gits cur'ouser ez they goes along. The stren'th an' the seasonin' hev all gone out'n the lan'. Whenst I war young, folks ez kerried rifles ter git suthin' fur supper did n't kem home a-suckin' the bar'l. Folks ez kerried rifles in them days did n't tote 'em fur — fur — a ornamint. Folks in them days lef' preachin' an' prophecy an' sech ter thar elders, an' hunted the beastis an' the Injun', — though sinners is plentier than the t'other kind o' game on the Big Smoky these times. No man, in them days, jest turned thirty sot hisself down ter idlin', an' preachin', an' convictin' his elders o' sin."

Kelsey bore himself with the deferential humility characteristic of the mountaineers toward the aged among them.

"What war the word ez ye war a-layin' off ter say ter me, gran'dad?" he asked, striving to effect a diversion.

"Waal, waal, look a hyar, Hiram!" exclaimed the old man, remembering his question in eager precipitancy. "This hyar 'Cajah Green, ye know, ez air a-runnin' fur sher'ff — air — air he Republikin or Dimmycrat?"

"Thar's no man in these hyar parts smart enough ter find that out," interpolated Obediah Scruggs in the door, circumspectly taking the apple seeds out of his mouth. He was the son of one of the magnates, and the son-in-law of the other; his matrimonial venture had resulted in doubling his filial obligations. His wife had brought, instead of a dowry, her aged father to the fireside.

"'Cajah Green," continued the speaker, "run ez a independent las' time, an' thar war so many bolters an' sech they split the vote, an' he war 'lected. An' now he air a-runnin' agin."

The old man listened to this statement, his eye blazing, his chin in a quiver, his lean figure erect, and the pipe in his palsied hand shaking till the coal of fire on top showed brightening tendencies.

"Waal, sir! waal!" exclaimed the aged politician, with intense bitterness. "The stren'th an' the seasonin' hev all gone out'n the lan'! Whenst I war young," he declared dramatically, drawing the pitiable contrast, "folks knowed what they war, an' they let other folks know, too, ef they hed ter club it inter 'em. But them was Old Hickory's times. Waal, waal, we ain't a-goin' ter see Old Hickory no more — no — more!"

"I hopes not," said the other old man, with sudden asperity. "I hopes we'll never see no sech tormintin' old Dimmycrat agin. But law! I need n't fret my soul. Henry Clay shook all the life out'n him five year afore he died. Henry Clay made a speech agin Andrew Jackson in 1840 what forty thousan' people kem ter hear. Thar war a man fur ye! He hed a tongue like a bell; 'pears like ter me I kin hear it yit, when

I listens right hard. By Gum!" triumphantly, "that day he tuk the stiffenin' out'n Old Hickory! Surely, surely, he did! Ef I thought I war never a-goin' ter hear Old Hickory's name agin I'd tune up my ears fur the angel's quirin'. I war born a Republikin, I grow'd ter be a good Whig, an' I'll die a Republikin. Ef that ain't religion I dunno what air! That's the way I hev lived an' walked afore the Lord. An' hyar in the evenin' o' my days I hev got ter set alongside o' this hyar old consarn, an' hear him jow 'bout'n Old Hickory from mornin' till night. Ef I hed knowed how he war goin' ter turn out 'bout'n Old Hickory in his las' days, I would n't hev let my darter marry his son, thirty five year ago. I knowed he war a Dimmycrat, but I never knowed the stren'th o' the failin' till I war called on ter 'sperience it."

"Ye 'lowed t'other day, gran'dad," said Kelsey, addressing the aged paralytic in a propitiatory manner, "ez ye war n't a-goin' ter talk 'bout'n Old Hickory no more. It 'pears like ter me ez ye oughter gin yer 'tention ter the candidates ez ye hev got ter vote fur in August, — 'Cajah Green, an' sech."

But it must be admitted that Mica-jah Green was not half the man that Old Hickory was, and the filial remonstrance had no effect. The acrimonies of fifty years ago were renewed across the hearth with a rancor that suggests that an old grudge, like old wine, improves with time. No one ventured to interrupt, but Obediah Scruggs, still lounging in the door, commented in a low tone:—

"The law stirs itself ter sot a time when a man air old enough ter vote an' meddle with politics generally. 'Pears like ter me it ought ter sot a time when he hev got ter quit."

"Waal, Obediah!" exclaimed the soft-voiced woman, the red parings hanging in concentric circles from her motionless knife. "That ain't religion. Ye talk like a man would hev ter be ez

sensible an' solid fur politics ez fur workin' on the road. They don't summons the ole men fur sech jobs ez that. They mought ez well enjye the evenin' o' thar days with this foolishness o' politics ez enny other."

"Shucks!" said Obediah, who had the courage of his convictions. "These hyar old folks hev hed ter live in the same house an' ride in the same wag-in thirty-five year, jes' 'kase, when we war married, they agreed ter put what they hed tergether; an' they hev been a-fightin' over thar dead an' gone politics ev'y minit o' the time since. Thar may be some good Dimmycrats, an' thar may be some good Republikins; but they make a powerful oneasy team, yoked tergether. An' when it grows on 'em so, the law oughter kem in, an' count 'em over age, an' shet 'em up. 'Specially ez dad hev voted fur Andy Jackson fur *Presidint*, outer respect fur his mem'ry, ev'y 'lection sence the tormentin' old critter died."

But he said all this below his breath, and presently fell silent, for his wife's face had clouded, and her soft drawling voice had an intimation of a depression of spirit.

"The kentry hev kem ter its ruin," exclaimed the paralytic, "when men — brazen-faced buzzards — kin go an' git 'lected ter office 'thout no party ter boost 'em! Look a hyar," — he turned to his grandson, — "ye air always a-prophecy-in'. Prophecy some now. Air 'Cajah Green a-goin' ter be 'lected?"

He thumped the floor with his stick, and fixed his imperative eye upon Hiram Kelsey's face.

"Naw, gran'dad. He won't be 'lected," said the prophet.

The old man's face was scarlet because of this contradiction of his own dismal vaticinations.

"'Cajah Green *will* be 'lected," he cried. "The kentry's ruined. Folks dunno whether they air Republikins or Dimmycrats! Lor' A'mighty, ter

think o' the like o' that! The kentry's ruined! An' yer prophesyin' don't tech it. They hed false prophets in the old days, an' the tribe holds out yit."

He struck the floor venomously with his stick. Its defective aim once or twice brought it upon a rough black bundle that lay rolled up in front of the fire like a great dog. A slow head was lifted inquiringly, with an offended mien, from the rolls of fat and fur. Twin-kling small eyes glared out. When another blow descended, with a wild disregard of results, there was a whimper, a long low growl, a flash of white teeth, and with claw and fang the pet cub caught at the stick. The old man dropped it in a panic.

"Look a-yander at the bar!" he shrieked.

But the cub had crouched on the floor since the stick had fallen, and was whimpering again, and looking about in cowardly appeal.

The old man rallied, "What d'ye bring the savage beastis home fur, Hiram, out'n the woods whar they b'long?" he vociferated.

"Kase he 'lowed he hed killed the dam, an' the young 'un war bound ter starve," put in the other old man actuated, perhaps, by some sympathy for the grandson, whose strength and youth counted for naught against this adversity.

"What air ye a-aimin' ter do with it? Ter kill sech chillen ez happen ter make game o' ye? That's what the prophets of old cited thar bars ter do, — ter kill the little laffin' chillen."

Kelsey winced. The cruelties of the old chronicles bore hard upon his wavering faith.

The old man saw his advantage, and with the wantonness of tyranny followed it up: "That's it,—that's it! That would suit Hiram, like the prophets, — ter kill the innercent chillen!"

The young man recoiled suddenly. The patriarch, a wild terror on his pal-

lid, aged face, recognized the significance of his words. He held up his shaking hands as if to recall them, to clutch them. He had remembered the domestic tragedy: the humble figure of the little mountain child, all gayety and dimples and gurgling laughter, that had known no grief and had wrought such woe, whose mortal records were a rude, empty cradle in the corner, a mound — such a tiny mound! — in the mountain graveyard, and an imperishable self-reproach, unquenchable as the fires of hell.

"I furgot, — I furgot!" shrieked the old man. "I furgot the baby! When war she buried? — las' week or year afore las'? The only one, — the only great-gran'child I ever hed. The frien'-liest baby! Knowed me jes' ez well!" He burst into senile tears. "Don't ye go, Hiram. What did the doctor say ye gin her? Laws-a-massy! 'Pears like 'twar jes' yestiddy she war a-crawl-in' 'roun' the floor, stiddier that heejus beastis ez I wisht war in the woods — laffin' — Lord A'mighty! laffin' an' tak-in' notice ez peart. Hiram, don't ye go, — don't ye go! Pearties', pretties' chile I ever see — an' I had six o' my own — an' the frien'lies'! An' I hed planned fur such a many pleasures when she hed got some growth an' hed l'arned ter talk. I wanted ter hear what she hed ter say, — the only great-grandchild I ever hed, — an' now the words will never be spoke. 'Pears like ter me ez the Lord shows mighty little jedgmint ter take her, an' leave me a-cumberin' the groun'."

Then he began once more to wring his hands and sob aloud, — that piteous weeping of the aged! — and to mumble brokenly, "The frien'lies' baby!"

The woman left her work and took off her bonnet, showing her gray hair drawn into a skimpy knot at the back of her head, and leaving in high relief her strong, honest, candid features, on which the refinements of all benign impulses effaced the effects of poverty and

ignorance. She crossed the room to the old man's chair; her velvety voice soothed him. He suffered himself to be lifted by his son and grandson, and carried away bodily to bed in the room across the passage. In the mean time the woman filled a tin cup with lard, placing in its midst a button tied in a bit of cloth to serve as a wick, and lighted it at the fire, while the cub presided with sniffing curiosity at the unusual proceeding, pressing up close against her as she knelt on the hearth, well knowing that she was not to be held in fear nor in any special respect by young bears.

"I'm goin' ter gin him a button-lamp ter sleep by, bein' ez he hev tuk the baby in his head agin," she said to her father in explanation; "he won't feel so lonesome ef he wakes up."

He had looked keenly after his venerable compeer as he was borne across the unclosed passage between the two rooms.

"He's breaking some. He's aging," he said critically; not without sympathy, but with a stalwart conviction that his own feebleness was as strength to the other's weakness. "He's breaking some," he repeated, with a physical vanity that might have graced a prize-fighter.

The next moment there came sharp and shrill through the open door the old man's voice, high and glib in cheerful forgetfulness, conversing with his attendants as they got him to bed.

"Whenst I war young," he cried, "I went down to Sevierville wunst. 'Twar when they war a-runnin' of Old Hickory."

"Thar it is again!" exclaimed the ancient Republican. "Old Hickory war bad enough when he war alive; but I b'lieves he's wusser now that he is dead, with this hyar old critter a-moanin' 'bout him night and day. I'd feel myself called ter fling him off'n the bluff, ef it war n't that he hev got the palsy, an' I

gits sorry fur him wunst in a while. An' then, I b'lieves that ennybody what is a Dimmycrat air teched in the head, an' ain't 'sponsible fur thar foolishness, 'kase sensible folks ain't Dimmycrats. That's been my 'speriunce fur eighty year, an' I hev hed no call ter change my mind. So I hev ter try my patience an' stan' this hyar old critter's foolishness, but it air a mighty tough strain."

V.

The shadows of the great dead trees in the midst of the Settlement were at their minimum in the vertical vividness of the noontide. They bore scant resemblance to those memorials of gigantic growths which towered, stark and white, so high to the intensely blue sky; instead, they were like some dark and leafless underbrush clustering about the sapless trunks. The sandy stretch of the clearing reflected the sunlight with a deeply yellow glare, its poverty of soil illustrated by frequent clumps of the woolly mullein-weeds. The Indian corn and the sparse grass were crudely green in the inclosures about the gray, weather-beaten log-houses, which stood distinct against the dark, restful tones of the forest filling the background. The mountains with each remove wore every changing disguise of distance: shading from sombre green to a dull purple; then overlaid with a dubious blue; next showing a true and turquoise richness; still further, a delicate transient hue that has no name; and so away to the vantage-ground of illusions, where the ideal poises upon the horizon, and the fact and the fantasy are undistinguishably blended. The intermediate valleys appeared in fragmentary glimpses here and there: sometimes there was only the unbroken verdure of the tree-tops; one was cleft by a canary-colored streak which betokened a harvested wheat-field; in another blazed a sapphire circle,

where the vertical sun burned in the waters of a blue salt "lick."

The landscape was still, — very still; not the idle floating of a cloud, not the vague shifting of a shadow, not the flutter of a wing. But the Settlement on the crags above had known within its experience no similar commotion. There were many horses hitched to the fences, some girded with blankets in lieu of saddles. Clumsy wagons stood among the stumps in the clearing, with the oxen unyoked and their provender spread before them on the ground. Although the log-cabins gave evidence of hospitable proceedings within, family parties were seated in some of the vehicles, munching the dinner providently brought with them. All the dogs in the Great Smoky, except perhaps a very few, incapacitated by extreme age or extreme youth, were humble participants in the outing, having trotted under the wagons many miles from their mountain homes, and now lay with lolling tongues among the wheels. About the store lounged a number of men, mostly the stolid, impassive mountaineers. A few, however, although in the customary jeans, bore the evidence of more worldly prosperity and a higher culture; and there were two or three resplendent in the "b'iled shirt and store clothes" of civilization, albeit the first was without collar or cravat, and the latter were of antique cut and reverend age. These were candidates, — talkative, full of anecdote, quick to respond, easily flattered, and flattering to the last degree. They were especially jocose and friendly with each other, but amid the fraternal guffaws and exchanges of "chaws o' ter-bacco" many quips were bandied, barbed with ridicule; many good stories recounted, charged with uncomplimentary deductions; many jokes cracked, discovering the kernel of slander or detraction in the merry shell. The mountaineers looked at them with eyes devoid of envy, and despite their stolidity with an

understanding of the conversational masquerade. Beneath this motley verbal garb was a grave and eager aspiration for public favor, and it was a matter of no small import when a voter would languidly look at another with a silent laugh, slowly shake his head with a not-to-be-convinced gesture, and spit profusely on the ground.

In and out of the store dawdled a ceaseless procession of free and enlightened citizens; always emerging with an aspect of increased satisfaction, wiping their mouths with big bandanna handkerchiefs, and sometimes with the more primitive expedient of a horny hand. Nathan Hoodendin sat in front of the door, keeping store after his usual fashion, except that the melancholy wheeze "Jer'miah" rose more frequently upon the air. Jer'miah's duties consisted chiefly in serving out whiskey and apple-jack, and the little drudge stuck to his work with an earnest pertinacity, for which the privilege of draining the very few drops left in the bottom of the glass after each dram seemed hardly an adequate reward.

The speeches, which were made in the open air, the candidate mounted on a stump in front of the store, were all much alike, — the same self-laudatory meekness, the same inflamed party spirit, the same jocose allusions to opponents, — each ending, "Gentlemen, if I am elected to office I will serve you to the best of my skill and ability. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention." The crowd, close about, stood listening with great intentness, each wearing the impartial pondering aspect of an umpire.

On the extreme outskirts of the audience, however, there was an unprecedented lapse of attention; a few of the men, seated on stumps or on the wagon-tongues, now and then whispering together, and casting excited glances toward the blacksmith's shop. Sometimes one would rise, approach it stealthily, stoop down, and peer in at the low win-

dow. The glare outside made the interior seem doubly dark, and a moment or two was needed to distinguish the anvil, the fireless hearth, the sooty hood. A vague line of light fell through a crevice in the clapboard roof upon a shock of yellow hair and gleaming eyes, two sullen points of light in the midst of the deep shadows. None of the mountaineers had ever seen a wild beast caged, but Rick Tyler's look of fierce and surly despair, of defiance, of all vain and vengeful impulses, as he sat bound hand and foot in the forge, was hardly more human. The faces multiplied at the window, — stolid, or morbidly curious, awe-struck, or with a grinning display of long tobacco-stained teeth. Many of them were well known to Rick Tyler, and if ever he had liked them he hated them now.

There was a stir outside, a clamor of many voices. The "speaking" was over. Footsteps sounded close to the door of the blacksmith's shop. The sheriff was about to enter, and the crowd pressed eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. Arriving this morning, the sheriff had been glad to combine his electioneering interests with his official duty. The opportunity of canvassing among the assemblage gave him, he thought, an ample excuse for remaining a few hours longer at the Settlement than was necessary; and when he heard of the impending diversion of the gander-pulling he was convinced that his horse required still more rest before starting with his prisoner for Shaftesville jail.

He went briskly into the forge, carrying a pair of clanking handcuffs. He busied himself in exchanging these for the cord with which the young fellow's wrists were bound. It had been drawn brutally tight, and the flesh was swollen and raw. "It seems ter me, ez 't was the blacksmith that nabbed ye, he might hev done better for ye than this, by a darned sight," he said in an undertone.

He had not been reluctant at first that the crowd should come in, but he appreciated unnecessary harshness as an appeal for sympathy, and he called out to his deputy, who had accompanied him on his mission, to clear the room.

"We're goin' ter keep him shet up fur a hour or so, an' start down the mounting in the cool of the evenin'," he explained; "so ef ye want ter view him the winder is yer chance."

The forge was cleared at last, the broad light vanishing with the closing of the great barn-like doors. Rick heard the lowered voices of the sheriff and deputy gravely consulting without, as they secured the fastenings with a padlock which they had brought with them in view of emergencies. They had taken the precaution, too, to nail pieces of scantling at close intervals across the shutterless window; more, perhaps, to prevent the intrusion of the curious without than the escape of the manacled prisoner. The section of the landscape glimpsed through the bars, — the far blue mountains and a cluster of darkly garnet poke-berries, with a leaf or two of the bush growing close by the wall — sprang into abnormal brilliancy at the end of the dark vista of the interior. It was a duskier brown within for that fragment of vivid color and dazzling clearness in the window. Naught else could be seen, except a diagonal view of the porch of one of the log-cabins and the corn-field beyond.

Curiosity was not yet sated; now and then a face peered in, as Rick sat bound, securely, the cords still about his limbs and feet and the clanking handcuffs on his wrists. These inquisitive apparitions at the window grew fewer as the time went by, and presently ceased altogether. The bustle outside increased: it drowned the drowsy drone of the cicada; it filled the mountain solitudes with a trivial incongruity. Now and then there was the sudden tramp of a horse and a loud guffaw.

Rick knew that they were making ready for the gander-pulling, which unique sport had been selected by the long-headed mountain politicians as likely to insure the largest assemblage possible from the surrounding region to hear the candidates prefer their claims.

Electioneering topics were not suspended even while the younger men were saddling and bridling their horses for the proposed festivity. As Micajah Green strolled across the clearing, and joined a group of elderly spectators who sat tilted in their chairs against the walls of the store, which began to afford some shade, he found that his own prospects were under discussion.

"They tell me, 'Cajah," said Nathan Hoodendin, who had hardly budged from his chair that day, his conversational activity, however, atoning for his physical inertia, "ez ye air bound ter eend this lection with yer finger in yer mouth."

"Don't know why," said Micajah Green, with a sharp, sudden effect as of an angry bark, and lapsing from the smiling mien which he was wont to conserve as a candidate.

"Waal, word hev been brung hyar ter the *Settlemint* ez this prophet o' ourn in the Big Smoky, he say ye ain't goin' ter be re'lected."

The sheriff laughed scornfully, snapping his fingers as he stood before the group, and whirled airily on his boot-heel.

Nevertheless, he was visibly annoyed. He knew the strength of a fantastic superstition among ignorant people, and their disposition to verify rather than disprove. There were voters in the Big Smoky liable to be controlled by a morbid impulse to make the prophet's word true. It was an unexpected and unmeasured adverse influence, and he chafed under the realization.

"An' what sets Pa'son Kelsey agin me?" he demanded.

"He ain't in no ways *sot agin you-*

uns ez I knows on," discriminated Nathan Hoodendin, studious impartiality expressed among the graven wrinkles of his face. "Not ez it war *sot agin* ye; but he jes' 'lows ez that air the fac'. Ye ain't goin' ter be 'lected agin."

"The pa'son hev got a gredge agin the old man, hyar," said the deputy. He was a stalwart fellow of about twenty-five years of age. He had sandy hair and mustache, a broad freckled face, light gray eyes, and a thin-lipped, defiant mouth. He bore himself with an air of bravado, which conveyed as many degrees of insult as one felt disposed to take up. "He lit out on me fust, — I war with Amos Jeemes thar, — an' the pa'son put us out'n the meet'n'-house. He did! He don't want no sorter sher-ffs in the Big Smoky. An' he called Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith, Judas fur arrestin' that lot o' bacon yander in the shop, when he kem hyar ter the *Settlemint* fur powder, ter keep him able ter resis' the law! Who sold Rick Tyler that powder, Mister Hoodendin?" he added, turning his eyes on the proprietor of the store.

Old Hoodendin hesitated. "Jer'miah," he wheezed feebly.

His anxious eyes gleamed from out their perplexed wrinkles like a ray of sunlight twinkling through a spider-web.

There was an interchange of glances between the sheriff and his deputy, and the admonished subordinate continued:

"'T war jes' the boy, eh; an' I reck on he war afeard o' Rick's shootin'-iron an' sech."

"'T war Jer'miah," repeated the store keeper, his discreet eyes upon the bosom of his blue-checked homespun shirt.

"Waal, the pa'son, ez I war sayin' he called the blacksmith 'Judas' fur capturin' the malefactor, an' the governor's reward 'blood money,'" continued the deputy, expertly electioneering since his own tenure was on the uncertain continuance of the sheriff in office.

"An' now he's goin' 'round the kentry prophesyin' ez 'Cajah Green ain't goin' ter be 'lected. Waal, thar war false prophets 'fore his time, an' will be agin, I'm thinkin'."

There rose a sudden clamor upon the air; a vibrant, childish voice, and then a great guffaw. An old crone had come out of one of the cabins and was standing by the fence, holding out to Gid Fletcher, who seemed master of ceremonies, a large white gander, whose foolish physiognomy was thrown into bold prominence by a thorough greasing of the head and neck. His wings flapped, he hissed fiercely, he dolorously squawked. A little girl was running frantically by the side of the old woman, clutching at her skirt, and vociferously claiming the "gaynder." Hers it was, since "Mam hed gin me the las' aig when the gray goose laid her ladder out, an' it war sot under the old Dominicky hen ez kem off 'n her nest through settin' three weeks, like a hen will do. An' then 't war put under old Top-knot, an' 't war the fust aig hatched out'n old Top-knot's settin'."

This unique pedigree, shrieked out with a shrill distinctness, mixed with the lament of the prescient bird, had a ludicrous effect. Fletcher took the gander with a guffaw, the old crone chuckled, and the young men laughed as they mounted their horses.

The blacksmith hardly knew which part he preferred to play. The element of domination in his character gave a peculiar relish to the rôle of umpire; yet with his pride in his deftness and strength it cost him a pang to forego the competition in which he felt himself an assured victor. He armed himself with a whip of many thongs, and took his stand beneath a branch of one of the trees, from which the gander was suspended by his big feet, head downward. Aghast at his disagreeable situation, his wild eyes stared about; his great wings flapped drearily; his long

neck protruded with its peculiar motion, unaware of the clutch it invited. What a pity so funny a thing can suffer!

The gaping crowd at the store, on the cabin porches, on the fences, watched the competitors with wide-eyed, wide-mouthed delight. There were gallant figures among them, shown to advantage on young horses whose spirit was not yet quelled by the plough. They filed slowly around the prescribed space once, twice; then each made the circuit alone at a break-neck gallop. As the first horseman rode swiftly along the crest of the precipice, his head high against the blue sky, the stride of the steed covering mountain and valley, he had the miraculous effect of Prince Firouz Shah and the enchanted horse in their mysterious aerial journeys. When he passed beneath the branch whence hung the frantic, fluttering bird, the blacksmith, standing sentinel with his whip of many thongs, laid it upon the flank of the horse, and despite the wild and sudden plunge the rider rose in his stirrups and clutched the greased neck of the swaying gander. Tough old fowl! The strong ligaments resisted. The first hardly hoped to pluck the head, and after his wild, convulsive grasp his frightened horse carried him on almost over the bluff. The slippery neck refused to yield at the second pull, and the screams of the delighted spectators mingled with the shrieks of the gander. The mountain colt, a clay-bank, with a long black tail full of cockle-burrs, bearing the third man, reared violently under the surprise of the lash. As the rider changed the balance of his weight, rising in his stirrups to tug at the gander's neck, the colt pawed the air wildly with his fore feet, fell backward, and rolled upon the ground, almost over the hapless wight. The blacksmith was fain to support himself against the tree for laughter, and the hurraing Settlement could not remem-

ber when it had enjoyed anything so much. The man gathered himself up sheepishly, and limped off; the colt being probably a mile away, running through the woods at the height of his speed.

The gander was in a panic by this time. If ever a fowl of that gender has hysterics, that gander exhibited the disease. He hissed; he flapped his wings; he squawked; he stared; he used every limited power of expression with which nature has gifted him. He was so funny one could hardly look at him.

As Amos James was about to take his turn, amid flattering cries of "Amos 'll pull his head!" "Amos 'll git his head!" a man who had suddenly appeared on horseback at the verge of the clearing, and had paused, contemplating the scene, rode swiftly forward to the tree.

"Ye can't pull out'n turn, — ye can't pull out'n turn, pa'son!" cried half a dozen voices from the younger men. The elders stared in amaze that the preacher should demean his calling by engaging in this public sport.

Kelsey checked his pace before he reached the blacksmith, who, seeing that he was not going to pull, forbore to lay on the lash. The next moment he thought that Kelsey was going to pull; he had risen in his stirrups, with uplifted arm.

"What be you-uns a-goin' ter do?" demanded Gid Fletcher, amazed.

"I'm a-goin' ter take this hyar critter down."

His words thrilled through the Settlement like a current of electricity. The next phrase was lost in a wild chorus of exclamations.

"Take the gaynder down?"

"What fur?"

"Hi Kelsey hev los' his mind; surely he hev."

Then above the angry, undistinguishable tumult of remonstrance the preacher's voice rose clear and impressive:

"The pains o' the beastis he hev made teches the Lord in heaven; fur he marks the sparrow's fall, an' minds himself o' the pitiful o' yearth!" He spoke with the authority appertaining to his calling. "The spark o' life in this fow-el air kindled ez fraish ez yourn, — fur hevin' a soul, ye don't generallly prove it; an' hevin' no soul ter save, this gaynder hain't yearned the torments o' hell, an' I'm a-goin' ter take the critter down."

"T ain't yer gaynder!" conclusively argued the blacksmith, applying the swage of his own conviction.

"He air *my* gaynder!" shrieked out a childish voice. "Take him down, — take him down!"

This objection to the time-honored sport seemed hardly less eccentric than an exhibition of insanity. To apply a dignified axiom of humanity to that fluttering, long-suffering tumult of anguish familiarly known as the "gaynder" was regarded as ludicrously inappropriate. To refer to the Lord and the typical sparrow in this connection seemed almost blasphemy. Nevertheless, with the rural reverence for spiritual authority and the superior moral perception of the clergy, the crowd wore a submissively balked aspect, and even the young men who had not yet had their tug at the fowl's neck succumbed, under the impression that the preacher's fiat had put a stop to the gander-pulling for this occasion.

As Kelsey once more lifted his hand to liberate the creator of the day's merriment, the blacksmith, his old grudge reinforced by a new one, gave the horse a cut with his whip. The animal plunged under the unexpected blow, and carried the rider beyond the tree. Reverence for the cloth had no longer a restraining influence on the young mountaineers. They burst into yells of laughter.

"Cl'ar out, pa'son!" they exclaimed, delightedly. "Ye hev hed yer pull. Cl'ar out!"

There was a guffaw among the elders

about the store. A clamor of commenting voices rose from the cabin porches, where the feminine spectators stood. The gander squawked dolorously. The hubbub was increased by the sudden sharp yelping of hounds that had started game somewhere near at hand. Afterward, from time to time, canine snarls and yaps rose vociferously upon the air, — unheeded, since the inherent interests of a gander-pulling were so enhanced by the addition of a moral discussion and the jeopardy of its conclusion.

The next man in turn, Amos James, put his horse to a canter, and came in a cloud of yellow dust toward the objective point under the tree. In another moment there was almost a collision, for Kelsey had wheeled and ridden back so swiftly that he reined up under the bough where the fowl hung as Amos James, rising in his stirrups, dashed toward it. His horse shied, and carried him past, out of reach, while the blacksmith stepped precipitately toward the bole, exclaiming angrily, "Don't ride me down, Hi Kelsey!"

He recovered his presence of mind and the use of his whip in another moment, and laid a stinging lash upon the parson's horse, as once more the champion of the bird reached up to release it. The next instant Gid Fletcher recoiled suddenly; there was a significant gesture, a steely glimmer, and the blacksmith was gazing with petrified reluctance down the muzzle of a six-shooter. He dared not move a muscle as he stood, with that limited field of vision, and with more respectful acquiescence in the opinion of another man than he had ever before been brought to entertain. The horseman looked at his enemy in silence for a moment, the broad-brimmed hat shading his face, with its melancholy expression, its immobile features, and its flashing eyes.

"Drap that lash," Kelsey said.

Gid Fletcher's grasp relaxed; then the parson with his left hand reached up

and contrived to unloose the fluttering gander. He handed the bird down to the little girl, who had been fairly under the horse's heels at the tree since the first suggestions of its deliverance. She clutched it in great haste, wrapped her apron about it, and carrying it, baby-wise, ran fleetly off, casting apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

So the gander was saved, but in its fright, its woe, and the frantic presage in whatever organ may serve it for mind, the fowl had a pretty fair case against the Settlement for exemplary damages.

The sport ended in great disaffection and a surly spirit. Several small grievances among the younger men promised to result in a disturbance of the peace. The blacksmith, held at bay only by the pistol, flared out furiously when relieved of that strong coercion. His pride was roused in that he should be publicly balked and terrorized.

"I'll remember this," he said, shaking his fist in the prophet's face. "I'll save the gredge agin ye."

But he was pulled off by his brethren in the church, who thought it unwise to have a member in good standing again assault the apostle of peace.

Amos James — a tall, black-eyed fellow of twenty three or four, with black hair, slightly powdered with flour, and a brown jeans suit, thus reminiscent also of the mill — sighed for the sport in which he had hoped to be victorious.

"Pa'son talked like the gaynder war his blood relation, — own brothers, I'm a-thinkin'," he drawled, disconsolately.

The sheriff was disposed to investigate prophecy. "I've heard, pa'son," he said, with a smile ill concealing his vexation, "ye have foreseen I ain't goin' ter be lucky with this here 'lection; goin' ter come out o' the leetle eend o' the horn."

The prophet, too, was perturbed and out of sorts. The sustaining grace of feeling a martyr was lacking in the

event of to-day, in which he himself had wielded the coercive hand. He marked the covert aggressiveness of the sheriff's manner, and revolted at being held to account and forced to contest. He fixed his gleaming eyes upon the officer's face, but said nothing.

"I'm a-hustlin' off now," said Micajah Green, "an' ez I won't be up in the Big Smoky agin afore the 'lection, I 'lowed ez I'd find out what ails ye ter set sech a durned thing down as a fac'. Why ain't I goin' ter be 'lected?" he reiterated, his temper flaring in his face, his eyes fierce. But for the dragging block and chain of his jeopardized prospects he could not have restrained himself from active insult. With his peculiar qualifications for making enemies, and the opportunities afforded by the difficult office he had filled for the past two years, he illustrated at this moment the justice of the prophecy. But his evident anxiety, his eagerness, even his fierce intolerance, had a touch of the pathetic to the man for whom earth held so little and heaven nothing. It seemed useless to suggest, to admonish, to argue.

"I say the word," declared the prophet. "I can't undertake ter gin the reason."

"Ye won't gin the reason?" said the sheriff, between his teeth.

"Naw," said the prophet.

"An' I won't be 'lected, hey?"

"Ye won't be 'lected."

The deputy touched the sheriff on the shoulder. "I want ter see ye."

"In a minute," said the elder man impatiently.

"I want ter see ye."

Something in the tone constrained attention. The sheriff turned, and looked into a changed face. He suffered himself to be led aside.

"Ye *ain't* goin' ter be 'lected," said the deputy, grimly, "an' for a damned good reason. Look a thar!"

They had walked to the blacksmith's shop. The deputy motioned to him to look into the window.

"Damn ye, what is it?" demanded Micajah Green, mystified.

The other made no reply, and the officer stooped, and looked into the dusky interior.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE COLONIES.

IN a former article¹ I tried to prove that the American system of government by written constitutions was no accidental birth, nor was it the invention of the statesmen and lawyers of the revolution. On the contrary, I attempted to show that the institutions of the Union are the result of a growth as slow and regular as that which has matured those of any other modern nation.

Our constitutional principles originated in the legal conception of the mediæval charter whose object was the adjust-

ment of the relations of the sovereign and the subject. The theory which was slowly evolved was that an impartial judiciary should arbitrate between the two: for on the one hand the subject was protected, since the king could not revoke his grant without obtaining a judgment from the courts; while on the other the company or guild was kept from usurpation by the power of the judges to annul such corporate acts as transcended the limits of the grant, or even to cancel the charter itself when its privileges had been abused.

Nor even after the trading company

¹ See *The Embryo of a Commonwealth*, Atlantic Monthly for November, 1884, page 610.

had grown into the colony was there any difficulty in reducing this theory to practice. Citizens aggrieved by the action of either the colonial legislature or the crown could seek redress before the Privy Council, whose decrees, backed by the forces of England, were not to be gainsaid. But the British Parliament was absolute: against its power no charter could avail, no court could intervene. The only remedy for oppression was war, and the Revolution was fought to settle a quarrel between Parliament and America, not between the colonists and the crown.

Independence altered these relations. The people, it is true, provided written constitutions in place of the old charters, but the courts who were to enforce their meaning were no longer the great tribunals of England; they were only the judiciary of the States, bodies weaker than the legislatures whose action they were to control. The adoption of the federal Constitution wrought a further change. A national judiciary was established to entertain appeals from the state courts on questions of federal law, and likewise to uphold against the national Executive and legislature those limitations on their power which the people had solemnly enacted for their own protection.

Thus there are two distinct phases of American constitutional history: the one, the great struggle wherein the Union enforced the organic law upon the States; the other, the attempt of the Supreme Court to bridle Congress. The weak spot in the system is obvious at a glance: the judiciary has no inherent power. Unsupported, it can hardly coerce an individual, much less Massachusetts or Virginia; before Congress its impotence is complete. From the outset it has had to rely upon the Executive to execute its decrees; its danger has lain in provoking a quarrel in which the President and Congress should unite to strike it down.

Here there is hardly space even for a glance at that long, fierce conflict which began in the agitation for the adoption of the Constitution and ended with Lee's surrender. Throughout the court has represented the national principle, and its defeat would have rent the Union asunder. It has met revolt in all sections of the country, for all have resisted when galled by the federal rule. It has conquered, for it has spoken the will of the consolidating nation, and the States have in turn been forced to bow before that massive power.

In 1798 Virginia and Kentucky, in resisting the alien and sedition laws, passed their celebrated resolutions which contain the whole doctrine of nullification and secession. The Virginians declared that when Congress exercised powers not granted in the Constitution the States might interpose to maintain their rights and liberties within their borders; or, in other words, nullify a federal statute. There lay the whole contention in a nutshell: was the nation, through its highest court, to decide without appeal upon the lawfulness of its own legislation, or were the States to be at liberty to repudiate what was obnoxious to them? The minority were constantly inclining toward rebellion. Massachusetts, when pressed by the embargo and the war of 1812, was no whit behind Virginia. The Federalists were thoroughly disaffected, and the length to which their passions drove their judges is shown by the solemn opinion in which Chief Justice Parsons held that in time of war the right to determine whether the exigency exists which, under the Constitution, authorizes the President to call out the militia was not in him, but in the governors;¹ so that, according to the Massachusetts doctrine, States in which war is unpopular need send no troops to defend the Union.

Through seventy years the Supreme Court repudiated these doctrines, and
Opinion of Judges, 8 Mass. 548.

steadfastly maintained the principle that it alone was the final expounder of the Constitution and the judge of the validity of acts of Congress. The controversy was long, but the victory has been decisive, and won at last upon the battlefield. To us it seems clear that so irrepressible a conflict must have ended sooner or later in an appeal to force, and that the path to consolidation led through war; but in war or peace the judiciary has triumphed, because it has been upheld by the power of the people. Whether it has been John Adams confronted by Virginia, or Jefferson and Madison thwarted by Massachusetts, or Jackson defied by South Carolina, or Lincoln battling with the South, at critical moments the President has always been foremost in maintaining the laws of the land. Supported thus, the arm of the court is long and its hand is heavy, but its impotence when alone was only too clearly shown in its humiliation by Georgia.

The Cherokee Indians had been long settled upon certain tracts of land within that State, over which they exercised sovereign control, and in which they were protected by treaties with the Union. About the year 1819 the situation began to attract attention. The government was bound by agreement to obtain these lands from the Indians for the State as soon as possible, but the difficulty was that the tribe refused to sell or part with them on any terms, and Georgia not unnaturally objected to having this independent community established permanently within her borders. At length, in 1829, matters came to a crisis: the State decided to use force, and the legislature passed an act extending her jurisdiction over the Indian country, and dividing it among the adjoining counties. In 1830 it was made criminal for any white man to reside within the Indian district without a permit from the governor. A Presbyterian missionary named Worcester, a

citizen of Vermont, was arrested for violating this statute, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hard labor for four years. The case was taken to Washington on writ of error. It was argued before the full bench, and the chief justice, speaking for his associates, held the act under which Worcester was indicted void, as contrary to the Constitution and the treaties of the Union. His sentence was reversed. Neither Governor Lumpkin nor the Superior Court of Georgia paid any attention to this decree. Worcester was imprisoned for a year, and then released for political reasons. No satisfaction was ever given to the highest tribunal of the nation for this insult, nor was any attempt at apology made. Jackson sympathized with Georgia, and there was much point in his savage sneer: "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it."

But if the bench, when alone, is thus powerless to coerce a State, its position toward a hostile Congress is far more difficult: to enforce obedience is impossible; to invite attack is fatal. Twice it has been assailed: once it escaped through the errors of its adversary; the second time it fell almost without a struggle.

The convention did its best to fortify the judiciary, yet its position must always be vulnerable. The judges, it is true, hold their places during good behavior, and can be removed only by impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors; nor can their pay be diminished without their consent. On the other hand, Congress can enlarge the numbers of the court to any extent, and, as the President appoints, a majority of any shade of opinion can be secured. Undoubtedly, to succeed, the Executive and the legislature must unite, but the President is usually in harmony with the predominant party. Thus there are two ways in which a refractory bench may be controlled: its members may be

proceeded against directly by impeachment, and, if convicted by the Senate, may be removed; or new judges may be added until harmony is secured. Each course has been tried, — impeachment first.

When Jefferson was elected in 1800 the Democrats honestly believed that their success meant the opening of a new era to mankind. They were penetrated with the truth of those ideas which moved the world so deeply a century ago, though we know now that their theories were mostly unsubstantial day-dreams. The first practical article of their creed was the simplification of the national government, the reduction of its functions to the lowest point, and a construction of the Constitution so strict as to exclude all powers not expressly granted by the people to their new sovereign. But how was it possible to carry out these principles when a bench of bitter Federalists was declaring, day after day, the exact reverse to be the law? Moreover, the judges were hostile to the administration, and lost few opportunities of annoyance. The famous case of *Marbury v. Madison* is a good example. Chief Justice Marshall took the occasion to read Mr. Jefferson a lecture on his duties through fifteen pages of his opinion, while for legal purposes all he had to say is contained in the last five and a half. So, likewise, in the trial of Burr, he ruled that the President could be summoned to testify, like any other witness. Apart from every consideration of propriety, the decision was a mistake, for who was there to bring the President to court should he decline to go? The only men to arrest him were his own officers, whom he could instantly remove.

Aside, however, from such practical difficulties, there are obvious reasons why the President must be shown a consideration beyond other men. Some of these are wittily pointed out by Mr. Jefferson in a letter to George Hay: —

“The leading principle of our Constitution is the independence of the legislative, Executive, and judiciary of each other, and none are more jealous of this than the judiciary. But would the Executive be independent of the judiciary if he were subject to the *commands* of the latter, and to imprisonment for disobedience; if the several courts could bandy him from pillar to post, keep him constantly trudging from north to south and east to west, and withdraw him entirely from his constitutional duties?”¹

John Marshall was not a man to forget his dignity; unfortunately, there were others with less self-control. The behavior of Justice Chase was an outrage on decency. In May, 1803, in charging the grand jury at Baltimore, he took occasion to make a violent political speech, bitterly attacking the administration and the Democratic party. No self-respecting government could patiently endure such an outrage from one of its own judicial officers; the difficulty was to know what to do. By an impeachment, as technically understood by lawyers, it might perhaps have been possible to reach Chase; but that would not have satisfied the Democrats, who wanted to impose their principles on the court, not to punish one obnoxious man. Accordingly, they began by repudiating the theory that the English precedents were in point, or that the Senate sat as a court at all, or was bound by rules of evidence; but their views can be best explained by an extract from the diary of J. Q. Adams, in which a conversation is reported of one of their own leaders, Senator Giles, of Virginia: —

“Giles labored with excessive earnestness to convince Smith of certain principles, upon which not only Mr. Chase, but all the other judges of the Supreme Court, excepting the one last appointed, must be impeached and removed. He treated with the utmost contempt the

¹ Letter to Hay, June 20, 1807, vol. v. p. 102.

idea of an *independent* judiciary; said there was not a word about such independence in the Constitution, and that their pretensions to it were nothing more nor less than an attempt to establish an aristocratic despotism in themselves. The power of impeachment was given without limitation to the Senate; and if the judges of the Supreme Court should dare, *as they had done*, to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, or to send a mandamus to the Secretary of State, *as they had done*, it was the undoubted right of the House of Representatives to impeach them, and of the Senate to remove them, for giving such opinions, however honest or sincere they may have been in entertaining them. Impeachment was not a criminal prosecution; it was no prosecution at all. The Senate sitting for the trial of impeachments was not a court, and ought to discard and reject all process of analogy to a court of justice. A trial and removal of a judge upon impeachment need not imply any criminality or corruption in him. Congress had no power over the person, but only over the office. And a removal by impeachment was nothing more than a declaration by Congress to this effect: You hold dangerous opinions, and if you are allowed to carry them into effect you will work the destruction of the nation. *We want your offices for the purpose of giving them to men who will fill them better.*"¹

Had the impeachment been ably handled it is not impossible that these views might have prevailed; but John Randolph, who conducted the prosecution, not only was no lawyer, but his mind was incapable of grappling with legal subjects. If, steadily refusing to deal with precedents at all, or go into evidence, he had sought a conviction on the ground of unbecoming conduct on the bench, as though he had been asking for a removal by address, he might have prevailed. He did the opposite. He drew

up a number of articles involving questions of a technical nature; in trying to prove them he had to submit to the rules of evidence and the paraphernalia of a trial, and from that moment he was lost. Not only was he crushed by the counsel for the defense, but he hopelessly broke down in attempting to make his indictment hold water. Short of treason or bribery, a technical high crime or misdemeanor is hard to prove, — so hard, indeed, that not only was Chase acquitted, but from then till now the House of Representatives has never secured a single conviction, and it seems improbable that it ever will. Thus in its first conflict with Congress the judiciary came off victorious through Randolph's blunders; in its second it had to deal with abler men, and it met a different fate. For more than seventy years, however, the relations of the court with the legislature were on the whole tolerably harmonious. During the slavery agitation the judges were Democratic, and whatever may be thought of the wisdom or justice of their political decisions they did not lack support. With secession the tide turned; but the court turned also, and in the test case of the *Amy Warwick*, in 1862, it sustained the blockade and the war powers of the government. In 1865 the Republicans had no need of judicial help; they were strong enough to change the Constitution as they chose, and accordingly, in the absolute fashion of conquerors, they dictated amendments that closed the controversy which had led to the Dred Scott decision and the civil war. They could neglect the quibbles of lawyers; it is the right of the victor. But the moment of rupture was at hand. In 1862 and 1863, while Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, the legal-tender acts were passed. In 1864 Mr. Lincoln made him chief justice, and his position became most difficult when, four years later, he had to decide upon the constitutionality of these very laws for which he was so largely responsible. The

¹ Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, vol. i. p. 322.

case of *Hepburn v. Griswold*, argued in 1868, presented the question whether Congress could make paper a legal tender for debts which, when contracted, were payable in coin. All admitted that no grant of such a power was to be found in the Constitution, and if held to exist, it must be supplied by judicial construction. After repeated arguments, much hesitation, and long delay, a majority of the judges were forced to the conclusion that statutes making paper promises a legal tender for debts which, when incurred, were only payable in gold or silver coin were void.

The decision was unpopular. It was a time of inflation and great apparent prosperity, and men feared a contraction of the currency would lead to a crisis. The Republicans strongly favored the legal tenders, and the administration determined that *Hepburn v. Griswold* should be overruled. At that very moment a tempting opportunity offered itself. A statute of 1866, reducing the court, had fixed the number of associate justices at six, making seven members in all. In point of fact, however, the reduction was never made; for when there were still eight judges on the bench Congress, by act of April, 1869, enlarged the number to nine, the law to take effect from the first Monday of the following December. A few days before that date, or, to be exact, on November 27th, *Hepburn v. Griswold* was decided in conference by a vote of five out of the eight justices. Between the 27th and February 1st the opinion of the majority was agreed to in conference, and would have been delivered had not the minority asked for another week in which to prepare theirs. On February 1st Mr. Justice Grier resigned, and as judgment was not entered until the 7th the court was divided thus: four judges made the majority, three the minority, and there were two vacancies, — one caused by Grier's resignation, the other being the new seat made by the

statute, not yet filled. It was possible, therefore, by making judicious appointments, to reverse the vote, and form a majority of five out of the former minority of three. This was promptly done. Justice Strong, whose opinion was on record, and who was therefore known to be sound, was appointed on February 18th, and Mr. Bradley the next month. Then no time was lost; ten days after the court had been adjusted Hon. E. R. Hoar moved for a rehearing, which was then refused, but other cases involving the legal-tender issue were set down for argument, and the result was a foregone conclusion. In May, 1871, judgment was entered in *Knox v. Lee*, reversing *Hepburn v. Griswold*; the case being decided by a vote of five to four in a court of nine, the majority consisting of the former minority and the two new judges. Last summer the conclusions reached in *Knox v. Lee* were reaffirmed and emphasized. It matters little, for the court has fallen, and it is not probable it can ever again act as an effective check upon the popular will; or, should it attempt to do so, that it can prevail.

The historical conclusion is obvious. The state constitutions were regularly developed from the ancient charters, which defined the relations of the sovereign to the subject. These suggested and served as models for the federal Constitution, when, after the Revolution, the scattered colonies were falling into chaos under the confederation. At that time some mould was needed in which to cast the new republic, for established precedent and ancient usage were wholly wanting. This need was supplied by a written scheme of government.

A hundred years have gone: the work is done; the nation has outgrown the shell that protected it in infancy. Modern America is ruled, like England, by means of a mass of custom and tradition which silently shapes itself to the changing wants of the people. It would

be impossible, even were it desirable, to bind the country by unaltering laws a century old. It is of little moment whether the meaning of our great charter is slowly construed away by the ingenuity of lawyers, or whether it is roughly thrust aside by force: its fate is sealed; it must yield where it obstructs. As the world moves on, the venerable institutions of the past are left behind, as our ancestors left behind them the

mediæval trading company and guild. Men may theorize forever about abstract right and justice,—this much alone is certain: in our country and in our age that which the majority of the people want will be the law, and the President and Congress, who represent the people, will see that the work is done. Our destiny will be accomplished, and the men or the tribunal that would bar the way must fall like the Supreme Court.

Brooks Adams.

THE SERAPH SPEECH.

THERE is an outcast multitude
Of forms, forgotten and unheard,
By Love untouched and Hope unstirred, —
A pallid army of Despair,
Which mutely faces Want and Care.

God does not give to all a voice
To utter that which goes untold
Of heart-break which their bosoms hold;
However bitter be the strife,
Unheard they live their tragic life.

Their eyes know not the meadows green,
Nor dream they in the city's gloom
Of singing birds and flowers which bloom;
And vapors of the poisoned street
Fall on them as a winding-sheet.

But when their pain within our own
Has stirred the tongue so long unused
With words to them so long refused,
'T is then the speech we think our own
Is uttered by a voice unknown.

'T is then the silent spaces ring
With seraph echoes far and near;
And seraph music fills the ear,
When mortal lips cannot express
The measure of their dumb distress.

Robertson James.

A PLUNGE INTO SUMMER.

THE broad floor of the valley of Mexico is nearly a mile and a half above the sea-level. But the *tierra caliente*, or warm country, stretches far inland from the Pacific coast, and the lofty mountains which tower above this high-lying valley to the southward and southeastward, some of them mantled in perpetual snows, slope down on the farther side into the tropical luxuriance of everlasting summer. Thus they fulfill the conditions necessary to a healthy body laid down in a familiar injunction, keeping their heads cool and their feet warm. We winter dwellers in the Aztec capital were not so fortunate as our neighbors the mountains, for in our hearthless houses we found, at times, the greatest difficulty in keeping our feet warm when we were sitting still. It was not a little tantalizing thus to be dwelling beneath the southern sun and have summer only a few leagues away, within reach by a slow railway trip of six hours. Sometimes, under a gray cloud-tent spread over the valley by a norther blowing down in the Gulf, we would look wistfully off through the melancholy, November-like air to the mountain walls surrounding us, longing for the joyous landscapes which they shut out from our sight. Therefore, one chilly January morning, with frost whitening the ground in the shadows where the sun had not reached, and dripping, as it melted, from the roof of the street-car which took us out to the San Lázaro railway station, we set out for the blessed lower lands beyond, seeking a four days' bath of warm air.

One seldom has to make a search for the picturesque in Mexico. It presents itself on every hand. The street railway ran for a great part of the way to San Lázaro along the banks of a canal, with rapidly running but not particu-

larly clean water. The canal was bordered by old, thick-walled houses, with stone steps leading down to the water from their doors, their broad surfaces washed in varied hues, weather-worn into fascinating tones for color studies. The canal was animated with boats laden with country produce: large flat-boats, poled slowly along, and light little dug-outs, deftly paddled, skimming swiftly by. The great markets which we passed were swarming like bee-hives, and masses of fruits and vegetables were piled around in bewildering combinations of brilliant color. The *pulquerías*, or pulque shops, on the corners, gay with tinsel and gaudily frescoed without and within, were full of peons, lightly clad in cotton that once was white, indulging in the cheap luxury of their favorite and mildly intoxicating drink, the sales of which in the capital alone amount annually to three million dollars. These pulquerías all bear fantastic names; we passed one called El Recreo del Antiguo Gato, — The Recreation of the Old Cat!

The Cuautla Valley, our destination, is reached by the Morelos division of the Acapulco, Morelos, Mexico, Irolo and Vera Cruz Inter-oceanic Railway, whose object of ultimately affording communication between the Pacific and the Gulf coasts by way of the capital is indicated with considerable explicitness in its extraordinary name. The line is a narrow-gauge, built by Mexican capital and equipped in the American style, but with a kind of native slouchiness and lack of modern appliances that contrasted unfavorably with the two American railways terminating on the opposite side of the city, the Mexican Central and the Mexican National. Our train was phenomenally slow. It was a "mixed" one, carrying both passengers

and freight; loafing leisurely along, and making long waits at every station for taking on and leaving cargo. With a train of average speed our journey might have been reduced to something like one half the time occupied.

Crossing the wide reach of marshes between the city and Lake Tezcoco, we saw the lagoon near the track literally black with ducks, and, as they started up, frightened by the train, they made dense clouds in the air. Never before had I seen so many water-fowl together.

The two great mountains, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, loomed up before us without a cloud about them. Their snowy summits were pallid gray in the morning air, for the sun was on the other side, and cast their shadows towards us. The peaks were glittering coldly where the night had frozen the snow-crust. These mountains would be in sight all through our journey and throughout all our stay down in the underland, presenting themselves in varied aspects to our charmed eyes.

We passed by and through various Indian villages. The train ran through the long main street of one, where clamorous venders of food and drink besieged the cars. Another village was perched attractively on a craggy hill-side, the humble huts apparently scrambling upwards to a quaint chapel occupying the crest above. The whole place was walled around by a tall hedge of organ cactus. Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, the great fresh-water bodies of the valley, with clear waters, fenny shores, and bold mountain backgrounds, were seen here and there from the train. These scenes were of unceasing interest, with the great volcanoes ever growing nearer and nearer. But not until Amecameca was reached did we fully realize the Alpine grandeur of the scene dominated by the loftiest mountains of North America.

Amecameca lies between the two

mountains, and at the foot of each. They overtower the place to wonderful, awful heights, pine-clad below, and then with wide spaces of rocky, craggy barrenness between the lines of timber and of snow. On Iztaccihuatl, far above, we could see cascades trickling down from the melting snow. Iztaccihuatl has laurels in waiting for some ambitious climber. Although it is much lower than Popocatepetl, it is so rugged and so seamed with deep gorges that no one has yet succeeded in scaling its heights.

There are pine woods all around us here, and the landscape has a thoroughly northern character. Amecameca looks like a Swiss town. Nearly all the houses have Swiss-like roofs of light shingles, with wide eaves, and weighed down with stones. The railway station is in a beautiful spot at the foot of an isolated hill covered with a dense grove of magnificent cedars. This is the *Sacro Monte*, or Sacred Mount, the seat of a famous shrine. Far up, on a shoulder of the hill, is the chapel, with white walls and graceful towers gleaming against the sky above the dark tree-masses.

A short distance beyond Amecameca, which is sixty-four kilometres, or about forty miles, from Mexico, we pass the highest point on the line, 2453.5 metres, or 8047.4 feet, above the sea. At Ozumba, on the slope of Popocatepetl, we had a half hour for dinner; a substantial, well-served meal, with unlimited pulque. The station, a light frame structure, looked more Western than Mexican, and might have been on the Denver and Rio Grande in the Rocky Mountains. Strips of paper were pasted over the wide cracks in the walls of the dining-room.

Just beyond here a rapid descent began. We went curling around a mountain, and caught glimpses of the track far below. At one point we could see it directly beneath us, crawling along the face of the ledge; and when we

had descended to that level, there it was again, running below in relatively the same position.

The wide Cuautla Valley now lay spread out before us,—a magnificent vista. Great expanses of light golden green, which were plantations of sugar-cane, filled the levels, liquid-like in the delicate haze. Areas of dark, bosky hue seemed to float among the lighter tints, like islands in a lake. These were towns, buried in the dense foliage of their trees. One of them, over on the further side of the valley, was Cuautla, but two hours would pass before we should get down to that level.

Deep ravines yawned beside us and widened out into the valley. The slope was very gradual, and therefore the valley's great depth was not evident. Indeed, one was inclined to wonder how it was that off there the climate might be so different, with pine-trees all around us and sugar-cane yonder; for the impression of depth was slight in comparison with that of distance. But to reach Cuautla we were to descend a perpendicular three quarters of a mile. The changes were very gradual; there were no abrupt transitions, like those which startle us on the railway between Mexico and Vera Cruz. We slid imperceptibly down from one zone into the other.

At one place where the train stopped for a few minutes the scene was like a New England woodland hillside in August. The trees and the bushes were much the same, and beside the track we picked an abundance of ripe high-bush blackberries. The midday sun was hot, but the air had a keen vigor like that of our northwest wind in summer.

At another station we waited for the up-train to pass. When it came I noticed the front of the engine festally decorated with tropical fruits. A garland of oranges bordered the head-light, bunches of bananas depended beneath, and tall sprays of sugar-cane stood in the

flag-holders on the pilot. I asked the engineer, a youthful-looking Aztec who seemed hardly nineteen, — nearly all the railway employés appeared to be full-blooded Indians, — what was the meaning of this decoration. It was a regular custom on this railway, he said; all the engines of the up-trains were so adorned, but it was not done on the trains going below. It was a pretty piece of sentiment, this daily greeting sent up from the warm lands to the cold with an offering of their fruits.

The view from this station was like that from a terrace. Off to the south-westward there stood a line of extremely rough and jagged mountains, with summits below our level. On one of the peaks was the exact semblance of a monster feudal castle, with a square, sturdy tower. To the southward a blue mountain line grew lower as it melted away to the distance towards the coast. The tops of the furthest peaks were just peeping up over the valley's edge, though from the other side they must rise to goodly altitudes. Our train went curving down the slope in an interminable succession of sharp bends. The motion resembled the swooping flight of a swallow, as we incessantly faced all the points of the compass in quick alternations. Our heads were kept continually turning to catch the views, so that this long waltz down the mountain side almost made us dizzy.

As we descended, the vegetation rapidly changed. Brilliant new flowers bloomed by the way with summerish profusion, and new trees appeared, although the pines seemed loath to part company with us. There were some remarkable tree groups standing in the fields; leafage thick and dark green, umbrella-like in shape, with breadth something like three times the height, apparently. The crown of foliage had a lower horizontal line, which, had it been cut, could hardly have been more exact. It may have been the work of

browsing cattle, who thus marked the highest line of their efforts.

At last we found ourselves running through far-spreading fields of sugarcane in all stages of growth, from the freshly planted sprouts to dense masses rising as high as the car-tops. Everywhere rills of sparkling water were dancing hastily along, as if they had a great deal of work to do and no time to lose, while they jumped continually from one level to another, distributing their life-giving bounties on every hand as they went. The separate estates, or *haciendas*, were marked by clusters of buildings standing here and there. Large factory-like structures were joined to the manor-houses; tall chimneys, frequently painted a brilliant white, were smoking. These chimneys, laying an energetic emphasis upon the landscape, gave a busy, prosperous look to the region. The dry uplands, robed in russet brown, which we had just left, gave way to deep, fresh grass and luxuriant vegetation, under the influence of the ceaseless irrigation.

So we reached Cuautla, the train backing over a "Y" to the station. This was a remarkable structure, having been converted to its present uses from an old convent, sequestered by the war of the Reform. Parts were still in ruins. The dome was flanked by graceful flying buttresses; beneath, a spur-track pierced the chapel, in which were stored barrels of rum, or *aguardiente*. The cloister court was occupied by a pretty flower-bed.

The air was deliciously soft and luxurious. The summer fragrance with which it was laden saluted our long-unaccustomed nostrils like the delicate scents of woods and fields borne by the land-breeze to one approaching the shore at the close of a sea-voyage. The air was also pervaded by a lurking odor of sugar-making, which hung over the whole valley.

We had time to note all this, and also

the pretty plaza upon which the station faced, during the long wait before the train started for Yauhtepec, the present terminus of the railway. Notable sights on the way thither were a strikingly picturesque old ruined church standing alone in neglected fields, and a most beautiful aqueduct, with high, graceful arches, striding across the fields to the buildings of an hacienda, terminating above the level of these, and furnishing water-power as well as irrigation. The aqueduct did not have the severe, Roman-like character borne by most works of the kind, for a charming aerial effect was given by open spaces, through which gleamed the light, left above each pier between the arches.

Passing through an environment of orange-groves, we found ourselves at Yauhtepec. Never was the fact more fully borne out that the opinion formed of a place, as it is seen from a railway station, is apt to lead one far astray. As we walked across bare fields and approached a long range of low huts, we began to think with consternation of the prospect of having to pass the night in such a forbidding-looking hamlet. But we walked on, and presently the row of huts gave place to more substantial-looking edifices, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of a well-built town, with some handsome dwellings and business-like shops. There was a charming plaza, brilliant with flowers, and faced by a municipal palace, whose front displayed a large illuminated clock. A second story was building over the central fountain of the plaza in the shape of an ornamental iron *kiosk*, or band-stand, an adornment which every Mexican town of the least pretensions feels that it must have.

The spirit of American enterprise had penetrated even to this remote town. The mail-agent, who had come on the train with us, and whose acquaintance we had made, called us into the apothecary's, where we were asked to trans-

late a letter just received from New York. It referred to an illuminated sign which the apothecary had seen advertised in a trade journal, and he had sent to learn the particulars. He was so enchanted with the idea of astonishing the town with the splendor of the lighted mortar flashing through prismatically glittering glass that he said he would order it at once.

Yautepec is beautifully situated, ranged close up against the mountains on the south side of the valley, which is narrow here, and bordered on the north by the extremely precipitous mountain wall which we had seen below us in our descent from Ozumba; the feudal castle still maintaining its semblance, though now beheld from the other side and high above us. These mountains appeared much like those on the Pacific coast around Guaymas, and quite unlike anything else in this part of Mexico.

A clear, pebbly river runs through the city, bordered in places with fine trees and thick shrubbery. There is a street along one bank, and on it there stands a large church, built in 1567, more than a half century before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. It has the usual abandoned cloister attached. In passing we looked through a lofty archway into a small court; there was a high wall opposite, with a dark passage in line with the entrance, and a heavy stone balcony projecting above. Through the gloom of this passage gleamed the light of an interior cloister-court; beyond, still another dark archway, — remarkable alternations of light and shadow.

Yautepec is full of sketchable bits for an artist. At a bend in the river we looked back and saw a massive stone bridge spanning the high-banked stream; buildings of Italian-like architecture on one side, and the lofty cone of Popocatepetl looming high in the background. It was a perfect picture, and when night came it was enchanting in the full light of the tropic moon, which was rising

from behind the volcano, the sky suffused with a delicately lustrous creamy tint. Yautepec reminded me of some of the Italian towns on the south side of the Alps.

We found the hotel, La Concordia, monopolized by an American circus troupe, which was on the way from the capital to South America by way of Acapulco; stopping to give performances in the towns through which it passed. All the rooms were occupied, but we were told that we might have beds made up in the corridor, which ran alongside a pleasant garden, plants in handsome urn-like pots standing on the parapet between the arches. It was a pretty place, and we accepted the offer rather than go to another posada, where the diminutive bed-chambers were like bathrooms. We did not regret it, for we had comfortable beds, and the night air was mild and pure.

The theatre adjoined the hotel. There are few Mexican towns without a theatre. This was a wooden, barn-like structure, with a high pyramidal roof that seemed almost Dutch. On the wall was a poster with the programme for the town festivities of the preceding Christmas. These, it appeared, began with "a grand religious performance," followed by various games, including bull-fights and cock-fights. The latter included a contest of "Cuautla against Yautepec," like a base-ball match between two of our American towns.

The next morning, after a saunter through the place in the fresh, pure air, we took the train back to Cuautla at the comfortable hour of nine o'clock.

Arriving at Cuautla, we found an excellent hotel, the San Diego, directly across the plaza from the railway station. The landlord was a German, and had been in the country about thirty years. The hotel was a one-story structure, built around a large court, the rooms opening upon a tile-roofed veranda. In the court was a tall date-palm,

with sprays of rich, orange-hued blossoms rising among its graceful plumes of dark green.

I hardly expected to meet in an obscure Mexican town a party of American tourists passing the time in placid ease, just as they might be encountered at a nice Swiss inn in some Alpine valley. Yet we encountered at the San Diego a most delightful company of our compatriots. One, an eminent artist, who was something of an invalid, was enthusiastic over the delicious air and glorious scenery of the place. These winter days in Cuautla were all like our ideal June weather at home, he said. There was no intense heat, while cold and chilliness were absolute strangers. Mexico he regarded as superior to Florida as a winter refuge. In these warm lands, beside the endless scenic variety, there was an unchanging climate all through the winter; at least on the Pacific side of the mountains. On the Gulf slope, as at Orizaba, there were occasional fogs, rain, and raw northers.

"And then there are no mosquitoes here," said another friend. "I have never seen a land so free from them. The few insects one meets here are really contemptible; I feel inclined to pity them for their feebleness."

It is, indeed, a great mistake for people to come to Mexico from the North in the winter, and confine themselves to the capital. They experience the chilly weather which now and then visits the high regions of the central tableland at that season, and with the abrupt transitions of cold and heat from morning to noon and night they at times feel more discomfort than in their wintry Northern homes, where genial hearth-fires glow, until at last they perhaps leave for home in disgust, anathematizing the whole country. All this is a mistake, when on every hand are pleasant places like Cuautla within easy reach of the capital by rail, journeying to which might fill many weeks with a round of health-giv-

ing pleasure, novel scenes greeting the eye everywhere. There is much of the greatest interest to tourists to be seen in and around the capital, but there are pleasanter winter abiding-places nearby. It is, however, a good central point from which to make agreeable tours all over the country. Now that railway communication with the United States is completed, there will be many pleasure travelers to Mexico. When they come, they should remember that there are rich, warm valleys down below, close at hand, where simple existence seems a luxury, amid the delicious airs of genuine tropical surroundings.

Mr. Haller, the landlord of the San Diego, was also the *administrador*, or manager, of the great sugar estate of Coahuistla, the largest sugar plantation on the North American continent. At his invitation we set out to visit the place on Monday morning. Our conveyance was a railway platform car, upon which, just after the departure of the train for Mexico, we took our seats. A peon pushed us for a few rods along the "Y," and then we began flying, with increasing momentum, down a gentle grade, first through green pastures bordered by thickets of bananas, and then among vast fields of sugar-cane. The warm air had an invigorating sparkle, and our rapid motion made a refreshing breeze. It was the perfection of railway motion; the broad view was unobstructed on every side, and there was not a particle of dust. The buildings of Coahuistla appeared ahead of us, a complex group, with a variety of roofs, from flat to steep-sloping, and three tall chimneys, two of them painted in stripes, like barbers' poles. They stood on a considerable slope, inclosed by a high, fortified wall, outside of which were clustered the huts of the two thousand laborers employed on the place.

Dashing across a bridge spanning the river, our car stopped at the foot of a short grade just before reaching the

place, where we found two mules and their drivers awaiting us. But before the mules could be hitched to the car they broke away, and ran frantically. Just at the hacienda gate were some horsemen, who galloped after the runaways, and with an easy swing dropped the nooses of their lassos, or *riates*, around the necks of the fleeing animals. The culprits were brought back, looking as meek as if they had never been guilty of any mischief in their lives, and they hauled us inside the hacienda walls without further ado.

We found ourselves surrounded by an animated scene. The great yard was swarming with laborers. Some were turning and gathering the crushed cane which covered the ground, where it reflected the sun with a whitish glare. Others were handling the fresh cane, which was coming in in cartloads; stripping off the green succulent leaves as food for the cattle, weighing the stalks, and carrying them to the crushing-mills. We ascended broad stone steps to a large vaulted hall forming the main entrance. This was open to the air on one side. Massive piers supported the heavy, castle-like masonry of the building. The place was gratefully cool, and commanded a charming view over the valley. Accountants were at work at desks in the corner.

Leaning over a parapet at one end of the hall, we overlooked the great interior, where the cane-crushing was going on. The mills, as throughout the valley, were moved by water-power. When we entered the gate, we had seen the water gushing out from a low arch in the wall in a powerful cascade. The mill building was a lofty, massive stone structure, with walls composed of Roman-like arches in two tiers. It was new, but parts of the main building were over a century old. The laborers came and went below, like two streams of busy ants. Their brown forms, in the dim light of the high, shadowy inte-

rior, looked like dusky demons, as they staggered beneath their loads of great bundles of cane. They wore the minimum of clothing, and many, for some mysterious reason, had but one leg to their pantaloons of white cotton, while others wore no pantaloons at all. The machinery made a low, rumbling noise, and the mills seemed like insatiable monsters, devouring the cane incessantly, and disgorging the crushed masses in well-chewed fragments. Beer glasses full of the fresh sap were brought to us. It was black and foamy, looking like English stout, and had a sweet and not disagreeable taste. The natives are fond of a drink made from this sap by letting it ferment in a gourd for two or three days.

In the upper stories we saw the huge vats of molasses which was slowly crystallizing into sugar, the surface covered with a crust resembling wind-roughened ice turned a dark brown. In one vat stood a naked Indian, breaking up the crude sugar with a pick, and shoveling it out to two other laborers, who were carrying it away. The sugar was refined on the premises into two grades, the superior of which was equal to the best American loaf. The machinery in use on the estate was of the best modern kind, and cost something like half a million dollars. After the syrup had been worked over into sugar three times the residue was distilled into *aguardiente*. Of this, six thousand barrels were produced annually on the place.

After inspecting the works we returned to the shady office, where we met the proprietor, a courtly Spanish gentleman. He invited us to stay to breakfast, and as noontime approached we were shown through vaulted passages, across an irregular court like that of an ancient castle, up an easy stone stairway, into a pleasant corridor leading into a large dining-room. Here a long table was spread beneath a broad stone arch which sprang from one side of the room

to the other. Our host was at the head of the table, and below the guests sat the various officials of the estate, ranged according to their rank.

"Is n't this quite baronial?" whispered my youthful neighbor. "See the retainers eating with us at the same table, sitting below the salt!" And he quoted some lines from Walter Scott, adding that the knights, instead of returning from crusade or tournament, had come in from the sugar-fields, hanging their broad sombreros on the wall in place of shields. There is, in fact, something very feudal-seeming in the character of Mexican country life.

It was an excellent meal, of the true Mexican country-house type. Everything was perfectly cooked. Never have I tasted more tender and delicate mutton than that in the *puchera*, or Mexican stew, served on a great platter, with the various vegetables, including carrots, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, beans, green peas, and bananas, — not all mixed together, but each kind occupying its own place on the dish. The fine flavor of the mutton was due to its being raised on the place upon particularly choice feed. There were two thousand sheep kept for the exclusive use of the estate. At each course the dish was first placed before the host, who served, in order, the ladies, the consul-general, the artist, and himself. The dish was then brought to us minor guests, for us to help ourselves, after which the retainers were helped by a servant. At the plate of each guest stood a bottle of Spanish wine; red, but quite different from claret. It had an individual flavor; much body and a slight resemblance to sherry, with a saccharine acidity. The character of the Spanish grape could be detected, as in the wine of the Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico and that of California made from the Mission grape. The servant poured glasses of wine for the chief officials of the retainers, but none was served to the others.

From the entrance to the building were seen the great cane-fields of Coahuistla spreading their cheery emerald mantle, gold-tinged in the sunshine, far into the distance. There were twelve thousand *tareas*, or nearly seventeen hundred acres, under cultivation. These produced annually about three and a half million pounds. The sugar was sold from the hacienda at two and three dollars an *arroba*, of twenty-five pounds. Aguardiente brought twenty-one dollars a barrel. Therefore the gross receipts of the estate cannot be far from half a million dollars a year. I should say that the net profits must amount to a good proportion, since on most haciendas in Mexico the labor is nearly, if not quite, paid for by the profits of the store from which the laborers are supplied. The stock is fed on the cane-leaves and other stuff raised on the place, fuel for sugar-boiling is furnished entirely by the crushed cane, and the machinery is moved by water-power.

The annual sugar yield of the entire Cuautla Valley is about 15,625,000 pounds, and large quantities of corn and fruit are raised. The valley of Cuernavaca adjoins that of Cuautla, and also produces a great amount of sugar.

I have spoken of Cuautla de Morelos as an obscure town. Although it is hardly known beyond the borders of the republic, it is famous in the annals of the long Mexican struggle for independence. The siege of Cuautla by the Spaniards was one of the most notable events of that war. The patriot Morelos, who, like Hidalgo, was a priest, succeeding to the revolutionary leadership on the death of the latter, here made a heroic defense against the Spaniards for sixty-two days. He was at last forced to evacuate by the Spaniards diverting the river and thus cutting off the water-supply. While the retiring army was crossing a ravine the Spaniards cut a dam above, drowning a great number. When Mexican independence was gained, the

name of the patriot was added to that of the city, which now frequently goes by the name of Morelos alone.

Cuautla is a beautiful town. Among its most charming features are the lanes rambling all about the place, narrow and shady, reminding one of the mid-summer lanes of New England, with something strange and enchanting added. They are bordered by tall banana plants, which bear a particularly delicious fruit. Noble great trees, with glossy green leaves, overarch the lanes from the gardens, where they shade coffee of excellent quality, as our hotel table testified. Many varieties of fruits hang in the tree-branches, — oranges, limes, citrons; mameys, which are natural pumpkin pies; zapotes, which are yellow, white, and black inside, the latter variety being soft, mushy, and looking like decayed apples, but frozen it makes a good ice-cream, in color like chocolate. A beautiful tree is the papaya, growing up slender like a palm, bearing a fruit which looks and tastes like a musk-melon, though more squash-like in flesh, and filled with seeds which look like caviar, or capers, and taste like nasturtions.

Few of the buildings in Cuautla have glass windows, since it is never cold enough to occasion shutting out the air. The humbler dwellings are largely of reeds, with thatched roofs, very steep pitched, and conical in shape. The accidental combinations shown by many of the roofs in the local architecture make highly picturesque effects. There are a number of points of interest, one being a small ruined chapel just out of the town, with a magnificent view of Popocatepetl, which rises up from the fields beyond and shows for its full height, unforeshortened, while Iztaccihuatl, which from Mexico seems higher than its mate, being nearer, from here looks low indeed by comparison. At the other end of the place there is a beautiful cemetery, with orange-trees growing among the graves. In the quiet lanes the mu-

sical gurgle of clear, sparkling water is heard everywhere, leaping hither and thither. To me it seemed to be ever repeating the liquid name of the place, "Cuautla, Cuautla, Cuautla," as it ran through copse and garden. But Cuautla has nothing to do with water in its signification; in the Indian language of the locality it means "a place where there are trees."

The most remarkable natural feature of the place is a stream of sulphur water, which bursts in one bound from the rocks about two miles out of town. A bath there is a luxury to be remembered. We crossed the large river — which furnished our table with some capital fish resembling trout — by a substantial new iron bridge, and a lively gallop on horseback soon brought us thither. The way led over brown, dry uplands, dotted with shrubby trees of various species, mostly in bloom, with morning-glory-like flowers. Passing a cultivated field with a cane-brake bordering the way, we saw a peculiar growth rising from the brakes, looking in the distance like gigantic ferns. It was our first sight of the bamboo. Its exquisite grace is indescribable. Growing tall and slender, it is covered by long thin leaves of a tender green, in shape much like those of the willow. They are the original of the delicate sprays which we often see flung across the face of Japanese drawings. As we looked down the hill toward Cuautla, the town had disappeared, and in its place was a forest, with just a single tower to tell where it lay hidden.

Long before we reached the bathing-place its neighborhood was made manifest by a strong smell of sulphur in the air. We found the stream in a deep ravine, roaring and tumbling over the rocks. The water flowed strongly and silently from under the face of a ledge out into a calm basin, and then fell in a pretty cascade, a few feet high and strong in volume. The basin was like a large bath-tub, and the stream below

was just deep enough to swim in. The water seemed particularly buoyant. Its temperature was eighty-one degrees, Fahrenheit. Strange to say, it had no taste of sulphur, notwithstanding the odor in the air. The banks were grassy and covered with shrubbery, making it a charming spot. Families were in the habit of bringing their lunches and spending the day, taking a bath every hour or so. Morning was the favorite bathing-hour, and people frequently started out in the cool hours just at

daylight, and while they were bathing their servants cooked coffee, affording a breakfast *al fresco*. There is a popular belief that the temperature of the water varies at different hours of the day, but the apparent change is owing, of course, to contrast with the air. Legend among the peasants has it that whoever goes to the spot at midnight can boil eggs in the stream, but as the Lord of Sulphur himself is believed to haunt the place at that hour, nobody has had the curiosity to try the experiment.

Sylvester Baxter.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

THIRD PAPER.

LIKE all persons who have a *salon* the *entrée* to which is much sought after, Madame Mohl was exposed to the risk of attracting bores and other undesirable acquaintances, now and then; but she possessed the exquisite courage for getting rid of them. Her impatience of bores, expressed in the familiar formula, "I can't abide stupid folk!" made every one anxious to keep off the objectionable list by doing their best to be pleasant in her company; but stupid folk, as a rule, steered clear of her. She denounced dullness, and fled from it as other people do from vice or pestilence, and made it responsible for most of the wickedness that goes on in the world. There was sense and truth underlying this exaggeration. A vast deal of mischief and wickedness may undoubtedly be traced to dullness: people begin by killing time because they are dull, and from this first murder they go on killing many other things. But Madame Mohl's principle of self-defense against dullness and dull people involved a certain asperity of manner and a degree of boldness that sometimes degenerated to downright

rudeness. A friend having remarked to her that Mrs. — had not returned to the Rue du Bac after a first visit, because she fancied Madame Mohl had been rude to her, Madame Mohl replied, "It was no fancy; I was rude to her, and I meant to be. She is a silly woman and a bore, and I want no bores in my salon."

At the same time, she was very careful never to commit herself deliberately to any acquaintance that might lead her into being rude, or acting with apparent unkindness or caprice. When people asked to be introduced to her, ladies especially, she always took pains to find out whether they were "all right," as she called it.

The following letter, written to Madame Scherer, is interesting as a proof of this precautionary system, and as revealing some of Madame Mohl's opinions:—

"Do tell me if Madame A—— is a proper woman, whom one can see, and not an embryo Madame Dudevant; for the first novel (Indiana) of this one was very much of the same sort, and I took

a great fancy to her. Luckily, I was too young then to make acquaintances on my own hook, or else I should have had the *désagrément* of being obliged to get rid of her. Do tell me if you know the said lady, and what you think of her. However, I believe it is as well not to enter so deeply, in writing, into the question of men and women and their nature; but I must say that both this lady and George Sand have been unlucky in the men they have met with, for I have known much better ones, and I think if some are as bad as they make them out, there are as many exceptions to these as there are exceptions to the silly, vain, backbiting race which is perpetually obtruding itself before one's eyes in the shape of women.

"As to George Sand, poor thing, I question if she has ever had one acquaintance with any man whom I should condescend to talk an hour with; and it is mortifying to think that such a distinguished woman should have had such a want of tact as to have taken up with such Bohemians.

"Do you remember the character of Doriforth in *A Simple Story*? I am quite sure it is from nature. In fact, I know some one very like him, and have no doubt Mrs. Inchbald drew from the life. It is so beautiful and so individual and so uncommonplace that I have no doubt she knew him well, and that *she* was like Miss Milner. As I have read it about six times I am well acquainted with it. I knew a lady who was old when I was young; she knew Mrs. Inchbald when she was young, and Mrs. Inchbald was old, and so I have a few traditions of her. But if you don't worship the genius that wrote *A Simple Story*, I'll say no more. But what a *bavardage* I am regaling you with!"

She was often rude to those whom she liked best, for, whatever she felt, out it came; but she was thoroughly loyal; whatever she had to say, she said it to your face, never behind your back.

This sense of security that she inspired in all who knew her enabled her to express the rudest things without giving offense; the men forgave her because she was a woman, and the women because she was an "*originale*." Her male friends, whose name was legion, took it, indeed, as a compliment when she contradicted them outrageously, for it was only with very clever people that she cared to pick a fight; it was her peculiar way of flattering.

It is often asked now, as it was often asked during her lifetime by those who did not know Madame Mohl, what the great charm was which, from youth to old age, attracted and kept attached to her so many distinguished men through years of close and familiar intercourse. Perhaps her first and most irresistible charm was her brightness. This brightness was the scintillation of a mind glittering as a star, ever in motion like a mineral spring, whose waters are perpetually bubbling up in silvery sparks. The next was her realness. It seems little to say of a clever, rational woman that she was real, and yet of how few we can say it! Madame de Sévigné (or Madame de Maintenon, was it?) said, "*Rien n'est beau, mais rien n'est difficile comme le simple.*" Perhaps in our matter-of-fact age it is a little easier to be simple, to be real, than it was in the *grand siècle* when people walked on stilts; but even now it is very seldom that we meet with perfectly real human beings, and when we do how we enjoy them! Madame Mohl was one of these rare specimens. Then, again, she had a contented spirit, a keen delight in her fellow-creatures, great tact, and a perfectly childlike naturalness of manner. All these gifts made up a very original and attractive personality. Those who only judged from her eccentric external disguise were apt to account for the popularity of her salon by saying that all these clever people went there for the sake of the other clever people who went

there. But why did these others go in the first instance?

A distinguished man of science, a German, and a great admirer of Madame Mohl (but who knew her only in her old age), when asked wherein lay her great charm, replied, "In the absence of it. I never knew a woman so devoid of charm (in the ordinary sense of the word as applied to woman), and yet so fascinating. She was hardly a woman at all. We none of us looked upon her as a woman: we met her on equal terms, as if she had been a man; she was more like a man. Her mind was essentially masculine; it had that faculty of looking at every side of a subject that you seldom meet in a woman, and she never expected compliments. This set men very much at ease with her; one could talk to her without any effort to make one's self agreeable."

Perhaps this estimate of her accounts better than any other for her popularity. It has been said that Madame Mohl's salon presented a unique exception in the history of social preëminence. Women of mediocre intelligence have founded salons and drawn clever men around them by the power of personal beauty, aided by the bait of luxurious or brilliant surroundings. But Madame Mohl possessed none of these potent, though secondary, advantages; her sole spell was the intellectual fascination that she exercised. "Her perceptions were so acute," says her German friend, "that she darted into your mind, seized on your ideas and views, and turned them round on all sides before you were aware of it, often showing you more in them than you had yourself discovered."

She read some books again and again, saturating her mind with them. But these were the few. She devoured an immense quantity of books,—the process was too rapid to be called reading, or to admit of her digesting them; and yet even this she escaped when she

could get the work done by a quicker method. When a new book came out, whose contents she wished to know without the trouble of finding out herself, she would set two or three clever men to talk about it before her, and by the time they had done she knew as much about it as they did; quite as much, at any rate, as she would have learned by running through it herself. She never paraded under false pretenses the knowledge she got in this way. She would say honestly, "Tell me what is in So-and-So's book; I have n't time to read it." Her memory was so retentive that this reading by proxy served her as well as a direct perusal of the book. She was not learned, in any sense, but she was cultivated and remarkably well informed, and her subtle instinct enabled her to get at once into the heart of a subject of which she had only the slightest knowledge. Men of science and letters loved to talk over their labors and their books with her because of this faculty and her power of being interested in everything that was interesting; but they did not seek her counsel, nor invite her criticism, as they sometimes do with women who, without having nearly so much *esprit* as Madame Mohl, have a finer critical faculty.

How careful and studious was her manner of reading when she set about it seriously may be seen from her own testimony. When M. Ampère sent her his *Histoire Romaine à Rome*, she wrote to him, "I have received your two beautiful volumes, and I have read the Introduction, which I like exceedingly. I am now reading the book itself; but it is one of those books that I *study*, which is quite a different thing from reading. I have my maps of modern Rome that I compare with your maps, and I read the text twice over. This is the only way I really enjoy a book; for my mind is slow, and I have to penetrate myself with the subject. This is why I can't bear 'perusing' a book, except with a

view to reading it again. I like to copy out bits, too. In this way, although I am always in the midst of books, I read very few, while reading a good deal. In the matter of books, I have some friends, but few acquaintances. And I *hate* short books, because, after taking all this trouble to get to know my friends well, I don't like them to come suddenly to an end."

Madame Mohl had no talent for writing, and still less taste for it. It is partly owing to this that I have been able to get so few of her letters. She wrote few. She carried on no regular correspondence with any one, but just wrote off to her friends when she had something to say that would not wait, or when she wanted news of them. The following interesting one is to Ampère during one of his sojourns in Rome; like almost every letter of hers that is extant, it is without a date:—

"I beg you will bring out all your *amabilité* for the lady who will give you this note, — Lady William Russell. She is sister-in-law of Lord John. She has a great deal of esprit, and speaks French in perfection. Like me, she came to France when she was three years old; then she went to Austria, so that she has had a European education. Her husband was ambassador at Berlin, and before that at Stuttgart; her sons were brought up at Berlin. As a little girl, she saw Madame de Staël play comedy. She was very pretty, — one sees that still, — so that all the kings made court to her. In fact, she has led a life something like that of our dear Madame Récamier. She has known all the distinguished people of the age. I am sure you will be delighted with her. Her son, Odo Russell,¹ is English *attaché* at Florence, and *détaché* at Rome; a diplomatic fiction, it appears, which permits of communication being kept up on the sly between our evangelical nation and

your — Babylon, and prevents the scandal of sending a minister to idolaters!

"If by chance Lady William does not go, this note will be handed to you by the above-named functionary, who is young, *gentil*, and *spirituel*, or by his brother Arthur, who has qualities of the same kind. But I hope you will see the lady herself; her conversation will remind you of our *causeries* of long ago.

"M. Mohl is always going to write you an enormous letter; but he has so much to do that whenever he has a moment's respite he talks, to rest himself. He is on an unlimited number of committees. He is exasperated. Ah, M. Ampère, what a wise man you are! But we are more virtuous; we stay on to make head against the torrent of platitude that seems to be submerging everything. I know a few people who, being formerly *employés*, had not the faculty of living on air, and so remained in their places. Well, nobody is now more indignant than they are, because they see all that is going on closer than we honest haters who stick in our corner. A few years more, and we shan't know how to distinguish good from evil. They write novels nowadays that have great success (I am told), whose moral tone is inconceivably low. One of them is called Fanny. But I should never end if I began to enumerate these things. We want badly M. de Loménie to be named to the Institute. He ought for this to write something, — but he says he has not time, — some bit of good, really literary work. I am sure he would pass easily, he is such a favorite, and he is such a good fellow. You ought to have been here to manage this.

"I have no time to write more. Do write, if only to prove that you have not forgotten this country. Adieu, dear M. Ampère. I embrace you with all my heart in sign of our old friendship."

Here is another letter to Ampère, very expressive of Madame Mohl's opin-

¹ Lord Ampthill, late Ambassador of the Court of St. James at Berlin.

ions and of her extremely emphatic manner of enunciating them : —

"You don't know how I *abhor* the Hungarians! They are the vilest *cannaille* I have ever seen. And I have *seen* them in their own country. Nothing enrages me like the enthusiasm of the English for those fellows. Because a few grand seigneurs receive them well, and send them from château to château in carriages and four, — the horses being provided by the peasantry, as in the Middle Ages, — the people cry, 'What a fine nation they are!' God knows that all modern corruption is grafted on these feudal *galantries*. I admire the Middle Ages as much as anybody, but I should like that period back with faith, and not wedded to socialism and the rage for setting up the low, ignorant classes. One must have seen this (in Hungary) to have an idea of it. All their patriotism consists in a costume. There are a few heroic seigneurs like Széchenyi, and he went mad with grief at seeing the people he had sacrificed himself for. The Austrians are absurd; that is to say, the government is disgusting, for the people are good; but there is no hope, I fear, for those who are opposing it, so I try not to think about that, or about anything; for here, too, we are in a state of despair. I read books, and carry my feelings as well as I can. My only consolation is music."

This was one of the minor points on which she and M. Mohl differed. She loved music passionately; he absolutely disliked it. He used to say, "I don't mind any amount of natural noise, but I can't bear unnatural noises, like music." He rather enjoyed the deafening racket of a paved street in the busiest quarter of the town, on the ground that it was "natural" and lively.

Madame Mohl had been repeatedly urged to write something about Madame Récamier, but had always refused, fearing that she might be led into speaking indiscreetly, if she spoke at all. The

sacredness of private life had not yet ceased to be respected, and she shrank from "turning to account" her intimacy with Madame Récamier, as others had been accused of doing. This scruple was, however, removed by the publication of Madame Récamier's *Life and Letters* by her niece, Madame Lenormant. Madame Mohl considered it her duty now to come forward and correct certain erroneous impressions which this publication, though written in the most eulogistic spirit, had, she believed, made on the public mind. She accordingly wrote a charming little memoir of her old friend, which appeared first in the *National Review*, and afterwards in a volume¹ with some other sketches of French character and social life. In the preface of the memoir, Madame Mohl says, speaking of Madame Lenormant's *Life and Letters*, —

"The book gave rise in England to so many mistaken judgments and false conclusions that although, from having spoken French from my childhood, I was ill prepared for the task, yet my friendship for Madame Récamier, and eighteen years of constant intercourse with her, emboldened me to show her character and the events of her life as they had appeared to me."

Ampère was one of the first to whom she presented her little literary production. In sending it to him she writes, —

"I am ashamed of it; but I was possessed by one idea, — the small capacity of the public for attention. Then, again, it is the first time that I have felt the pulse of this public. I believe now I was wrong to leave out a good many facts and observations that I had written. I beg you to remember, in reading the book, that it was written for England, where many things are entirely unknown that are known to everybody in France. I don't go the length

¹ Madame Récamier, with a Sketch of the History of Society in France. By Madame M***. Chapman & Hall. 1862.

of saying 'a certain poet called Shakespeare,' as you accused me of doing here. One or two persons to whom I sent the book have put questions to me that would amaze you. In fact, I am convinced that I have left out many things that, for all they are so generally known here, are not the least understood in England. But above all I was moved to write the book by my impatience at seeing that what is most subtle and elevated in French character is absolutely undiscovered in England. For you this ideal is a commonplace fact, dear M. Ampère; but please bear in mind my intention, and excuse the execution, — as God does, and as men don't do."

Ampère, though greatly pleased with the book, spiced his praise with a little criticism on certain points. Madame Mohl took the criticism as frankly as it was given, and replied, —

"Far from being vexed by your sincerity, I am greatly obliged for it, as it gives me the opportunity of explaining some points to you. You are the only person who has a right to this, for if there ever was in this world perfect *déroulement*, without *arrière-pensée*, without one obole kept back, like Ananias and Sapphira, it was yours, and yours alone. X——, and most of those who surrounded Madame Récamier, profited by her, in a greater or lesser degree; but

¹ Madame Mohl corrects in this letter an involuntary error of Madame Lenormant's concerning Madame Récamier's journal, which it may be interesting to transcribe; the Madame Tastu alluded to was the author of several books much read at the time. "The truth," says Madame Mohl, "was this. When Madame Tastu was here to be operated on (for cataract), I read aloud to her, translating it, all that related to Madame Récamier, because she could not see to read, and her friends could not read English to her. Well, she said to me, 'It was I who wrote all that from what Madame Récamier had told me at various times. I read it to her, and she asked me for it, and I gave her everything except one little narrative about the life of a deserter that she saved when the Queen of Naples was about to sign his death warrant; but I will give you this to copy.' And Madame Tastu did give it to me, and I copied it; but I did not insert it, so as not to have to give this

you gave yourself wholly, and I admire this perfect friendship more than you can know. . . . I refrained from defending that poor Benjamin Constant, on whose head X—— pours out all the vinegar of her virtue; and it cost me something to do this, for I was very fond of him, and he was a great friend of M. Fauriel's. . . . I was silent, also, concerning that parade of dukes and princes, that reminds one of the cards that small folk stick in their chimney glasses to show off in this way their titled acquaintances, while they throw the others into the wastepaper basket. Why not, instead of all this, tell us about the last twenty years of Madame Récamier's life that were the most original? Her success then was due solely to her character and esprit. Beauty and riches bring success everywhere."¹

Madame Mohl, in her narrative, enlarges *con amore* on Madame Récamier's admirable manner of governing her salon and conducting the conversation, and remarks that she was indebted for some of her success in this direction to Madame de Staël, "who was in the habit of saying, 'I have not conducted the conversation well to-day,' or the reverse." Madame Récamier had not her brilliant friend's depth, Madame Mohl admits,² but she describes her tact as quite unique. "If a *mot* was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take explanation. If you have any doubt about it, ask Madame Lenormant to show you that portion of the manuscript, and you will understand how those bits came to her amongst her papers (Madame Récamier's); they must be in her handwriting. Probably Madame Lenormant knew nothing about this, but I mean to publish it some day." She never did.

² Madame Mohl had all her life a kind of worship for the author of *Corinne*. "I am so obliged to your husband for doing justice to the saint of my childhood and youth," she writes to Madame Scherer, on reading a charming article in the *Temps*. "Her stupid family have absolutely hushed up her name from over-prudery, and little know the additions people have made to her weaknesses, which would be reduced to their due proportions if they let a little of the truth (as I know it) transpire."

it up and show it to the audience, as a connoisseur shows a picture. If she knew an anecdote *apropos* of something, she would call on any one else who knew it also to relate it, though no one narrated better than herself. No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage; if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavor to draw up what was valuable. This was one of her great charms; and as the spirits of the speaker were raised by his success, he became really more animated, and his ideas and words flowed on more rapidly." Those who remember Madame Mohl in her own salon will recognize in the above description the model that she endeavored, not unsuccessfully, to copy.

Through the course of her reminiscences she contrives to keep herself very much out of sight, never even putting herself forward as a witness, but giving her testimony as that of "a friend," or "one who enjoyed Madame Récamier's intimacy." This peculiarity in her style had its counterpart in her character. Her German friends used to say that she was, for a woman, singularly objective. She was certainly not in any perceptible degree subjective. She lost sight of herself and of the effect she was producing, as few women can do, and not only seemed to be, but was, taken out of herself for the time being by whatever she was hearing. Her intense curiosity, always on the *qui vive*, kept her mind in perpetual motion; she was always *thinking*, and very seldom thinking of herself. She was not the least introspective, as intellectual women are apt to be, nor given to analyzing her thoughts, or probing her feelings, or philosophizing about herself; nor was there a grain of morbidity in her composition, mental or moral, — another proof of the masculine temper of her mind. This freedom from self-consciousness added greatly to the attraction of her conversation.

Madame d'Abbadie, in speaking to me of this charm in Madame Mohl, said, "Never, in our long and intimate intercourse, did I ever detect in her the smallest attempt at effect. She talked as the birds sang; the witty things came out as the song comes from the bird. She loved esprit, and reveled in it as a bee does in honey; all she thought of in talking to you was to get at your mind and enjoy it."

But if Madame Mohl had a talent for making good talkers talk their best, she had not the power of making the best of bad ones; she had not the knack of playing on a bad instrument. No bore could have honestly paid her the compliment once paid to Madame Geoffrin by a simple old village *curé*, who, when she thanked him for the pleasant talk she had had with him, replied, "Madame, I am only a shabby old harpsichord that your talent has brought some tune out of."

Madame Mohl's racy sayings borrowed a certain flavor, and sometimes gained in point, from her manner of saying them. Lord Chesterfield's remark, that what Dr. Johnson said would not have seemed half so good if it had not been for his bow-wow way of saying it, might have applied to her. She had a little bow-wow way of her own that was very effective, and often gave piquancy to what from another would have passed unnoticed, as a commonplace. Her French was exquisite. M. de Tocqueville, a good judge, said he did not know a Frenchwoman who spoke it with the same perfection. Ampère, as we have seen, bore a similar testimony to her proficiency in his native tongue in her younger days. She handled it with a spirit and skill that bore the stamp of her own originality, and the fact of her being a foreigner, while it gave her the command of two languages, gave her also a special license for taking liberties with her adopted one. She used her license freely and with consummate art,

though sometimes in defiance of law and precedent. She never stopped at such trifles as grammar, for instance, but proceeded boldly on the principle that it is the part of genius to know when to break rules. If a neuter verb served her purpose better than an active one, she would use the neuter, though it made the hair of the Forty Immortals stand on end; the most rigorous *puriste* among them would never have counted the sin against her, so obviously did it carry its own excuse by adding to the force and clearness of her sentence. Her speech was as limpid as crystal. Madame d'Abbadie beautifully describes it in the remark, "Elle avait la parole ailée."

Her English was very pure, but not so graceful and rich as her French. She wrote it with correct grace, but there is something in the style that reminds one of a foreigner. Her memoir of Madame Récamier is charming, yet it reads rather like the writing of a French pen dipped in an English ink-bottle; a little stiff, as of a modern lady carefully picking her steps in the high-heeled shoes and unyielding brocade of an ancestress. In English as well as in French, Madame Mohl retained her fluency and vigor — "my gift of the gab," as she called it herself — to the last.

Madame Mohl was variously judged. The majority of those who knew her spoke of her as "delightful;" while not a few called her "that detestable old woman." Both verdicts were just. She was delightful or detestable as the spirit moved her; and she was at times moved by a wicked spirit, a mischievous sort of Puck, who took possession of her now and then, and impelled her to say and do the rudest and most disagreeable things without any motive or provocation. For instance, one Friday evening, Madame Ristori was at the Rue du Bac. Several distinguished members of the Italian colony in Paris, knowing that she was to be there, went to meet her; among others, Montanelli, who had

written Camma expressly for the great actress. Conversation was going on pleasantly, when suddenly, apropos of some remark about Italy, Madame Mohl exclaimed, "Tous les Italiens, c'est de la canaille!" This astounding sentiment, delivered in her high, sharp tones, with her little head well thrown back, produced the effect of a pistol shot on the company. Madame Ristori rose to the defense, and intoned the *apologia* of her countrymen with an eloquence of patriotism that moved every one present; then, with the majesty of Melpomene in person, she took leave of Madame Mohl, all the Italians forming an escort to her as she swept from the room. The incident was the talk of Paris for some days, and Madame Mohl's best friends gave her small quarter for her extraordinary behavior. What induced her to make so rude and unprovoked a speech, Heaven only knows. She herself could have given no reason for it; but it was extremely characteristic of her willful, impulsive nature. She had no desire to vex, far less to insult, Madame Ristori, whom she admired intensely, both as a woman and an artist; but she disliked Italians, as a race; something that was said prompted her to say so, and to check an impulse no more occurred to her than to stop herself from sneezing or coughing, if she wanted to do either.

The following note, written to Ampère (in Rome) some years before the above incident, proves how warm Madame Mohl's personal regard was for the great Italian artist: —

"Do you know Madame Ristori? No? Then I send you a line of introduction to her. Please to speak well of me to her. If you know her already, speak well of me all the same. You say you don't want to make her acquaintance? You are wrong. She is charming, quite apart from her talent. And she loves the French! I entreat you to go and see her."

Thought and speech were simultane-

ous with Madame Mohl. One did not precede and dictate the other, as it is supposed to do with the most inconsiderate of us; they escaped together. When Mrs. Wynne Finch remarked to her that this peculiarity accounted for her often giving offense without intending it, Madame Mohl seemed very much surprised, and after a moment's reflection, "My dear," she said, "why do I speak and think at one and the same moment, instead of thinking first and then speaking, like other people?"

What answer could her friend make except "Because you are Madame Mohl, and not like other people?"

Madame Mohl has been accused of being a lion-hunter. It is not true, at least in the vulgar sense of the word: she was never caught by lions of the hour, by sham celebrities; but it is true that she courted real ones, men whose fame rested on a solid foundation of genius or achievement. She cultivated her salon, and sought attractive elements for it, as other amateurs hunt after rare orchids, or gems, or æsthetic tea-pots; it was her great interest in life, and her ambition was to keep it ornamented and replenished with all that was interesting and distinguished. This love of celebrities, however, was untainted by the least touch of snob-bishness. It was said to me by a cosmopolitan Englishwoman, herself a queen of society, "Madame Mohl was the only Englishwoman I ever knew, in any rank, who was absolutely free from vulgarity." This judgment, if it bear too severely on the rest of her countrywomen, was undoubtedly just as a testimony to Madame Mohl. She had no ill-will, either political or philosophical, towards money or rank; but they did not impress her in the smallest degree. No titles, no splendor of external accessories, none of those false gods to which the vulgar herd bow down, got one iota of reverence from her. Worldly possessions did not in her eyes add one tit-

tle of importance to any man or woman, nor did the total want of them lessen any one an iota in her consideration.

This entire unworldly-mindedness was a power, as well as a charm; for there are few things the world admires more than contempt of itself, its maxims and its shams, and none command its esteem more than those who despise it. But courage was an element of power that Madame Mohl did not lack in any direction. She was so bold and vehement in her speech that her language often sounded exaggerated, and yet it was always the sincere expression of her feelings or opinions at the moment. Whatever she thought or felt, she saw it with a boldness that never stopped to consider effect or consequences. Nothing annoyed her more than for her friends, the few *intimes* in whom she felt a sort of proprietorship, to go away from Paris and leave her behind them. Once, Mrs. Wynne Finch was going to London, in May, as was her custom; and knowing the storm this early departure was sure to raise, she postponed the announcement of it to the last day. The old lady took the tidings very peaceably, and said good-by without any bad language; but when Mrs. Wynne Finch was going down the stairs, she put her head over the rail, and cried out after her, "May God in heaven forgive me, but I wish your house in London was burnt down, and all your children dead, except Guy; for then you would have to stay in Paris!"

When an old woman, she loved her friends with the warmth of a young girl; her heart retained its glow to the last. This capacity for affection, combined with her passion for esprit, accounts in a measure for that contentment and sense of happiness that Madame Mohl enjoyed to the close of her long life. Her childhood and youth had been warmed by the tender affection of a mother whom she idolized, and her maturer life was amply satisfied by the

affection of a husband whom she in turn loved with the deepest tenderness. These two supreme affections, supplemented by a number of very strong friendships, sufficed to keep her heart well warmed, and to prevent her love of esprit from freezing into intellectual egotism. They protected her from that deadly *ennui* that hung like a blight on the lives of many of her far more brilliant predecessors. Madame Mohl saw few flaws in her friends when they were alive, and none at all when they were dead; she mourned for them with a passionate grief that was very touching and quite sincere in its exaggeration, and she took their sorrow to heart as her own. When a heavy bereavement befell Ampère, she wrote to him, —

“I have a big room, very comfortable: come and stay with us. You will have your old friend M. Mohl to look after you. What can you do all by yourself in these cruel days? Come to us. I can’t write for the tears that blind me. I promise you that you will be better here than anywhere. I am so unhappy, — so unhappy.”

The writing is all awry, and the words are blurred and blotted with tears. Ampère did not accept the invitation so lovingly made; he said that for the present he felt the absolute need of being alone.

“Yes,” wrote Madame Mohl again. “I can understand this need for solitude. All I can say is that when you like to come, your room is ready for you, with a splendid view. You will be perfectly free, and have no thought to give to material cares, which are in themselves a torment. You shall be alone as much as you like. I can’t tell you the longing I have to be of use to you. For I loved her more than I ever knew, or she either.”

On the death of another friend, she writes to Madame Scherer: —

“I am sure you will feel for me when I tell you that I have lost my dear Mrs.

Gaskell, the best friend I had in England, perhaps anywhere. I learnt it this morning from her poor daughter. She seemed perfectly well, and was talking, when her head suddenly lowered, and life fled.¹ It must have been heart complaint. To say what I have lost would be impossible. My spirits are so low that, as you are so kind as to speak of my nieces’ visit to Versailles, I will profit by your kind memory to send them on Friday, if the weather is good. I don’t say fine; that may not be expected. I am glad to send them somewhere without me. I had promised to take them to-night; but I could not. I *can* take them to the Flute Enchantée Thursday, as I need not speak there; and I had taken the places, and can’t bear to disappoint them. I had rather sit and mope than anything; but it’s hard upon them, who live at their own homes as in a nunnery, and youth has as good a right to pleasure as childhood has to play.

“Oh, dear! my heart feels like a lump of lead in me. If you had known what a heart *she* had! But no one did.”

One who gave so much had a right to expect a good deal in return; and she got it, and enjoyed it. She was a singularly happy person, and her happiness expressed itself in an inexhaustible flow of high spirits. She looked happy. Her round blue eyes were wide open in a perpetual sparkle of curiosity and interest; her little turned-up nose, spirited and commanding, seemed to be scenting clever *mots* in the air; her mouth, like a bent bow, was incessantly shooting out bright arrows of wit; her upright figure, the pose of her head, her quick step, her whole air and deportment, expressed energy, vivacity, and happiness. And what a charm there is in the mere sight of a happy human face amidst the suffering, discontented ones that meet us on all sides!

Madame Mohl’s utter absence of co-

¹ November, 1865.

quetry was another characteristic which justified her German friend's remark that she was more like a man than a woman. She was as free from personal vanity as an infant. Sometimes, when calling at fine houses for the first time, she was mistaken by the servants for a poor woman come to ask for something. These mistakes, far from offending, amused her exceedingly, and she used to relate them with great glee to her friends. She retained to her ninety-third year the fashion of her youth of having her dress cut open in the front, and of wearing little curls all over her forehead. This head-gear had never in her youngest days been a pattern of neatness, but in later years it had degenerated into the wildest tangle. M. Guizot used to say that Madame Mohl and his little Scotch terrier had the same *coiffeur*, for they both wore their hair in the same style. Madame Mohl never committed the extravagance of buying proper curl-paper, but took any odds and ends of colored circulars, notes, newspapers, etc., that came to hand; and the result was a Medusa-like head, bristling all over with little snakes of divers colors. She would present herself thus adorned before any visitor who chanced to call before the snakes were uncoiled. The effect was startling on some persons; but she was always serenely unconscious of this, or seemed to be so.

A young Englishman, whose love of science endeared him to M. Mohl, and who had a warm place in Madame Mohl's affections, was often favored by this striking apparition. "She would come out in wonderful get-ups," says Mr. G. L., — "a skirt of one color and a jacket of another, with a shabby night-cap stuck on the top of a bush of curl-papers; altogether the most amazing figure that ever you beheld out of a pantomime." But as this shrewd scientist remarks, "there was a kind of coquetry in this defiance of coquetry." Englishmen and Germans were amused by these

eccentricities; but Frenchmen, although they overlooked them on the score of her nationality, never quite forgave Madame Mohl for being something of a caricature.

Madame Ozanam¹ relates that one evening, at a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, she saw M. de Loménie approaching, with a figure "like a mad witch" leaning on his arm; on nearer view, the figure proved to be a lady in a short skirt, her hair tangled out to a wild nimbus round her head and stuck all over with long straws, as if it had been rolled on a stable floor. As this astounding apparition drew closer, Madame Ozanam recognized Madame Mohl. Presently, M. de Loménie, having handed over his charge to some other brave man, came to speak to Madame Ozanam, who said laughingly, "I congratulate you on the act of courage you have just performed." "Yes, you well may," replied M. de Loménie; and then he added quickly, "But there is no mistaking her. One sees at a glance that she is English."

On another occasion, at the Salle Erard, while the audience were waiting for the artists to come in, a door on the platform opened, and a short-skirted, witch-like figure appeared, and stood a moment surveying the assembly. There was a general laugh in the crowded concert hall, but Madame Mohl looked slowly round her, and with perfect composure walked to her seat.

In strange contradiction with this disregard of her personal appearance was her sensitiveness on the subject of her age. She could not bear to have it mentioned, and was always on the *qui vive* to conceal it. Mérimée, M. Mohl's *témoin* at their marriage, used to tell a story of her answering the mayor, when he asked her age, "Monsieur, that is no business of yours; and if it were, I would jump out of the window sooner than tell you!" Sixty-eight seemed to be the period, beyond which, to the last, she

¹ Widow of the celebrated Frédéric Ozanam.

never owned that she had passed, and it was very amusing to see how cleverly she kept to this date. Her friends would sometimes maliciously try to entrap her into betraying her age, but they never succeeded. One of them tells me that he never knew her to fail to make the subtraction instantly and correctly. For instance, if he said, "Why, dear Madame Mohl, that was fifty years ago!" she would reply, "Yes, so it was; I was just eighteen at the time;" or, "Why, it must be sixty years since that happened!" "Yes, I remember I was then a child eight years old."

There was no surer way of provoking her anger than by alluding, even inferentially, to her real age. Count Walsh, when he met her for the first time as Madame Mohl, said to her, "Madame, as we are both of us very old, perhaps you could tell me something of a compatriot of yours, to whose house I was taken some fifty odd years ago by Thiers. She was a Miss Clarke, one of the most charming persons I ever met." The dear old lady blushed like a girl, painfully divided between the pleasure of being so flatteringly remembered and the vexation of having her age thus brought home to her.

Not long before his death Thiers met her at the house of a friend, and reminded her that they had not met since 1836, just forty years before. She was exceedingly annoyed, and when the old statesman was gone she said to her hostess, "The old fool is off his head; he does n't know what he is talking about; he has made a mistake of twenty years!"

Madame Mohl preserved into advanced age, after the wear and tear of life, much of the delicacy that is apt to get rubbed off with years. She could not tolerate anything that sinned against good taste, either in books or conversation. Nothing affronted her like having her age made a pretext for reading or hearing what was in itself offensive.

One evening, she arrived at Madame de Montalembert's in high dudgeon. "Fancy," she exclaimed on entering the salon, "fancy M. — sending me a box for La Belle Hélène, and saying that it is not a play fit for a young woman to go to, but that at my age that does not matter! Such impudence! As if I wanted to go to a play that a decent young woman could n't see! I hated indecencies when I was young, and I hate them still more now. I sent him back his box, and gave him my mind."

When mere coarseness of language was redeemed by wit or genuine talent, she was willing to overlook it. She would, for instance, read with pleasure French writers of the seventeenth century or the English of the Elizabethan period, whose broad style contained true humor or philosophy; but nothing could induce her to open the sickening French novels that she heard discussed by "decent men and women" around her.

M. Scherer wrote an article in the Temps on Rabelais that delighted her, and she wrote at once to his wife: "Rabelais is a *chef-d'œuvre*! And what a benefactor to find out the valuable jewel in such a mass of filth! I wish M. Scherer would publish a little book about Rabelais to show ladies the moral beauties reclaimed out of the dirt, for none will have the stomach to hunt for them. No doubt the century may have half the blame. I tried once, but left off at the second page, and had no idea of what I lost. He is the contrary of Swift, who is a cynic to the back-bone, with no tenderness in his nature; yet he is read ten times more, merely because he had the luck to be born later."

Her feminine weakness about hiding her age was perhaps the only foolish trait of that essential youthfulness that Madame Mohl retained to the end. An incapacity for growing old sometimes includes an incapacity for growing wise, for growing in many things that should

keep pace with the advance of years; but if, while these autumnal growths progress, the green springtide of youth remains unfaded, then the charm of the combination is perfect. Madame Mohl possessed it in a singular degree. She had a spice of romance in her that kept its flavor to the end. Edgar Quinet had been a great admirer of hers in the old Abbaye days, and even later, and some

letters of a tender character had passed between them. After Quinet's death, his widow asked a friend to get these back from Madame Mohl, and this friend was highly amused at the shyness of the old lady, then past ninety, when the subject was broached to her. "She finessed about it," he says, "and was as conscious as a young girl might have been."

Kathleen O'Meara.

THE BROWN-STONE BOY.

"A-A-A-H! *he's* no consul-general!" cried the brown-stone boy, in strong accents of disgust.

"Oh yes, I think he is; I am sure he is," I ventured to expostulate. "I had occasion to visit him at his office, and I am sure this is the same man."

"Well, what I mean is that he's no *kind* of a consul-general. He's a fossil. Oh, what a treasure he'd have been about ten thousand years ago!" said the brown-stone boy, with a gusto.

"How so?" I inquired.

"He would n't give me a 'distressed seaman's' certificate, so I could have sailed home on the steamer for nothing."

It was the first I had heard of the brown-stone boy's being a distressed seaman, — or a seaman at all, for that matter. He did not look it in the least.

We had made a long voyage together from the tropics. My companion appeared on deck generally in pajamas. He claimed that this was the only proper costume for shipboard, in such a climate; and at least, on a succession of days, when the wind was hot, and blew the yet hotter fumes of the smoke-funnels directly back into our faces, his claim was not without reason. Again he would appear in a ragged and greasy old tweed jacket, a bad hat, slouchy car-

pet slippers, and his neck quite innocent of shirt-collar. These seemed less satisfactorily accounted for. His comings on deck were of a certain mysterious, periodic sort. There were long intervals between, which we inclined to ascribe to his probable suffering from seasickness. He had two different manners, or ways, with him. At one time he would hang upon the skirts of a group, gazing and listening with an air of exaggerated reverence to every word that its members let fall. At others, he showed a hilarious and over-familiar flow of spirits. He bestirred himself to start the game of shuffle-board, would introduce to each other people who were already well acquainted, and engaged in loud and warm controversy with whoever would argue with him. His favorite reproach to opponents in these discussions was that of "old-fogyism." To be behind the age, in his view, was the fault over all others deserving of opprobrium.

He was, say, twenty-four years of age, of a certain plump, still boyish aspect; his general features good, but coarsened; and his eyes heavy, as if with dissipation. He had a fixed way of smiling, at times, which seemed half maudlin, and turned out to be really so, when its cause was known.

The subject of our talk was a pompous little man, who was in the habit of strutting up and down the deck, with his hands behind him, keeping much to himself.

"Ah, you were a distressed seaman. Was it among the Islands themselves that you were wrecked?" I inquired. The revelation lent my slight, new acquaintance a picturesqueness and interest which he had not before possessed.

"No, I never was wrecked. 'Most everything else has happened to me, but I never was wrecked," he replied. "I was n't exactly a cast-away mariner. I was busted — in business, see?"

"Ah, in business?"

"Yes; but a consul-general need n't look so close, need he? He's got a right to draw off them certificates and pass you home, if he wants to; what's he good for, if he don't do it? He knew all about me; I told him, myself. I told him where my family lived in New York, — the old lady, that is, for there ain't many more of 'em. We're a boss family there; way up, high-toned. We've got a four-story high-stoop house on West Blank Street, close to the avenue. I ain't no slouch. I'm a brown-stone boy, I am."

He was a brown-stone boy? It was under this description, derived from the brown or red sandstone — the favorite building material of the more prosperous and fashionable quarter of New York, — that I came chiefly to think of him.

"He would n't give it to me, though, — this old consul would n't. He ought to have associated with Methuselah. So I had to play it fine, and stow away on the steamer on my own account."

This was a new light upon his case; and though the brown-stone boy was avowedly far from an exemplary acquaintance, I heard a part of his story, at this time, not without entertainment. His talk was mingled with a peculiar slang, and his intonation was of a row-

dyish, easy-going sort, not found in just the same form out of the city of New York or away from the influence of its reprobate classes. If he were of superior station, he had thoroughly adopted the manners of strata far lower down. This was reprehensible, no doubt; but, after long listening to a foreign tongue exclusively, it had a certain racy, American, almost patriotic flavor. The brown-stone boy had, too, while recounting his misdeeds, a way of interlarding them with apology, as if he were one in whom these follies and errors of youth were now wholly at an end.

"Well, all that's over, now; that's done for," he would say. "I'm not going back to it, either, you can bet your dear life."

"I walked aboard as bold as brass," he continued in his story, "and said nothing to nobody. Of course I had to give it away to the purser when he came 'round after the tickets, but by that time we were far out to sea. Well, if you had seen that man dance and swear! I thought I had heard *some* swearing before, but — well, all right! He grabbed me and called some men, and I thought they were going to fire me overboard at once. Then he called the captain, and the captain he danced. They sent for a lot more, and they all danced. It was a holy circus, you better believe. I told 'em all the yarns I could think of, and talked 'em 'most deaf, dumb, and blind."

"What did you tell them?"

"I said the consul-general had promised me a distressed seaman's certificate, and forgot to give it to me. But what did they do but walk this here fellow right up to me. He was making the voyage, too, without my knowing it. That spoiled everything; there was n't much use trying, after that. I told 'em then I had lost my pocket-book, with my ticket in it. I told 'em that the parties in whose sugar warehouse I used to work said I could come aboard and have a passage any time, because they

were interested in the line. I told 'em I was down sick of a ragin' fever, and had to get away; told 'em who my family was; told 'em I'd see they were paid as soon as I got back to the United States of America. But it was all no use."

"But they did not throw you overboard, it seems?"

"No, nor they did n't put me ashore, as they swore they were goin' to. The captain would have me up every few days, and say, 'It won't do, you know; it won't do. We've got to put you ashore at the first landin'.' But they did n't do it. I suppose they was satisfied, on the whole, that I belonged to one of the first families," he said, complacently. "I've hung on by the eyelids most all the way, and they put me in a place down by the furnace-room, to sleep, — 'cause there was n't room in the first cabin." He laid a finger beside his nose, with a humorous leer. "You would n't wonder if I was a little backward sometimes in comin' up where you folks was, all so braced up and shipshape, would you? I had to pawn all my clothes before comin' aboard."

This was quite a different theory of his dressing in pajamas from that of a scrupulous adaptation to the circumstances which he had before advanced. It was but natural, after such a confidence, that he should go on to give me some account of his going to the Islands, and his doings there previous to the embarkation.

"It was my family influence that first took me down there," he said. "My father died when I was a small kid, and I never saw much of him, any way; but the old lady has always had lots of influence, all the same. So when I had to get out of New York, — I was wanting to get away from New York, for certain reasons" (he favored me again with one of his fixed smiles, from which it was evident that the reasons were not of the most reputable sort), — "the old

lady spoke to some friends of hers, and they got me a place down in the Islands, in a sugar warehouse. There was n't much to do, and I am kind of easy-going sometimes, and did n't do even that. I used to draw my little hundred dollars a month, and write home to the old lady that I was saving it, and getting to be a regular Astor or Vanderbilt. I was n't, though, all the same. One day the superintendent came along, unexpectedly, and found me going to sleep — as I used to 'most all the time when he was away — on a convenient pile of coffee-sacks.

"Are you down here for your health?" he says.

"I don't know as I am," I says. 'What's the matter with *you*?' giving him back a lot of impudence.

"Well, the shipping-book had n't been attended to for a couple of weeks, and a memorandum of sugar hogsheads on hand that he wanted was about as far behind. What with that and my back talk and all together, he pretty soon fired me out entirely. I did n't care, as long as my money lasted; but the worst of it was that after that was gone the old skeesix was still so mad that he would n't give me back the place, and I had to shift for myself. Jobs ain't very plenty in the Islands, and I could n't afford to let the old lady know what had happened to me, either. It was a kind of last chance, her sendin' me down there. I'd been into various matters and things before, you see. Nor yet I could n't play off the invalid dodge on her any more; I've pretty much run through that, too."

My brown-stone friend was so used to being accepted as an out-and-out scapegrace, it seemed, that he would not take the pains to give himself a respectable character, even when he had the most excellent opportunities. To me he might have assumed a virtue, though he had it not, with entire impunity.

It appeared that he had enlisted, in

the Islands, as sub-agent of a man engaged in introducing American sewing-machines. He had been instructed in running and repairing them, and, having picked up by this time considerable of the Spanish "lingo," had "traveled around among the good-looking señoras and señoritas" for a while, with much entertainment to himself. He had, however, repaired many of the machines in such a way that "a steam engine could never have started them again," and been, in consequence, deprived of his office in disgrace. He had next acted as agent for the sale of some illustrated Bibles, sent out from Connecticut.

"They were cram full of pictures," he said. "The natives had never seen anything of the kind before, and it was a big scheme. The trouble with 'em was they cost too much. I had to sell 'em out for less than half price, to make my own expenses. When I got back from the trip, the boss agent was so mad that I saw finally my talents were not appreciated in the Islands, and the only thing for me to do was to get out."

The complacent taking of me into a sort of partnership, in his peculiar iniquities, was not too complimentary on the part of the brown-stone boy, but he was quite impervious to reproof, receiving it at most in a puzzled way. We were coming into port at the time. We set foot on shore towards evening. Much more intimate acquaintanceships than this are broken, and I supposed I had seen the last of the brown-stone boy.

The next day, however, he walked into the dining-room at my hotel, at dinner time, and, dragging out a chair in an easy way, joined me at table. There had been a wonderful change in his appearance in the mean time. He was very well and neatly dressed, and in no respect the slovenly figure he had been on the voyage.

"Yes, all ragged out new," he said, following with one of his own my in-

voluntary glance of discovery. "Ready-made; but I'll have something even more lum tum than this, in a few days. The old lady's come down with the stamps again, see?"

He reached in a comfortable way for the bill of fare, among the bottles of the caster, gave his order to the waiter in a facetious, superior way, and went on with his confidences. I found that these were not drawn out exclusively by me. He was of a natural expansiveness of disposition, and was amiably disposed to share them with whoever would listen.

"I was up to the post-office, and there was the money order all ready and waiting for me," he continued. "I did n't hardly expect it. Doubtful things are pretty uncertain, and you can't sometimes 'most always tell; but the scheme this time has worked like a charm. I did n't ask her for anything to get away from the Islands, you see, but I told her I had fallen in with a party who wanted to take me into partnership with him in the beef-canning business. I told her it was the biggest thing that had ever happened to me, and that I had got the place all by myself, by my own unaided exertions, see? He wanted an active young partner, I said, and I was going to learn the business; and then we were to put up a factory, some place where cattle were plenty and cheap, to can 'em. I said I had saved money of my own, and all I wanted was five hundred dollars more, to make the thing complete and secure the interest I wanted. I did n't half suppose the old lady would catch on this time, but, as I tell you, it has worked like a charm."

"And there is no beef-canning project?"

"You bet your dear life there's a beef-canning project. That's just what there is, — a beef-canning project. I'm going to learn the business. There's factories here where they carry it on, and I'm going around looking for a place. Yes, sir; you'll see me with

my little overalls on, chopping up sausage-meat, or boiling down soap-fat, or whatever they want. I won't kick; it don't make any difference what it is. I'm a *worker*, I am."

"And the partner?" I asked in surprise, half impressed by his emphasis.

He looked at me with a compassionate smile.

"That was a blind for the old lady," he said. "I have to do it sometimes. But that's all over now; I've reformed. A fellow had n't ought to be spouting his clothes, beating his board-bill, and all that, you know," he added philosophically. "I've always had a good mother; that's what brings me around all right. A mother's prayers is what you want every time, see?"

There was a dangerous levity in these remarks, and yet a certain air of sincerity, too. The method might have been only his ideal of the manly way of expressing himself.

"I should n't wonder if there was any quantity of will-power about me, somewheres, still," he said. "I had a brother, with more will-power — Lord, what a will-power he did have!"

He continued his remarks on virtue at considerable length. His platitudes about goodness and the exemplary influence of a mother — whose heart, it was plainly to be seen, such a young reprobate must often have wrung — were a curious glib parody of sermons one has heard preached on the ill-fated course of the prodigal. He had not in the least the air of a repentant prodigal, yet he continually gave himself out, as has been said, for one who has at last seen the error of his ways, and chosen the better part.

"Now I'll give you the whole business straight," he said, treating further of his project. "It's the biggest scheme out. I've had it on the brain for some time; I heard parties talk of it in the Islands. You snake your cattle right up to the factory, and run 'em through

the canning machines before they know where they are. The profits come in in having 'em right on the ground where the factory is, instead of 'way off here, with big bills to pay, first for transportin' the stock, and then for sendin' away the stuff where it's wanted. Why, the hides and horns alone 'll more than pay all expenses. I anticipate four hundred per cent. profit the first year. Anybody 'll put up money for me, as soon as I've learned the business. I would n't wonder if the old lady herself would, as soon as she knew I was actually on the ground. Say! *you* 'd make a first-rate, solid old partner. I don't mind givin' you a half interest," he said, with frank *bon camaraderie*. "It's a big scheme, now, I tell you. Say you and I go into it."

I was obliged to decline this attractive invitation. Previous engagements would prevent me from entering into any other business enterprises at present. It was now Friday, and the brown-stone boy promised to begin his labors on the following Monday morning.

"I shan't give it away to the people where I get the job, what I'm up to, either," he said. "I'll go in just as a common hand. I'll stay a week, two weeks, or whatever time it takes to learn the whole racket, and you won't hear a squeal out of me, — not a kick; no, sir," he concluded, in a large, magnanimous sort of way.

I said nothing to discourage this sanguine estimate of the obstacles in his new career. It so happened that I was detained for a considerable time at the port where we had landed, and so I saw much more of my brown-stone friend than was to have been expected. I met him on the Monday when he was to have gone to work. He was not working, but strolling about in a most leisurely way.

"They gave me the cold bluff," he said.

"How was that?"

"I went to the best of the places I told you of, and applied for a job. They said they did n't want me. Then I tried palaverin'; told 'em what was up, how I only wanted to learn the business, and was willing to work for nothing. They said I was too fresh, and wanted to know if I took 'em for flats and thought they was goin' to give away the secrets of the trade, like that. So they fired me out, as you might say."

Still he was not greatly depressed at this rebuff.

"There's two more places," he said. "I'll tackle one to-morrow, and the other the day after. They ain't so big as the first one, but they'll do well enough. All I want is just to learn the business, see?"

The next day he did not go to either, being occupied in changing his hotel; choosing a cheaper one, to save his money, as he explained, an object which seemed highly commendable. This took a couple of days instead of one. Then there was a national holiday, and then he was occupied with his tailor. He appeared to feel under some sort of obligation at first to report progress every day, but this was soon abandoned. I heard no more of his attempts to procure employment at the places indicated, further than vague denunciations of their proprietors, and statements that the business was overdone, and was n't "what it was cracked up to be, any way." I could not judge whether he had tried and failed, or arrived at these conclusions on independent grounds.

Once, sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, we saw a group of rough hobbledoys teasing an old man, a foreign vender of small wares, in the street.

"That was me; that's it, — that was my style! I used to be a holy terror myself!" cried the brown-stone boy, slapping his thigh with animation and delight at the spectacle. The circumstance was the starting-point of a new train of

reminiscences, which, in time, comprised the history of most of the adventures of his life.

"I used to belong to the old West Blank Street and Tenth Avenue gang. You never belonged to that gang, did you?" he asked.

As well as I could recollect I had never belonged to that gang.

"You've heard tell of it, though?"

"Yes, I have heard tell of it."

I had heard tell of groups of young reprobrates, who infested certain streets, made life a burden to the residents therein, and were the sworn enemies of the police. A graduate of one of them, at the age of nineteen, was lying in the Tombs under sentence of death for murder, perpetrated in connection with a heinous robbery. He had proclaimed himself with pride "a tough," for this exploit, and seemed to look upon it as a sort of method of winning his spurs. They waylaid children, notably the well dressed, sent with money to pay bills and the like, dragged them into lumberyards and plundered them. But I had not thought that these were in any degree recruited from the sons of respectable and even wealthy families. I stated this belief to him.

"Oh, family don't count for nothing with them gangs," he responded, in a cavalier way. "What they want is the feller that can get up the liveliest racket; it ain't blue blood."

"And there were many like you, then?"

It promised to be interesting to hear of the doings and aspirations of such a lawless band from the inside point of view.

"Well, Patsy Bogan's father was a blacksmith, Jimmy Gunnison's drove a truck, and 'Big Ed' White's old man kept a saloon. Big Ed has fought a prize-fight since. Billy Bolton's folks, though, was high-toned, the same as mine, — may be more so. Jever hear of Billy's racket that got him nipped?"

"No, I don't recollect hearing of it."

"His father was a church deacon, — bang-up respectable. They lived on Thirty-Eighth Street, in one of the swell-est houses there was. They got Billy a kind of confidential place in a broker's office down town, after a while, 'cause he would n't go to school. One afternoon the broker gave Billy a package of bills, about ten thousand dollars, to put away in the safe. Billy shoved the money in his pocket, right there under the broker's nose, slammed together the safe, and walked off, and came down the next morning as bold as brass. He was colared for it, though. They proved it on him, and sent him up to the penitentiary for seven years. He is n't out yet. He did n't give 'em back the money, though, and I s'pose he'll have it to spend when he gets out."

The narrator showed little of any other emotion at his story than amusement.

"Of course we did n't go in as heavy as that, in my time. That was after he had left the gang. We used to be generally making it lively for small stores on our beat; snatching their fruit, tipping over their barrels, bothering their customers as they passed in and out, and so on. One day I was standing up beside old Zumpt's show-case, — Zumpt the shoemaker, you know, — full of boots and shoes, fancy styles and all that. The others bounced me into it, smashing the glass all to flinders. Out comes old Zumpt, a-boomin'.

"'Who done it? who done it?' he says, wild.

"'I don't know,' I says, playin' the meek, innocent dodge; 'I don't know who they are.' He tore up the street after 'em, and I dodged 'round the nearest corner."

"Did the cruelty of destroying the property of a poor, hard-working man like that, and putting him to expense and trouble, ever occur to you?"

"Well, it *was* pretty rough. I can

see it now, looking back. Besides, I got a cut across the thumb, that time, that lasted me a couple of months."

"There seems to have been no great sentiment against stealing. Would the boys refuse to associate with a companion who they knew had stolen money?" I threw out.

"Well, no, no, they would n't exactly refuse to associate with him," he said, judicially. "The fact is, they had to get money *some* way. They weren't provided very liberally. Their folks, you see, most generally did n't approve of 'em. Why, I recollect, myself," — he started off with a new gusto, — "'havin' to sell all the hats and umbrellas on the hall-rack, once, to get funds to go and see Mazeppa, at the old Bowery theatre."

No doubt I seemed duly impressed with the painful necessity of this measure, for further details were forthcoming.

"There was an old party that went through the street every afternoon, that I used to call Yowlrigs. That was his way of pronouncing 'Any old rags?' Sometimes he shouted, 'Eggs bottled!' instead, — 'Rags, bottles!' See? I called Yowlrigs in, when the old lady was away, and made the trade. Some of the servants saw him going out, and peached on me; but I'd lit out, myself, before that, you bet. I had it arranged, in them times, so I could sleep in an engine-house, every once in a while."

"But you had to go back at some time."

"Yes; but I could always scare the old lady by staying away long enough; that's where I had the inside track. She did n't ask any questions then. The old lady was pretty fresh. Drinking was what riled her the most, though."

"Ah, drinking? The gang went in for that, too?"

"What the gang did n't go in for was n't worth doing. I got as drunk as a boiled owl when I was fourteen

years old. A policeman brought me home on his back at two o'clock in the morning. It was whiskey that done it; I'd never took anything but beer before that. One of the kids had borrowed some money from his father's till, that night, and nothing would do but we must all take whiskey, and get tight. Then there *was* a circus, and don't you forget it. I got in the way of it, and have been kind of in the way of it ever since. I had to brace up a good deal on the steamer, for instance; may be you took notice of it? But that's all over now. It was for something of that kind, I believe, that the old lady finally fired me out. No, I don't know as it was, either. I've forgotten now just exactly what it *was* for," slightly scratching his head, "there was so many rackets."

"She sent you away, then? She could not stand you any longer? Well, I don't wonder at it."

He showed no offense at unfavorable opinions.

"She *had* to do it, you know, she had to do it. I can't blame *her*," he replied. "She used to come up nights, or early in the morning, to my room, in her wrapper, and say prayers over me. She used to tell what big things my father had done, and how I ought to be worthy of him, and all that; and sometimes I used to promise I'd catch on, but it never seemed to amount to anything. So there she was, one morning, — I wish I could think now exactly what it was for, — standing by me like a gray ghost, — waving hands, — handkerchief, — high tragedy, see? I'd finally got to go. She asked me how much money I wanted, to take me away where she'd never hear of me again till she could hear something that was n't a disgrace and shame. I was kind of dazed on account of its being so early in the morning and the racket I'd had over night, and I named a certain sum, when I might just as well have had twice as much. When I woke up again, there it was on the table be-

side me. When I went down the steps the old lady was behind the blinds, and I guess she was crying."

Alas and alas, for the poor old lady!

"I did n't clear off just then, though," the scapegrace continued. "Not so fresh. I waited till I'd spent all that money, and then went back after more. 'If you really want to get rid of me,' I said, 'give me five hundred dollars, and I'll go.' She planked it down, and I went."

The frankness of these confessions seemed incredible. Perhaps he saw that I marveled at it, for he explained at once: —

"Oh, I don't mind telling you some of this stuff, for if you was to go back to New York and inquire about me you'd hear a dozen times worse. There's some advantages in having a bad character, after all? Nobody can do *me* any hurt. But that's all over now. I had a good mother, see? There's no discount on her. That's what's always brought me 'round all right."

It was difficult to see in what the brown-stone boy was so much better than formerly, since he told of his misdeeds — many more, and more serious ones, too, than here set down — with the utter flippancy described; but one could only hopefully take him at his word. He had a plausible, ingratiating way with him. He could flatter by an artful air of respect and deference to superior wisdom, and he could amuse, as well, by drolleries. He had the social talents, an easy skill at cards and billiards, a knack at music, and the like, with the aid of which his brief successes were accomplished.

He was now very fashionably dressed. He had evidently not spared money, and the tailor to whom he had entrusted himself had made a very complete thing of it. He proposed to hire an expensive livery-team and take me for a drive in the park. I strenuously opposed this as contrary to his newly devised plan of

economy and reform, and we compromised by partly walking and then taking an open horse-car. We passed the city hospital of dingy, yellow brick, on a cold, windy-looking hill. An ambulance was drawn up at the gate, and from it a pale and wasted invalid was being taken on a stretcher. My brown-stone boy tipped me a wink, as if the joke were on the invalid. It seemed to him a situation no more to be thought of in his own case than if he belonged to a different order of beings.

The gatekeeper was superintending the transfer.

"That man was one of the biggest actors there was," he threw out confidentially to us, as we looked on. "Drink has brought him to this."

"Plenty more lodgin's to let in the old shebang?" the brown-stone boy inquired, facetiously.

"We have a fine shuit up where ye see them open windys," returned the gate porter, "or in the cottage beyant," indicating a low edifice in a corner of the court. "Troth, ye're the sort that'll be needin' them, too."

"Put me in a private bath, 'lectric bells, and the rest of the modern conveniences, and I'll see you later," said the brown-stone boy.

"That ain't no cottage!" cried an irrepressible-looking gamin of ten, running out; "that's the morgue. Don't we be playin' 'round it every day? And them windys is the room where the doctors grinds up the dead bodies to make medicine of."

The porter made a good-natured pass at the gamin, which the latter evaded by ducking his head.

"It's *fine* here," went on the garrulous urchin; "this is the boss place, you bet. I've got a job clearin' off the tables. We have fun stealin' puddin', and everything. Give a feller a dime, will yer? Aw, ye might."

The circumstance was slight, but the place, the faces, and the occasion were

fixed in the minds of the participants, and all had their bearing further on.

"Actor, was he? I've been an actor myself," said the brown-stone boy, as we moved off. "Wonder if that had anything to do with breakin' me up? I went away with a theatre company when I left home, the time I was tellin' you of, and stayed with 'em most a year. It ain't what it's cracked up to be; it's hard lines and poor pay. I was just gettin' ready to come out in leadin' parts, though, when the company failed. I got the old lady to put up for me. I'd been away from home so long that she was ready to, then, and she thought *some* occupation was better than none. I handed over the funds to the manager, and he was going to back me and see me through, and give me a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. I was going to be juvenile. 'What is juvenile?' Why, for instance, if you was to play Richard, I'd play Richmond; or if you was Hamlet, I'd be Laertes, see?—that's juvenile.

"But the company busted, and I did n't get my actin', nor my money back either, and I was stranded in a small Iowa town. First we tried a little variety-show business; then I got reduced to bein' a waiter in the hotel. I could n't stand that but a few days, though. I got a job next in canvassing for advertisements for the local paper; then I traveled with a lightning-rod man. That is what made me so handy with the sewing-machines and Bibles down in the Islands. After a while I raised money enough to get away to a city, and started a kind of paper of my own. It was to contain theatre programmes, and be full of profitable advertising around the margins—only it was n't. I fell in with a young lawyer, and we got up a Collection Agency for the Northwest, but we seemed to have to keep all we could collect, for expenses, and the clients was n't satisfied. We had a Mining and Town-Site Company afterwards in

Idaho; but the bottom dropped out of that, too.

"I never used to let it cost me much for travelin' and hotel expenses, in these times. You see railroads and landlords are fattening on the hard earnings of the people, any way, and I generally looked on what I could beat 'em out of as so much clear gain. But that's all over now. I s'pose I'd been away from home about three years before I finally turned up in New York again. I'd come to understand what the comfort of a good home was, by that time, you'd better believe. I swore off drinking and smoking, cut the old gang dead, turned over an entirely new leaf, and was ready to tackle some regular business."

"And was your mother pleased to see you?"

"Pleased is no name for it. She was 'most tickled to death," he asserted, with a complacent air. "The next thing to do was to consider my future. The old lady was ambitious, and wanted me to do big things. My father, he had been a kind of celebrity; he was a lawyer, and may be you've heard of some of his writin's, too? She would like to have me follow in his footsteps. I thought a few minutes, and then I says, 'I'll go on the lecture platform.'

"'Oh, my dear,' she says, 'I'm afraid you can't.'

"'I'll show you whether I can or not,' I says. 'Lecturin' is different from writin'. You get your little lecture done, and go all over the country deliverin' it, and rakin' in the money; but when you've written *one* thing, you've got to go to work and write another. That is where my actin' and travelin' experience'll come in. You let me go ahead, and I'll be a bigger man than old Grant.'

"So I pitches in. I knew thought was n't my best hold, and I'd have to piece it out with delivery:" he sawed the air in an explanatory way. "I knew I'd

have to take some subject where I could use the Encyclopædia pretty free; and I *did* use it, and don't you forget it. I called the thing *The Perils of the Sea*. When I got it done, I took it to a New Jersey town, where the population was mostly clam-diggers, I guess. I got the old lady to put up for me to hire a hall, and I delivered it. They went wild over it. They'd never had any show of any kind in the place before, I guess, and they wanted me to stay there all the time. I paid the local correspondent to telegraph up a few lines of slush about it to the Herald. When I got back, I takes the notices down to Cooper's Institute, and shows 'em to the lecture-bureau man.

"'Here,' I says, 'this is the kind of hairpin I am. Now put me in a page of advertisin' in that journal of yours, and hustle along a stack of engagements!'"

The brown-stone boy always represented himself as talking in this off-hand way, upon the most serious subjects and to the gravest of persons; but it is probable that he gave only the sense rather than the actual words of what was said.

"The lecture-bureau man wanted twenty-five dollars for a page in his journal, and I got it from the old lady, and put it up. Engagements did n't come very lively at first, but the lecture-bureau man says, 'Lay low and wait. You'll be all right. You better pay me twenty-five dollars more for another page, though, and then you'll be doubly sure.'"

He paused a little, to admire in retrospect the shrewdness of the lecture-bureau man.

"In about a month an order *did* come. It was from Cahokia, or Kalamazoo, or some such place out West. They wanted me for one night only, at thirty dollars a night. The railroad fare and expenses would foot up about a hundred dollars."

The lecturer scratched his head and looked at me with an air of comic perplexity; then he went on:—

"I thought the rush had begun at last, and I was set up to the nines. I was goin' to start out at once, but the bureau man says, 'You'd better wait for a few more orders, so's to lay out a rowte, and take 'em all in together.' So I waited another month, and there was nothin' more. In another month an order came from Arkansas. They wanted *The Perils of the Sea* out there for one night only. Then orders stopped comin' entirely. The lecture-bureau man says, 'If you don't feel like payin' the expenses to fill these engagements, perhaps I'd better arrange to hand 'em over to somebody else?'"

"'I guess you better had,' I says, and with that I quits the lecture platform. The next thing I went into was real estate. I stayed in an office about three months, till I'd learned the business better than the parties themselves. Real estate ain't no trick at all. The old lady came down handsome, and fitted me out an office of my own, — Pine Street, — black-walnut furniture, — gold lettering in the plate-glass window. I put a big advertisement in the *Herald*, — 'City and country property for sale and to rent. Half a million dollars to loan on approved mortgages,' — and sat back smoking my cigarettes, and waiting for customers. I had n't a cent to loan, nor a shanty to rent. If anybody came in, though, I was going to shin around among the other agents and get some, and divide commissions. The first quarter nobody came in but a Bowery Dutchman, who wanted to borrow ten thousand dollars on an old rookery that was n't worth two thousand; you would n't hardly take it for a gift. The second quarter was n't any better. Every night, mostly, the old lady used to ask me how much business I'd done that day, and I had to tell her. Finally a third quarter's rent came due, and the old lady be-

gan to kick. 'I won't put up another blessed cent,' she says. 'You just sell the furniture, and skip out of it.'"

These, again, could not have been the precise words, but only the gist, of his mother's directions.

"But the way the drug-business panned out was even worse. I went into that, next, — wholesale drugs and dye-stuffs. There was a young feller, that I'd known for some time, who traveled for a house in that line. He told me that the customers had all rather buy of him than his firm. 'If you and I could go in together, and take a store, and I had five hundred dollars for a year's travelin' expenses,' he says, 'we could make things boom.' I talked the old lady into this, too. We set up in Pearl Street this time; no flummery and fancy furniture now, but cobwebs, inky old desks, and big ledgers, — the heavy respectable dodge, see? We scattered around some empty carboys and some indigo and cutch; it looked as if we'd been established forty years and were doing a business of a million a year. I was to stay in the office and fill the orders, and he was to send 'em in. Well, in two months the year's travelin' expenses was used up. Most of the shipments we made was returned on our hands, 'N. G.' — No Good. Some of the mistakes was mine, but most of 'em his. He'd been on a steady spree the whole time, — I did n't know he was that kind of a feller, — and I got news at last that he'd been lying drunk somewhere in Vermont for two weeks; and then I closed up the place. 'One by one the roses fade;' it beats all how circumstances used to turn out against me every time."

"You do seem to have had rather bad luck."

"Luck is no name for it. The next thing I tried was bein' a detective. I'd always had a fancy for that kind of business, and knowin' the ropes about town, and havin' seen as much as I had, I thought I'd make a good one. The

old lady did n't like it at all. But she'd begun to get tired of putting up money for me, and this was something that did n't take no capital. I got a place in a detective agency. They set me to work shadowing a house where some woman lived whose husband wanted to get a divorce 'without publicity,' or something that way. My watch was nights, and most all night, too; and it was precious cold and lonesome, I can tell you, hanging round them corners in December. All of a sudden the police on the beat grabbed me one night, and run me in for a suspicious character. There had been burglaries in the neighborhood, and they thought, from the way I was manœuvring, that I was the one that had done 'em. They locked me up, and would n't let me go till I had to explain to 'em what I was up to. The woman, she got wind of it and went off, and the office bounced me for bein' a double-dashed flat. A detective had n't ought to give away his racket to any police or nobody else, no matter what happens to him, see? *Yes, sir, I was more broke up by that than most anything else I can think of. The newspaper reportin' was n't so bad, for I never really looked at that as so much in my line.*"

What! a reporter, too? Would the line of his occupations stretch out to the crack of doom?

"I had a relation who owned a newspaper, and he gave me a job on it as a local reporter. That suited the old lady to a T. She was expectin' me to be a kind of Horace Greeley, in no time. But if there ever was a dry time for news, that was it. I tore around, with my little note-book ready and my pencil out, but not a thing happened. There was n't a fire, murder, collision, assault and battery, — not an accident of any kind. I boned the police and coroners, and I tackled the undertakers, hack-men, and omnibus-drivers. If I saw anybody anywheres lookin' the least excited, I grabbed him, and asked him what was

the matter. I went up to the gang again, but even they had quieted down just then, and could n't give me anything. You might as well have been reporting in the New Jerusalem. I shoved one feller down an area-way, myself, to make an item; but of course it was too expensive to keep providin' subjects that way. After I'd been comin' in to the office, 'most every day for a month or so, with hardly a blessed thing to show for it, my relation, he says, kind o' sarcastic like, —

"'I guess you're spoilin' yourself for some other profession, where you'd probably shine. Newspaper reportin' don't seem to be your strong point. You better take a walk; we'll try and spare you.'"

It need not be supposed that the record of chronic mishap and miscarriage ended even with this. But more than enough has no doubt been given to show the eccentricities, the irresponsible view and manner of life, of a type of character of which many another prosperous family produces its example. The poor "old lady" had stood by him through all, paid the score of his escapades, and paid it more dearly yet, no doubt, in her heart's yearning, her disappointed affection, over this graceless son. She had had intervals of holding aloof, but even these were probably designed more in a salutary spirit to him than in real sternness. I gathered that he had just now left his country for his country's good; he had perhaps done something which would make it rather inconvenient for him to return to New York. But, again, he said that his mother wished him to return, and marry a pretty and virtuous girl whom she had picked out for him.

"Bah! I don't want any molly-coddle. That ain't my style. Besides, I'm not on the marryin' lay," was his comment on this proposition.

Recollecting, however, that this was

hardly in keeping with his newly assumed character for steadiness, he corrected himself:—

"I don't know but I will, though. May be I will. I'll see about it."

Being questioned further as to his proposed learning of the meat-canning industry, he rather avoided the subject. Then, one day, he came in with a *dis-trait* air, and broke the silence with, "Say! I've got to send the old lady a certificate that I've gone to work in the business for which she sent me the money. You would n't want to sign it, would you?"

"Are you engaged in the business?"

"Well, no, but I will be next Monday morning, *sure*. It's only dating it a little ahead, you see."

I did not exactly seem to see this.

"Well, I only mentioned it," said he. "I thought perhaps she'd like to have your name to it, on account of your comin' from New York. She'd have more confidence in it," and he went off, for him, rather disconsolately.

Alas and alas, for the poor old lady! There was undoubtedly ample store of trouble awaiting her yet.

From this time I saw less and less of the brown-stone boy, and his appearance on these meetings, such as they were, were hardly calculated to promote a sanguine view of his permanent reformation. He had made new acquaintances. He strolled with them on the principal thoroughfare, laughing loud, and he played much at billiards with them. They were of a flashy, impudent aspect. I saw him driving them out in a handsome vehicle, and, again, surrounded by them in a box at the theatre, where he was evidently their entertainer, as he was their central and ruling spirit.

He came once to borrow a sum of money, on the pretext of having left his pocket-book at home, and after that returned no more. I met him one evening in the streets, stupidly intoxicated,

his fine apparel gone, and his aspect as shabby as when I had first seen him on shipboard. As I was leaving the place, and on the way to take the train, I met him again. He was even more dilapidated, but sober now, or at least coherent in his talk.

"*Hel-lo*, pard! You off?" he cried, in hilarious greeting. "Well, be good to yourself! You would n't mind drop-pin' a feller a dollar, as you're goin', would you? I've been workin' in a theatre.—Say! I've got the biggest scheme out. I wish you had more time to stop and talk.—Say! Well, so long!"

It was not my final leave-taking of him, however, as I had thought. I was obliged to return some two months later. I passed, one day, the hospital on the cold and windy-looking hill. The porter recognized me, hesitated, then, with a certain eagerness,—

"You was with him that day," he said. "It would be a kind o' char'ty to step up and see him a minute; he's in a bad way."

"Who is in a bad way?" I asked.

"The short, shmilin' one, that was chaffin' me that day, don't ye mind?"

I mounted the stairs with him, and there, in a ward of the pauper sick, lay the brown-stone boy. He was emaciated to the last degree. His eyes were closed, as I first stood by his iron cot, and they were abnormally large, in their hollow sockets, as he feebly opened them.

"Yes, it's me, pard," he said. "I'm laid up. I got a heavy cold on me, see? I've got to stop these rackets; they don't agree with me any more. I'm goin' to swear off for good." His voice was husky to the last degree, and he placed a hand on his chest, full of strange rattlings and wheezing, from which it faintly proceeded.

"There don't seem to be nobody here to take much notice of me," he continued, gazing around in a wandering way. "I've got 'em to telegraph to the

old lady, a good while ago; I must ha' been here some time. It's a seven or eight days' journey, but once she'd ha' come if it was a hundred. I've played it on her too often; she don't believe me any more. I don't blame her, pard, do you?"

He turned his face towards the wall.

A sudden flurry of movement made itself felt, a rustle of feminine skirts. There by his bedside stood a spare, comely old lady, who had been piloted thither by the garrulous urchin frisking about the yard. She was a lady, refined in every lineament; she had white hair, was dressed in dark silken attire, and her features were crossed with an expression of woful pain. The sight would have moved a heart of stone. "The old lady" had come to her Benjamin, her youngest-born, who had been a lovable child in her arms, before all this nightmare of his evil years,—for whom she had had ambitions, had prayed, suffered, sacrificed herself,—and she found

him thus. He looked up, with a gasp, as if her presence were something incredible.

She threw herself upon him passionately, and embraced and kissed him as if he were again a little child.

"I did n't have the will-power," he murmured, feebly.

"Mother! mother!" he cried again, presently, "if I was to *live*? Oh, if I was to *live*"—

And with the greatness of this aspiration, that it should yet be possible for him to show her the measure of his gratitude for all her love and forbearance, the spirit of the brown-stone boy, so strangely emasculated, so deprived of the grain of fortitude and elevation of soul that might have stiffened it into self-control and ascendancy over fortune,—this poorly regulated spirit took its flight.

The brown-stone boy had added another to his many experiences,—the great experience of sounding eternity.

William Henry Bishop.

THE BOOK OF HOURS.

As one who reads a tale writ in a tongue

He only partly knows,—runs over it

And follows but the story, losing wit

And charm and half the subtle links among

The haps and harms that the book's folk beset,—

So do we with our life. Night comes, and morn:

I know that one has died and one is born;

That this by love and that by hate is met.

But all the grace and glory of it fail

To touch me, and the meanings they enfold.

The Spirit of the World hath told the tale,

And tells it; and 't is very wise and old.

But o'er the page there is a mist and veil:

I do not know the tongue in which 't is told.

E. R. Sil.

FLAKE WHITE.

It has just fallen upon my tablets, and with it a voice saying, *Write*. But how to handle a subject so delicate! Surely the touch should be at once tender and cold. Even as I speak of Flake White, it is no longer called by that name, but has become vague moisture. I would dwell upon the stainless purity of the snow, but Fancy being so careless in her chemistry, the probabilities are that the chromatic unity which I seek will be decomposed; whence violet, amber, or even rose-tinted snow may result. Then, if my experiment be accused of failure, I will summon, to be my apologist, not the snow flake, but the more ingenuous snow crystal, with the rainbow twinkle in its face.

Memorable are the verses beginning thus:—

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow.”

Yet the heraldry of a snow-storm is not always to the ear, with flourish of the sky trumpets. To Jupiter Pluvius belong noisy pomp and circumstance,—the clattering chariot and the hurtling bolt; Jupiter Niveus more often walks the heavens shod with silence, gray of countenance, yet benign, softening the austere air with the gifts of his right hand. The first flakes of the year,—how doubtful, wavering, tentative, as though there were as yet no beaten path for them to follow in their journey from the clouds to earth, or as though they were unwilling to desert the goodly society of their kindred in the sky! The blades of tender autumnal grass look very cold, lifted through the scant coverlet spread by a first snow; one shivers seeing them, and wishes that their retirement might be hastened. The wanderings of the dead leaves are brought to an end by the snow, to which they impart a stain from the coloring matter

not yet leached from their tissues. By this circumstance the age of the season might be gauged, approximately; at least, the snows of the later winter suffer no such discoloration from contact with the leaf-strewn ground.

When the snow is damp and clinging, as it not unfrequently is at the beginning and end of the winter, a wonderful white springtime comes upon the earth. Behold, the orchards bloom again almost in the similitude of May; the dry stalks in the garden undergo the miracle that befell the bishop's staff in the legend, and deck themselves with beauty. Last summer's nests are again tenanted, brooded by doves of peace descended from heaven. Every cobweb which the wind has spared, under the eaves or in the porch, displays a fluttering increment of snow. What a deal of wool-gathering there has been! The rough bark of the trees, the roofs and clapboards of the houses, are hung with soft shreds and tatters; the “finger of heaven” has put on a white cot. If we walk abroad in this new creation, it shall seem that we have been suddenly let into some magnified frost picture; nor can we be quite sure that we ourselves are not of the same frail, ethereal texture as the exquisite work around us, and like it destined to glide into naught, under the arrows of the sun. When such damp snow freezes upon the branches, and afterwards falls in crust-ed fragments, the perforations made in the snow beneath resemble the tracks of many small, cushion-footed animals; one would like to know what Æsopian council, or palaver, was held under the dooryard trees in the sly middle of the night.

There is great variety in the quality and fibre of the snow as it falls at different temperatures, in quiet, or cease-

lessly worried by the wind. "Hail is the coldest corn," declares an ancient rune. However that may be, by the chaff that is driven in our faces we know that they are threshing up yonder this afternoon. At some other time it is not chaff, but heavenly grain (such as the horses of the Homeric deities may have munched), that is lavishly scattered abroad. To walk upon such snow is very like attempting to walk in a bin of wheat, and a dry, cr crunching sound attends each footstep. Sometimes it snows not flakes, but little fascies of crystalline fagots; sometimes, also, miniature snowballs, well packed, ready made for the sport of the invisible sprites of the storm. Again, by the fineness and softness of the flake, it appears that the old traditional goose-wife, who lives in the clouds, is plucking only the down from under the wings of her flock; she is not so painstaking and fastidious at all times. Occasionally I am reminded that there is a lapidary in heaven, who takes the rough gem of the snow, and by secret dexterity — cutting, polishing, and engraving — causes it to wear a thousand lovely forms and devices. Perhaps these are the

"Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky children,"

which Saturn promised there should be on his regaining the empire of the skies. Or it may be that these crystal stars and wheels, in all curious and fantastic variations, are experiments in pyrotechnics, — frozen fire-works, in which the rockets are made to take only descending curves. I sometimes please myself with imagining that when these exquisite fragments come to a common resting-place on earth, by some recondite law of attraction or correspondence they fit themselves together, point locking into angle and side matching side. Might not an ear divinely gifted detect a faint musical report when these morning stars of the snow celebrate their union? "And they all sing, melting as they sing, of the

mysteries of the number six, six, six." With unadvised haste the Muse gave out the following: —

"Six petals has the lily stainless white,
And six the wandering blossom of the snow;
If these their constant order could forego,
Sun, moon, and stars would break their sacred
plight."

But Science appears, raising the question whether the snow crystal invariably sings the song of sixes, invariably follows the law of the lily's inflorescence. The snow which falls in these obvious crystalline patterns is of the lightest and most diaphanous quality. A broken branch lies upon the ground, completely covered with this delicate counterpane, yet every twig and bud is still plainly defined. I have a fancy that I would like to see half-blown crimson roses inclosed, but not concealed, in such a cool white shrine. The season which most regard as forbiddingly ascetic, — has it not its touches of refinement and luxury? Sometimes, for several nights in succession, there will fall a light film of snow, not adding, practically, to that already upon the ground, yet sufficing to remove all stains and blemishes of the day. Thus Nature takes care of her complexion in winter, so renewing it, from morning to morning, that it still presents an infantine softness and smoothness of texture. Be quick to take suggestion. You do not know but that this gentle snow which fell in the night — winter's dew — possesses the excellence attributed to the dew of May. With your hand skim off the cream of it, and bathe your face therewith, not forgetting her who melted pearls in her cup, — whose extravagance was naught in comparison with that which we practice, dissolving the jewels of the sky for a lotion! The fable of a shower of gold was substantiated, on a bright and still day of last winter, when the air became filled with glittering motes of finest snow or frost, visible only in the sunshine. I am not

sure that the display should have been called a shower, since the golden atoms, owing to their buoyancy, were kept floating in the air.

Where the flake falls, there it would fain rest in peace; but the wind will not have it so. Even in serene weather, whoever looks out on the open fields is likely to see an occasional skirmish of gentle zephyrs puffing the dust of snow at each other in sport. Snow that has been fretted by the wind for some time at last has the appearance of a flaked and crannied bed of a stream in dry weather. Yonder lies the garden, marked with smooth, shallow furrows trending north and south. Well I know what share has been ploughing there. These furrows are not permanent, but with every returning blast of the west wind are moved forward, as waves are driven towards the shore.

"Out of an unseen quarry, evermore

Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer

Carves his white bastions with projected roof

Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work

So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he

For number or proportion."

But for me it is the West, and not the North Wind that so astonishes Art with the result of his night-work. In every drifting storm from the west a huge recumbent figure occupies the porch in front of my door. I think that this quiet giant has on helmet, habergeon, and greaves, and that at an instant's warning he would be ready for assault or defense. Is it strange that I wish to know by what name he goes in his own native Nifheim, and why my portal enjoys such guardianship? Also, as I look out of the window and observe the great North American sloth, white and lazy, stretched at full length upon the rock-ing bough of the evergreens, I question how long it will continue pasturing there. It will be, perhaps, several days before the shaggy creature loosens its hold and falls to the ground: sun, and not wind, is its chief natural enemy.

A great snowfall inspires a novel feeling of adventure and hardihood. Our familiar fields, with their petty bounds, have disappeared, and in their place lies a spacious wilderness, of which, if we please, we may be the first pioneers. How suggestive is the solitary track in a wide snow! What quest was this? What Crusoe has gone about his forlorn insular affairs? Yet, should we too go upon the quest, taken in lead by these venturesome solitary tracks, they become almost companionable, communicating good-will and courage. "Follow, follow, thou shalt win." A long siege of snow and a voyage at sea have something in common. Steadily lift around us the surges of this fruitless, lifeless white sea. Farewell the good brown earth. It may be that we shall not behold it again for the space of time which we would consume if sailing around Cape Horn. Something like the joy of the returned sea-voyager is ours, when, at the breaking-up of winter, we *land*, and feel the kindly soil once more under our feet.

I am disposed to credit the rumor I have heard that Night and Winter exchanged vows at the beginning of time. I perceive what close bosom friends they are, and doubt that they will admit a third into their communion; nevertheless, their comity encourages my overtures. No winter day, as it seems to me, was ever so fair as the winter night with the moon presiding. Not for the eye of the sun are the finer, subtler wonders of the snow; these are reserved for the celestial wanderer "with white fire laden." So well pleased is she with the faithful coldness and purity of the snow that she is constantly visiting it with favors. Therefore are her nameless gem-bearing mountains and her treasure-houses laid under contribution for the adornment of her terrestrial love, in the folds of whose garments a myriad jewels sparkle. These, one may guess, are the only genuine moonstones. On

a summer night the occasional flickering of the dew is explicable by the coming and going of the light breeze over the grass, or by the stir of insects among the blades; but the continual and ubiquitous sparkle of the frost-glazed snow, where there is neither life nor motion, carries an elfin fascination. Sometimes I liken these keen, restless scintillations to the sparks of electricity excited in the furry coat of some animal: soft and warm, indeed, to the sleeping earth is this ample pelage—as of a mammoth polar bear—spread comfortably over hill and valley. As I walk under the trees I notice that their shadows, printed smoothly on the moonlit snow, produce the effect of a dark blue veining in marble. If I knew how to command their services, a troop of genii should even now be at work, cutting and dressing blocks of this veined marble, to build me a palace that should rival Aladdin's.

On a stormy evening, when the air is thick with flying snow, I have received charming suggestion from the village lights. Walls, roofs, bounding lines generally, are lost in the snowy obscurity; but the hospitable windows remain, curtained, mellow-tinted panes, or curtainless pictures of fireside comfort, framed, apparently, by mist and cloud. At a little distance it were easy to imagine that these windows belonged to

the ground-floor of heaven, rather than to any houses made with hands.

Though the trumpets of the sky may have been blown in its van, the snow, when it arrives on earth, abhors and annihilates all loud noise. How muffled and remote are the sounds in a village during a great snowfall!—all mutes and subvocals. Stamping of feet in the porch across the way is reported distantly sonorous, as though the noise had been made in a subterranean chamber. Across the high, smooth fields comes the faint pealing of a bell, mysteriously sweet. The bell hangs in the church of a neighboring village; I have often heard it before, but not with the same impression as now. So might have sounded the chimes in the buried church of the legend, on a Christmas morning.

The snow has a mediatorial character. Wherever this earth approaches nearest to heaven, on all loftiest summits of the globe, there stands the white altar, perpetually: nor is the religion to which the altar is reared one of pure abstraction, colorless mysticism. Sunrise, sunset, and the winds, with the snow, bring out on the tops of our Western mountains (if current descriptions do not exaggerate) such surprises of form and color, whirling column and waving banner, as were never dreamed of in the pageants beheld by the initiate of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Edith M. Thomas.

A MARSH ISLAND.

VIII.

THAT afternoon Mr. Dale made himself delightfully agreeable. Mrs. Owen felt more than equal to the situation, and had already welcomed back the burly strength and reassuring cheerfulness of Temperance Kipp. This excel-

lent person had grown up, or been raised, as she would have expressed it, on the farm, and remained loyal now to her early friends, in spite of the enticements of well-to-do members of her own family.

Dick rejoiced in his recovered personal belongings, which Temperance

herself brought in from the wagon and placed beside him, urged to this service by an insatiable curiosity to see the guest of whom Doris had spoken. Her opinion was extremely favorable, and after a short time the good woman came downstairs quite shorn of her holiday garb, and resumed her duties in the household. Dick remembered a frequent expression of Mrs. Owen's as he caught an occasional glimpse of Temperance; he could well believe that she was always to be depended upon, yet he had an instant sense that she was not likely to take his part. In life one may think himself lucky whose enemies do not rank themselves in overpowering numbers, for woe be to the man whose nature is instinctively at war with others. Dick was so well used to finding himself in harmonious relations with his associates that he was for the moment shocked when Temperance's shrewd eyes regarded him with suspicion, and he at once determined to make friends with her.

By and by, after the early dinner was disposed of, Doris came with her sewing, to sit on the shaded step of the side door, outside the clock-room. The two elder women also kept the sufferer company. He told some capital stories, and spoke with exceeding wisdom and sympathy of certain aspects of farm life; he also praised his surroundings with rare discretion. Mrs. Owen was immensely pleased with Dick. She had an air of being even proud of him, and assured him in a most motherly way that he could give no trouble, and must take his own time about the pictures, and make himself at home.

But the day seemed a week long to both Doris and the painter. As for Dick Dale, he wondered, in the course of his afternoon's entertainment, if he might not be growing gray. He was used to a social aspect of life and to good-fellowship, but they were enjoying each other that day in the clock-room until it was

fairly suffocating. Yet when Doris appeared in her cool afternoon dress, slender and shy and silent, his first pleasure returned. The salt breeze that came in from the sea as the sun grew low sent a delicious freshness through the house, and Dale looked out of the window, and wondered why he had not liked the view so much before. He spoke to Doris with gentle deference, quite unlike his frank comradeship with the other women; and she blushed a little as she answered his questions, and then blushed again to think she had blushed at all. Dale could see her from his chair, which was kept from rocking with extreme difficulty. He presently took from his pocket a book which he had chosen when he first opened his portmanteau. The not very orderly but familiar contents of that receptacle had given him a curious feeling of exile with an assurance of comfort, and as he made an evident signal of discontinuance to the conversation, Temperance and her mistress rose and went their ways. Dick would have liked to try reading aloud, but he was not prepared to take the risk of a great disappointment. Doris certainly looked as if she would know the meaning of such true poetry, and he glanced at his young hostess from time to time, and wished that it were possible to stroll through the upper orchard again, with her for company.

When the sun was low Doris came to look at the industrious old time-keeper, and then hurried away up the yard to the barns. Dick wistfully heard the horses stamp and her emphatic commands, and he listened with eager interest, a few minutes later, to a sound of wheels receding, and muffled by the soft grass. Doris must be going down to the creek again to meet the haymakers. Was it her father whom she wished to serve, or the lover, who was also at work on the marshes?

Doris herself was filled with a strange excitement that day. She was finding

her own thoughts and actions painfully unfamiliar, and felt as if she were looking at them through another person's eyes. When she reached the landing-place she could not have explained why the bleached grass and twigs, which the hay-boat had kept from light and growth all summer, struck a respondent chord in her own mind. It might be that a weight of inapprehension and necessity of routine was lifted from her consciousness; but whether the coming of the young stranger had hastened this, or only marked it, no one could know. Doris became more and more disturbed; her thoughts busied themselves provokingly with Dan Lester and that fear of danger and impending crisis which had troubled her the evening before. She was not ready to listen to what she was certain Dan wished to say; her anticipation of the future reached no farther yet than her lover's proposal, and by no means made clear her own answer. Presently Doris was reminded of the morning's accident. The stranger's helplessness and pain had roused all her womanly pity and eagerness to be of use, yet something had taken away her power of action, and forbade such traits to show themselves. Her mother had never made her so impatient before. The homely expressions of concern and excitement seemed quite needless; but Mrs. Owen was ready with prompt service and simple remedies, while Doris herself only grew more self-conscious and distressed.

She hated her own silliness, and thought of many things now as she stood waiting at the landing; but the twilight fell before the tired and hungry haymakers made their appearance. Once or twice she climbed the hill a little way, to watch for the dory. The silence of the place was very soothing, and she liked to hear the notes of birds, piping clear and untroubled from a thicket not far away. There were two thrushes answering each other with sweetest voices from tree to tree, and

Doris leaned against the horse's warm shoulder and listened contentedly. She was glad that it would not do to leave the horse alone: it is a curious dislike that such domesticated creatures have to being left to themselves in lonely places. At last the sound of voices and of dipping oars came drifting through the still air, and the girl waited eagerly for her father's greeting.

It came presently, cheerful and pleased, and Doris answered. Then she saw that there was an unexpected person in the boat, five men in all, and hardly knew why she wished for some reprieve or defense, and even grew rigidly silent with displeasure. A minute later Dan Lester leaped ashore. "You and me'll walk up to the house, Doris," he said, decidedly. "It's a pretty evening." The other workmen were hurriedly landing their tools; they had not observed Dan's words, as Doris had angrily supposed. "I shall have to ride with father," she answered, coldly. "I must go home now to help about supper."

This was very unlike her usual quiet friendliness. The young man stood still for a moment, looking at her; then, as she turned, he said, "Good-night, all!" and also turned away, crashing through the bushes as if he meant to take the straightest way toward his own home. Israel Owen looked after him wonderingly.

"I wish you would stop to supper, Dan!" he shouted, a moment afterward, but presently mounted the long wagon. Jim Fales sat in the end of it, swinging his feet, but the other men tramped alongside. The flash of unreasonable anger faded from the girl's mind. She was sorry that she had hurt Dan's feelings, — he was always so friendly; but she had not liked his speaking so before the rest. . . . The sky was clear and the air was very soft; there were only a few fragments of bluish cloud against the narrow band of rose color in the west. Doris could not help thinking that a

walk over the hill and down through the orchard might have been pleasant, after all.

Dan Lester heard the farmer's anxious inquiry about some accident that had happened, and presently somebody spoke of the doctor. He was not far away, poor Dan; the thick hedgerow of black cherry trees and underbrush prevented anybody's seeing him at the other side of a stone wall. "Dear! dear!" said Mr. Owen anxiously, once or twice; and the lover was sorry he had been so impatient, and would have given anything to know what had happened at the farmhouse. Perhaps he would walk up after dark; they might not have been able to bring Temperance back from Dunster, — and Dan hurried homeward along a faint trail of a foot-path which crossed the dewy fields and a wide pasture. He blamed himself more and more for not going to the Owens' at once, but there was certainly something strange in Doris's behavior. He did not often make such a fool of himself as he had that night. If Doris's mother were ill, she would have told her father at once, or have sought him earlier. Perhaps the painter had met with an accident, and Dan concluded to have a look at him before an hour later. This kindly fellow was suddenly transformed into a vindictive, suspicious enemy of any person who could thwart his long-cherished love. Twenty-four hours were indeed a short time for a stranger to have gained much vantage-ground, but after all Doris Owen was a woman.

Dick Dale thought the men amusingly curious and excited about his slight accident. By this time it was quite an old story to everybody else. Each haymaker professed to have met with exactly the same disaster, and to be acquainted with the only infallible remedy. As for Doris, her expression had changed surprisingly: she looked hurt and impatient, and when she brought

a tray with Dick's supper, she cast an appealing look into his very eyes. He became sure that something troubled her, and gave her more than one compassionate glance in return.

IX.

Westward from the farm, beyond an expanse of almost level country, a low range of hills made a near horizon. They were gray in the drought, and bare like a piece of moorland, save where the fences barred them, or a stunted tree stood up against the sky, leaning away from the winter storms toward a more sheltered and fertile inland region. The windward side of the Marsh Island itself was swept clean by the sea winds; it was only on the southern and western slopes that the farmer's crops, his fruit-trees, and his well-stocked garden found encouragement to grow. Eastward, on the bleak downs, a great flock of sheep nibbled and strayed about all day, and blinked their eyes at the sun. The island was a thrifty estate; going backward a little in these latest years, the neighbors whispered, but more like an old-country habitation than many homes of this newer world.

The salt-hay making was over at last. The marshes were dotted as far as eye could see by the round haystacks with their deftly pointed tops. These gave a great brilliance of color to the landscape, being unfaded yet by the rain and snow that would dull their yellow tints later in the year. September weather came early, even before its appointed season, and there was a constant suggestion of autumn before the summer was fairly spent. The delicate fragrance of the everlasting-flowers was plainly noticeable in the dry days that followed each other steadily. The summer was ripe early this year, and the fruits reddened, and the flowers all went to seed, and the days grew shorter in kindly fashion,

being so pleasant that one could not resent the hurrying twilight, or now and then the acknowledged loss of a few minutes of daylight. From the top of the island hill a great fading countryside spread itself wide and fair, and seaward the sails looked strangely white against the deepened blue of the ocean. There were more coasting-vessels than could usually be seen, even in midsummer, as if great flocks of them had grown that year, like the birds.

In these days, nobody stopped to think much about Dick Dale's lingering at the farmhouse. His temporary invalidism was the cause of most friendly relations with all the family; his presence appeared completely natural and inevitable. When he had given Israel Owen an excellent drawing made from the small picture of the soldier, there was no longer any question of the artist's being welcome to anything upon the island. Dick had taken great pains with this experiment in portrait-making. He told himself that he was not ashamed of it, either, though he was most grateful for having had some aid to contentment during the few days he had kept his lamed foot still in the clock-room. He was not without his fancies about the portrait's subject; for as he worked he had a vague consciousness of an unseen presence, and some most telling touches were made almost in spite of himself. He thought often of the possible unseen dwellers in such old houses, and as he resumed his out-of-door rambles it was with a continued sense of companionship, or as if another were sharing the use of his own eyes.

Though the mistress of the house had often spoken scornfully of those who sold their peace of mind and parted with all sovereignty and comfort in their homes to rapacious summer boarders, the presence of this quiet and courteous young gentleman in her own household appeared quite another thing. He did

not make the daily work seem any more burdensome; on the contrary, he gave a pleasant flavor of holiday-making to her life. Everybody liked to please Dick, and, to do him justice, he tried not infrequently to give pleasure as well as take it; he knew how to confer a favor by the way he received one. To him the situation grew more and more satisfactory and almost ideal. There was a patriarchal character to the family. The gentle old farmer, with his flocks and herds and his love for his lands, was a charming example of the repose and peace to be gained from country life; it all contrasted strangely with the mode of existence Dale had known best. Sometimes he shut his eyes and tried to fancy the familiar racket outside his city windows. The English sparrows in their one smoke-blackened tree had alone reminded him that there was such life as this in the world. He assured himself again and again that he must send for Bradish, his studio partner and best crony, to come and share these treasures; but day after day went by, and still Dick delayed to write. He thought with scorn of those acquaintances who believed themselves bound to walk and drive and dine and sleep only at fashionable hours. They might read the same books, if they chose, and praise the same things as completely as the usual diversifications of human nature would allow. There was nothing so satisfactory as to step ashore out of the great current, — "Things are of the snake," quoted our hero, and was thankful for once that he was busy just at the time when so large a part of the world is idle. Since his student days in France he had done the lightest possible work at his profession, but now he was fired by an ambition to carry back to town some sufficient evidence of his skill and perception. Bradish and other comrades of his own were hard-working fellows, who found the American public absurdly economical in respect to art.

They despised entirely that bad taste which allows a householder to pay five hundred dollars for a carpet, without annoyance, and to shrink from the extravagance of giving the tenth of that amount for a good sketch. Bradish, for whom our hero had a sincere friendship, was a generous young man, whose purse was usually empty; and it must be confessed that Dale quietly paid a large proportion of the studio bills, more for his comrade's sake than his own. But he must give the little group of painters some reason for their fond belief that he could do better things than any of them, if he tried; and it might be as well to reëstablish his claim to belong to a circle of workers instead of drifting on as a well-known figure in general society.

Besides, there was a pleasing sense of having hidden away from the curious world, and it was wise to enjoy this while it lasted. Dale was much amused at watching the effect upon himself of being transplanted by a whimsical fate into that rural neighborhood. He was well endowed with practical gifts, though one must acknowledge that these were combined in an apparently unpractical character, and a few alterations and rearrangements in the rooms of the farmhouse made it much more interesting than it had ever been before. He liked it too well as it was to suggest many actual changes, but he rescued more than one piece of old Delft or mahogany from ignoble uses, and deeply enjoyed and profited by Mrs. Owen's generous exhibition of her household furnishings. She professed a vast indifference to his most cherished discoveries; it was the farmer whose sentiment and discernment were delicate enough to follow Dick far in his æsthetic enthusiasms. Doris, who watched and wondered, and moved about the old house with gentle quickness, enjoyed this new dispensation more than anybody else. She was made like her father. Some of their ancestors had been

of gentle blood and high consideration in the old days of the colonies; her home-loving, womanly pride bloomed now in new freedom and delight. What Mrs. Owen had in former years contemptuously spoken of as Doris's notions were referred to and paraded with motherly satisfaction. Sometimes the girl's heart was filled with confusion, because her mother, in some cordial, garrulous moment, unveiled one of the lesser shrines of her own nature. There was a sacred reserve in Doris: her inmost heart could not put itself into speech; she was only frightened and grieved when another dared to be noisy in her sweet silences. As for her own talk, it was apt to be so childishly simple, that those who wished to know her feelings must watch her eyes. With all her shyness, she had a way of forcing one to meet her eyes fully, and the tale they told was remembered afterward, while the words of her lips were forgotten.

There was a studio now on the Marsh Island, — a place wholly picturesque and delightful to its occupant. Dick had early discovered an upper room, with an outer stairway, over the narrow chaise-house, and was told that the women of the family had once gone there in summer weather to do their spinning. In such coolness and airiness, at the edge of the orchard, there must have been almost a festival, as the wool-wheels and flax-wheels whirled and merry voices chattered together. There had formerly been a loom, also, but it had been taken to pieces; and when Dale first explored the spinning-room it was quite empty except for some damaged ears of seed-corn which the rats had rolled about the floor. The artist inspected these quarters eagerly. He looked out of a square north window at the apple-trees and a glimpse of blue water. Opposite he saw the back of the old farmhouse, with its quaint joiner-work half hidden by a woodbine flecked with red; beyond that, past the great willows, was the barren

range of hills, already purple in the afternoon light. It was impossible not to return to the family at once with the suggestion of such possible ease and comfort in artistic pursuit. By that time next day, with the aid of some sober-tinted rugs which Temperance deemed the worst of her manufacture, and some ancient chairs that had hardly been thought fit even for a place in the kitchen; with a claw-footed table and a tall cider mug to hold a handful of flowers, the spinning-room delighted even Mrs. Owen. She laughed good-naturedly at the promotion of her disdained possessions, but the fanciful wayfarer stood proudly in the doorway to take a last look, while the good people went away. It was supper-time, and he was not disposed to be late, but he assured himself that such a studio would really make Bradish howl.

There was plenty of material for sketches to be had without straying far, and for some time Dick thought little of anything but his pictures. It was a busy month at the farm, with the successive harvestings, but he learned to greatly enjoy and to depend not a little upon the interest and comments of his housemates. As he leaned back in his chair, late one afternoon, to take a somewhat disheartening view of his work, he scarcely noticed at first that some one stood in the doorway. The sun was low, and filled the little room with golden light. The unfinished picture should have looked its best with such a halo, but Dale pushed back the easel with dangerous roughness, and gathered his brushes with an impatient hand. "Oh, Doris, is that you?" he said, more coldly than usual, and Doris smiled in unnecessary assent.

She did not often appear so interested and so comfortably forgetful of herself as that day. She stepped inside the room, and her face glowed with pleasure at the artist's unfinished work. "I like that better than anything you have

painted, Mr. Dale," she said simply, and then, as if nobody need say anything else, she waited quietly, looking at the canvas with evident delight. It seemed as if she had a sudden revelation of the pleasantness of the little room and its contents, or rather as if she had been pleased already by something that had happened before she came to the spinning-room.

"I am very glad," Dale answered, beginning to take heart again. "I tore up one of the best water-colors I ever made, because I was too tired to like it when it was done."

"Oh, what a pity!" Doris whispered softly.

They had grown to be very good friends, though the girl was often elusive, and placed some indefinable barrier about herself. He was not the only person who felt its presence. Dale thought sometimes that Nature had made a mistake in putting this soul into so tall and commanding a body; perhaps Doris would have been more at ease in the world if she had been smaller; the sort of woman whom everybody takes care of and pets, if they have a right. But Nature could work out her own wise plans, and this fine, strong character would be ready to answer great demands as well as little ones. Martha Owen announced in these days that it had done Doris good to have Mr. Dale stay at the farm,—it had waked her up a little; but she would always be just like her father!

Doris was looking her very best, this September afternoon, in a simple white dress which had once been worn only on the finest and hottest summer Sundays. She had taken it for every-day use this year. To-day she had picked up a small broken twig of cider apples which had fallen from one of the old trees, and put it in her belt. The green leaves and the paler tints of the clustered dwarfed fruit, heightened here and there with a dash of red, were most

charming, and Dale looked at Doris with great pleasure while she looked at the picture.

Presently she roused herself from her short reverie with a little sigh: "Oh, I came to ask you if you could find it convenient to go to Sussex with me to-morrow morning. Mother wants to send, and we remembered that you spoke about going, a while ago," and Doris looked in his face with childish eagerness. "Mother and Temp'rance and I have been as busy as bees all this week. I don't like to be drudging in-doors, this splendid weather," she added, with a rare little laugh. Dale was always delighted when she laughed; she was more apt to smile slowly and gravely, like her father.

Doris's plea of drudgery was almost unfounded; she was apparently less fettered by duty than the rest of the family, and this would not be the first drive they had taken. Mrs. Owen was only too willing for the young people to be together, and the farmer never objected. Yet Dick had become less familiar with them all rather than more, since he had involved himself in his work, and his first delight at his surroundings had ripened into more practical acquaintance. Latterly they had followed their own pursuits, and taken little heed of each other's. As for Dan Lester, he seemed to have disappeared altogether. The evening of Dick's accident was the last time he had come to the house. Dick himself suspected that there had been some quarrel; but to-night, at any rate, Doris was sufficiently light-hearted. Within a few days she had individualized herself in a strange way; he thought of her a great deal more than usual, and felt a new interest in her works and ways. So marked a growth of sympathy there was that he told himself she had been only a part of the general attractiveness of the Marsh Island at first. He had always liked to watch her, and had enjoyed her charming outlines and

her coloring in the same way that he made the most of the looks and behavior of one of the old willows. Doris was a woman, and the willow was a tree, but that had not made any difference in his feeling except one of degree. He began to wonder what her future would be, and gave a quick shrug at its probable inadequacy to her capabilities. He was curious to see Lester again, though quite thankful to him for taking himself off. Dick had been conscious of an instinctive liking for his rival when he had first entered the clock-room, divining the truth that the poor fellow was showing his worst side, either from some awkwardness or fancied injury and opposition.

The farmer had spoken a few grateful words in recognition of Lester's generous service when he was short of help. Dan was the best ship's blacksmith in that region, the stranger was told; and Doris had looked up, when her father said this, more pleased than Dan himself, who scowled and shook his head disclaimingly. Doris was evidently most penitent because she had offended this friend, and made shy endeavors to restore herself to favor; but she kept her seat by the window when he said good-night, and it was the kindly old farmer who held the flickering lamp high in the dark side doorway, while Dan lingered a minute wistfully, looking back once or twice, and then tramped away angrily down the yard. Doris thought she should see him in the morning, when he came to join the others; but though she was early at the landing, having insisted on her father's driving down, Dan had again crossed the meadows by the foot-path, and was gloomy and troubled all day as he cut and raked the grass. But Doris had done nothing wrong, she proudly told herself; Dan had no right yet to be master; while Dan considered himself more and more aggrieved, and so went presently to Sussex, and hammered away his wrath on the innocent bolts

and bars of a fishing smack, but would not be merry or like himself, while many days went by.

Nobody could have prophesied such a complication of hindrances, but in all this length of time Doris could find no reasonable excuse for going to Sussex. She often drove in other directions with her father or with Mr. Dale, who had more than once asked to be transported whither his sketching instinct led him, but Sussex seemed to be forbidden ground. Once she would have gone simply because she wished; now there must be an indisputable necessity, evident to all beholders, and such, at last, was Mrs. Owen's desire to inquire for the well-being of a cousin of whose illness they had chanced to hear. Dan was so old and dear a friend, she would certainly manage to see him, and to learn why he was behaving in this fashion. The color flamed in Doris's cheeks at the consciousness that he cared for her now in a new way; but it was strange enough that love, if this were love, should make him so impatient with her. All their lives long they had differed more or less, and it never had separated them in the least. She had put him in her elder brother's vacant place, in her childhood. He had said once that he always meant to take as good care of her as Israel would have done.

But when Doris reminded herself of this, and wished that his feeling might never have changed, a sense of untruthfulness made the wish a not very compelling one. Mr. Dale had often spoken of going to Sussex, and Doris mentioned this to her mother, to that good woman's intense satisfaction, and then serenely went her way to the studio.

"Sussex?" asked Dick, in a fretful tone. "Yes, that would be just the thing. I should like to see something new; I am tired of this awkward sham; and while you do your errand I will try a sketch in one of those little shipyards. I must n't scold at this, though,

since you are kind enough to be pleased with it. Doris!" He came a step nearer, and stood before her, looking at the white dress and at the apple-twig; then he gave a quick glance at her face. "Doris, you really must not forget that I am going to make a sketch of you. Your father would like to have one to keep with your brother's, perhaps," he added. "I mean if I can make it good enough."

"Yes," answered Doris, ready to promise anything that day. "There would be nothing to prevent, almost any afternoon."

Dick took his brushes in his other hand. He was unusually smeared with his paints, and felt hot and cross again. Doris might have spoken so, if she had been a sort of picturesque gatepost or a sunflower; she must surely have understood something of what he meant to say; but at that moment she smiled, and was better to look at than ever. "I think you are tired," she said, in an altogether sisterly but quite charming manner. "You must take a whole day's vacation to-morrow, if we go to the shipyards." But the thought of her secret made the least bit of a guilty blush flicker for one moment in her cheeks. Dan would be so angry, she thought, to see her coming with Mr. Dale, but she felt more than confident of her power of pacification.

X.

Next morning Mrs. Owen was in an unusually brisk and bustling frame of mind and body. She gave her daughter many important charges and messages, and treated the little expedition as if it were a most serious enterprise and a special embassy from herself. Dale half repented at the last, when he went to the studio to see his work and leave it in safety, lest a wandering breeze should overturn the easel, and break the corners of his treasured sketches. He liked

the work of yesterday now, and felt disposed to stay at home and go on with it, after all; but Doris was already waiting.

Mrs. Owen watched them drive away together with feelings of great pride. They meant to be home by dinner-time, for it was early yet, but who knew what might happen in the mean time!

As Doris had grown more and more anxious about her lover's non-appearance she had become less self-conscious and more friendly with Mr. Dale, and this was readily mistaken by her mother for increasing interest. Lately the good woman had allowed herself to believe that propinquity, the cause of so many matches, was coming to the aid of this, and visions of Doris's city life and her own share in such real prosperity often delighted her. Sometimes she told herself that she was too old now and too far behind the times to take her part in the affairs of polite society, but the fact that her daughter would not be cut off from them and need not rust out on a farm almost made up for her own disappointment. A woman of more quick sympathies and perceptions would never have duped herself so completely. Outwardly, the frank good-fellowship of the two young people had been deceptive, and the sight of Doris driving her fleet young horse along the country roads, with Dale sitting by her side, had become familiar and most suggestive to more lookers-on than Mrs. Owen. The other farm horses were almost always used at that season, and Doris's had been unruly in its youth, and finally broken and always driven by herself. She was in the habit of going to the village to do errands, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should often take the artist as passenger.

Dale carried a sketching-block and a brush or two in his hand, while his coat-pocket sagged heavily with the weight of his largest paint-box. There were some colors in it that he might need; beside,

if he chose, he could stay all day at Sussex, and be driven home at night. It was more than an hour's journey, even at the quick rate the horse went, but there was nothing unpleasant in that thought. Doris was more than ever attractive, and her companion stole many glances at her. She was intent upon controlling the frolicsome horse; she looked eagerly at the windows of a neighbor's house; she thought of anything and everything, apparently, but the opportunity of taking a drive with Dick, whose efforts at conversation and successful jokes were only a part of the general excitement and delight of the morning. Doris was utterly unconscious of her own beauty, if an observer's opinion were to be trusted; her family also seemed to consider it of so little consequence that Dale sometimes wondered if he were deceiving himself, even while he had the delightful evidence before his eyes. It appeared to him that she made little use of her gift. Some women would lay waste and destroy, and others would be an inspiration to poets and painters; but Doris went her simple ways, dutiful, unselfish, and quiet, fulfilling her destiny with no regret at being defrauded of social gains or victories. She would have liked to escape a stormy wooing; if she should ever love any one she wished the lover would understand, and say little about it to her or to any one else. The changes and events of life had always come to her naturally, as leaves push out of the bare trees in spring and flowers come into bloom. She did not like to speak her gravest and sweetest thoughts, or of her troubles, either; she was self-contained, and did not desire to be won through such harsh fashions. Dan ought to know that she had never thought of unkindness toward him. But now, if he were foolish and put out with her, she would surely go to see him and make it right. She had no coquetry, but she could avail herself of its weapons. She would tease Dan

a little with the sight of Mr. Dale, and then undeceive him if he were deceived. Dear Doris! she turned toward Dick at that moment to see if he also had a mind to enjoy the morning's pleasure.

Love is forever a mystery; it is rooted deep in still greater mysteries, and the attractions and repulsions even of friendship are as inflexible as law can make them. Love and death are unknowable this side of heaven, but mankind is ever busy watching the signs of both with curious, unsatisfied eyes,—these strange powers that take possession of us against our will, and make us strangers even to ourselves. Dick Dale sometimes wondered afterward if this morning were not the time when a new motive and affection first took guidance of him. At any rate, he never before had been filled with a desire to kiss Doris Owen, often as he had looked at her lovely face. He was surprised at himself a minute later, but the wish was not to be forbidden so easily. The first leaf of that growth curled itself back into the soil again, having found the weather a little frosty for much flourishing, but its root was already strong; having taken several weeks now to fortify and spread itself unseen.

It was some distance across the sea of grass which surrounded the Marsh Island, and the free wind blew to and fro, as if it came from no particular quarter of the clear blue sky. The autumn haze had disappeared, and the outlines of the low country were clear-cut, and the bright, blurred colors of the vegetation strangely distinct. The bare hills, which reminded Dale very often of Northern Scotland, looked more astray than ever in the landscape. At all times of the year they seemed inharmonious and unrelated to the sea-meadows or fruitful upland slopes, as if some mistake had been made in putting together a great dissected map. Doris slowly turned her head as she glanced along the gray, sad hills. The least wild

creature could hardly find shelter in all the distance; there was no reserve and no secret; the hills were like the telling of some sad, unwelcome news, in their harsh insistence and presence. "I used to be afraid to go over them when I was a little girl," she said. "I remember, after Israel died, father would stay there all day, sometimes. He used to say that he must mend the fences, but one day mother made me go and find him, and he just had his head in his hands, and sat there doing nothing. Poor father!" and Doris was silent again.

The marshes had faded since the day Dick Dale saw them first that year; their surface was soft and brown now, and even a cold gray where the grasses had not grown since the salt hay was gathered,—except that the shores of all the creeks were bordered with vivid green, so that the sombre coat of that part of the wide country was laced with green ribbons, and on such a day as this, when the tide was high, was also decorated with broad and narrow bands of blue, with crimson orders and noble decorations, embroidered here and there with samphire. The world was charmingly gay with all these colors and delights, but it was like a merry-making in a tottering and defeated kingdom. A sadness hovered in the air; this was more like a commemoration of past glories than an inspiration and heralding of any that were to come. Dale was reminded, almost with pain, that he must leave his pleasant quarters before long; it would hardly be possible to stay at the farm in the winter; but he need not appoint the day for his departure now, thank fortune!

They stopped sometimes, while Doris spoke to an acquaintance, and often Dick could hardly help smiling at the quaint speech or the character of the conversation. He could not overcome the idea that Doris only played a part in such intercourse, that her natural in-

instincts and experiences were of the sort he knew best, and that she looked at this rural life in his own fashion. He had discovered long before that the Owens were above the common level of society, and their character as a family bore much likeness to the uplifted Marsh Island itself. Doris really knew few people beside her own townfolk. She had no idea of the vast number of persons with whom those who go much about the world may gain a half acquaintance. She often seemed, like her father, to have an insight into human nature which could have been secured only through some crafty and unnatural means. Yet their simplicity was the most marked thing about them, — their simplicity first, and then their generosity.

Dale had no idea of the real importance of the morning's enterprise. He concerned himself with his own pleasure, and enjoyed Doris's uncommon enthusiasm and excitement as if he were the inspirer of it; thinking once how she would grace a broader life than this, and that she deserved something better than Sussex and Dunster. He did not like her best clothes, simple as they were, so well as her plain house-frocks; he wished she would always wear the little white dress of yesterday; but she never seemed quite like the tasteless and often tawdry young people he had been forced to associate with his remembrance of country neighborhoods.

Sussex came into view at last, — a pleasant, irregular village, crowded close to the river, as if it had either made up its mind to embark, or had just come ashore. Doris's eyes brightened at the sight of her journey's end, and Dale's grew a trifle cloudy and disappointed. He would have liked to go driving on and on all that day, asking idle questions about the people and the houses along the road, and hearing a pleasant, clear voice answer him. There was

something delightful in the very way her hands held the tightened reins, and one foot kept itself planted and braced. In fact, there was an admirable decision and purposefulness in the girl's manner which made her more interesting than ever.

It was after her usual manner of doing things that she faithfully performed her acknowledged errand first, and Dick was left for half an hour to his own devices, while she sat with the cousin inside an old gray house on the edge of the village. He would have been delighted to follow her, being curious to see if the interior were half as rewarding as he fancied, but he was not invited. He had decided only to look about the town that day, and to put in marks, as he expressed it; then he would come back again later. Dick had more work begun now than he was likely to finish; but as he sat before the old house which held Doris, and looked lovingly at its rain-colored, lichen-grown walls and the adorable traces of successive coats of green and yellow paint on its wide front door, he became again enthusiastic. Why would not every builder give his house one coat of red paint, and then leave all mural decoration to the weather? The very shutters on the inside of the windows were blotched and sunburnt into a semblance of mahogany, and the small, greenish panes of glass made delicious reflections in a sort of beckoning way at him. Yet the time went by slowly until Doris reappeared, and crossed the smooth, short grass toward the wagon. He had not observed the bouncing Bets that grew near the worn doorstep until her dress brushed them as she went by; but then he saw, instead of looking straight in her face, as he would have done once, that a fresh tuft of flowers had blossomed on one of the fading stalks, and he could not help wishing to gather it for her. It might have bloomed at the sight of her, he thought, and then smiled in spite of

himself, as he wondered what she would think if he told her such a sentimental thing. Once he had never hesitated at mentioning his pretty fancies, but it makes a great difference from whence a fancy springs.

"Are you tired of waiting?" she asked. "I am not ready yet. I must take my baskets in;" and by the time Dick had alighted to help her she had nearly reached the house with her burden, and laughed bravely at him a few minutes afterward, when she returned. He began to wonder what made her so merry. She was not laughing with him, neither did she seem to be exactly laughing at him, but the secret of her cheerfulness remained her own.

He had not remembered how picturesque and delightful the quaint town was. The high houses of sea-captains, the pride and circumstance of meeting-houses, the business of ship-building, and the almost Venetian privilege of waterways won his heart completely. There was a long bridge, which seemed like a hawser that held the two parts of the town together, and stray seamen who lounged there in the morning sunshine spoke in voices that had caught some notes from the creak of rigging and sounds of wind and wave. Here and there a half-finished schooner pushed its bowsprit far ashore, and the incessant knocking of shipwrights' hammers was heard in a sort of rhythm, as they drove the treenails and fitted the stout planks, or more gently wedged in the wisps of oakum to keep the thievish water out. There was a strong flavor of tar and hard wood, a clean, dry odor, which contrasted with the dampness that rose from the black sides of the wharves and the sticky mud in the creeks. The tide was going out; the foundation of the village seemed to be insecure piles and slender sea-bitten timbers, between which one could look, as if they were great cages for long-since-escaped marine monsters. Olive-colored and brown sea-

weeds clung to this old wood, while here and there was hanging a brilliant strand of green moss like floss-silk, shining and heavy with water. In the distance, a high white sail was slowly passing down the thoroughfare that led to the sea. From the rigging of an old schooner under process of repair the sharp, childish voice of a naughty boy was calling triumphantly to a troubled little sister below. A bright red flannel shirt—Dale never thought of the man who wore it—was wending its way slowly up the hill beyond the bridge. He did not notice in the least that they were so near a blacksmith's shop, or that they could hear the decided clink and ring of a heavy hammer upon an anvil, while Doris had looked for nothing and listened for nothing else.

Dick wondered why Doris stopped the horse in just that place. There were two large and rusty anchors and other small ones, and lengths of battered chain seemed to have been scattered about unnecessarily. Could she mean to have the horse shod by a ship's blacksmith? And then occurred to him the unwelcome thought that this must be Lester's place of business, which suspicion was confirmed directly by Lester's appearance in the doorway. He was scowling at Dale unmistakably, though he tried to be unconcerned; he did not look at Doris, who had begun to get down from the wagon. She took her foot from the step, however, and waited silently as he came toward them, stepping over the chains. His cheek was blackened by a careless touch of his smutted hand, and he had evidently been hard at work; where his shirt collar had lost its button and was falling open, the fairness of his throat made one imagine he had stained and darkened his face for some disguise. He swung his great hammer lightly, stood beside his visitors like a slender, vindictive Vulcan, and said carelessly, "Good-day, Mr. Dale. Any news, Doris?" as if he

were only anxious to lose as little time as possible.

"No," said Doris, "there is n't any news;" and yet he would not look at her. "Shall you be home this Sunday?" she asked softly, and was answered, with a quick glance from the blue eyes, that it was not likely. They were very busy with the schooner; some parties in West-market seemed to be in great distress for her. And at this pleasantry Doris took heart. "We were wondering what had become of you." But Dan Lester answered, in a tone that admitted no further conversation, that he was all right, and she must give his respects to the folks; at which Doris gathered up the reins quickly, turned the horse's head toward home, and departed.

There was a look in her face which Dale was not familiar with, and he did not see it then, though he felt it perfectly. He was sorry for the girl: he understood the morning's excursion well enough now, and would have liked to pound the surly blacksmith with his own hammer. Doris, for her part, felt as hard as a stone. She was rarely made so angry as this, and they drove homeward silently. A little later she told herself that Mr. Dale should not know that she had been defeated in the plan which she had made and cherished through so many happy hours. This was a quick and sorry ending, and she

was as much grieved as angered. She thought nobody could tell that anything unusual had happened when she said, in a straightforward way, that Dan seemed to be busy that morning, and reached over to take a small basket from the floor of the wagon. "Will you eat a golden pippin?" she asked, with much composure, and chose one for herself, while Dick knew perfectly well that they had all been meant for Dan Lester.

They were outside the village now, and beyond the sound of either the clinking hammers or the knocking ones. A few minutes afterward they passed a schoolhouse, and Doris scattered the rest of the apples by the roadside as she went slowly by, and laughed to see the children tumble together in a heap over them, while a little stray dog jumped and barked fiercely, as if he claimed a share. The teacher nodded to Doris, and at that moment our heroine remembered that this person boarded at the same house as Dan Lester. "I suppose she will go straight home and tell him," thought Doris, more troubled than ever. There was a willfulness in the way things were going wrong. The teacher wondered why Doris blushed. It must have had something to do with Mr. Dale; but she need not feel so grand if she did get him to go to ride with her, just when everybody else was hard at work.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE.

(IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY.)

LIPS that withhold the anguish she had known,
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone, —
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

William H. Hayne.

THE MOTHER OF TURGENEFF.

IN a recent number of the *Messenger of Europe*, the leading Russian magazine, there appeared an article containing many very curious details about the family of Ivan Turgeneff. Madame Giveau, the writer, was adopted by Turgeneff's mother, and was to her and her sons both daughter and sister. Taken without explanation, the frankness of the article is amazing, but there exists in Russia a whole legend of the mother of Turgeneff, compared with which this story is mild and reasonable. What at first appears an extraordinary revelation of family affairs is really an attempt to do justice to a lady whose extravagant eccentricities, whose violent, masterful temper, made her seem worse than she really was.

It is not merely as a picture of home-life in Russia fifty years ago that the article is important. It throws a painful light upon Turgeneff's own work. The stories of the serfs, which made his fame and opened the way for Alexander's great deed, are the simple narratives of the every-day life in his mother's house, on his mother's estate. Whoever is familiar with the *Sketches of a Sportsman* can verify for himself. The *Three Portraits* and *Offcanikoff* relate to his mother's immediate ancestors; the old lady in *Death*, who expires trying to pay the priest as he reads the commendatory prayer, was his grandmother.

In selecting a few of the incidents, we have followed so far as possible the purely colloquial style of Madame Giveau, though its *naïveté* and vividness cannot be reproduced. In the necessity to omit and condense, faithfulness has been the aim rather than exact literalness. Great care has been taken neither to exaggerate nor to soften. Where the narrative is in the first person it is

of course Madame Giveau who speaks, and two or three passages are taken entire. A few words, such as titles of servants, have been rendered by equivalents, in order to hit the sense as nearly as possible without long explanations. There are several words of distinct shades of meaning, which have to be rendered by the one word "serf." The French is taken as it stands. It was thought best to retain the forms of address. Barbara, the daughter of Peter, Ivan, the son of Sergius, have at once a formality and a familiarity which help us to realize a different life from ours.

Barbara Petroffna, the mother of Ivan Turgeneff, spent her childhood and youth in a darkness and misery that stifled all the good in her nature. Her mother, being left a widow while still young, married for her second husband a man who already had two grown-up daughters. She had never much cared for the daughter of her first marriage, and under the influence of this man she became to her truly a stepmother; lavishing on the other two all that was due from an own mother. The girl was not only neglected, but was cruelly beaten by her stepfather, who added to his cruelty outrageous insult when she was no more than sixteen. In terror she escaped from the house by the aid of her nurse, and half clad traveled forty miles on foot to an uncle, who gave her shelter and protection. But his house was solitary and forlorn, his ideas of life for a woman were of the strictest kind, and the place was little better than a prison to her until his death, when she was almost thirty. There were strange stories of his death, which was sudden and perhaps violent. It left her the sole mistress of herself and of a large fortune. For the first time

in her life she could draw a free breath; apparently she said to herself, "Now I can do everything." She never spoke of what she had suffered, but more than once affirmed that "to be an orphan without father or mother is sad. But to be an orphan within sight of one's own mother is terrible. I had no mother. She was a stepmother to me. She had other children, other ties. I was alone in the world."

Barbara Petroffna very soon married Sergius Nicholäevitch Turgeneff. He was said to be "an angel of goodness," and she herself used to talk of his fine looks. Years after his death, one day in Carlsbad, at the spring, one of the princesses of a reigning German house, who stood near her, saw in a bracelet upon her arm the portrait of her husband. She caught her hand, saying, "You — are the wife of Turgeneff. I remember him. After Alexander I., I never saw any one handsomer than your husband."

After their marriage she lived the free and open-handed life of the Russian gentry in the early part of this century. Her wealth, the beauty of her husband, her own intelligence and cleverness, made their home the favorite resort of every one of distinction in the Government of Opel. Their orchestra, their singers, their theatrical corps, — all of serfs, — everything at the century-old Spassköe, combined to make it an honor to be a guest there. Barbara Petroffna herself was then not only gracious, but even fascinating in manner; and though without beauty, she had many admirers. But in the reaction from the long and painful suffering of her early life, there were developed that selfishness and love of power from which so many of those around her suffered. Still, she never used her rights as proprietor so harshly or so cruelly as others. She was even beloved by the victims of her tyranny. Something in the tenderness of her glance, of her words, seemed to compen-

sate. No one ever dared to disagree with her except her son Ivan, — he was her favorite; and yet he could do it only by the gentlest representations, seeking by prayers rather than by protests to prevent what he regretted, or to carry out what he desired. Her treatment of the serfs was the hardest thing for him to bear, but in his presence she was gentler, and his rare visits were looked forward to as a deliverance. When he came every one breathed more freely. Then she not only gave up seeking some one to blame for something, but forgave actual offenses. She seemed to be amiable for the sake of seeing a satisfied expression on the face of her son.

"The day Ivan Sergëivitch left for Berlin we all went in the morning to church, where the prayers for travelers were said. Barbara Petroffna sat during the service on her folding-chair (she was too lame to kneel), and wept bitterly. We all accompanied him to the steamboat. On the return from the quay, when she entered the carriage she fell in a dead faint."

The fire at Spassköe was an era in the Turgeneff family. Everything ever after was dated from that. It was the 3d of May, 1839. The table had been already laid for supper in the sitting-room, when the butler entered with a basket, and began to pile into it all the silver, — knives, forks, and spoons.

"What are you doing, Anton?" asked Barbara Petroffna. "Are you drunk?"

"Not at all, my lady, but it's not best to eat here."

"Why not" — she began, when her question was interrupted by a strange light that flashed into the room. "What is that? — lightning?"

At this instant Nicholas Sergëivitch rushed into the room. "Mamma, take your money, jewels, everything of value! We are on fire!"

"Is the house on fire?" she persisted, still incredulous.

"Yes, yes! Come quick! I must save Vasilieffna," said he.

In the left wing of the house, where the fire had begun, lived Natalia Vasilieffna (the woman who had aided his mother in that dreadful flight from her stepfather), now a helpless cripple. Every one, in the confusion, had forgotten the poor old soul, till Nicholas Sergievitch flew to her rescue. When Barbara Petroffna, leading the little girl, came out of the flaming house, they beheld him just bringing her out, shrieking, "My angel! my saviour! Leave me! You are on fire yourself! Leave me, little father!" (the extreme form of entreaty from a Russian peasant).

She lived several years after to tell her favorite story, "how that angel of a gentleman with his own gentlemanly hands had saved her, a good-for-nothing old woman, out of the fire, from a horrible death, without a word from the priest!"

The loss was heavy. All the old family portraits were destroyed. Nothing remained of the cabinets filled with costly china and porcelain and of the old family silver but a few grotesque bits of blackened silver picked out of the ashes. They always stood afterward on Barbara Petroffna's writing-table. The parlor had been hung with tapestry; the furniture was of ebony covered with yellow leather, and with heavy carvings and mouldings. The decorations were symbolical, — whole rows of Cupids and lions. Each Cupid led a lion bound in chains of flowers. The right wing of the house was saved, with an adjoining gallery, and these with some additions became the home of the family. It was the property of Ivan Sergievitch after his mother's death, and there for many years he spent a part of the summer. The external aspect of the house has been little changed. It stands in wide gardens planted with silver firs and noble oaks.

It was a part of the legend about her

that she would have left her station, — that she wanted "to simplify herself," as her son expresses a certain fancy in *Virgin Soil*; but nothing was less like her. She was the true lady of the manor, born to rule, — arbitrary and despotic, capricious to cruelty, but with sudden impulses of magnanimity and kindness. As haughty as was her pride, so tender were her words to her favorites. In her youth she was plain, but growing older she was almost beautiful. She was always handsomely dressed; her caps were of rich lace, with soft, bright ribbons coquettishly arranged; her bonnets were odd, but always of choice fashion, although sometimes so original that it was only her air of distinction, *la grande dame*, that saved them from being queer.

After the death of her husband, there was still a great household of forty persons. Luxury and the affectation of recent fashions she carefully avoided. All the servants about her were obliged to learn to read and write. To one of the maids French was taught, as Barbara Petroffna read only French romances. Everything moved in exact order. Even the doves knew it, and flew down at twelve precisely for their daily portion of oats. She spoke Russian only with her servants. For the rest, all read, wrote, spoke, thought, and even prayed in French. "I did not learn the Russian prayers and catechism till I was preparing for examination at boarding-school. So far was French in use among us that even at the Holy Communion I read the prayers in that language."

Between 1841 and 1846, Ivan Sergievitch spent the summers at Spasskoe, and sometimes during the winters stayed with his mother in Moscow. The most frequent visitor at the house was Granoffski. "I was always welcome in his room on the second floor, and I always ran there when mamma was resting or was occupied with guests. Granoffski always petted me. Going in one day, I

found both host and guest talking very earnestly about something. Ivan Sergëivitch was walking about the room, evidently very much excited. Granoffski greeted me with a nod, and placed me beside him on the sofa. I sat there a long while, almost holding my breath, and at first understood nothing. Then words familiar to me, *serfdom, freedom, peasants, unhappy people, where is the end*, were so often heard that they began to have some sense. Now as then, I can give no account of what I heard; but the idea was clear to me. The conversation so strongly expressed their hopes for something better that I began myself to be glad. Suddenly Ivan Sergëivitch bethought himself, and turned to me: 'Have you been dreaming? Surely you can understand nothing here. It is time you were asleep.'

"'I don't understand,' I answered. 'Is it that my dear Aggie' (the much-beloved housekeeper) 'will soon be free?'

"'Yes, some time,' he said thoughtfully, and then he kissed me, as if it were a reward."

"That Ivan Sergëivitch should enter the paths of literature did not at all please Barbara Petroffna. On this subject there were many discussions between mother and son. We were once sitting on the piazza at Spasskœ, the well-known Dianka lying at the feet of Ivan Sergëivitch. He had been telling his mother of Michael Philippovitch's urging him to eat less, and spoke of the Miserly Knight of Pushkin. Suddenly he rose, and walked with quick steps up and down the piazza. 'Ah, had I the talent of Pushkin,' he exclaimed eagerly, 'what a poem I would make out of Michael Philippovitch! Ah, that is talent! But what am I? I may never in my life write anything good!'

"'I cannot understand,' began Barbara Petroffna, almost with contempt, 'how you can want to be a writer! Is that a thing for a gentleman to do? You say

yourself that you will never be a Pushkin, — besides, he was a poet; but I beg of you, a writer! What is a writer? To my thinking, *écrivain ou gratte-papier est tout un*. A gentleman ought to be in service, and gain for himself a career and a name, and not be a paper stalker. And who reads a Russian book? If you would go into government service, you would win rank, and then you could marry. You know you alone can perpetuate the line of the Turgeneffs.'

Ivan Sergëivitch used to answer his mother's complaints with jests, but at the mention of marriage he laughed heartily, and said, "As to that, mamma, pardon me; do not expect that. I shall not marry. Your churches with their two crosses will be dancing a polka before I marry."

To the girl who sat near by, hardly restraining her laughter, Barbara Petroffna said seriously, "Comment osez-vous rire quand il dit des bêtises!" and turning to her son, "How can you talk so foolishly before the child?"

"Yet I cannot understand," continued he, "why you speak of writers with such contempt. There was a time when all you ladies ran after Pushkin. You yourself loved and honored Jukoffski!"

"That was altogether another matter. Jukoffski! Why should I not honor Jukoffski? You know how near he was to the court."

Later Barbara Petroffna read Gogol's Dead Souls, and her comment shows still further her views about Russian books.

"This is awfully droll," she said in Russian, and then finished in French: "mais à vrai dire je n'ai jamais lu rien de plus mauvais genre et de plus inconvenant."

The year Liszt came to Moscow, Barbara Petroffna, who rarely went out, attended one of his two concerts, accompanied by her son. She had for some years been unable to walk upstairs, and

on arriving it was found that the chair in which her servants usually carried her had been forgotten. Her eyes flashed with anger at the careless servants. "I will take you in my arms," said her son, and without waiting for consent he carried her up to the very threshold of the room, where her friends crowded round her with congratulations upon the strength and devotion of her son. Her own gratification might be inferred from the fact that the servants escaped the dreaded reprimand.

That winter Ivan Sergëivitch suffered much from his eyes, and, lying in the darkened room, he encouraged the girl to tell him all that was going on round her. "We talked secretly of my dear Aggie and her children, and how every one was afraid of mamma. He was never gay, but as I told him of my troubles and the troubles of my friends he often sighed, and I see now how, innocently enough, my stories grieved his heart, as he realized the utter fruitlessness of any attempts to help or to soften matters. I should not have dared to talk to any one else. Of some of my governesses I was afraid, others I did not trust, and there were none but serfs around me; so in the cruel self-occupation of a child, I must have tortured him."

Two or three of the servants are very fully described. Before she was twenty Agatha Simeonoffna became "my lady's own maid," and later housekeeper. On all estates there was a kind of aristocracy among the servants, and some positions about the person of the master or mistress were held as special dignities, transmitted from parent to child. The secretary and chief steward was Andrew Ivanovitch Polyakoff, who, like the doctor of the household (also a serf), was almost an educated man. They had so far shared the lessons of their young masters that the one spoke French and the other German, besides having perfect command of the Russian. Andrew

wrote verses. All the important business of the Turgeneffs was transacted by Andrew, while all the household possessions, wardrobe, linen, etc., was under the care of Agatha. Both were entirely devoted to their mistress, who in 1842 took the fancy to marry them. Such a thought had never entered the head of either of them, but she neither asked nor cared whether they pleased each other. In this as in all things she commanded, and it was done. The outfit for the bride was handsomely provided by the mistress, and there was a gay wedding feast, in which all the people of the estate shared. Andrew and Agatha were quiet, staid people, and out of their mutual respect grew a life of reasonable happiness, except for the trial about their children. At the birth of the first little daughter, the mistress cared tenderly for the mother, yet when she appeared again in her bedchamber, "How glad I am to have you again!" she said. "Nothing gets on without you. You shall find a nurse for the baby in the village, and when that is out of the way we shall be quite comfortable again." The poor mother was aghast, but Barbara Petroffna's commands were without appeal. The nurse was found and the order to take the child was given — but never carried out! Fortunately, and much to the honor of the large household, there was not a tell-tale in it. Often as the head of it was secretly disobeyed, no word of it came to her ears. So now, though Agatha must be night and day with her mistress, she contrived to nurse her own child. It was kept in a vacant room in a little out-house, which Miss Blackwood, the English governess, helped to fit up, and there all aided and abetted the poor mother in her secret visits. Three children were thus nursed by Agatha.

The hardest stroke came after the birth of the third daughter, on the return of Barbara Petroffna to Moscow. Agatha was to follow a day or two later.

The mother's heart, torn with the sorrow of parting, finally conquered, and Agatha determined to take the children with her, and brave the wrath of her mistress by openly declaring their presence.

"The first morning she served mamma as usual, but when ordered to bring the tea she hesitated.

"Go," repeated Barbara Petroffna.

"My lady" — began Agatha, and her voice trembled.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Barbara Petroffna," went on Agatha, with lowered, almost inaudible voice, "I have brought with me all my children — please — I could not" —

"What children? What is this you are telling me?"

"My lady," exclaimed Agatha, falling on her knees, "for God's mercy, let me keep them here! I will serve you as I have served you. I will be with you night and day — only let them stay — that I may only know how they" —

"Begone!" sounded the voice of Barbara Petroffna.

"Please, my lady, I shall not go, do with me what you will! Barbara Petroffna, you yourself had little children! What could mine do without a mother? For God's mercy, I only ask your ladyship not to take from me my children!" and the poor woman crept on her knees towards her mistress's chair.

"Begone!" was the answer.

"I stood by, tears rolling from my eyes, and I could only stammer, 'Mamma! Mamma!'"

"Comment osez-vous pleurer? Allez-vous-en!" The wrath of Barbara Petroffna turned upon me. I fled to the corridor, weeping aloud as I heard, —

"I can do anything I like with you, — send you back to the serf village, and your children to the foundling hospital."

"To Siberia, to the village, but with my children — the children must — I" — brokenly whispered Agatha, still on her knees.

"Barbara Petroffna rang sharply and called. Two maids appeared.

"Take her away, carry her away, drag her out!"

"But by this time Agatha knew nothing. She was almost crazy. As the maids touched her, she rose suddenly to her feet, and in her sobs uttered only the words, 'You are a wolf — and these are your children.'

"Silence!" cried Barbara Petroffna. "I will order you to be whipped. You shall rot in my jail!"

"Where you please, but I will sooner smother them with my own hands than give them up! What will happen to them without a mother?"

"The whip, — the whip! Go!" cried Barbara Petroffna, with foam on her lips.

"Agatha, come," whispered one of the maids.

"The unhappy woman made a step towards the door, but again suddenly turned to her mistress. Over her good face and in her beautiful eyes flashed something evil, and her voice again had the hard ring: —

"We have been to you, my lady, with your husband, faithful, devoted servants, but after the whip we are no more your servants." (She meant a distinction between serf, slave, and a servant of free-will.)

"A frightful scene followed. Barbara Petroffna sprang up, seized Agatha by the throat with one hand, and with the other would have struck her mouth, had she not herself fallen in strong hysterics. Nevertheless, the order was duly written and signed that night for the banishment of the children.

"As before, the connivance of the household kept the children. The town house had a wing for the servants' quarters, and there Andrew, as steward, had a separate room. In it lived winter and summer the poor little children, in prison, without air, and the father and mother could be with them but a few times

each day. Only rarely was it possible to take them out, like squirrels from a cage, for a little run, and Agatha often sighed, 'Merciful God! they will die!' Barbara Petroffna never knew of the poor children again, but Ivan Sergëivitch provided for them. Andrew to the end of his days blessed his good master, while he always received from both brothers the utmost confidence and esteem."

Simon Karilovitch was a dark, handsome man of thirty, in all his bearing and manner a servant of the most aristocratic type. His position as butler often required him to talk with his mistress of household matters. He had been a favorite, and as she saw, or fancied she saw, in him a growing self-confidence, a consciousness of his value, she began to worry him. It was a marked trait in her character that any signs of independence or self-assertion excited her anger at once. Simon paid no heed to the little insults that were heaped upon him, and his very coolness only exasperated her. "By her plate at table always stood a splendid *carafe*, which it was Simon's business to fill with water. It pleased her constantly to find fault with it. It was not fresh, was cold, or warm, or dirty. So it went on for several days consecutively. Each time Simon took the *carafe* from the table, and after a few moments returned, apparently with fresh water. At last, one day, after Barbara Petroffna had put the glass to her lips, she turned round to Simon, and asked, 'What is this?'

"Silence.

"'I ask, what is this?'

"Again silence.

"'I want to know, is this water good?' and instantly the glass was thrown almost into the face of the butler.

"Simon turned pale, took from the table the *carafe*, and went out. After a few moments he returned, and poured water for his mistress into a fresh glass.

¹ This is the most remarkable of Turgeneff's *serf* stories, and perhaps the most closely drawn

"'Ah, that is water,' said Barbara Petroffna, and drank more than half a glass.

"Then Simon, pale, with lips trembling, came a few steps forward, stood near the sacred picture, crossed himself with a broad cross, and said, bowing to the picture, 'God be witness, I gave the same water. I did not change it.' Having said this, he turned towards his mistress, and looked straight in her face.

"Small as I was, my heart died within me, for I knew it was impossible for mamma to answer."

Several seconds of strange silence followed. Barbara Petroffna, suddenly rising from her chair, said, "Begone!" and left the apartment without finishing her dinner. She shut herself up in her room. Three days after the daughter found Simon, all his fine livery gone, in a goatskin, with a broom in his hand, sweeping out the court. From the butler in the personal service of his mistress he had been degraded to the lowest place.

After the fire at Spassköe, the library was placed in a gallery adjoining the house, and near by was the store-room. Both were under the charge of Michael Philippovitch, once the valet of the elder Turgeneff. After his master's death he had been given a pension and relieved. As an almost nominal duty, the keys both of the library and the store-room were in his keeping. From this man Turgeneff got his first knowledge of Russian literature. (See Pounin and Babourin.¹)

"Sometimes when, of course unknown to mamma, I asked the old man for French books, he would despairingly wring his hands (his habitual gesture), and say, 'Ah, little mistress! You read all these French books, and what is there in them? You should read Kheraskoff. His books are good.'"

from his own life. It is, however, the least known of his works.

Michael Philippovitch was very deaf. He lived in solitude, shut up in himself; was always reading books of devotion, and in his deep reserve the store-room became at last his *idée fixe*, a subject of actual torment to him. It was to him the shrine of his master's wealth, to the younger servants a jest, and to the child the promised land flowing with milk and honey.

Every article that was bought and sent from Moscow was placed in the hands of Michael Philippovitch. His miserliness was extraordinary. Whatever was given into his charge he received with a sigh, and dramatically shook his head. "Why bring it here? Only to take it away again! They eat up everything!"

Every morning the cook came to him to receive what was needed for the table. He weighed everything, counted everything, and if there were many guests, and much extra was needed, he would sigh so deeply and wring his hands in such terror that on these days even the children went to look at his despair, as at some strange, wild creature, little guessing that it was positive pain to him.

The death of the poor old man was tragic. He hanged himself in the attic of the house. His miserliness had grown to a hallucination. After the death of Barbara Petroffna, when Ivan became master of Spassköe, there was a new order of things. Michael grumbled and growled more and more, and constantly insisted, "The young gentlemen will come to beggary, — will come to beggary." The old man was disturbed and excited, most of all, by the rewards given by Ivan Sergëivitch to the former servants of his mother. He gave them money and valuable pieces of land, arranged for annual pensions, and to Michael Philippovitch he gave a more than comfortable home of his own, but it only drove the old man into deeper despair.

The generosity of Ivan Sergëivitch was sometimes imposed upon by the unworthy, but there were others who fully deserved recompense for their long patience under the yoke of his mother. Such was the serf doctor, Porphyrio. When Ivan Sergëivitch was first sent to Berlin, Porphyrio accompanied him as valet, or more strictly as guardian. The most friendly relations existed between him and his young master.

To the sons and all the family Porphyrio was the physician, a *man* much beloved. He was the serf, the *thing*, only to Barbara Petroffna. She would never yield to her son's entreaties to give Porphyrio his freedom, but him alone, of all her dependents, she never insulted by word or deed, and sometimes she trusted him more than the regular physicians. In all the trying moments of her life, in all the real or fancied tempers and illnesses of his mistress, Porphyrio appeared with the invariable soothing drops, and the invariable words, "Please, your ladyship, compose yourself." He was tall and stout, with traces of small-pox, which, nevertheless, did not lessen the good-natured expression of his face; eyes noticeably small for his colossal size, but soft and intelligent. His whole figure expressed an unruffled calm. Barbara Petroffna never had any repose, except when he was near her.

The years in Berlin were not useless. Porphyrio learned to speak German with perfect freedom, attended medical lectures, and came back with the title of Doctor of Medicine. Returning to Russia, he continued his studies, his mistress never begrudging him money for books. In Moscow and Saint Petersburg the physicians always consulted with him before prescribing for Barbara Petroffna. At Spassköe he was sought as a surgeon in all directions within the borders of Mzensk. The gentlemen sent their carriages for him; but alas, as a serf he could go only when his mistress permit-

ted. When Ivan Sergëivitch begged his mother to set him free, he always met a refusal, followed by an enumeration of all the favors and privileges enjoyed by Porphyrio, which were, in her opinion, quite sufficient to place him above the other house-servants: he had his own room in the house itself; he had his food from his mistress's own table; he had four times as much money as the others; and in Moscow he could go out of the house when he pleased without asking permission.

"All that is fine," replied her son. "Only take off from him this yoke. Make the condition that he shall not leave you while you are living. Only give him the consciousness that he is a man, not a slave, not a *thing* which you can knock about at your pleasure, at your caprice."

But his mother was unmoved. Porphyrio received his freedom from the sons only after the death of their mother. He became government surgeon for the district, but fell ill, and, though tended with every possible care by Ivan Sergëivitch, died, comparatively young, at Spasskœ.

Of Mumu, perhaps the best known of Turgeneff's stories, there are strange details. "Whatever episodes I may take from the life spent with Barbara Petroffna, each of them has a sad, sometimes a tragic ending. Yet such was our life. Of gladness there was little. The story of Ivan Sergëivitch about Mumu and his owner is not imaginary. All that sad drama passed under my own eyes. Almost every summer we made long journeys to different estates in the Orel, Toula and Koursk provinces. We were a large party: the carriage of Barbara Petroffna herself, a *calèche* with my governess and the lady's-maid, a chaise with the doctor, a chaise with the laundress and my nurse, and lastly a chaise with the cook and kitchen-maid." Thus the various parts of the family property were visited and inspect-

ed in the course of a month; Barbara Petroffna examining everything herself, looking over the accounts of overseers, and ordering the sale of grain or stock. At a village twenty-five versts from Spasskœ, they saw a peasant of such gigantic figure that the carriage was stopped, and he was called up. It was soon discovered that he was deaf and dumb from birth. His height, his fine looks, pleased the mistress, and even the infirmity seemed to add distinction to him. She at once took him home with her to be one of the house-servants.

"Whether the change from the farm to lighter work in a gentleman's house pleased the man, or not, I do not know. It frequently happened that the owner took a serf from the farm to the house, or made him a shoemaker, a carpenter, a weaver, or a cook. It was sometimes thought a special favor, and no one ever asked whether he or his family liked this change in destiny; so, with all my love and pity for the serfs, I never thought of pitying the mute until I read Mumu. Ah, one must have had the love and sympathy of our never-to-be-forgotten Ivan Sergëivitch to penetrate the feeling and the inward world of our common people. He alone knew that the mute wept for homesickness, when we all took no notice."

The harrowing story about the dog is true. One difference only there was: the mute, though so bitterly grieved, remained faithful to Barbara Petroffna to her death, and afterwards would acknowledge no one else as mistress.

In 1846 Madame Viardot was in Moscow, and gave a concert. Barbara Petroffna knew the intimacy of her son with the Viardot family, and did not like it, but she went to hear the artist. The concert was a *matinée*. On reaching home she was sorely vexed that Ivan Sergëivitch did not return to dinner. She spoke not a word until the end of the meal; then, angrily striking the table

with her knife, she exclaimed, as if speaking to herself, "It must be owned that that cursed little gypsy sings well!"¹

In writing of the marriage of the younger brother in 1845, Madame Givreau compares the two at some length. Just as Ivan Sergëivitch, in all his aristocratic looks and manner, was the pure Russian, so Nicholas was of the thoroughly English type of gentleman. The brothers were markedly different, but they were always fond of each other. Ivan was continually looking for some one to do good to; Nicholas did it by accident, or if he were asked. The speech of Ivan was not always fluent. He sometimes hesitated and sought a little for his phrases; but they were always graceful; something heart-felt sounded in each word. His voice was habitually soft and sympathetic, and if he were excited a little shrill, but not sharp. No one who heard his voice once ever forgot it. The speech of Nicholas was usually earnest and full of color. "I never heard any one who could talk in all languages as he did." No one could tell stories like him. He spoke each language as if he were born to it, but it was all without any of the affectation so often shown by Russians. He would vary his stories with episodes and anecdotes, but they never led him from his point, and he never bewildered his hearers in the labyrinth of his brilliant talk. So picturesque and vivid was it that the more he talked the more eager and enthusiastic were his listeners, and as soon as he ceased every one begged, "Please, something more!"

Barbara Petroffna once said, "I made

¹ Even had she lived longer, she could hardly have understood the friendship which was the light and blessing of her son's life, the comfort of his dying moments. On the last morning but one, there stood round his bed Madame Viardot, her son, and her two daughters and their husbands. Sight and speech had almost failed, when he said, "Come nearer me, nearer me; the moment of parting is come." As he recognized Madame Vi-

a mistake in the names of my sons. I ought to have called Nicholas Ivan. He is to me the real John Chrysostom" (golden-mouthed). But Nicholas, it must be said, was thus eloquent and attractive only in his own family or with his nearest friends. In society, especially with ladies, no one was more shy or ill at ease. The world only saw him silent or easily confused, with a sarcastic smile on his lips.

For two years Nicholas had been devotedly attached to a young cousin. To obtain his mother's consent was simply hopeless, so in the winter of 1841 they were married without it. He retired from the army, accepted a position in the civil service, and after his children were born eked out his income by giving lessons in foreign languages. No one dared to speak of the marriage to his mother, and she long persisted in treating it as a mere *liaison*, and frequently wrote to urge her son to break it off. In 1845 she went to Saint Petersburg, to try personal entreaties. She desired to see the three children, but would neither go to them, nor permit them to be brought to her, but requested to have them taken by the house, that she might see them from the windows. She made the most liberal offers to her son if, abandoning his wife, he would return to Spasskœ with her. Of course they were refused, and the son continued his laborious life until his mother became reconciled to the marriage, the year before her death. She did care enough for the children, in her strange, fitful way, to ask that their portraits might be sent to her. On their arrival she had them brought to her bedroom, before rising. The servant opened the door, he said, "That is the queen of queens. How much good she has done!" Then to the daughter kneeling by his pillow he whispered that she must bring up her son to be a good, true man. After that there were only broken words in Russian. He fancied himself a simple man of the people, for he used the phrases of the dying Russian peasant in parting from his family.

box, took off the wrappers, and was about to take out the first portrait, when, in a voice that betrayed strong excitement, Barbara Petroffna said, "Give it to me." The box was placed on the table by the bed. "Now go, and shut the door!"

In the antechamber waited the faithful Agatha and the daughter, trembling before the storm they felt was ready to burst. After a little time they heard the sound of something thrown upon the floor, and the fall of bits of shattered glass. Again the sound, and again a louder; then all was silent. They knew that she had dashed the portraits upon the floor.

"Agatha!" called the angry voice of Barbara Petroffna. She went in. Her lady pointed to the floor. "Clear all that away, and see that no bit of glass is left." That same winter the three children died. Neither before nor after did the mother speak of her son, or his children, and Nicholas, on his part, made no attempt to turn the heart of his mother, knowing how vain it would be.

Long after, when Madame Givreau was visiting him in his lonely house in Saint Petersburg, he asked for her little daughter; and as she spoke of her fear of grieving him, he suddenly rose, and walking up and down the room repeated the lines of Victor Hugo, *L'Enfant*, but when he came to the last stanza, —

"La cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
La maison sans enfants," —

he wept bitterly.

"On dirait que c'est la malediction

de maman qui a emmené mes enfants au tombeau."

"Reviewing my life and the conduct of Barbara Petroffna, thinking of her love for me and what she was to me, I permit myself again to say a few words in her defense. Much of her conduct must excite indignation. I myself, while still under her overmastering authority, blamed her, and was on the eve of a struggle with her. But she was embittered by her life. Do not many grow cruel after oppression and poverty? Her childhood and youth were terrible. Her marriage did not give her what every woman seeks in it, — love. With her intelligence, she understood well that her handsome husband loved, not herself, but her fortune. She was for him simply a good match. To his wife Sergius Nicholäevitch was often faithful, and she knew it.

"Her children — I do not blame them — did not fulfill her ambition, did not justify her hopes. The elder married against her wishes. The younger became 'a writer,' which in her eyes was equivalent to being a petty clerk. What had she for her own inward, personal life? Only wealth and the absolute power over the serfs. The fame of her son she never recognized. Khor and Kalinitch only roused her scorn. She did not even read it."

The mother of Turgeneff died in Moscow on the 16th of November, 1850, with her son Nicholas and her adopted daughter watching beside her.

Clara Barnes Martin.

GHOSTS.

OUT in the misty moonlight
The first snow-flakes I see,
As they frolic among the leafless
Limbs of the apple-tree.

Faintly they seem to whisper,
 As round the boughs they wing,
 "We are the ghosts of the blossoms
 That died in the early spring."

R. K. Munkittrick.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

VIII.

It was a violent beginning; but perhaps it was as well, on the whole, that the idea of Theo's future supremacy should have been got into the heads of the duller portion of the family. Warrender was so anxious that there should be no unnecessary haste in his mother's departure, and so ready to find out a pleasant place where they could all go, that everything that had been harsh was forgotten. Indeed, it is very possible in a family that a great many harsh things may be said and forgotten, with little harm done,—boys and girls who have been brought up in the same nursery having generally insulted as well as caressed each other with impunity from their earliest years. This happy effect of the bonds of nature was no doubt made easier by the placid characters of the girls, who had no inclination to brood over an unkindness, or any habit of thinking what was meant by a hasty word. On the contrary, when they remembered it in the morning, after their sound night's sleep, they said to each other that Theo could not possibly have meant it; that he must have been out of temper, poor fellow. They even consented to listen and to look when, with unusual amiability, he called them out to see what trees he intended to cut down, and what he meant to do. Minnie and Chatty indeed bewailed every individual tree, and kissed the big, tottering old elm, which had menaced the nursery

window since ever they could remember, and shut out the light. "Dear old thing!" they said, shedding a tear or two upon its rough bark. "It would be dear indeed if it brought down the wall and smashed the old play-room," their brother said,—an argument which even to these natural conservatives bore, now that the first step had been taken, a certain value. Sometimes it is not amiss to go too far when the persons you mean to convince are a little obtuse. They entered into the question almost with warmth at last. The flower garden would be so much improved, for one thing; there never had been sun enough for the flowers, and the big trees had taken, the gardener said, all the goodness out of the soil. Perhaps after all Theo might be right. Of course he knew so much more of the world!

"And mother, before you go, you should see—Lady Markland," Theo said.

There was a little hesitation in his voice before he pronounced the name, but of this no one took any notice, at the time.

"I have been wondering what I should do. There has been no intimacy, not more than acquaintanceship."

"After what has happened you surely cannot call yourselves mere acquaintances, you and she."

"Perhaps not that: but it is not as if she had thrown herself upon my sympathy, Theo. She was very self-contained. Nobody could doubt that she felt it dreadfully; but she did not

fling herself upon me, as many other women would have done."

"I should not think that was at all her character," said Warrender.

"No, I don't suppose it is her character; and then there were already two of her, so to speak, — that child" —

"The only thing I dislike in her," he said hastily, "is that child. What good can a creature of that age do her? And it must be so bad for the boy."

"I don't know about the good it can do her. You don't any of you understand," Mrs. Warrender said, with a moistening of her eyes, "the good there is in a child. As young people grow up they become more important, no doubt, — oh, yes, far more important, — and take their own place. But a little thing that belongs to you, that has no thoughts but what are your thoughts, that never wants to be away from you" —

"Very unnatural," said the young man severely, "or else fictitious. The little thing, you may be sure, would much rather be playing with its own companions; or else it must be an unhealthy little sentimental" —

Mrs. Warrender shook her head, but said no more. She gave him a look half remonstrating, half smiling. I had a little boy once, it was on her lips to say: but she forbore. How was the young man beginning his own individual career, thinking of everything in the world rather than of such innocent consolation as can be given to a woman by a child, to understand that mystery? She whose daughters, everybody said, must be "such companions," and her son "such a support," looked back wistfully upon the days when they were little children; but then she was an unreasonable woman. She was roused from a little visionary journey back into her own experiences by the sound of Theo's voice going on: —

— "should call and ask," he was saying. "She might want you. She

must want some one, and they say she has no relations. I think certainly you should call and ask. Shall I order the brougham for you this afternoon? I would drive you over myself, but perhaps, in the circumstances, it would be more decorous" —

"It must be the brougham; if you think I ought to go so soon" —

"Well, mother, you are the best judge; but I suppose that if women can be of any use to each other it must be at such a — at a time when other people are shut out."

Mrs. Warrender was much surprised by his fervor: but she remembered that her husband had been very punctilious about visiting, as men in the country often are, the duty of keeping up all social connections falling upon their wives, and not on themselves. The brougham was ordered, accordingly, and she set out alone, though Minnie would willingly have strained a point to accompany her. "Don't you think, mamma, that as I am much nearer her own age she might like me to go?" that young lady said. But here Theo came in again with his newly acquired authority. "Mother is the right person," he said.

She did not feel much like the right person, as she drove along. Lady Markland had not wanted consolation; the shock had turned her to stone. And then she had her child, and seemed to need no other minister. But if it pleased Theo, that was motive enough. She reflected, as she pursued her way, upon the kind of squire he would make, different from his father, — oh, very different; not the ordinary type of the English country gentleman. He would not hunt, he would shoot very little; but her husband had not been enthusiastic in either of these pursuits. He would not care, perhaps, for county business or for the quarter sessions; he would have too much contempt for the country bumpkins to be popular with the farmers or wield political influence. Very likely

(she thought), he would not live much at the Warren, but keep rooms at Oxford, or perhaps go to London. She had no fear that he would ever "go wrong." That was as great an impossibility as that he should be prime minister or Archbishop of Canterbury. But yet it was a little odd that he should be so particular about keeping up the accidental connection with Lady Markland. This showed that he was not so indifferent to retaining his place in the county and keeping up a connection as she thought. As for any other ideas that Theo might associate with the young widow, — the widow whose husband lay still unburied, — nothing of the kind entered Mrs. Warrender's head.

The nakedness of the house seemed to be made more conspicuous by the blank of all the closed windows, the white blinds down, the white walls shining like a sort of colorless monument in the blaze of the westering sun. The sound of the wheels going up the open road which was called an avenue seemed a kind of insult to the stillness which brooded over the house of death. When the old butler came solemnly down the great steps, the small country lady, who was not on Lady Markland's level, felt her little pretense at intimacy quite unjustifiable. The butler came down the steps with a solemn air to receive a card and inquiries, and to give the stereotyped reply that her ladyship was as well as could be looked for, but lifted astonished eyes, not without a gleam of insolence in them, when Mrs. Warrender made the unexpected demand if Lady Markland would see her. See *you*! If it had been the duchess, perhaps! was the commentary legible in his face. He went in, however, with the card in his hand, while she waited, half indignant, half amused, with little doubt what the reply would be. But the reply was not at all what she expected. After a minute or two of delay, another figure, quite different from that of the butler,

appeared on the steps: a tall man, with very thin, unsteady legs, a face on which the ravages of age were visibly repaired by many devices unknown to its simpler victims, with an eyeglass in his eye and a hesitation in his speech. He was not unknown to the society about, though he showed himself but rarely in it, and was not beloved when he appeared. He was Lord Markland's uncle, the late lord's only brother, — he who was supposed to have led the foolish young man astray. Mrs. Warrender looked at him with a certain horror, as he came walking gingerly down the steps. He made a very elaborate bow at the carriage door, — if he were really Satan in person, as many people thought, he was a weak-kneed Satan, — and gulped and stammered a good deal (in which imperfections we need not follow him) as he made his compliments. His niece, he said, had charged him with the kindest messages, but she was ill and lying down. Would Mrs. Warrender excuse her for to-day?

"She is most grateful for so much kindness; and there is a favor — ah, a favor which I have to ask. It is, if you would add to your many kind services" —

"I have rendered no kind services, Mr. Markland. The accident happened at our doors."

"Ah, no less kind for that. My niece is very grateful, and I — and I, too, — that goes without saying. If we might ask you to come the day after to-morrow, to remain with her while the last rites" —

"To remain with her! Are you sure that is Lady Markland's wish?"

"My dear lady, it is mine, and hers, — hers, too; again, that goes without saying. She has no relations. She wants countenance, — countenance and support; and who could give them so fitly as yourself? In the same circumstances, accept my sincerest regrets. Mr. Warrender was, I have always heard,

an excellent person, and must be a great loss. But you have a son, I think."

"Yes, I have a son."

"Who has been here twice to inquire? Most friendly, most friendly, I am sure. I see, therefore, that you take an interest. Then may we calculate upon you, Wednesday, as early as will suit you?"

"I will come," said Mrs. Warrender, still hesitating, "if you are quite sure it is Lady Markland's wish."

While he repeated his assurances, another member of the family appeared at the door, little Geoff, in a little black dress, which showed his paleness, his meagre, small person, insignificance, and sickliness more than ever. He had been there, it would seem, looking on while his uncle spoke. At this moment he came down deliberately, one step at a time, till his head was on a level with the carriage window. "It is quite true," he said. "Mother's in her own room. She's tired, but she wants you, if you'll come; anyhow, I want you, please, if you'll come. They say I'm to go, but not mamma: and you know she could n't be left by herself; uncle thinks so, and so do I."

The little thing stood shuffling from one foot to another, his hands in his pockets, his little gray eyes looking everywhere but at the compassionate face turned to him from the carriage window. There was a curious ridiculous repetition in the child's attitude of Theo's assertion of his rights. But Mrs. Warrender's heart was soft to the child. "I don't think she wants me," she said. "I will do anything at such a time, but" —

"I want you," said Geoff. He gave her a momentary glance, and she could see that the little colorless eyes had tears in them. "I shall have to go and leave her, and who will take care of her? She is to have a thing like yours upon her head." He was ready to sob, but kept himself in with a great effort, swallowing the little convulsion of nature. His

mother's widow's cap was more to Geoff than his father's death; at least it was a visible sign of something tremendous which had happened, more telling than the mere absence of one who had been so often absent. "Come, Mrs. Warrender!" he said, with a hoarseness of passion in his little voice. "I can leave her if you are there."

"I will come for you, Geoff," she said, holding out her hand, and with tears in her eyes. He was not big enough to reach it from where he stood, and the tears in her voice affected the little hero. He dug his own hands deeper into his pockets, and shuffled off without any reply. It was the uncle, whose touch she instinctively shrunk from, who took and bowed over Mrs. Warrender's hand. The Honorable John bowed over it as if he were about to kiss it, and might have actually touched the black glove with his carmine lips (would they have left a mark?) had not she drawn it away.

What a curious office to be thus imposed upon her! To give countenance and support, or to take care of, as little Geoff said, this young woman whom she scarcely knew, who had not in the depth of trouble made any claim upon her sympathy. Mrs. Warrender looked forward with anything but satisfaction to the task. But when she told her tale it was received with a sort of enthusiasm. "Oh, how nice of her!" cried Minnie and Chatty; and their mother saw, with half amusement, that they thought all the more of her because her companionship had been sought for by Lady Markland. And in Warrender's eyes a fire lighted up. He turned away his head, and after a moment said, "You will be very tender to her, mother." Mrs. Warrender was too much confused and bewildered to make any reply.

When the day came she went, with reluctance and a sense of self-abnegation, which was not gratifying, but painful, to fulfill this office. "She does not

want me, I know," Mrs. Warrender said to her son, who accompanied her, to form part of the cortège, in the little brougham which had been to Markland but once or twice in so many years, and this last week had traversed the road from one house to another almost every day. "I think you are mistaken, mother; but even so, if you can do her any good," said Theo, with unusual enthusiasm. His mother thought it strange that he should show so much feeling on the subject; and she went through the great hall and up the stairs, through the depths of the vast, silent house, to Lady Markland's room, with anticipations as little agreeable as any with which woman ever went to an office of kindness. Lady Markland's room was on the other side of the house, looking upon a landscape totally different from that through which her visitor had come. The window was open, the light unshaded, and Lady Markland sat at a writing-table covered with papers, as little like a broken-hearted widow as could be supposed. She was dressed, indeed, in the official dress of heavy crape, and wore (for once) the cap which to Geoff had been so overpowering a symbol of sorrow; but save for these signs, and perhaps a little additional paleness in her never high complexion, was precisely as Mrs. Warrender had seen her since she had risen from her girlish bloom into the self-possession of a wife matured and stilled by premature experience. She came forward, holding out her hand, when her visitor, with a reluctance and diffidence quite unsuitable to her superior age, slowly advanced.

"Thank you," she said at once, "for coming. I know without a word how disagreeable it is to you, how little you wished it. You have come against your will, and you think against my will, Mrs. Warrender; but indeed it is not so. It is a comfort and help to me to have you."

"If that is so, Lady Markland" —

"That is why you have come," she said. "It is so. I know you have come unwillingly. You heard — they have taken the boy from me."

"But only for this day."

"Only for the hour, I hope. It is supposed to be too much for me to go." Here she smiled, with a nervous movement of her face. "Nothing is too much for me. You know a little about it, but not all. Do you remember him when we were married, Mrs. Warrender? I recollect you were one of the first people I saw."

This sudden plunge into the subject for which she was least prepared — for all her ideas of condolence had been driven out of her mind by the young woman's demeanor, the open window, the cheerful and commonplace air of the room — confused Mrs. Warrender greatly. "I remember Lord Markland almost all his life," she said.

"Here is the miniature of him that was done for me before we were married," said Lady Markland, rising hurriedly, and bringing it from the table. "Look at it; did you ever see a more hopeful face? He was so fresh; he was so full of spirits. Who could have thought there was any canker in that face?"

"There was not then," said the elder woman, looking through a mist of natural tears — the tears of that profound regret for a life lost which are more bitter, almost, than personal sorrow — at the miniature. She remembered him so well, and how everybody thought all would come right with the poor young fellow when he was so happily married and had a home.

"Ah, but there was! — nobody told me; though if all the world had told me it would not have made any difference. Mrs. Warrender, he is like that now. Everything else is gone. He looks as he did at twenty, as good and as pure. What do you think it means? Does it mean anything? Or is there only some

physical interpretation of it, as these horrible men say?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Warrender, quite subdued, "they say it means that all is pardoned, and that they have entered into peace."

"Peace," she said. "I was afraid you were going to say rest; and he who had never labored wanted no rest. Peace, — where the wicked cease from troubling, is that what you mean? He had no time to repent."

"My dear — oh, I am not clear, I can't tell you; but who can tell what was in his mind between the time he saw his danger and the blow that stunned him? If my boy had done everything against me, and all in a moment turned and called to me, would I refuse him? And is not God," cried one mother to the other, taking her hands, "better than we?"

It was she who had come to be the comforter who wept, tears streaming down her cheeks. The other held her hands, and looked in her face with dry, feverish eyes. "Your boy," she said slowly, "he is good and kind, — he is good and kind. Will my boy be like him? Or do you think there is an inheritance in that as in other things?"

IX.

The post town for the Warren was Highcombe, which was about four miles off. To drive there had always been considered a dissipation, not to say a temptation, for the Warrenders; at least for the feminine portion of the family. There were at Highcombe what the ladies called "quite good shops," — shops where you could get everything, really as good as town, and if not cheaper, yet quite as cheap, if you added on the railway fare and all the necessary expenses you were inevitably put to, if you went to town on purpose to shop. Notwithstanding, it was deemed prudent to

go to Highcombe as seldom as possible; only when there was actually something wanted, or important letters to post, or such a necessity as balanced the probable inducements to buy things that were not needed, or spend money that might have been spared. The natural consequence of this prudential regulation was that the little shop in the village which lay close to their gates had been encouraged to keep sundry kinds of goods not usually found in a little village shop, and that Minnie and Chatty very often passed that way in their daily walks. Old Mrs. Bagley had a good selection of shaded Berlin wools and a few silks, and even, when the fashion came in for that, crewels. She had Berlin patterns, and pieces of muslin stamped for that other curious kind of ornamentation which consisted in cutting holes and sewing them round. And she had beads of different sizes and colors, and in short quite a little case of things intended for the occupation of that superabundant leisure which ladies often have in the country. In the days with which we are concerned there were not so many activities possible as now. The village and parish were not so well looked after. There was no hospital nearer than the county hospital at Highcombe, and the "Union" was in the parish of Standingly, six miles off, too far to be visited; neither had it become the fashion then to visit hospitals and workhouses. The poor of the village were poor neighbors. The sick were nursed, with more or less advantage, at home. Beef tea and chicken broth flowed from the Warren, whenever it was necessary, into whatsoever cottage stood in need, and very good, wholesome calf's-foot jelly, though perhaps not quite so clear as that which came from the Highcombe confectioners. Everything was done in a neighborly way, without organization. Perhaps it was better, perhaps worse. In human affairs it is always so difficult to make certain. But at all events the young

ladies had not so much to do. And lawn tennis had not been yet invented; croquet only was in the mild fervor of its first existence. Schools of cookery and ambulances were unknown. And needle-work, bead-work, muslin-work, flourished; crochet, even, was still pursued as a fine-art occupation. That period is as far back as the Crusades to the sympathetic reader, but to the Miss Warren-ers it was the natural state of affairs. They went to Mrs. Bagley's often, in the dullness of the afternoon, to turn over the Berlin wools and the crochet cottons, to match a shade, or to find a size they wanted. The expenditure was not great, and it gave an object to their walk. "I must go out," they would say to each other, "for there is that pink to match;" or, "I shall be at a standstill with my antimacassar; my cotton is almost done." It was not the fault of Minnie and Chat-ty that they had nothing better to do.

Mrs. Bagley was old, but very lively, and capable, even while selling soap, or sugar, or a piece of bacon, or a tin tea-kettle, of seeing through her old spectacles whether the tint selected was one that matched. She was a woman who had "come through" much in her life. Her children had all grown up, and most of them were dead. Those who remained were married, with children of their own, making a great struggle to bring them up, as she herself had done in her day. Two daughters were widows, — one in the village, one at some distance off; and living with herself, dependent on her, yet not dependent altogether, was all that remained of another daughter, the one supposed to have been her favorite. It seemed to the others rather hard that granny should lavish all her benefits upon Eliza, while their own families got only little presents and helps now and then. But Lizzie was always the one with mother, they said, though goodness knows she had cost enough in her lifetime without leaving such a charge on granny's hands. Lizzie Bagley, who

in her day had been the prettiest of the daughters, had married out of her own sphere, though it could not be said to be a very grand marriage. She had married a clerk, a sort of gentleman, — not like the ploughmen and country tradesmen who had fallen to the lot of her sisters. But he had never done well, had lost one situation after another, and had gone out finally to Canada, where he died, — he and his wife both; leaving their girl with foreign ways and a will of her own, such as the aunts thought (or at least said) does not develop on the home soil. As poor little Lizzie, however, had been away but two years, perhaps the blame did not entirely lie with Canada.

Her mother's beauty and her father's gentility had given to Lizzie many advantages over her cousins. She was prettier and far more "like a lady" than the best of them; a slim, straight little person, without the big joints and muscles of the race, and with blue eyes which were really blue, and not whity-gray. And instead of going out to service, as would have been natural, she had learned dress-making, which was a fine-lady sort of a trade, and put nonsense into her head, and led her into vanity. To see her in the sitting-room behind the shop, with her hair so smooth, and her waist so small, and collars and cuffs as nice as any young lady's, was as gall and wormwood to the mothers of girls quite as good (they said) as Lizzie, and just as near to granny, but never cosseted and petted in that way. And what did granny expect was to become of her at the end? So long as she was sure of her home, and so long as the young ladies at the Warren gave her a bit of work now and again, and Mrs. Wilberforce at the rectory had her in to make the children's things, all might be well enough. But the young ladies would marry, and the little Wilberforces would grow up, and granny — well, granny could not expect to live forever. And what would Miss Lizzie do

then? This was what the aunts would say, shaking their heads. Mrs. Bagley, when she said anything at all in her own defense, declared that poor little Lizzie had no one to look to, neither father nor mother, and that if her own granny did n't take her up and do for her, who should? And besides, she did very well with her dressmaking. But nevertheless, by times, Mrs. Bagley had her own apprehensions, too.

Minnie and Chatty were fond of making expeditions into the shop, as has been said. They liked to have a talk with Lizzie, and to turn over her fashion-books, old and new, and perhaps to plan, next time they had new frocks, how the sleeves should be made. It was a pleasant "object" for their walk, a break in the monotony, and gave them something to talk about. They paid one of these visits on an afternoon shortly after the events which have been described. Chatty had occasion for a strip of muslin stamped for working, to complete some of her new underclothing which she had been making. The shop had one large square window, in which a great many different kinds of wares were exhibited, from bottles full of barley sugar and acid drops to bales of striped stuff for petticoats. Bunches of candles dangled from the roof, and nets of onions, and the old lady herself was weighing an ounce of tea for one of her poor customers when the young ladies came in. "Is Lizzie at home, Mrs. Bagley?" said Minnie. "Don't mind us, — we can look for what we want; and you mustn't let your other customers wait."

"You're always that good, miss," said the old woman. (Her dialect could be expressed only by much multiplication of vowels, and would not be a satisfactory representation even then, so that it is not necessary to trouble the eye of the reader with its peculiarities. A certain amount of mispronunciation may be taken for granted.) "If all the

quality would be as considerate, it would be a fine thing for poor folks."

"Oh, but people with any sense would always be considerate! How is your mother, Sally? Is it for her you are buying the tea? Cocoa is much more nourishing; it would be an excellent thing for her."

"If you please, miss," said Sally, who was the purchaser, "mother do dearly love a cup of tea."

"You ought to tell her that the cocoa is far more nourishing," said Minnie. "It would do her a great deal more good."

"Ah, miss, but there is n't the heart in it that there is in a cup o' tea," said Mrs. Bagley. "It do set a body up when so be as you're low. Coffee and cocoa and that's fine and warming of a morning; but when the afternoon do come, and you feels low" —

"Why should you feel low more in the afternoon than in the morning, Mrs. Bagley? There's no reason in that."

"Ain't there, miss? There's a deal of 'uman nature, though. Not young ladies like you, that have everything as you want; but even my Lizzie, I find as she wants her tea badly afternoons."

"And so do we," said Chatty, "especially when we don't go out. Look here, this is just the same as the last we had. Mrs. Wilberforce had such a pretty pattern yesterday, — a pattern that made a great deal of appearance, and yet went so quick in working. She had done a quarter of a yard in a day."

"You'll find it there, miss," said the old woman. "Mrs. Wilberforce don't get her patterns nowhere but from me. Lizzie chose it herself, last time she went to Highcombe. And they all do say as the child has real good taste, — better nor many a lady. Lizzie! Why, here's the young ladies, and you never showing. Lizzie, child! She's terribly taken up with a — with a — no, I can't call it a job, — with a hoffer she's had."

"An offer! Do you mean a real *Offer*?" cried the girls together, with excitement, both in a breath.

"Oh, not a hoffer of marriage, miss, if that's what you're thinking of, though she's had them, too. This is just as hard to make up her mind about. Not to me," said the old woman. "But perhaps I've give her too much of her own way, and now when I says, Don't, she up and says, Why, granny? It ain't always so easy to say why; but when your judgment's agin it, with reason or without reason, I'm always for following the judgment. Lizzie! Perhaps, miss, you'd give her your advice."

As this was said, Lizzie came out through the little glass door with a little muslin curtain veiling the lower panes, which opened into the room beyond. She made a curtsy, as in duty bound, to the young ladies, but she said with some petulance, "I ain't deaf, granny," as she did so.

"She has always got her little word to say for herself," the old woman replied, with a smile. She had opened the glass case which held the muslin patterns, and was turning them over with the tips of her fingers, — those fingers which had so many different kinds of goods to touch, and were not, perhaps, adapted for white muslin. "Look at this one, miss: it's bluebells that is, just for all the world like the bluebells in the woods in the month o' May."

"I've got the new *Moniture*, Miss Warrender, and there are some sweet things, — some sweetly pretty things," said Lizzie, holding up her paper. Minnie and Chatty, though they were such steady girls, were not above being flattered by the *Moniteur de la Mode*. They both abandoned the muslin-work, and passed through the little door of the counter which Mrs. Bagley held open for them. The room behind, although perhaps not free from a slight perfume of the cheese and bacon which occupied the back part of the shop, was

pleasant enough. It had a broad lattice window, looking over the pleasant fields, under which stood Lizzie's work-table, a large white wooden one, very clean and old, with signs of long scrubbing and the progress of time, scattered over with the litter of dressmaking. The floor was white deal, very clean also, with a bit of bright-colored carpet under Lizzie's chair. As it was the sitting-room and kitchen and all, there was a little fire in the grate.

"Now," said Mrs. Bagley, coming in after them, and shutting the door, — for there was no very lively traffic in the shop, — "the young ladies is young like yourself, not to take too great a liberty, and you think as I'm old and old-fashioned. Just you tell the young ladies straight off, and see what they'll have to say."

"It ain't of such dreadful consequence, granny. A person would think my life depended on it, to hear you speak. Sleeves are quite small this summer, as I said they would be; and if you'll look at this trimming, Miss Chatty, it is just the right thing for crape."

"People don't wear crape, Miss Muffler tells us, nearly so much as they used to do," said Miss Warrender, "or at least not nearly so long as they used to do. Six months, she says, for a parent."

"Your common dresses will be worn out by then, miss," said Lizzie. "I would n't put any on your winter frocks, if I was you: for black materials are always heavy, and crape don't show on those thick stuffs. I'd just have a piping for the best, and" —

"What's that," said Chatty, who was the most curious, "that has such a strong scent, and gilt-edged paper? You must have got some very grand correspondence, Lizzie."

Lizzie made a hasty movement to secure a letter which lay on the table, and appeared for a moment to intend to thrust it into her pocket. She changed her mind, however, with a slight scowl

on her innocent-seeming countenance, and, reluctantly unfolding it, showed the date in large gilt letters: "The Elms, Underwood, Highcombe." Underwood was the name of the village. Minnie and Chatty repeated it aloud; and one recoiled a few steps, while the other turned upon Lizzie with wide-open, horrified eyes. "The Elms! Lizzie, you are not going there!"

"That's what I say, miss," cried Mrs. Bagley, with delight; "that's what I tells her. Out o' respect to her other customers she could n't go there!"

"To the Elms!" repeated Minnie. She became pale with the horror of the idea. "I can only say, Lizzie, that in that case mamma would certainly never employ you again. Charlotte and I might be sorry as having known you all our lives, but we could do nothing against mamma. And Mrs. Wilberforce, too," she added. "You may be sure she would do the same. The Elms!—why, no respectable person—I should think not even the Vidlers and the Drivers"—

"That is what I tells her, miss,—that's exactly what I tells her; nobody,—much less madam at the Warren, or the young ladies as you're so fond of: that's what I tells her every day."

Lizzie, whose forehead had been puckered up all this time into a frown, which entirely changed the character of her soft face, here declared with some vehemence that she had never said she was going to the Elms,—never! Though when folks asked her civilly, and keeping a lady's-maid and all, and dressing beautiful, and nothing proved against them, who was she that she should say she wouldn't go? "And I thought it might be such a good thing for granny, who is always complaining of bad times, if she could get their custom. It's a house where nothing is spared," said Lizzie; "even in the servants' hall the best tea and everything." She was fond of the young ladies, but at such an op-

portunity not to give them a gentle blow, in passing, was beyond the power of woman; for not even in the drawing-room did the gentlefolks at the Warren drink the best tea.

"I would n't have their custom, not if it was offered to me," said Mrs. Bagley, with vehemence. "And everybody knows as every single thing they have comes from Highcombe, if not London. I hope as an empty nest may n't be found some fine morning, and all the birds away. It would serve that nasty Molasis right, as is always taking the bread out of country folks' mouth."

"That's just what I was thinking, granny," said the girl. "If I'd gone it would have been chiefly for your sake. But since the young ladies and you are both so set against it, I can't, and there's an end."

"I am sure she never meant it," said the younger sister. "She was only just flattered for a moment,—were n't you, Lizzie?—and pleased to think of some one new."

"That's about the fact, that is," said the old woman. "Something new,—them lasses would just give their souls for something new."

"But Lizzie must know," said Miss Warrender, "that her old customers would never stand it. I was going to talk about some work, and of sending for her to come to the Warren two days next week. But if there is any idea of the—other place"—

"For goodness' sake, Lizzie, speak up, and say, No, miss, there ain't no thought of it!"

"Now I know you're so strong against it, of course I can't, and there's an end," said Lizzie; but she looked more angry than convinced.

X.

The girls went round by the rectory, on their way home. It was a large red

brick house, taller almost than the church, which was a very old church, credibly dating from the thirteenth century, with a Norman arch to the chancel, which tourists came to see. The rectory was of the days of Anne, three stories high, with many twinkling windows in framework of white, and a great deal of ivy and other climbing plants covering the walls, through the interstices of which the old mellow red bricks showed cheerfully. The two Miss Warrenders did not stop to knock or ring, but opened the door from the outside, and went straight through the house, across the hall and a passage at the other end, to the garden beyond, where Mrs. Wilberforce sat under some great limes, with her little tea-table beside her. She was alone; that is, as near alone as she ever was, with only two of the little ones playing at her feet, and the Skye comfortably disposed on the cushions of a low wicker-work chair. The two sisters kissed her, and disturbed the children's game to kiss them, and displaced the little Skye, who did not like it at all. Mrs. Wilberforce was a little roundabout woman, with fair hair and a permanent pucker in her forehead. She was very well off, — she and all her belongings; the living was good, the parish small, the work not overpowering: but she never was able to shake off a visionary anxiety, the burden of some ancestral trouble, or the premonition of something to come. She was always afraid that something was going to happen: her husband to break down from overwork (which for clergymen, as for most other people in this generation, is the fashionable complaint), the parish to be invaded by Dissent and Socialism, the country to go to destruction. This latter, as being the greatest, and at the same time the most distant, possibility, a thing which might happen even without disturbing one's individual comfort, was most frequently in her thoughts; and she waited till it should occur, with al-

ways an anxious outlook for the first symptoms. She received Minnie and Chatty, who were her nearest neighbors, and whom she saw almost daily, with a tone of interest and attachment beyond the ordinary, as she had done ever since their father's death. Indeed, they had found this everywhere, a sort of natural compensation for their "great loss." They were surrounded by the respect and reawakened interest of all the people who were so familiar with them. A bereaved family have always this little advantage after a death.

"How are you, dears," Mrs. Wilberforce said, "and how is your dear mother?" Ordinarily Mrs. Warrender was spoken of as their mother, *toute courtois*, without any endearing adjective.

"Mamma is quite wonderful," said Minnie. "She thinks of everything and looks after everything almost as if — nothing had ever happened."

"She keeps up on our account," said Chatty, "and for Theo's sake. It is so important, you know, to keep home a little bright — oh, I mean as little miserable as possible — for him."

"Bright, poor child!" said Mrs. Wilberforce pathetically. "You have not realized as yet what it is. When the excitement is all over, and you have settled down in your mourning, then is the time when you will feel it. I always tell people the first six weeks are nothing; you are so supported by the excitement. But afterwards, when everything falls into the old routine — I suppose, however, you are going away."

"Mamma said something about it: but we all preferred, you know" —

"You had much better go away. I told you so the first time I saw you after the sad event. And as Theo has all the Long before him before he requires to go back to Oxford, what is there to stop you?" Mrs. Wilberforce took great pleasure in settling other people's plans for them, and deciding what they were to do.

"That was n't what we came to talk about," said the elder Miss Warrender, who was quite able to hold her own. "Mrs. Wilberforce, we have just come from old Mrs. Bagley's at the shop: and there we made quite a painful discovery. We said what we could, but perhaps it would be well if you would interfere. I think, indeed, you ought to interfere with authority: or even, perhaps, the rector" —

"What is it? I always thought that old body had a turn for Dissent. She will have got one of those people from Highcombe to come out and hold a meeting: that is how they always begin."

"Oh, no, — a great deal worse than that."

"Minnie means worse in our way of thinking," the younger sister explained.

"I don't know anything worse," said the clergyman's wife, "than the bringing in of Dissent to a united parish, such as ours has been. But I know it will come. I am always expecting to hear of it: things go so fast, nowadays. What with radicalism, and the poor people all having votes, and what you call progress, one never knows what to expect, except the worst. I always look for the worst. Well, what is it, then, if it is n't Dissent?"

Then Miss Warrender gave an account of the real state of affairs. "The letter was there on the table, dated the Elms, Underwood, Highcombe, as if — as if it were a county family; just as we put it ourselves on our paper."

"But far finer than ours: gilt, and such paper! — polished and shining, and a quarter of an inch thick. Oh, much finer than ours!"

"Ours, of course, will be black-edged for a long, long time to come; there could not be any comparison," said Minnie, with a sigh. "But think of the assurance of such people! I am so glad to have found you alone, for we could n't have talked about it before the rector. And I believe if we had n't gone in

just at the right moment she would have accepted. I told her mamma would never employ her again."

"I never had very much opinion of that little thing," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "She is a great deal too fine. If her grandmother had been a sensible person, she would have put a stop to all those feathers and flowers and things."

"Still," said Minnie, with some severity, "a young woman who is a dress-maker, and gets the fashion-books, and is perhaps in the way of temptation, may wear a feather in her hat — but that is not to say that she should encourage immorality, and make for anybody who asks her, especially considering the way we have all taken her up."

"Who is it that encourages immorality?" said a different voice, over Mrs. Wilberforce's head: — quite a different voice; a man's voice, for one thing, which always changes the atmosphere a little. It was the rector himself, who came across the lawn in the ease of a shooting-coat, with his hands in his pockets. He wore a long coat when he went out in the parish, but at home there can be no doubt that he liked to be at his ease. He was a man who was too easy in general, and might perhaps, if his wife had not scented harm from the beginning, have compromised himself by calling at the Elms.

"Oh, please!" cried Minnie, with a blush. "Mrs. Wilberforce will tell you. We really have not time to stay any longer. Not any tea, thank you. We must be running away."

"There is nothing to be so sensitive about," said the clergyman's wife. "Of course Herbert knows that you must know: you are not babies. It is about Lizzie Hampson, the dressmaker, who has been asked to go and work at the Elms."

"Oh!" said the rector. He showed himself wonderfully reasonable, — more reasonable than any one could have expected. "I would n't let her go there,

if I were you. It's not a fit place for a girl."

"We are perfectly well aware of that," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "I warned you from the beginning. But the thing is, who is to prevent her from going? Minnie has told her plainly, it appears, and I will speak to her, and as her clergyman I should think it was your duty to say a word; but whether we shall succeed, that is a different matter. These creatures seem to have a sort of real attraction for everything that is wrong."

"We all have that, I'm afraid, my dear."

"But not all in that way. There may be a bias, but it does n't take the same form. Do sit down, girls, and take your tea, like reasonable creatures. She shall never enter the rectory, of course, if — and if you are sure Mrs. Warrender will back me up. But you know she is very indulgent, — more indulgent than I should be in her place. There was that story, you know, about Fanny, the laundry-maid. I don't think we shall do much if your dear mother relents, and says the girl is penitent as soon as she cries. She ought to know girls better than that. A little thing makes them cry: but penitence, — that is getting rarer and rarer every day."

"There would be no need for penitence in this case. The girl is a very respectable girl. Don't let her go there, that's all, and give me a cup of tea."

"Is n't that like a man!" cried Mrs. Wilberforce. "Don't let her go there, and give him a cup of tea! — the one just as easy as the other. I am sure I tell you often enough, Herbert, what with all that is done for them and said about them, the poor people are getting more and more unmanageable every day."

"Our family has always been liberal," said Minnie. "I think the poor people have their rights just as we have. They ought to be educated, and all that."

"Very well," said the other lady; "when you have educated them up to

thinking themselves as good — oh, what am I saying? far better — than their betters, you'll see what will come of it. I for one am quite prepared. I pity the people who deceive themselves. Herbert chooses to laugh, but I can't laugh; it is much too serious for that."

"There will be peace in our days," said the rector; "and after all, Fanny, we can't have a revolution coming because Lizzie Hampson" —

"Lizzie Hampson," said his wife solemnly, "is a sign of the times. She may be nothing in herself, — none of them are anything in themselves, — but I call her a sign of the times."

"What a grand name for a little girl!" he said, with a laugh. But he added seriously, "I wish that house belonged to Theo, or some one we could bring influence to bear upon; but what does a city man care? I wish we could do as the Americans do, and put rollers under it, and cart it away out of the parish."

"Can the Americans do that?"

"They say so. They can do every sort of wonderful thing, I believe."

"And that is what we are coming to!" said Mrs. Wilberforce, with an air of indignant severity, as if this had been the most dreadful accusation in the world.

"I suppose," said the rector, strolling with the young ladies to the gate, "that Theo holds by the family politics. I wonder whether he has given any attention to public questions? At his age a young fellow either does — or he does not," he added, with a laugh. "Oxford often makes a change."

"We don't approve of ladies taking any part in politics," said Minnie, "and I am sure I have never mentioned the subject to Theo."

"But you know, Minnie, mamma said that Theo was — well, I don't remember what she said he was: but certainly not the same as he was brought up."

"Then let us hope he has become a Conservative. Landholders ought to be,

and the clergy must," said the rector, with a sigh. Then he remembered that this was not a style of conversation likely to commend itself to the two girls. "I hope we shall see you back next Sunday at the Sunday-school," he said. "Of course I would not hurry you, if you found it too much; but a little work in moderation I have always thought was the very best thing for a grief like yours. Dear Mrs. Warrender, too," he added softly. He had not been in the habit of calling her dear Mrs. Warrender; but it seemed a term that was appropriate where there had been a death. "I hope she does not quite shut herself up."

"Mamma has been with Lady Markland several times," said Minnie, with a mixture of disapproval and satisfaction. "Naturally, we have been so much thrown together since" —

"To be sure. What a sad thing! — twice in one house, within a week, was it not, the two deaths?"

"Just a week," said Chatty, who loved to be exact.

"But you know Lord Markland was no relation," added Minnie, too conscientious to take to herself the credit of a grief which was not hers. "It was not as if we felt it in that way."

"It was a dreadful thing to happen in one's house, all the same. And Theo, I hear, goes a great deal to Markland. Oh, it is quite natural. He had so much to do for her from the first. And I hear she is a very attractive sort of woman, though I don't know much of her, for my own part."

"Attractive? Well, perhaps she may be attractive, to some people," said Minnie; "but when a woman has been married so long as she has, one never thinks of her in that light — and her attractiveness has nothing to do with Theo," she added, with some severity.

"Oh, no, I suppose not," said the rector. "Tell him I hope we shall soon see him here, for I expect his friend Dick Cavendish in the end of the week.

You remember Cavendish? He told me he had met you at Oxford."

"Oh, yes," replied Chatty quickly. Minnie, who was not accustomed to be forestalled in speech, trod upon this little exclamation, as it were, and extinguished it. "Cavendish! I am not sure. I think I do recollect the name," she said.

And then they shook hands with the rector across the gate, and went upon their way. But it was not for the first moment quite a peaceful way. "You were dreadfully ready to say you remembered Mr. Cavendish," said the elder sister. "What do you know of Mr. Cavendish? If I were you, I would not speak so fast, as if Mr. Cavendish were of any importance."

"Oh, no, he is of no importance; only I do recollect him quite well. He gave us tea. He was very" —

"He was exactly like other young men," said Miss Warrender. And then they proceeded in silence, Chatty having no desire to contest the statement. She did not know very much about young men.

Their way lay across the end of the village street, beyond which the trees of the Warren overshadowed everything. There was only a fence on that side of the grounds, and to look through it was like looking into the outskirts of a forest. The rabbits ran about by hundreds among the roots of the trees. The birds sang as if in their own kingdom and secure possession. To this gentle savagery and dominion of nature the Miss Warrenders were accustomed; and in the freshness of the early summer it was sweet. They went on without speaking, for some time, and then it seemed wise to the younger sister to forestall further remark by the introduction of a new subject, which, however, was not a usual proceeding on Chatty's part.

"Minnie," she said, "do you know what the rector meant when he was speaking of Lady Markland, — that she

was an attractive woman? You took him up rather sharply."

"No, I did n't," said Minnie, with that freedom of speech which is so pleasant among near relations. "I said she was rather old for that."

"She is scarcely any older than you. I know that from the peerage. I looked her up."

"So did I," said Miss Warrender. "That does not make her a day younger or more attractive. She is four years older than Theo: therefore she is as if she were not to him. Four years is a dreadful difference when it is on the wrong side."

Chatty was ridiculously simple for a person of three and twenty. She said, "I cannot think what that has to do with it. The rector is really very silly at times in what he says."

"I don't see that he is silly. What he means is that Lady Markland will amuse herself with Theo, and that he will fall in

love with her. I should say, for my part, that it is very likely. I have seen a great many things of the kind, though you never open your eyes. He is always going to Markland to see what he can do, if there is anything she wants. He is almost sure to fall in love with her."

"Minnie, a married woman!"

"Oh, you little simpleton! She is not a married woman, she is a widow; and she is left extremely well off and with everything in her hands, — that is to say, she would be very well off if there was any money. A widow is in the best position of any woman. She can do what she likes, and nobody has any right to object."

"Oh, Minnie!" protested the younger sister again.

"You can ask mamma, if you don't believe me. But of course she would not have anything to say to Theo," Miss Warrender said.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

TIME IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES.

I PROPOSE to analyze the plays of Shakespeare for the purpose of indicating the lapse of time which accompanies the action of each of them. Separate dramas have occasionally been examined with this end in view, but I am not aware that any attempt has been made to bring together within a narrow compass the results of an inquiry concerning the dramatist's entire treatment of the element of time. I mean to refrain as nearly as may be from theories and speculations, and to confine myself to the faithful discovery and simple setting forth of the poet's own plan as it is unfolded in his text.

Certain critics have undertaken to forestall such an examination by predicting its worthlessness. Our most dis-

tinguished American commentator, Mr. Richard Grant White, is one of the chief of these, his reasoning being simply this: that, as Shakespeare is obviously careless with regard to all such matters of form, it is vain to search his plays for evidences of intention. But my precise object is to find out just how careless Shakespeare was, and just how careful, in the particular matter under consideration. I do not believe such a question is to be settled by begging it; and though I share the general admiration for Mr. White's brilliant scholarship, I cannot allow myself to be diverted from my purpose by what he has written on this point, especially as he has taken for his special text the play of *Hamlet*, in which Shakespeare has

marked the progress of time with exceptional distinctness.

All students of the master-poet are agreed in recognizing the extraordinarily efficient quality of his genius. Whatever he willed to do he could do. Often he was indifferent as to matters of detail, but when he chose to be scrupulous his fineness was a marvel to the most exacting. The fact and the force of his intention are to be inferred, as in the case of any other human agent, from the character of his work. A rapid reading of his plays will discover that he paid little regard to the "unities" of the classic dramatists, and that he seldom took pains to placard his scenes with statements concerning the progress of the action. And his dramas have come down to us unaccompanied by authentic programmes setting forth the periods of time supposed to elapse between the scenes, except in some rare instance where a "chorus" plays the part of interpreter. But though he disregarded the fashion of the ancients and never knew the method of the moderns, it will be made to appear that in this as in various other matters he had his own way of working, and that the movement of time in his plays is often visible to eyes that are patient enough to exercise their function of seeing. The general result of an examination on the point in question might indeed be safely prophesied by any careful student of Shakespeare's method as a playwright: it could be guessed in advance that in a few of his dramas he would be very clear and exact in displaying the passage of time in the action; that in many other pieces he would show it with a distinctness sufficient for practical purposes; that in many he would give few or no indications of it. Upon investigation it is found that the Shakespearean dramas may be classified in just this way. The first class includes only the *Comedy of Errors*, *Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*. The second class

embraces a majority of the comedies and *Othello*. In the third class are all the historical plays (with which I reckon *Lear* and *Macbeth* and the Roman tragedies, except *Titus Andronicus*, which I have not taken into account); a few of the comedies, mostly of the earlier period; *Pericles*, *Timon*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. This is a rough division, and will need much explanation and perhaps some modification, as we go along. For convenience, I shall deal wholly with the comedies in this paper.

Grouping the comedies in the manner just indicated, I place in the first class, as was said above, the *Comedy of Errors* and *The Tempest*, in which the progress of time is marked with minute precision; in the second class, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Measure for Measure*, and the *Winter's Tale*, in all of which the time is shown with substantial fullness and clearness; in the third class, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Cymbeline*, with *Pericles* and *Troilus and Cressida*, in which the lapse of time is indicated scantily, obscurely, or not at all.

I. Entering upon the consideration of these groups in their order, I ask my readers to note at the outset the interesting fact that there are but two of Shakespeare's plays in which the action is confined within a single day. One of these, the *Comedy of Errors*, stands unquestionably among the earliest of his dramatic compositions; the other, *The Tempest*, is doubtless one of his very latest. The former shows more of a disposition to imitate the classical playwrights than appears in any other of his pieces; the latter displays Shakespeare's untrammelled genius in its most matured and characteristic shapes. Yet though so widely different from each

other in all matters of substance and in nearly all matters of form, the two dramas are alike in this, that they alone tell their stories with such succinctness in point of time as almost to come within the bounds permitted by the strict classical canon. Each of them covers but a portion of one day. In Scene 1, Act I., of the Comedy of Errors, old Ægeon is condemned to death, in default of a ransom of one thousand marks; the Duke limiting to the prisoner "this day" in which to raise the sum. The hour of the imposition of the sentence is early, for in the last scene of the play the Duke alludes to the "morning story" of Ægeon. Scene 2 begins not long after the midday dinner-time of Antipholus of Ephesus; his Dromio — after the meal had been kept waiting so long that "the capon" has "burned" and the "pig" fallen "from the spit" — having been sent by Adriana to hunt up the tardy master of the house. In the same scene the "merchant" friend of Antipholus of Syracuse promises to meet the latter at five o'clock P. M. The hour of Scene 1, Act II., is two P. M., as indicated by a remark of Adriana. Scene 2, Act II., follows close upon the preceding, or is partly contemporaneous with it, — it being "not half an hour" since one of the interviews of Scene 2, Act I. Scene 1, Act III., sharply succeeds, and shows Antipholus of Ephesus on his way home, conscious that he is late for dinner and apprehensive about his wife's temper, so that it is now about half past two; and in the same scene, Angelo agrees to meet him "an hour hence." The "hour hence," 3.30 P. M., is reached in the last scene of Act III., when Angelo tries to keep his appointment. In Scene 1, Act IV., it still lacks something of five o'clock, and Angelo is begging of his creditor a few minutes' delay, that he may collect of Antipholus of Ephesus the sum "promised" to be paid at five. The short scenes 2, 3, and 4 of the same act are either contemporaneous, or fit snugly in after

the preceding. In Scene 1 of Act V. "the dial points at five;" the characters all come together, mostly by appointment; the near doom of Ægeon is once more proclaimed, the day having expired without the appearance of a friend to advance his ransom, and in a few minutes everything is happily ended. It would not be unwarrantable to say that the last four acts are shown by Shakespeare's text to occupy about an hour apiece, the second act opening at two P. M., while the first act covers a part of the forenoon and a few minutes between one and two P. M.

The action of *The Tempest* consumes about four hours. The moment of the shipwreck, with which the comedy opens, is not fixed precisely in the scene itself, but on almost the last page of the fifth act the Boatswain, now restored to reason and reverence, announces,

"Our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight and yare."

Everything in *The Tempest* moves with great speed, though there is seldom any appearance of hurry; indeed, almost every incident in the piece is supposed to be fitted to every other by the magic of Prospero. In Scene 2, Act I., after Prospero's disclosure to Miranda of their checkered past, Ariel appears, and it is two o'clock; for to his master's inquiry about "the time o' day" the fine spirit replies that it is "past the mid-season," to which Prospero adds, —

"At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and
now

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly."

So that within the scant four sequent hours Ferdinand is captured by Prospero, and enslaved and is enslaved by Miranda; Antonio and Sebastian plot against the life of the King of Naples, and are foiled by Ariel; Caliban makes acquaintance with Stephano and Trinculo, and learns the joys, audacities, and inadequacies of drunkenness and the self-disgust of returned sobriety; and

there is a handsome margin of time left for Prospero to use in entertaining the newly betrothed couple with rare private theatricals, and afterward in lecturing his prostrate foes with magnificent length and splendor of diction. Some of the hints of the progress of the time are delicate, and all are interesting. In Scene 2, Act I., Caliban, who has apparently made a very long forenoon over his wood-gathering, — a branch of industry to which Prospero seems to have given much vicarious attention, — is snarling about his dinner, the hour (past two P. M.) being, of course, disgustingly late for that meal. In Scene 2, Act III., Caliban possesses Stephano with a plan for murdering Prospero during his master's afternoon nap, which will be "within a half hour." The fifth act and final scene opens, as Ariel informs Prospero, "on the sixth hour," and Ferdinand is presented to his father as the accepted lover of a maid with whom his "eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours." The shadows of evening begin to fall upon the close of the scene which ends the eventful afternoon. Prospero invites the gentlefolk to lodge with him until the next morning, and they enter his cell prepared to spend "some part of the night" in hearing the story of his thirteen years' exile; while Ariel, it is reasonable to suppose, flies off to take a twilight dash upon a bat's back, in anticipation of a speedy return to elemental freedom.

II. The second group of comedies exhibits the method of dealing with the question of time which Shakespeare practiced in a majority of his non-historical plays. It is not improbable that he was familiar with the strict rule of the classic Greek authors, and that he rejected it, with more or less deliberation, as unsuitable to his own theory of dramatic composition, or to the bent of his own genius. The only "unities" which he was scrupulous to preserve were emotional or moral. Continuous vivacity

in his stories and scope for full life and free illustration in his personages were the ends which he perpetually sought to attain. If the plot was full of dramatic interest, — above all, if it gave ample room for the play and progress of human passion and the display and development of human character, — he was willing that it should sometimes fly about with his hearers, as if it were a magical Persian carpet. Yet in his pieces there is seldom any failure of entire coherence in the plot, as there is almost never any failure of self-consistency in the persons. The movement in the classic play of ancient Greece is all, as it were, upon one broad plane; in the Shakespearean drama it runs upon vast ascending spirals. On the other hand, Shakespeare knew the frequent value of concentration both in time and place, and exemplified his knowledge when it suited his purpose so to do. His own will was his law; but his will was ever guided by his sense of dramatic propriety or necessity. One strong inclination of his mind constantly interfered with any strict compliance on his part with the canon of dramatic unities: he seems nearly always to have desired that his prominent characters should act out in their own persons, as far as might be, every important event of the story; he could not abide that any essential part of their doings should be delivered at second hand. Consequently, his chief personages do not often contribute directly to the plot by telling or suffering others to tell what has happened to them; they *show* it all to the eyes of the spectator. This was in direct opposition to the theory and practice of the ancient dramatists. In long plays of an elevated order, it is, in fact, generally impossible that the unities should be preserved without a vast amount of introductory or parenthetical narrative. The mental habit just named, which in Shakespeare has almost the potency of an absolute law, works, as we shall see, im-

portant results upon the scheme of time in his plays. If an ancient Greek — or, for that matter, a modern Frenchman, of the higher classic tendency — had dramatized the story of Othello, he would have opened his play with the third scene of Shakespeare's third act, and would have narrated through the mouths of some of the *dramatis personarum* the history of the Moor's elopement and wedding, of his summons before the Venetian magnificoes, of Brabantio's alienation from Desdemona, and of Cassio's lieutenancy and degradation. If Shakespeare had written *The Tempest* in his usual mood, — though of course it is easy to suggest reasons why his animus should have been just what it was in the case of this particular comedy, — the piece would have begun, not with the shipwreck of the usurping Antonio and the King of Naples upon an undiscovered island, but with at least one whole act in Milan, in which the depositing of Prospero and his expulsion from his dukedom would have been displayed; and very likely a second act — which certainly would have been extremely interesting — might have shown Prospero's first encounters with Ariel and Caliban, and the application of the varied arts and incantations by which he persuaded or compelled their obedience. Now this habit in dramatic construction by no means results either in a constant or in a general disregard by Shakespeare of the element of time, or in a disposition to refuse to indicate the lapse of time to the spectator; but it effects a want of uniformity among the different plays, the movement being by a series of throbs and checks, begun and intermitted at various points, according to the poet's judgment of the needs of each drama. Yet there is a certain marked similarity of treatment of the plot in a good many pieces, which makes it possible to speak of half a dozen or more of them as conforming pretty closely to one constructive type. In

the comedies and tragedies of this type Shakespeare devotes his first act — or, perhaps, as in *Twelfth Night* and *Measure for Measure*, only a few opening scenes — to the introduction of some of his chief personages, and the presentation of the basis event or events upon which the main structure of the drama is to be reared. This opening act or scene seldom covers more than a few days, and sometimes occupies but a few hours. An interval in time, varying in length but never very long, next occurs, during which the characters sustain some important readjustments; and then, the terms of the problem of the piece having been stated, the solution is worked out continuously and rapidly. It is as if in a musical work the theme were first simply stated in a few strong chords, a rest of some bars followed, and then, with new resolutions of the initial harmony, the composition were developed to its close without a break. The length of the interval of time just named is in general not explicitly stated, though sometimes, as in *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, pains are taken before the end of the drama is reached to indicate its extent. The lapse of time after the interval is usually made clear, and in some instances is set down with minute precision. Of this type are *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and, with some variation, the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Winter's Tale*. *Othello* may also fairly be said to belong to the same order, although in its action there are two undetermined intervals which precede the final rush of the plot to its fierce conclusion. It will be correctly inferred that Shakespeare had no deep respect for the division lines of the acts with which his plays are given to us, and that his casual pauses were made nearly as often in the midst of an act as at its close.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is not of the type which has just been described, and to which most of the sec-

ond class belong, and if the great poet had not elected to seem to nod a bit in its construction it would hold an honorable place in my first group. It is, however, the only one of Shakespeare's plays in which I have discovered an inexplicable variance between the different parts of his scheme of time.¹ In the very first lines of this comedy the Duke of Athens, Theseus, — a gentleman as protean in his political relations as in his love affairs, — laments to Hippolyta, the buskined Queen of Amazons, whom he has won with his sword, that their wedding must be delayed until "*four happy days bring in another moon*;" to which his betrothed soothingly and gracefully replies, —

"Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow

New bent in heaven, shall behold the night

Of our solemnities."

The date of their wedding having been thus fixed by the high contracting parties, old Egeus enters, "full of vexation," to complain that his daughter Hermia will not respect his choice of Demetrius as her husband, but persists in clinging to Lysander, a youth after her own heart; and Hermia is then and there warned by the Duke that "by the next new moon," "the sealing day betwixt" his love and him, she must be prepared to elect whether she will obey her father, surrender her life to "chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon" as a votaress of Diana, or die the death of a disobedient child. The important date for which everything is thus fixed must have been, even by the ancient process of princely arithmetic, with all its cheerful counting at both ends, at least three days distant, as we should reckon it. But the play proceeds to cut the time down by a full twenty-four hours. Fixing our *punctum temporis* in the first scene of Act I., we

find that Lysander and Hermia then arrange to elope "to-morrow night," their trysting-place being a certain wood a league without the town. Near the end of the scene they disclose their purpose to the woe-begone Helena, who has just entered, full of her own heart-grief, and she at once resolves to curry a little miserable favor with her unkind Demetrius by revealing their scheme to him. Scene 2, which succeeds, is plainly contemporaneous with Scene 1, or follows it closely. Here the hard-handed craftsmen of Athens make the original cast of parts in the "lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, and the last word of Quince, their stage manager and prompter, is an appointment to meet "to-morrow night" in the palace wood for a moonlight rehearsal. It is this same "to-morrow night" which teems with wonders for all the chief persons of the piece; the whole of Acts II. and III. is included within it, and in Scene 1 of Act IV. day breaks upon the following morn. This is the night of midsummer dreams and fancies and fairies, of whose enchantment, heightened sometimes by melodies of great musicians, the world has drunk without satiety for more than two centuries. Within this night Puck works all his delicious unmalicious mischief, and makes "all well again;" Oberon and Titania renew their dainty quarrels and their love; and Bottom tastes the doubtful joys of empire in fairyland and in a fairy queen's heart. It is a single night, as is said over and over again by the text in divers ways. But scarcely has the sequent morning dawned in Act IV. when Theseus, out a-hunting, discovers the pairs of lovers asleep upon the ground, awakens them with his horns, and judicially informs Hermia that the day of his marriage and her fateful choice has arrived; and nobody contradicts him, or asks his grace to count up the time once more on his ducal fingers. Scene 2 of Act IV. is in the afternoon of the same day,

¹ The reader is again asked to note that Titus Andronicus is not considered in these articles.

— all the couples having been married, and “the Duke having dined,” — and shows Bottom’s return from dreamland, and the preparation of the humble actors for immediate departure to the palace; and Act V. devotes the “long age of three hours between after supper and bedtime” to the “tragical mirth” of Pyramus and Thisbe, followed, when the palace is hushed, by the appearance of the fairies and their blessing of the bride-beds. Parts of three successive days have therefore been occupied in the action, and a whole day has somehow dropped out. Nice customs courted to great kings in Henry V.’s time, and perhaps in the imperial age of Theæus the calendars made similar obeisance. But on the whole, I think we must believe that the explanation lies in the nature of the play, whose characters, even when clothed with human flesh and blood, have little solidity or reality. I fancy that Shakespeare would smilingly plead guilty as an accessory after the fact to the blunder, and charge the principal fault upon Puck and his crew, who would doubtless rejoice in the annihilation of a mortal’s day. If this will not suffice, the problem must remain unsolved in these pages, and may be laid aside in company with the vexing questions, what became of the fathers and fathers-in-law, whose parts were carefully assigned at the first meeting of the troupe, and how Mr. N. Bottom, the leading man of the Quince “combination,” could have achieved triumphant success in the exacting character of Pyramus without a single full rehearsal.

The first two acts of the Merchant of Venice occupy a few days, — three, or perhaps four, being the number nearest to the indications of the text. In these scenes the separate currents of Bassanio’s and Portia’s lives are shown in a sort of irregular alternation, so to

speak, until at the close of the last dialogue of the second act the streams meet and join. The first act covers a part of a single day, with scenes laid both at Venice and Belmont, and the syncopation of scenes helps to mark the progress of time. Scene 1 of Act I., wherein Bassanio first discloses to Antonio his pecuniary needs and his designs on Portia’s hand, is in the forenoon; for within it appointments for dinner are made by Lorenzo and the others, and its last word is Antonio’s suggestion that both he and Bassanio shall go “presently” and inquire what can be done among the money-lenders. Scene 2 of Act I. gives the charming dialogue between Portia and Nerissa, in which the golden-haired mistress of Belmont displays her intuitive wit, her distaste for her present suitors, and her inclination toward Bassanio; and just at its close a servant announces that the Prince of Morocco will arrive “to-night.” Scene 3 of Act I. presents Bassanio’s and Antonio’s famous first interview with Shylock: a usurer has soon been found; it still lacks of the hour for dinner, and Bassanio’s courteous invitation to the Jew to share the meal with him is given and received in the fashion with which every one is familiar.¹ Scene 1 of Act II. is laid in Belmont, and discloses the Prince of Morocco as an active suitor. It is not on the evening of his arrival named in Scene 2, Act I., but is probably on the next morning, and at the moment, as the text fairly shows, of his first formal reception by Portia, for “after dinner” his “hazard” is to be made. Scene 2 returns to Venice, and exhibits the delightful encounter of Launcelot and his father and the entrance of the former into the service of Bassanio, who has made prompt use of his borrowed purse in enlarging his retinue and in arranging a great supper and a departure to Bel-

¹ Shylock’s violent refusal having particular relation to the danger of encountering the forbidden dish of pork, it may be inferred that the fare of a

“supper” was much less substantial than that of a midday meal, inasmuch as within a few hours the Jew attends Bassanio’s evening entertainment.

mont, all for that evening. The short scenes which follow cover parts of the same afternoon and night; and in Scene 6, after Bassanio's supper and the elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo, the hour being "nine o'clock" and Gratiano stayed for, the purposed mask is given up, and Bassanio hastily sets sail, in order to take advantage of the wind, which has "come about" to a favorable quarter. Scene 7 is in Belmont, and puts a beautiful end to the second day of the action of the comedy with the Prince of Morocco's fiery but fruitless attack upon the caskets. The interval between the point just reached and the close of the second act occupies as much time as would suffice for Bassanio's voyage to Belmont, and there is every reason to suppose would not exceed a couple of days. The interim is partially occupied in the comedy by Scene 8 in Venice, wherein Salarino and Salanio discuss the effect of Jessica's elopement upon her father, his unsuccessful attempt, after his discovery of her flight, to stop Bassanio's ship, and the alarming news about one of Antonio's mercantile ventures; and by Scene 9 at Belmont, where the Prince of Arragon exhibits his "deliberate" folly among the caskets, the latter scene and second act concluding with the announcement of Bassanio's arrival at Portia's house. There is now an interval of almost exactly three months, agreeing with the time for payment and forfeiture stipulated in the memorable bond, and somewhere within this period are the great interviews (Scene 1, Act III.) between Salanio, Salarino, and Shylock, and Tubal and Shylock, — the Jew's direction to his agent, at the close of the scene, to "fee an officer and bespeak him a fortnight before" the bond falls due, tending to show that the three months have nearly expired. In the latter part of the "casket scene" of Bassanio and Portia (Scene 2, Act III.) tidings arrive over Antonio's hand that the bond to the Jew is forfeit. The

three full months which the royal friend and merchant has silently spent in the shadow of deepening anxiety Bassanio has passed in the sunlight of Portia's eyes, and his mistress even now tries to persuade him "to pause a day or two" longer before he hazards. Upon the same scene, just after Bassanio has made his choice of the leaden casket, Lorenzo and his runaway bride enter. They also have passed the ninety days in the gayest fashion, have spent and traveled much, and the report of some of their costly doings in Genoa at play and monkey-buying has given extreme pain to the lady's father. From this point to the end of the play the action occupies a few days, probably three or four at most; the time spent being just so much as an ardent husband, separated from his wife on their wedding-day, will allow to be consumed, — which is, of course, only what will suffice to reach Venice, attend court, and return to Belmont. Immediately after her new husband's departure, in Scene 4, Act III., Portia dispatches her faithful Balthazar to her cousin, Doctor Bellario, at Padua, and instructs the serving-man to bring the notes and garments which he shall receive from the doctor, "with imagined speed,"

"Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice;"

she adds, —

"Waste no time in words,

But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee:"

all of which looks much as if the lovely lady did not visit Padua and her learned cousin at all, but got her instructions from him by letter and committed them to memory, while she donned her doctor's habit, *en route* from Belmont to Venice. But there is no occasion to be shocked at this. Doctor Bellario seems to have assumed the responsibility for all the egregious lying, and the matter is to be taken as one of the "properties" of the scene, as Rosalind's unpenetrated disguise and many other things in the drama are to be regarded, — as a part of the

picturesque trappings of a romantic story upon which it would be foolish to bring a microscope to bear. That the distance from Belmont to Venice was short may be inferred from the gallant Bassanio's vow to his young wife, that until their reunion he will not take a night's rest in bed (Act III., Scene 2, *ad finem*). The trial scene (Act IV., Scene 1) occupies a long forenoon, and ends with the Duke's request to Portia to dine with him. Scene 2 of the same act succeeds closely, and in it Portia, having refused Bassanio's invitation to dinner and obtained his ring, sets out "to-night" for Belmont, where she undertakes to arrive "a day before" her husband. She seems a little to have retarded her pace when near her home, and a message conveying her intent precedes her arrival there, which antedates Bassanio's but a few minutes. When the comedy ends it is "but two hours to-day," and the happy night of the final scene may well be believed to be that of the day following the trial in Venice.

The action of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* apparently occupies portions of four successive days. The time is not shown with mathematical precision, but is indicated plainly enough in Shakespeare's usual fashion. Beginning at Scene 1 of Act I., the hour is in the forenoon. Falstaff meets Justice Shallow, Master Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans, and all go into Page's to dinner, where their host hopes they will "drink down all unkindness." At this dinner Falstaff makes his imagined conquest of the merry wives. Scene 2 is near the end of the dinner, when there's still "pippins and cheese to come." Scene 3 takes place in the Garter Inn. It is later in the same day, for Falstaff "even now" had "good eyes" of the two ladies, and with characteristic swiftness in purpose and pursuit he at once writes his seductive letters, and in the same scene dispatches them to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. In Scene 1, Act II.,

it is still the same day. Mistress Page has just received her letter, and in the first flush of her amused disgust is visited by Mistress Ford, who comes to tell of the fat knight's wooing of herself. The pair straightway begin to plot their revenge, and with the close of this scene the first day ends, the last word being the utterance of Ford's jealous resolve to visit Falstaff in disguise. The second day begins with Scene 2, Act II. It is early in the forenoon, for Ford, under the name of Brook, sends up to Falstaff "a morning's draft of sack." Mrs. Quickly arrives directly afterward, with her "good morrow" to his "worship" and a message from Mrs. Ford appointing an interview between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M., when "her husband will be absence from his house." The last scene of Act II. and the first two of Act III. fit in after this interview, and include the abortive attempts at a duel between Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh, Ford's angry self-communing, and his insistence to his friends that they shall forthwith accompany him to his house, where he expects to surprise his wife and Falstaff. Scene 3 is at the hour and place of Falstaff's rendezvous with Mistress Ford, includes his buck-basket adventure, and ends with Ford's discomfiture and his invitation to his party to stay to dinner. In the same scene an appointment is made by all the gentlemen of the company to go "a-birding" with Page "to-morrow morning." Scene 5 of Act III. concludes the second day. Master Brook has been bidden early in the day to visit Falstaff again "soon at night," in order to hear the story of the latter's success with Mrs. Ford. The night and visitor arrive, and Falstaff gives his masterly account of his launch "hissing hot" into the Thames. Earlier in the same scene the fat knight has been pacified by Mrs. Quickly, and has consented to another meeting with Mistress Ford "to-morrow morning between eight and nine," when the husbands have "gone a-birding."

In Scene 2, Act IV., the morning of the third day begins with the second interview of Falstaff and Mrs. Ford by appointment at the early hour just named; and presently Falstaff is forced to disguise himself as the aunt of Mrs. Ford's maid, "the fat woman of Brentford," and gets the beating whose blows yet resound through the halls of fame. In Scene 4, Act IV., Ford has been told the whole truth, and all put their wits together against Falstaff, to whom a message is "straight" to be sent to meet the merry wives in the park at midnight. Scene 5 of the act ends the third day, Falstaff having arrived at his inn, and doffed the feminine attire in which he was "beaten into all the colors of the rainbow." The last scene of the act is on the fourth and final day, and in it Fenton prevails upon mine Host of the Garter to assist in his elopement with Anne Page from Herne's oak "to-night twixt twelve and one." The first scene of Act V. makes the connection of time entirely plain. Mrs. Quickly, having returned to the charge upon Falstaff which she began the day before (Act IV., Scene 5 *ad finem*), has overcome his objections to the new idea of "the two parties," and he promises to meet them at the oak at midnight; and in answer to Ford's inquiry, "Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?" he gives a brief but deliciously humorous account of his last mishap. The three succeeding scenes are at different hours of the evening, and the fourth day closes in Windsor Park, soon after midnight, with the last merry revenge of the merry wives, the discomfiture of Master Slender and Dr. Caius, and the secret marriage of Anne Page to the elegant and mysterious Fenton, who forestalls his parents-in-law by administering to them a serious lecture in advance upon the wickedness of their mercenary spirit.

The lapse of time in *Twelfth Night* has exceptional interest. The scheme

of the play seems at first a little involved, but is really simple, and in order to be understood and enjoyed needs only to be examined with care and patience. The action between its extreme points includes a space of three months and a few days, the longer period being exactly the length of Viola's service in the court of Orsino (*vide* the Duke's speech to Antonio, Act V., Scene 1 *ad init.*); but from Scene 4 of Act I. the whole time actually occupied is but a part of two days, the second of which is packed as full of incident as an egg is full of meat. The first two scenes of the comedy are like chords severed from each other by a rather long rest, yet bound to each other by the laws of harmonic sequence. In the first the Duke is introduced, and his virile but fantastic passion for Olivia and the lady's year-old grief and seclusion are described in a few short meaning-laden sentences. In the second scene Viola appears, just delivered from the perils of shipwreck, and takes her resolution to go to the nearest city of Illyria, and in the guise of "an eunuch" to enter the service of its ruler. The third scene makes the spectator acquainted with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, two gentlemen whom every one would keep among his friends even if he were forced to spare several better men in consequence. The position of this scene in the time of the action is not marked, and the whole of it is designed to strike another note important to the color of the entire harmony. With Scene 4 the effectual movement of the piece begins. Viola is in man's attire, and in tendance, under the name of Cesario, upon Orsino. Three months have passed, as was said above. Valentine remarks, "If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three *days*, and already you are no stranger." But these three days of knowledge obviously and naturally mean

three days within which Orsino has known Viola with some intimacy. I regard this touch as in every respect fine and true. Nothing could be more probable than that three months should pass, after Viola's entrance into the Duke's household, before a man so absorbed as Orsino "in self-affairs," and in the day-dreams of a poetic nature and an unrewarded passion, would fairly note the beauty of her face and speech, sever her from the crowd of his undistinguished followers, and begin to please himself with her separate companionship and conversation; but such an acquaintance once begun between two such persons would advance rapidly, and I find the long interval of time during which Viola remains practically silent and unnoticed an important, almost essential, factor in her development. There is little of Rosalind, little of Olivia, in her "tender-hefted" nature, which is at once most reserved and shy, as well as sweet. Love, especially if unrequited, must needs be a plant of slow growth in such a soul; must be quite incapable of putting forth, like Juliet's, into leaf and bud and flower and fruit within the compass of a few tense hours. It is not three days, but three months of quiet, unnoticed observation of the Duke, within which her affection has slowly rooted itself in her heart and taken possession of the very depths of her spirit. And in this scene the great change has already taken place: even in the face of his liberally avowed passion for another, Viola is constrained to admit to herself that, "whoe'er" she "wooes" in his behalf, herself "would be his wife." Here we find Viola first employed as an ambassador of love from the Duke to Olivia. Scene 5 succeeds, with an interval of but a few hours or minutes, and Viola stands before Olivia, gives her message, and at once infects the Countess with, "the plague" of her "perfections." She is allowed to depart, and then Malvolio is made to run after her

with a request that "the youth will come this way to-morrow." Scene 1 of Act II., which follows, is of the utmost importance in fixing the time of the action. Viola's brother, Sebastian, appears upon the seacoast in company with Antonio, who has saved his life from the shipwreck which engulfed both brother and sister. They have lived together in the closest intimacy for "three months" (vide Antonio's speech to the Duke, Act V., Scene 1, *ubi supra*), and now Sebastian takes leave of his preserver and sets out for Orsino's court, which is distant by not many hours' travel. This scene Shakespeare has taken pains to rivet into the very substance of the action which concerns Viola by inserting it between Viola's departure from Olivia and Malvolio's overtaking the fair youth and delivering his message. Scene 3 of Act II. is filled with the delicious merry-making of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown. That its time is the night of the same day is directly in evidence, for Maria says that Olivia "is much out of quiet," "since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady;" and with Sir Toby's memorable line, the succinct utterance of magnificent revelry, victorious over time and space, "T is too late to go to bed now," the first day of the quick movement of Twelfth Night ends. The action of all the rest of the comedy takes place within the next twenty-four hours, the incidents being packed together solidly and swiftly, but with extreme and scrupulous neatness. Scene 4 of Act II. is in the morning,—the Duke bidding his courtiers "good-morrow" at its outset,—and Viola is once more bidden to go to Olivia "in haste." In Scene 5 the conspiracy against Malvolio begins active operations: the decoy letter is dropped in his path, and achieves its end. In Scene 1, Act III., Viola arrives in Olivia's garden, and takes part in a second interview, wherein the Countess throws off disguise, and vainly solicits for Cesa-

rio's love. Scene 2 follows immediately, Sir Andrew complaining of the favors which he has just seen Olivia do "i' the orchard" to the Count's serving-man. In Scene 3 of the same act Sebastian and Antonio again appear; the latter, moved by affection, having closely followed his young friend from the seacoast to the city. The hour is not late in the forenoon, for Sebastian speaks of its being "long to night," and when they part Antonio purposes "bespeaking their diet" at the Elephant. In Scene 4, Malvolio, who in the last scene of the previous act had proposed to be "in yellow stockings and cross-gartered even with the swiftness of putting on," has donned his new and strange attire, and causes his mistress great astonishment and alarm. Within the same scene, — "more matter for a May morning," as Fabian says, — Sir Andrew produces his celebrated challenge to the Duke's serving-man, which Sir Toby undertakes to deliver; and, "jump" upon this, Viola, recalled before she has regained the Duke's mansion by a servant specially dispatched by Olivia for that purpose, once more sets out for home after once more repelling Olivia's advances. It is at this point that Viola is made to undergo Sir Andrew's challenge, and is kept from telling "how much" she "lacks of a man" only by the appearance of Antonio, who, mistaking her for her brother, draws in her behalf; and now "not half an hour" has elapsed since the parting of Antonio and Sebastian, in the previous scene. (Again see Antonio's long speech in Act V.) In Scene 1 of Act IV. the Clown and Sebastian meet, and it appears that Olivia, whose new passion knows no patience and "bides no denay," has scarcely suffered Viola to leave her sight before she has for the second time dispatched a messenger to bid Cesario return to speak with her. The result of this encounter is the Countess's meeting with Sebastian, and his somewhat dazed but

quite prompt acceptance of her overtures; the culmination, two scenes later, being her appearance with a priest, and the performance of a solemn betrothal service "in the chantry by." Act V. is all in one scene, and the time which elapses from the ceremony just named to Olivia's meeting with Viola — now mistaken by the former for her affianced husband — is so short that the Friar can say that since then "toward his grave" he has "traveled but two hours." The various odds and ends of the time have been vigorously employed by the other characters in ways which need not be particularly noted. Sir Toby Belch has used the probable nearness of Sir Topas, a pliable ecclesiastic, to reward Maria's cleverness by marrying her; after which he gets drunk and has a glorious fight with Sebastian. Mr. Richard Grant White has recently spoken of this part of Sir Toby's career rather slightly, as if it were improbable and did not fit neatly into the day. The entire affair seems to me, on the contrary, exquisitely appropriate: with just such speed would the gallant knight have married when once he had made up his mind; with just such festivities would he have rejoiced to crown the nuptial rite; and there is abundant room in the time of the action to slip in such a twelfth-night marriage, — "ay, and twenty such." From the morning till the evening, when everything except Malvolio's temper is set right, this has been a long and full day, but by nothing too long or full either for the constructor's art or the spectator's delight.

The extent of time in *Much Ado About Nothing* is nine days; but nearly all the action takes place during parts of four days. The entire first act and the first scene of the second act are included within a single twenty-four hours. In the last speech of Scene 1, Act I., Don Pedro agrees with Claudio to woo fair Hero in his name at the "revel" which is to be "to-night." The second

and third scenes succeed with intervals of but a few hours; in the third scene the supple Borachio feeds the spleen of his tart master, Don John, with news about Hero and Claudio, gathered at the "great supper," which is still in progress. Scene 1 of Act II. carries the action directly on: it is just after the supper, and Leonato is inquiring about Don John's absence from the feast. The masked ball follows, with its merry encounter of wits, sharp and blunt, and the renewal with threefold bitterness of the war between Beatrice and Benedick. In this scene the wedding-day of Claudio and Hero is fixed "on Monday next, which is hence a just seven night;" and the day ends with the framing of the plot by Don Pedro and the others "to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other." The second and third scenes of Act II. are not exactly fixed in time, though one may shrewdly guess that the former is very near the first day of the piece, inasmuch as Don John's gossip-greedy ears have only just now been assured of the certainty of the proposed marriage. In the third scene the amiable conspirators begin operations against Benedick's hard heart. It is perhaps fair to conjecture that several days have passed since the conception of their scheme, because the attack upon Beatrice would naturally follow as soon as might be, lest device should be dulled by coldness or delay. And Beatrice's heart is assailed in the next scene (Scene 1, Act III.), which takes place on the day before that fixed for the wedding; for Hero takes counsel with Ursula about the attire which is "best to furnish" her "to-morrow." Scenes 2 and 3 also fall on the day before the wedding. In the former, Don John, preserving his malicious purpose, asks his half-brother and Claudio to spy that night upon an encounter between himself and Hero under her chamber window, and Claudio resolves if

he "sees anything to-night why" he "should not marry her to-morrow" he will shame her before the congregation. Scene 3 is on the night of the same day. The honest watchmen, headed by Dogberry and Verges, have come together, and presently overhear the whispered talk of Borachio, who is telling Conrade the tale of the infamous fraud which he has just perpetrated at the instance of Don John's thousand ducats. The next day, being that originally fixed for the wedding, covers all the rest of the play except the final scene of Act V. In Scene 4, Act III., it being "almost five o'clock" in the morning, Hero is attiring herself for church, Beatrice is roused, and presently the Prince and his suite call "to fetch the bride to church." In Scene 5, Act III., as Leonato is stayed for to give away the bride, Dogberry appears, with his muddled story of his arrest of "two aspicious persons," and is told with impatient condescension that he may himself "take the examination" of his prisoners "this morning." Then follows the scene in the church (Scene 1, Act IV.), where Claudio refuses and accuses his bride at the altar. Scene 2 shows the excellent wit of Dogberry in the examination of Borachio and Conrade, and closes with the Sexton's direction that the prisoners be brought to Leonato. There is an interval of a few hours or minutes, and towards evening Act V. begins, the characters saluting each other with "good den." Presently the watch appear with their prisoners, and in a moment Hero's injured innocence is demonstrated to the remorseful young gentlemen. Claudio forthwith resolves to spend the night in paying honor to the memory of Hero, and engages to meet Leonato and marry Antonio's daughter "to-morrow morning." Scene 2, Act V., between Benedick and Beatrice, is but a few minutes later, and the eventful day ends with the obituary rites paid by Claudio to his slander-slain mistress. The final

scene is on the following morning, as had been arranged. Hero, who has been dead to Claudio and the Prince but for the twenty-four hours during which "her slander lived," returns to life and love, and the "too wise" Benedick and Beatrice put forth together upon the matrimonial voyage, which it is safe to predict will be marred by some serious squalls and storms.

As *You Like It* opens in Oliver's orchard, and its first scene stands by itself, occupying a part of the first day of the action of the piece. "To-morrow," before the new Duke, Charles, the professional athlete, is to "wrestle for his credit," as in this scene he warns Orlando's malevolent brother. The second day, therefore, is that of the second scene, in which Orlando trips up the wrestler's heels and Rosalind's heart, both in an instant. The third scene closely follows the encounter of the lovers, and is occupied with Celia's prompt teasing of her friend, then with the usurping Duke's appearance and sentence of banishment upon Rosalind, and finally with the resolution of the young maids to go into exile together. Scene 1, Act II., is with the Banished Duke in the forest of Arden, and makes a new starting-point of interest, in the fashion already discussed. Scene 2 of this act marks the beginning of the third day of the regular action, inasmuch as the attendant ladies in the palace have just found Celia's "bed untreasured of their mistress." The following scene also belongs to the third day, for in it Orlando, just returned from the short journey to court, meets Adam before Oliver's house, and with the old man sets forth for the forest, to which all roads in *As You Like It* lead. There are divers unknown intervals, all quite short, between the scenes which succeed until Scene 4 of Act III. is reached. Shakespeare does not inform us how long Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone were in making the journey, the close of which

in Scene 4, Act II., finds them so weary in spirits and in legs; nor how much time Orlando and Adam consumed upon the way; nor what period elapsed before the usurper, Frederick, turned Oliver out-of-doors to bring back Orlando, "dead or living," to his court; nor how long Orlando lived in the forest before he began to abuse the "young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks," and to hang "odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles." But many slight hints in the text show that these periods were very short. In Scene 2, Act III., Orlando first sees Rosalind in her disguise, and then and there makes that contract for substituted wooing, the story of which, at the end of three centuries, comes filled with the scent of the wild rose and the note of the nightingale, and both as fresh and sweet as if they were breathed out but yesterday. An undisclosed interval then occurs, which is doubtless filled by Rosalind with love-making and by Orlando with love-thinking. Rosalind evidently fritters away no part of the time in cultivating acquaintance with her father, the Banished Duke, though she meets him once, and bestows some of her sweet sauciness upon him; not that she lacked filial affection, but that she was in a state of mind which many maidens have experienced, though not many have had the courage to put it frankly into words, and say there is no use in "talking of fathers" "when there is such a man as Orlando." The interval is a short one, we may be sure, for Rosalind's heart beats as fast as her wit moves and her tongue trips; and Orlando has been well and much, if briefly, tutored in the art of love when Scene 4 of Act III. opens, and with it the actual last day but one of the comedy. Scenes 4 and 5 of Act III., the whole of Act IV., and the whole of Act V. except its final scene are compressed within this one day, the progress of which is marked almost to the point of distinguishing its hours. Scene 4,

Act III., opens at about the hour of ten in the forenoon, — as will be presently verified, — with Rosalind's lament over Orlando's broken promise to "come this morning;" thence Rosalind, Celia, and Corin pass directly to Scene 5, and the contemplation of the misery of Silvius and the coquetry of Phebe; and in Scene 1 of Act IV. Orlando appears, and in response to Rosalind's peevish "How now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?" replies that he comes "within an hour of" his "promise." This enchanting scene begins at about eleven and ends at noon, when Orlando departs to attend the Duke at dinner, promising to be with Rosalind again by two o'clock. The two hours which follow, though not included in the action of the play, are very important. After dinner, Orlando, "chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy," takes a walk in the forest, discovers Oliver asleep upon the ground, and saves him, at the cost of a wound, from the paw of the "sucked and hungry lioness;" and, upon Oliver's showing a sudden but complete change of heart, the brothers are reconciled. The story of this adventure is told by the elder brother to Rosalind and Celia in an interview which begins in the latter part of Scene 3, Act IV., the opening hour of which — as fixed by Rosalind, again impatient of her lover's tardiness — was "past two o'clock;" and by the time Rosalind has revived from her counterfeit of faintness the afternoon must be pretty well advanced. In Scene 1 of Act V. it is "good even," and at the same time, or a little later, in the sequent scene Rosalind tells Orlando the tale of Oliver's and Celia's love, which, beginning in an introduction a few hours before, has developed with such extraordinary rapidity that Rosalind plainly feels called upon to make a little humorous apology for it ("Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved," etc.); and the scene closes with

Rosalind's promise to make everything "on the morrow" as everybody likes it. Scene 3 comes as a queer little postscript. "To-morrow" is to be "the joyful day" also for Touchstone and Audrey, and with some of the Clown's exquisite fooling the night falls and the great day ends. In the last scene of Act V. the famous "to-morrow" and promise-keeping Rosalind arrive together. Her tongue now for the first time finds but little to do, — it being remembered that she has a last opportunity in the epilogue, — and with five charming words, where, if her heart were less full, a hundred would not have sufficed, she makes her lover and her father happy.

The time in *Measure for Measure* is for the most part distinctly marked, although the repeated and important "to-morrows" are at first rather confusing, and need to be closely scrutinized. Scene 1 of Act I. stands by itself, and is devoted to the Duke's announcement of his temporary retirement from the government of Vienna, and to the commissioning of Angelo as regent during his absence. There is then an unknown interval, which may be safely surmised to be a few weeks long, for within it Angelo, "still newly in his seat," begins the sharp enforcement of laws nineteen years obsolete (Scene 3, Act I.), while the Duke is supposed to have reached Poland (Scene 4, Act I.), or to be "with the Emperor of Russia," or "in Rome" (Scene 2, Act III.). After the opening scene the remainder of the action occupies parts of four consecutive days, being greatly condensed, and on the second day much hurried. Scenes 2 and 3 of Act I. are early in the morning. Claudio is on the way to prison, and begs Lucio to seek Isabella, who "this day should the cloister enter," and urge her mediation with Angelo. Lucio promises to be at the nunnery "within two hours," and his interview with Isabella is described in Scene 5, where she agrees to go about the business "straight, no

longer staying but to give the mother notice of" her "affair." In Scene 1, Act II., — the hour of which is eleven A. M. (see remark of the justice near the end), — Angelo directs the provost to put Claudio to death "by nine to-morrow morning." In Scene 2 Isabella appears before the deputy, makes her plea for her brother's life, and so far prevails that Angelo instructs her to come again for a final answer "to-morrow at any time 'fore noon." The provost is present at this interview, and of course notes the reprieve of his prisoner. And with this the first of the three days ends. The following scene is in the prison, and takes place early the next morning. In it the provost tells the Duke he "thinks" that Claudio must die "to-morrow;" the idea plainly being that the provost has no faith in the efficacy of Isabella's intercession, and believes that within a short space after her appointed interview the order for execution will be renewed. Scene 4 of Act II. follows closely at some "time 'fore noon," and shows the great interview between Angelo and Isabella, in which the deputy asks the sacrifice of her purity as the price of her brother's life. Angelo requires her answer by to-morrow at farthest, and, burning with noble shame, she goes straight from him to Claudio, with whom, in Scene 1 of Act III., she has the memorable conference, in which his weak love of life above honor causes her to disown him as a brother. In this interview Isabella puts Angelo's base proposition more specifically than it appeared in the former scene, and lets Claudio know

"This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow."

By the lurid light of these lines the movement in time of nearly all the rest of the action can be clearly discerned. Early in this same scene the disguised Duke is having the last words of the talk with Claudio, upon which he was about to enter in Scene 3 of Act II.; and after

the angry parting of Isabella and her brother, he persuades her to adopt the extraordinary plan by which she is to promise an appointment to Angelo for "this night," and to substitute in her stead, under cover of darkness, the forlorn Mariana of the moated grange, who had been betrothed to Angelo, and who probably had no idea that her wretched state of mind was to be an inspiration to the leading poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Scene 2 of Act III. and Scene 1 of Act IV. follow directly, and in the latter it is already so late that "the vaporous night approaches." Scene 2 of Act IV. opens in the prison on the hour of "dead midnight" at the end of the second day, and extends to "almost morning" of the third day. Angelo has already met the pseudo-Isabella, and too false to be true even to his own covenant of wickedness has broken his plighted word, and ordered the execution of Claudio at eight in the morning; and while the provost is so informing the Duke, another messenger arrives from the deputy, now feverish to hasten his infamous work, that whatsoever "may be heard to the contrary" Claudio is to be executed by four A. M., and his head delivered to Angelo by five. The following scene (Scene 3 of Act IV.) reaches to four A. M., the "hour prefixed by Angelo," and sees the perfecting of the device to deceive the deputy about Claudio. In this scene the disguised Duke says that "the Duke comes home to-morrow," and that the deputy and Escalus have been instructed then "to meet him at the city gates to give up their power." Scene 4 is in the evening of the third day, and shows the deputy and Escalus amazedly discussing the near return of their superior. The early morning of the fourth and last day begins in Scene 5 of Act IV., and the remainder of the play is within the same twenty-four hours, the succession of scenes in time being entirely clear.

The opening scene in the *Winter's*

Tale is introductory, and of no particular position in time, its object being simply to present the popular opinion of the strong affection between Leontes, King of Sicilia, and Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and of the hospitable delight of the former in the nine months' visit of the latter. In Scene 2 the action really begins, and Leontes' outrageous jealousy of his noble wife, Hermione, is indicated, while yet an invitation to a longer stay is pressed upon Polixenes with hypocritical zeal. Before the scene ends Polixenes has been warned by the honorable Camillo, of Sicilia's design against his life, and it is arranged that the King of Bohemia and his informant shall flee that very night. Thus ends the first act and the first day of the action. Scene 1 of Act II. takes place the next morning, apparently. Leontes has just got word of the disappearance of Polixenes and Camillo, and straightway makes public the infamous charge against the queen, and sends her to prison. Thereupon occurs an interval of twenty-three days, occupied by the journey of Leontes' messengers to consult the oracle at Delphos. Within this time Hermione gives birth in prison to a daughter, who in Scene 2 of Act II. is taken by Paulina, and is presented directly afterward to the king in the following scene. In the latter scene, also, Leontes disowns the infant, and orders Antigonus to expose it "strangely, in some place where chance may nurse or end it;" and at the close of the interview it is announced that the messengers from Delphos have returned, after spending twenty-three days in the embassy on which Leontes had dispatched them. The trial of Hermione follows in Scene 2 of Act III., after the lapse of a very few days, as may be inferred both from the haste of Leontes' jealous rage and from the queen's gentle complaint that she has been hurried from the bed of childbirth into the open air before she has "got strength of limit." The ex-

culpation of the queen, the death of the young prince, the king's repentance, and his woe at the news that Hermione has also passed away follow each other rapidly in this scene. Then there is an interval long enough for the unhappy Antigonus to travel with a baby in his arms from Sicilia to Bohemia; and from the final scene of Act III., after leaving the infant to its fate, he hastily departs, pursued by a bear, which, as we are later informed by one of the young child's deliverers, soon made a meal of him. Between Acts III. and IV., as the chorus tells us, sixteen years elapse, during which the infant princess Perdita grows into delicate maidenly beauty, adorning the house of the old Shepherd who rescued her from her perilous position. The time of the three scenes of Act IV., all of which are placed in Bohemia, is not distinctly shown, but evidently does not exceed two or three days. The resolution of King Polixenes to spy upon his son Florizel's wooing of Perdita; the appearance of Autolycus, — that charming "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," — and his larceny from the person of the Clown, Perdita's foster-brother, who is on his way to buy dainties for the sheep-shearing feast; the incidents of the feast itself, with Polixenes' entrance and charge to his son to break off all intimacy with Perdita, — these all follow closely upon one another's heels, and are concluded at the end of the last scene of Act IV. with the flight of Florizel and Perdita to Sicilia. A journey is made by most of the characters from Bohemia to Sicilia between the fourth and fifth acts; and then occur the meetings between the runaway lovers and the King of Sicily; the appearance of Polixenes with the old Shepherd and Clown, who reveal the facts of Perdita's birth, and, helped by Paulina's memory and intelligence, prove the identity of the foundling with the daughter of Leontes; and finally Hermione's sculptured return to life, the reverence of her

long contrite husband, and the sweetness of her daughter's love. These events are included within the three scenes of Act V., and occupy but a single day. Scene 1 runs directly — after the occurrences which are described in Scene 2 — into Scene 3; and a firm nexus of the time is made in the second scene by the simple-hearted remark of the Clown, that he has been "a gentleman born" "any time these four hours." Thus it

appears that, though the multiform incidents of the *Winter's Tale* are spread over a period of more than sixteen years, the time consumed by their action within the play is in the aggregate only about a week; and there is some satisfaction for the curious in the knowledge that in the final scene the young couple, Florizel and Perdita, are respectively twenty-one and sixteen years of age, and that Leontes is forty-four.

Henry A. Clapp.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

FIRST OPENING.

I.

PREPARATIONS.

It is impossible to begin a story which must of necessity tax the powers of belief of readers unacquainted with the class of facts to which its central point of interest belongs without some words in the nature of introduction. Readers of Charles Lamb remember that Sarah Battle insisted on a clean-swept hearth before sitting down to her favorite game of whist.

The narrator wishes to sweep the hearth, as it were, in these opening pages before sitting down to tell his story. He does not intend to frighten the reader away by prolix explanation, but he does mean to warn him against hasty judgments when facts are related which are not within the range of every-day experience. Did he ever see the Siamese twins, or any pair like them? Probably not, yet he feels sure that Chang and Eng really existed; and if he has taken the trouble to inquire, he has satisfied himself that similar cases have been recorded by credible witnesses, though at long intervals and in countries far apart from each other.

This is the first sweep of the brush, to clear the hearth of the skepticism and incredulity which must be got out of the way before we can begin to tell and to listen in peace with ourselves and each other.

One more stroke of the brush is needed before the stage will be ready for the chief characters and the leading circumstances to which the reader's attention is invited. If the principal personages made their entrance at once, the reader would have to create for himself the whole scenery of their surrounding conditions. In point of fact, no matter how a story is begun, many of its readers have already shaped its chief actors out of any hint the author may have dropped, and provided from their own resources a locality and a set of outward conditions to environ these imagined personalities. These are all to be brushed away, and the actual surroundings of the subject of the narrative represented as they were, at the risk of detaining the reader a little while from the events most likely to interest him. The choicest egg that ever was laid was not so big as the nest that held it. If a story were so interesting that a maiden would rather

hear it than listen to the praise of her own beauty, or a poet would rather read it than recite his own verses, still it would have to be wrapped in some tissue of circumstance, or it would lose half its effectiveness.

It may not be easy to find the exact locality referred to in this narrative by looking into the first gazetteer that is at hand. Recent experiences have shown that it is unsafe to be too exact in designating places and the people who live in them. There are, it may be added, so many advertisements disguised under the form of stories and other literary productions that one naturally desires to avoid the suspicion of being employed by the enterprising proprietors of this or that celebrated resort to use his gifts for their especial benefit. There are no doubt many persons who remember the old sign and the old tavern and its four chief personages presently to be mentioned. It is to be hoped that they will not furnish the public with a key to this narrative, and perhaps bring trouble to the writer of it, as has happened to other authors. If the real names are a little altered, it need not interfere with the important facts relating to those who bear them. It might not be safe to tell a damaging story about John or James Smythe; but if the slight change is made of spelling the name Smith, the Smythes would never think of bringing an action, as if the allusion related to any of them. The same gulf of family distinction separates the Thomsons from the Thompsons with a *p*.

There are few pleasanter places in the Northern States for a summer residence than that known from the first period of its settlement by the name of Arrowhead Village. The Indians had found it out, as the relics they left behind them abundantly testified. The commonest of these were those chipped stones which are the medals of barbarism, and from which the place took its name,—the

heads of arrows, of various sizes, material, and patterns: some small enough for killing fish and little birds, some large enough for such game as the moose and the bear, to say nothing of the hostile Indian and the white settler; some of flint, now and then one of white quartz, and others of variously colored jasper. The Indians must have lived here for many generations, and it must have been a kind of factory village of the stone age,—which lasted up to near the present time, if we may judge from the fact that many of these relics are met with close to the surface of the ground.

No wonder they found this a pleasant residence, for it is to-day one of the most attractive of all summer resorts; so inviting, indeed, that those who know it do not like to say too much about it, lest the swarms of tourists should make it unendurable to those who love it for itself, and not as a centre of fashionable display and extra-mural cockneyism.

There is the lake, in the first place,—Cedar Lake,—about five miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a half wide, stretching from north to south. Near the northern extremity are the buildings of Stoughton University, a flourishing young college with an ambitious name, but well equipped and promising, the grounds of which reach the water. At the southern end of the lake are the edifices of the Coriuna Institute, a favorite school for young ladies, where large numbers of the daughters of America are fitted, so far as education can do it, for all stations in life, from camping out with a husband at the mines in Nevada to acting the part of chief lady of the land at the White House in Washington.

Midway between the two extremities, on the eastern shore of the lake, is a valley between two hills, which come down to the very edge of the lake, leaving only room enough for a road between their base and the water. This valley, half a mile in width, has been long set-

tled, and here for a century or more has stood the old Anchor Tavern. A famous place it was so long as its sign swung at the side of the road: famous for its landlord, portly, paternal, whose welcome to a guest that looked worthy of the attention was like that of a parent to a returning prodigal, and whose parting words were almost as good as a marriage benediction; famous for its landlady, ample in person, motherly, seeing to the whole household with her own eyes, mistress of all culinary secrets that Northern kitchens are most proud of; famous also for its ancient servant, as city people would call her, — help, as she was called in the tavern and would have called herself, — the unchanging, seemingly immortal Miranda, who cared for the guests as if she were their nursing mother, and pressed the specially favorite delicacies on their attention as a connoisseur calls the wandering eyes of an amateur to the beauties of a picture. Who that has ever been at the old Anchor Tavern forgets Miranda's

"A little of this fricassee? — it is *véry* nice;" or

"Some of these cakes? You will find them *véry* good."

Nor would it be just to memory to forget that other notable and noted member of the household, — the unsleeping, unresting, omnipresent Pushee, ready for everybody and everything, everywhere within the limits of the establishment at all hours of the day and night. He fed, nobody could say accurately when or where. There were rumors of a "bunk," in which he lay down with his clothes on, but he seemed to be always wide awake, and at the service of as many guests at once as if there had been half a dozen of him.

So much for old reminiscences.

The landlord of the Anchor Tavern had taken down his sign. He had had the house thoroughly renovated and fur-

nished it anew, and kept it open in summer for a few boarders. It happened more than once that the summer boarders were so much pleased with the place that they stayed on through the autumn, and some of them through the winter. The attractions of the village were really remarkable. Boating in summer, and skating in winter; ice-boats, too, which the wild ducks could hardly keep up with; fishing, for which the lake was renowned; varied and beautiful walks through the valley and up the hillsides; houses sheltered from the north and northeasterly winds, and refreshed in the hot summer days by the breeze which came over the water, — all this made the frame for a pleasing picture of rest and happiness. But there was a great deal more than this. There was a fine library in the little village, presented and richly endowed by a wealthy native of the place. There was a small permanent population of a superior character to that of an every-day country town; there was a pretty little Episcopal church, with a good-hearted rector, broad enough for the Bishop of the diocese to be a little afraid of, and hospitable to all outsiders, of whom, in the summer season, there were always some who wanted a place of worship to keep their religion from dying out during the heathen months, while the shepherds of the flocks to which they belonged were away from their empty folds.

What most helped to keep the place alive all through the year was the frequent coming together of the members of a certain literary association. Some time before the tavern took down its sign the landlord had built a hall, where many a ball had been held, to which the young folks of all the country round had resorted. It was still sometimes used for similar occasions, but it was especially notable as being the place of meeting of the famous PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

This association, the name of which

might be invidiously interpreted as signifying that its members knew everything, had no such pretensions, but, as its Constitution said very plainly and modestly, held itself open to accept knowledge on any and all subjects from such as had knowledge to impart. Its President was the rector of the little chapel, a man who, in spite of the Thirty-Nine Articles, could stand fire from the widest-mouthed heretical blunderbuss without flinching or losing his temper. The hall of the old Anchor Tavern was a convenient place of meeting for the students and instructors of the University and the Institute. Sometimes in boat-loads, sometimes in carriage-loads, sometimes in processions of skaters, they came to the meetings in Pansophian Hall, as it was now commonly called.

These meetings had grown to be occasions of great interest. It was customary to have papers written by members of the Society, for the most part, but now and then by friends of the members, sometimes by the students of the College or the Institute, and in rarer instances by anonymous personages, whose papers, having been looked over and discussed by the Committee appointed for that purpose, were thought worth listening to. The variety of topics considered was very great. The young ladies of the village and the Institute had their favorite subjects, the young gentlemen a different set of topics, and the occasional outside contributors their own; so that one who happened to be admitted to a meeting never knew whether he was going to hear an account of recent arctic discoveries, or an essay on the freedom of the will, or a psychological experience, or a story, or even a poem.

Of late there had been a tendency to discuss the questions relating to the true status and the legitimate social functions of woman. The most conflicting views were held on the subject. Many of the young ladies and some of the University

students were strong in defence of all the "woman's rights" doctrines. Some of these young people were extreme in their views. They had read about Semiramis and Boadicea and Queen Elizabeth, until they were ready, if they could get the chance, to vote for a woman as President of the United States or as General of the United States Army. They were even disposed to assert the physical equality of woman to man, on the strength of the rather questionable history of the Amazons, and especially of the story, believed to be authentic, of the female body-guard of the King of Dahomey, — females frightful enough to need no other weapon than their looks to scare off an army of Cossacks.

Miss Lurida Vincent, gold medallist of her year at the Corinna Institute, was the leader of these advocates of virile womanhood. It was rather singular that she should have elected to be the apostle of this extreme doctrine, for she was herself far better equipped with brain than muscles. In fact, she was a large-headed, large-eyed, long-eyelashed, slender-necked, slightly developed young woman; looking almost like a child at an age when many of the girls had reached their full stature and proportions. In her studies she was so far in advance of her different classes that there was always a wide gap between her and the second scholar. So fatal to all rivalry had she proved herself that she passed under the school name of *The Terror*. She learned so easily that she undervalued her own extraordinary gifts, and felt the deepest admiration for those of her friends endowed with faculties of an entirely different and almost opposite nature. After sitting at her desk until her head was hot and her feet were like ice, she would go and look at the blooming young girls exercising in the gymnasium of the school, and feel as if she would give all her knowledge, all her mathematics and strange tongues and history, all those accomplishments

that made her the encyclopædia of every class she belonged to, if she could go through the series of difficult and graceful exercises which she saw her school-mates delighting in.

One among them, especially, was the object of her admiration, as she was of all who knew her exceptional powers in the line for which nature had specially organized her. All the physical perfections which Miss Lurida had missed had been united in Miss Euthymia Tower, whose school name was *The Wonder*. Though of full womanly stature, there were several taller girls of her age. While all her contours and all her movements betrayed a fine muscular development, there was no lack of proportion, and her finely shaped hands and feet showed that her organization was one of those carefully finished masterpieces of nature which sculptors are always in search of, and find it hard to detect among the imperfect products of the living laboratory.

This girl of eighteen was more famous than she cared to be for her performances in the gymnasium. She commonly contented herself with the same exercises that her companions were accustomed to. Only her dumb-bells, with which she exercised easily and gracefully, were too heavy for most of the girls to do more with than lift them from the floor. She was fond of daring feats on the trapeze, and had to be checked in her indulgence in them. The Professor of gymnastics at the University came over to the Institute now and then, and it was a source of great excitement to watch some of the athletic exercises in which the young lady showed her remarkable muscular strength and skill in managing herself in the accomplishment of feats which looked impossible at first sight. How often The Terror had thought to herself that she would gladly give up all her knowledge of Greek and the differential and integral calculus if she could only perform the least of those feats

which were mere play to *The Wonder*! Miss Euthymia was not behind the rest in her attainments in classical or mathematical knowledge, but she was one of the very best students in the out-door branches — botany, mineralogy, sketching from nature — to be found among the scholars of the Institute.

There was an eight-oared boat rowed by a crew of the young ladies, of which Miss Euthymia was the captain and pulled the bow oar. Poor little Lurida could not pull an oar, but on great occasions, when there were many boats out, she was wanted as coxswain, being a mere feather-weight, and quick-witted enough to serve well in the important office where brains are more needed than muscle.

There was also an eight-oared boat belonging to the University, and rowed by a picked crew of stalwart young fellows. The bow oar and captain of the University crew was a powerful young man, who, like the captain of the girls' boat, was a noted gymnast. He had had one or two quiet trials with Miss Euthymia, in which, according to the ultras of the woman's rights party, he had not vindicated the superiority of his sex in the way which might have been expected. Indeed, it was claimed that he let a cannon-ball drop when he ought to have caught it, and it was not disputed that he had been ingloriously knocked over by a sand-bag projected by the strong arms of the young maiden. This was of course a story that was widely told and laughingly listened to, and the captain of the University crew had become a little sensitive on the subject. When there was a talk, therefore, about a race between the champion boats of the two institutions there was immense excitement in both of them, as well as among the members of the Pansophian Society and all the good people of the village.

There were many objections to be overcome. Some thought it unladylike for the young maidens to take part in a

competition which must attract many lookers-on, and which it seemed to them very hoydenish to venture upon. Some said it was a shame to let a crew of girls try their strength against an equal number of powerful young men. These objections were offset by the advocates of the race by the following arguments. They maintained that it was no more hoydenish to row a boat than it was to take a part in the calisthenic exercises, and that the girls had nothing to do with the young men's boat, except to keep as much ahead of it as possible. As to strength, the woman's righters believed that, weight for weight, their crew was as strong as the other, and of course due allowance would be made for the difference of weight and all other accidental hindrances. It was time to test the boasted superiority of masculine muscle. Here was a chance. If the girls beat, the whole country would know it, and after that female suffrage would be only a question of time. Such was the conclusion, from rather insufficient premises, it must be confessed; but if nature does nothing *per saltum*, — by jumps, — as the old adage has it, youth is very apt to take long leaps from a fact to a possible sequel or consequence. So it had come about that a contest between the two boat crews was looked forward to with an interest almost equal to that with which the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was regarded.

The terms had been at last arranged between the two crews, after cautious protocols and many diplomatic discussions. It was so novel in its character that it naturally took a good deal of time to adjust it so as to be fair to both parties. The course must not be too long for the lighter and weaker crew, for the staying power of the young persons who made it up could not be safely reckoned upon. A certain advantage must be allowed them at the start, and this was a delicate matter to settle. The weather was another important consider-

ation. June would be early enough, in all probability, and if the lake should be tolerably smooth the grand affair might come off some time in that month. Any roughness of the water would be unfavorable to the weaker crew. The rowing-course was on the eastern side of the lake, the starting-point being opposite the Anchor Tavern; from that three quarters of a mile to the south, where the turning-stake was fixed, so that the whole course of one mile and a half would bring the boats back to their starting-point.

The race was to be between the Algonquin, eight-oared boat with outriggers, rowed by young men, students of Stoughton University, and the Atalanta, also eight-oared and outrigger boat, by young ladies from the Corinna Institute. Their boat was three inches wider than the other, for various sufficient reasons, one of which was to make it a little less likely to go over and throw its crew into the water, which was a sound precaution, though all the girls could swim, and one at least, the bow oar, was a famous swimmer, who had pulled a drowning man out of the water after a hard struggle to keep him from carrying her down with him.

Though the coming trial had not been advertised in the papers, so as to draw together a rabble of betting men and ill-conditioned lookers-on, there was a considerable gathering, made up chiefly of the villagers and the students of the two institutions. Among them were a few who were disposed to add to their interest in the trial by small wagers. The bets were rather in favor of the "Quins," as the University boat was commonly called, except where the natural sympathy of the young ladies or the gallantry of some of the young men led them to risk their gloves or cigars, or whatever it might be, on the Atalantas. The elements of judgment were these: average weight of the Algonquins 157 pounds; average weight of the Atalan-

tas 143 pounds; skill in practice about equal; advantage of the narrow boat equal to three lengths; whole distance allowed the Atalantas eight lengths, — a long stretch to be made up in a mile and a half.

And so both crews began practising for the grand trial.

II.

THE BOAT-RACE.

The 10th of June was a delicious summer day, — rather warm, but still and bright. The water was smooth, and the crews were in the best possible condition. All was expectation, and for some time nothing but expectation. No boat-race or regatta ever began at the time appointed for the start. Somebody breaks an oar, or somebody fails to appear in season, or something is the matter with a seat or an outrigger; or if there is no such excuse, the crew of one or both or all the boats to take part in the race must paddle about to get themselves ready for work, to the infinite weariness of all the spectators, who naturally ask why all this getting ready is not attended to beforehand. The Algonquins wore plain gray flannel suits and white caps. The young ladies were all in dark blue dresses, touched up with a red ribbon here and there, and wore light straw hats. The little coxswain of the Atalanta was the last to step on board. As she took her place she carefully deposited at her feet a white handkerchief wrapped about something or other, — perhaps a sponge, in case the boat should take in water.

At last the Algonquin shot out from the little nook where she lay, — long, narrow, shining, swift as a pickerel when he darts from the reedy shore. It was a beautiful sight to see the eight young fellows in their close-fitting suits, their brown muscular arms bare, bending their

backs for the stroke and recovering, as if they were parts of a single machine.

"The gals can't stan' it agin them fellers," said the old blacksmith from the village.

"You wait till the gals get a-goin'," said the carpenter, who had often worked in the gymnasium of the Corinna Institute, and knew something of their muscular accomplishments. "Y' ought to see 'em climb ropes, and swing dumbbells, and pull in them rowin'-machines. Ask Jake there whether they can't row a mild in double-quick time, — he knows all abaout it."

Jake was by profession a fisherman, and a fresh-water fisherman in a country village is inspector-general of all that goes on out-of-doors, being a lazy, wandering sort of fellow, whose study of the habits and habitats of fishes gives him a kind of shrewdness of observation, just as dealing in horses is an education of certain faculties, and breeds a race of men peculiarly cunning, suspicious, wary, and wide awake, with a rhetoric of appreciation and depreciation all its own.

Jake made his usual preliminary signal, and delivered himself to the following effect: —

"Wahl, I don't know jest what to say. I've seed 'em both often enough when they was practisin', an' I tell ye the' wa'n't no slouch abaout neither on 'em. But them bōats is allfired long, 'n' eight on 'em stretched in a straight line eendways makes a consid'able piece aout 'f a mile 'n' a haaf. I'd bate on them gals if it wa'n't that them fellers is naterally longer winded, as the gals 'll find aout by the time they git raound the stake 'n' over agin the big ellum. I'll go ye a quarter on the pahnts agin the petti-coats."

The fresh-water fisherman had expressed the prevailing belief that the young ladies were overmatched. Still there were not wanting those who thought the advantage allowed the "Lantas," as they called the Corinna boat-

crew, was too great, and that it would be impossible for the "Quins" to make it up and go by them.

The Algonquins rowed up and down a few times before the spectators. They appeared in perfect training, neither too fat nor too fine, mettlesome as colts, steady as draught-horses, deep-breathed as oxen, disciplined to work together as symmetrically as a single sculler pulls his pair of oars. The fisherman offered to make his quarter fifty cents. No takers.

Five minutes passed, and all eyes were strained to the south, looking for the Atalanta. A clump of trees hid the edge of the lake along which the Corinna's boat was stealing towards the starting-point. Presently the long shell swept into view, with its blooming rowers, who, with their ample dresses, seemed to fill it almost as full as Raphael fills his skiff on the edge of the Lake of Galilee. But how steadily the Atalanta came on!—no rocking, no splashing, no apparent strain; the bow oar turning to look ahead every now and then, and directing her course, which seemed to be straight as an arrow, the beat of the strokes as true and regular as the pulse of the healthiest rower among them all. And if the sight of the other boat and its crew was beautiful, how lovely was the look of this! Eight young girls,—young ladies, for those who prefer that more dignified and less attractive expression,—all in the flush of youth, all in vigorous health; every muscle taught its duty; each rower alert, not to be a tenth of a second out of time, or let her oar dally with the water so as to lose an ounce of its propelling virtue; every eye kindling with the hope of victory. Each of the boats was cheered as it came in sight, and again as it crossed the starting-line before coming into position; but the cheers for the Atalanta were naturally the loudest, as the gallantry of one sex and the clear, high voices of the other gave it life and vigor.

"Take your places!" shouted the umpire, five minutes before the half hour. The two boats felt their way slowly and cautiously to their positions, which had been determined by careful measurement. After a little backing and filling they got in line, at the proper distance from each other, and sat motionless, their bodies bent forward, their arms outstretched, their oars in the water, waiting for the word.

"Go!" shouted the umpire.

Away sprang the Atalanta, and far behind her leaped the Algonquin, her oars bending like so many long Indian bows as their blades flashed through the water.

"A stern chase is a long chase," especially when one craft is a great distance behind the other. It looked as if it would be impossible for the rear boat to overcome the odds against it. Of course the Algonquin kept gaining, but could it possibly gain enough? That was the question. As the boats got farther and farther away, it became more and more difficult to determine what change there was in the interval between them. But when they came to rounding the stake it was easier to guess at the amount of space which had been gained. It was clear that something like half the distance, four lengths, as nearly as could be estimated, had been made up in rowing the first three quarters of a mile. Could the Algonquins do a little better than this in the second half of the race-course, they would be sure of winning.

The boats had turned the stake, and were coming in rapidly. Every minute the University boat was getting nearer the other.

"Go it, Quins!" shouted the students.

"Pull away, Lantas!" screamed the girls, who were crowding down to the edge of the water.

Nearer,—nearer,—the rear boat is pressing the other more and more closely,—a few more strokes, and they will

be even, for there is but one length between them, and thirty rods will carry them to the line. It looks desperate for the *Atalantas*. The bow oar of the *Algonquin* turns his head. He sees the little coxswain leaning forward at every stroke, as if her trivial weight were of such mighty consequence, — but a few ounces might turn the scale of victory. As he turned he caught a glimpse of the stroke oar of the *Atalanta*. What a flash of loveliness it was! Her face was like the reddest of June roses, with the heat and the strain and the passion of expected triumph. The upper button of her close-fitting flannel suit had strangled her as her bosom heaved with exertion, and it had given way before the fierce clutch she made at it. The bow oar was a staunch and steady rower, but he was human. The blade of his oar lingered in the water; a little more and he would have caught a crab, and perhaps lost the race by his momentary bewilderment.

The boat, which seemed as if it had all the life and nervousness of a Derby three-year-old, felt the slight check, and all her men bent more vigorously to their oars. The *Atalantas* saw the movement, and made a spurt to keep their lead and gain upon it if they could. It was of no use. The strong arms of the young men were too much for the young maidens; only a few lengths remained to be rowed, and they would certainly pass the *Atalanta* before she could reach the line.

The little coxswain saw that it was all up with the girls' crew if she could not save them by some strategic device.

"*Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit?*"

she whispered to herself, — for The Terror remembered her Virgil as she did everything else she ever studied. As she stooped, she lifted the handkerchief at her feet, and took from it a flaming bouquet. "Look!" she cried, and flung it just forward of the track of

the *Algonquin*. The captain of the University boat turned his head, and there was the lovely vision which had a moment before bewitched him. The owner of all that loveliness must, he thought, have flung the bouquet. It was a challenge: how could he be such a coward as to decline accepting it! He was sure he could win the race now, and he would sweep past the line in triumph with the great bunch of flowers at the stem of his boat, proud as Van Tromp in the British channel with the broom at his mast-head.

He turned the boat's head a little by backing water. He came up with the floating flowers, and near enough to reach them. He stooped and snatched them up, with the loss perhaps of a second in all, — no more. He felt sure of his victory.

How can one tell the story of the finish in cold-blooded preterites? Are we not there ourselves? Are not our muscles straining with those of these sixteen young creatures, full of hot, fresh blood, nerves all tingling like so many tight-strained harp-strings, all their life concentrating itself in this passionate moment of supreme effort? No! We are seeing, not telling about what somebody else once saw!

— The bow of the *Algonquin* passes the stern of the *Atalanta*!

— The bow of the *Algonquin* is on a level with the middle of the *Atalanta*!

— Three more lengths' rowing and the college crew will pass the girls!

— "Hurrah for the Quins!" The *Algonquin* ranges up alongside of the *Atalanta*!

"Through with her!" shouts the captain of the *Algonquin*.

"Now, girls!" shrieks the captain of the *Atalanta*.

They near the line, every rower straining desperately, almost madly.

— Crack goes the oar of the *Atalanta's* captain, and up flash its splintered fragments, as the stem of her boat

springs past the line, eighteen inches at least ahead of the Algonquin.

Hooraw for the Lantas! Hooraw for the Girls! Hooraw for the Institoot! shout a hundred voices.

"Hurrah for woman's rights and female suffrage!" pipes the small voice of The Terror, and there is loud laughing and cheering all round.

She had not studied her classical dictionary and her mythology for nothing. "I have paid off one old score," she said. "Set down my damask roses against the golden apples of Hippomenes!"

It was that one second lost in snatching up the bouquet which gave the race to the Atalantas.

III.

THE WHITE CANOE.

While the two boats were racing, other boats with lookers-on in them were rowing or sailing in the neighborhood of the race-course. The scene on the water was a gay one, for the young people in the boats were, many of them, acquainted with each other. There was a good deal of lively talk until the race became too exciting. Then many fell silent and some turned pale, until, as the boats neared the line, and still more as they crossed it, the shouts burst forth which showed how a cramp of attention finds its natural relief in a fit of convulsive exclamation.

But far away, on the other side of the lake, a birch-bark canoe was to be seen, in which sat a young man, who paddled it skilfully and swiftly. It was evident enough that he was watching the race intently, but the spectators could see little more than that. One of them, however, who sat upon the stand, had a powerful spy-glass, and could distinguish his motions very minutely and exactly. It was seen by this curious observer that the young man had an opera-glass with

him, which he used a good deal at intervals. The spectator thought he kept it directed to the girls' boat, chiefly, if not exclusively. He thought also that the opera-glass was more particularly pointed towards the bow of the 'boat, and came to the natural conclusion that the bow oar, Miss Euthymia Tower, captain of the Atalantas, "The Wonder" of the Corinna Institute, was the attraction which determined the direction of the instrument.

"Who is that in the canoe over there?" asked the owner of the spy-glass.

"That's just what we should like to know," answered the old landlord's wife. "He and his man boarded with us when they first came, but we could never find out anything about him only just his name and his ways of living. His name is Kirkwood, — Maurice Kirkwood, Esq., it used to come on his letters. As for his ways of living, he was the solitariest human being that I ever came across. His man carried his meals up to him. He used to stay in his room pretty much all day, but at night he would be off, walking, or riding on horseback, or paddling about in the lake, sometimes till nigh morning. There's something very strange about that Mr. Kirkwood. But there don't seem to be any harm in him. Only nobody can guess what his business is. They got up a story about him at one time. What do you think? They said he was a counterfeiter! And so they went one night to his room, when he was out, and that man of his was away too, and they carried keys, and opened pretty much everything; and they found — well, they found just nothing at all except writings and letters, — letters from places in America and in England, and some with Italian postmarks: that was all. Since that time the sheriff and his folks have let him alone and minded their own business. He was a gentleman, — anybody ought to have known that; and

anybody that knew about his nice ways of living and behaving, and knew the kind of wear he had for his underclothing, might have known it. I could have told those officers that they had better not bother him. I know the ways of real gentlemen and real ladies, and I know those fellows in store clothes that look a little too fine, — outside. Wait till washing-day comes ! ”

The good lady had her own standards for testing humanity, and they were not wholly unworthy of consideration ; they were quite as much to be relied on as the judgments of the travelling phrenologist, who sent his accomplice on before him to study out the principal personages in the village, and in the light of these revelations interpreted the bumps, with very little regard to Gall and Spurzheim, or any other authorities.

Even with the small amount of information obtained by the search among his papers and effects the gossips of the village had constructed several distinct histories for the mysterious stranger. He was an agent of a great publishing house ; a leading contributor to several important periodicals ; the author of that anonymously published novel which had made so much talk ; the poet of a large clothing establishment ; a spy of the Italian, some said the Russian, some said the British, Government ; a proscribed refugee from some country where he had been plotting ; a school-master without a school, a minister without a pulpit, an actor without an engagement ; in short, there was no end to the perfectly senseless stories that were told about him, from that which made him out an escaped convict to the whispered suggestion that he was the eccentric heir to a great English title and estate.

The one unquestionable fact was that of his extraordinary seclusion. Nobody in the village, no student in the University, knew his history. No young lady in the Corinna Institute had ever had a

word from him. Sometimes, as the boats of the University or the Institute were returning at dusk, their rowers would see the canoe stealing into the shadows as they drew near it. Sometimes on a moonlight night, when a party of the young ladies were out upon the lake, they would see the white canoe gliding ghost-like in the distance. And it had happened more than once that when a boat's crew had been out with singers among them, while they were in the midst of a song, the white canoe would suddenly appear and rest upon the water, — not very near them, but within hearing distance, — and so remain until the singing was over, when it would steal away and be lost sight of in some inlet or behind some jutting rock.

Naturally enough, there was intense curiosity about this young man. The landlady had told her story, which explained nothing. There was nobody to be questioned about him except his servant, an Italian, whose name was Paolo, but who to the village was known as Mr. Paul.

Mr. Paul would have seemed the easiest person in the world to worm a secret out of. He was good-natured, child-like as a Heathen Chinee, talked freely with everybody in such English as he had at command, knew all the little people of the village, and was followed round by them partly from his personal attraction for them, and partly because he was apt to have a stick of candy or a handful of peanuts or other desirable luxury in his pocket for any of his little friends he met with. He had that wholesome, happy look, so uncommon in our arid countrymen, — a look hardly to be found except where figs and oranges ripen in the open air. A kindly climate to grow up in, a religion which takes your money and gives you a stamped ticket good at Saint Peter's box office, a roomy chest and a good pair of lungs in it, an honest digestive apparatus, a lively temperament, a cheerful acceptance of the place

in life assigned to one by nature and circumstance, — these are conditions under which life may be quite comfortable to endure, and certainly is very pleasant to contemplate. All these conditions were united in Paolo. He was the easiest, pleasantest creature to talk with that one could ask for a companion. His southern vivacity, his amusing English, his simplicity and openness, made him friends everywhere.

It seemed as if it would be a very simple matter to get the history of his master out of this guileless and unsophisticated being. He had been tried by all the village experts. The rector had put a number of well-studied careless questions, which failed of their purpose. The old librarian of the town library had taken note of all the books he carried to his master, and asked about his studies and pursuits. Paolo found it hard to understand his English, apparently, and answered in the most irrelevant way. The leading gossip of the village tried her skill in pumping him for information. It was all in vain.

His master's way of life was peculiar, — in fact, eccentric. He had hired rooms in an old-fashioned three-story house. He had two rooms in the second and third stories of this old wooden building: his study in the second, his sleeping-room in the one above it. Paolo lived in the basement, where he had all the conveniences for cooking, and played the part of *chef* for his master and himself. This was only a part of his duty, for he was a man-of-all-work, purveyor, steward, chambermaid, — as universal in his services for one man as Pushee at the Anchor Tavern used to be for everybody.

It so happened that Paolo took a severe cold one winter's day, and had such threatening symptoms that he asked the baker, when he called, to send the village physician to see him. In the

course of his visit the doctor naturally inquired about the health of Paolo's master.

"Signor Kirkwood well, — *molto bene*," said Paolo.

"Why does he keep out of sight as he does?" asked the doctor.

"He always so," replied Paolo. "*Una antipatia.*"

Whether Paolo was off his guard with the doctor, whether he revealed it to him as to a father confessor, or whether he thought it time that the reason of his master's seclusion should be known, the doctor did not feel sure. At any rate, Paolo was not disposed to make any further revelations. *Una antipatia*, — an antipathy, — that was all the doctor learned. He thought the matter over, and the more he reflected the more he was puzzled. What could an antipathy be that made a young man a recluse! Was it a dread of blue sky and open air, of the smell of flowers, or some electrical impression to which he was unnaturally sensitive?

Dr. Butts carried these questions home with him. His wife was a sensible, discreet woman, whom he could trust with many professional secrets. He told of Paolo's revelation, and talked it over with her in the light of his experience and her own; for she had known some curious cases of constitutional likes and aversions.

Mrs. Butts buried the information in the grave of her memory, where it lay for nearly a week. At the end of that time it emerged in a confidential whisper to her favorite sister-in-law, a perfectly safe person. Twenty-four hours later the story was all over the village that Maurice Kirkwood was the subject of a strange, mysterious, unheard-of antipathy to something, — nobody knew what; and the whole neighborhood naturally resolved itself into an unorganized committee of investigation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TWO HISTORIC AMERICANS.

THE present season brings us two biographical studies which easily suggest comparison and contrast. Each intends less a sketch of personal characteristics than an estimate of public position, but the two persons were so individual that their characters refuse to be relegated to a secondary consideration; they make the very places which the persons occupy. It is a pleasant task, therefore, to read from these studies the personal element, to form some conception of the figures thus presented to the eye, and to watch the lengthening shadows which they cast.

John Adams, regarded under the limitations of family life, stands as the head of a succession of vigorous personalities. It is not impossible that something more than hereditary influence has passed from him down the line; that the judgments which he formed and held with such tenacity have been part of the family possession ever since. Mr. Morse, at any rate, the first of the present generation to attempt a full-length portrait,¹ finds himself obliged to turn to the wall now and then the frame which contains John Adams's picture as painted by his grandson, although in the main he naturally is guided by it. The Adamses, however, have never lacked representation, since they have projected their own features with a good deal of energy from the pages of their diaries and correspondence. Mr. Morse reminds us that Adams was cast for the ministry as the one learned profession of his day, but that by his own choice he adopted law. "The figure," he adds, "of impetuous, dogmatic, combative, opinionated, energetic, practical, and withal liberal John Adams in a pulpit is exceedingly droll.

He was much too big, too enterprising, too masterful, for such a cage." The law was held in disrepute, and his friends thought John Adams had made a sad mistake. It is curious how the position is reversed to-day. We may fancy a future biographer saying of some strong figure in American history, whose choice of a profession fell in the last fifth of this century, that to the dismay of his friends he took his gifts, his fine persuasive powers, his insight into the order of the universe, his practical sense, into what then seemed the sorry estate of the Christian ministry.

As it turned out, it was something more than the practice of law for which John Adams was intended. There was a profession of statesmanship then forming, at the head of which he was to stand. In truth, he summed in himself those political virtues which in the community about him issued in protest, revolt, and continuous organization. He was an incarnate New England. He was the best interpreter the country has ever seen of those English institutions which were transplanted into American soil and put forth new forms. A new and vigorous school of historical students is engaged in tracing the genesis of local institutions and political customs. It is doing scientifically what John Adams did by virtue of his political insight. His philosophy of the town-meeting remains the best statement of that democratic germ.

It was, however, in the line of practical statesmanship that Adams won his most enduring fame; not, indeed, the statesmanship which avails itself of men, but that which never loses sight of a political end and perceives the meaning of the larger movements. If Adams had had the tact and adroitness of Franklin, he would not have been so

¹ *John Adams*. By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

rugged a figure in our history; but what is that but to say that Franklin and Adams each contributed forces which were united in Washington? Adams disliked Washington, and Mr. Morse has not sufficiently intimated this antagonism. It sprang naturally from the opposition of natures. How could this irritable, dogmatic, insistent, egotistic New Englander fail to fume in the presence of the self-controlled, heavily-weighted Virginian? Could there be a greater contrast in methods than that by which Washington managed the Jay treaty and Adams the French mission? Each did a patriotic deed. The results proved the wisdom of each measure; but while the English treaty was followed by no domestic catastrophe, the French mission was the occasion of the downfall of the Federalist party. Of course other influences were at work, but it is doubtful if any single disrupting power was so great as Adams's utter willfulness.

The contrasts which make John Adams's character so attractive to the large lover of his kind, so repellent to the merely fastidious, are not of great virtues and mean vices, but those of a robust nature which is entangled by its own petty weaknesses. We have sometimes wondered how the truly great woman whom he loved and honored bore with his impatient egotism. She must have seen him as he was, and as students to-day may know him. His own contemporaries, too near to avoid his faults, magnified them, and made a reluctant concession to his mastery. To his wife, who thought his greater thoughts, the violence of his jealousies doubtless seemed just, for the most part, and for the rest she may have given the charity which a wise love knows how to bestow. We suspect that in the turbulence of the passions of his time John Adams owed more than he has confessed to the faithfulness and serenity of his wife.

If John Adams was the progenitor of a line of marked men, all following with

unequal paces in his steps, Emerson was the eminent close of a series of men from whom he drew characteristics refined by a long process of selection. Dr. Holmes¹ has touched with skill upon the race and class qualities which found their consummate flower in this last of a line of preachers, and any student of New England life is likely to halt before the interesting problem of Emerson's environment and derivation. John Adams had completed his public life when Emerson was born. The profession which he had refused, because he knew himself made for other things, was still the leading profession, and Emerson, growing up in its traditions, was to let it slip from his shoulders as a cloak when he should stand up under a self-ordination, or, if one chooses, under a laying-on of unseen hands. The descent from ministers was something more than a matter of hereditary influence; for Emerson's thought, even when iconoclastic, may fairly be taken as the outcome of that spirit of intellectualism which ministers more than any others had kept in flame in New England. As John Adams was the incarnation of the political New England, so Emerson was the finest product of the free-thinking New England, which had found no subject outside the range of its speculation. The two were both critical men. Adams came to the front in the crisis of political independence; Emerson, in the crisis of religious independence. Theodore Parker was the wind which stormed against the conventionally religious man, and only made him draw his cloak closer about him, while Emerson, shining and smiling, made him loosen his robes and bare himself to the outer air.

The visit of Emerson to England was the return of New England to the mother country in a more emphatic sort than was Hawthorne's. Never does England

¹*Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

seem farther away from America than when one is reading English Traits. Below the surface of shrewd observation one may catch sight of the spirit of England driven across the Atlantic two hundred years before, given new environment, set upon the same questions but bidden ask them in the open air, and getting its answer in such wise as to make everything strange when revisiting its old haunts. The individuality of Emerson, testing and trying England, is sharp enough, if one looks only for that, but it is easy also to resolve it into a speakership for a new people.

It is, however, in the attitude of Emerson toward his own countrymen that his personality is most interesting. With all his written and spoken words concerning America, — and it is impossible to read his *May Day* without perceiving how great a relief to him was the return of peace after the separating war, — one fails to find the evidence of any passionate devotion to his country. The service which John Adams rendered in his loyalty to the nation, which he saw less by imagination than by an heroic, sturdy realization of the facts of human life about him, was such a service as racked the giver. Emerson, in speaking of the volume of *Letters and Social Aims*, which Schmidt introduced to the German public, used the expression "village thoughts." A piece of slightly conscious humility must not be taken too gravely, yet the estimate really does partially set off Emerson's defect on this side. He was at home in Concord. Anywhere else he was a stranger. Even Boston was a place to visit, though he gave that city an affection which is embodied in some noble verses. "The occasional glimpses which Dr. Holmes gives of the poet on his travels in his own country serve to deepen the impression which one forms of the purely spectacular shape of the country in Mr. Emerson's vision. He was not indifferent to the struggles going on, and yet

they were rather disturbances to his spirit than signs of a life which quickened his own pulse.

To some minds this may seem to lift Emerson above other men. In our judgment it separates him from them, to his own loss. It is precisely this passion of nationality which differentiates other seers and poets from Emerson. Milton had it. Carlyle had it. Tennyson has it. Victor Hugo has it. Goethe did not have it. The absence of this passion is indeed the sign of an inferior ethical apprehension. At any rate, the passion of country is never far removed from the passion of righteousness. The cry over Jerusalem was the last echo of those prophetic voices which make Israel and Israel's God to be joined by closer than human ties. When one collects his God from ethnic fragments he is very apt at the same time to distribute his country.

Dr. Holmes says finely that there was "a sweet seriousness in Emerson's voice that was infinitely soothing." "I remember," he adds, "that in the dreadful war-time, on one of the days of anguish and terror, I fell in with Governor Andrew, on his way to a lecture of Emerson's, where he was going, he said, to relieve the strain upon his mind. An hour passed in listening to that flow of thought, calm and clear as the diamond drops that distil from a mountain rock, was a true nepenthe for a careworn soul." This is the impression which Emerson's nature leaves most ineradicably on the mind. The serenity of his life and thought was a great gift to his countrymen. The smile which played about his features is the last token of his personal presence which they will forget. With what a striking contrast of mood these two historic Americans passed out of ken! Adams, stormy even in his reminiscence of life from the quiet harbor of old age; Emerson, unperturbed when receiving the angry criticism of his day, subsiding into a long reverie of peace.

MISS THOMAS'S POEMS.

THERE is an informal social pleasure known as "talking it over." When the *débutante's* ball has ended, the guests have gone, and the lights are lowered, a few privileged familiars, who have assisted at the ceremony, sit down in a corner and enjoy the ball over again, in a mood not so critical as that which ruled when preparations were in process, nor so keen as when the hour's gayety kept one on the *qui vive*, but in a mellowed, more relaxed frame. It is in some such spirit that we take up again the volume which contains the first collection of Miss Thomas's poems.¹ Ever since this writer's verse began to appear in *The Atlantic*, nearly four years ago, we have watched with unfeigned interest the illustration of her expanding power. Now that a rarely graceful book holds the poems which have been seen on *The Atlantic* pages and elsewhere, we congratulate ourselves on the charming *début*, and without too anxious a forecast of the poet's future take pleasure in noting the varied signs of a genuine success.

It may be said of the verse here gathered that it invites to more than one reading, and this is a test of poetry far more searching than at first appears. A story, to engage us, must be new; a poem must be old. We read new poems with some reluctance, as we hear new music with difficulty; but there are poems, as there are sonatas, which immediately take their place as something to be heard again. We encore the song, or the movement, not because we want to hear another of the same sort, but because we want to hear the very one we have just heard; and we glance over the programme with satisfaction when we

find that we have not to try any experiments with our ears.

Now Miss Thomas's poems are of a kind which do not disclose all their beauty upon a first acquaintance. They are not riddles, which need to be read again in order to be understood, but they flower to the understanding as one watches them. The delicate fragrance is there, — that one perceives at the outset; but there is a subtlety of beauty which is not rudely to be torn from them, leaf by leaf. Indeed, there is a noticeable absence of what may be called quotable lines, or striking epithets. One remembers the whole poem, not some fragmentary felicity in it. We suspect the author learned this secret where she learned most of her wisdom, — from nature. She has listened until she has heard, not some solitary cry, some single bird, crushing the stillness with its wing, in Hake's fine phrase, but that pervading note which lies at the base of nature's harmony, of which stillness itself is a vocal chord. It is only now and then that poetry steps behind the veil and is alone with the goddess. It is Wordsworth's undying gift to verse that he sometimes thus betrays the sight hidden from the common eye, the sound that the outward ear does not hear. His *Stepping Westward* is a fine example of this sudden arrest of a movement which one knows only by its arrest. In this volume of Miss Thomas's there is a poem, *Something Passes*, which affects one in the same way. It is possible that the poet has herself mused in her mind on this theme. At any rate, her *Patmos* is a somewhat conscious expression of the truth that to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly.

Along with this rare revelation of the recesses of nature there is more which

¹ *A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems.* By EDITH M. THOMAS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

discloses the meaning in simple and familiar forms. Here again one thinks of Wordsworth in such poems as those *To a Daisy* and *To the Small Celandine*; only whereas there is pretty sure to creep in a reflection of the poet's mood in Wordsworth, such importations of personal feeling are rarer in Miss Thomas. There is a reticence about her verse, even when it touches upon possible occasions of experience, which betokens a true reverence for her art. The *Birch Tree* is a good illustration of her happy power in reading what may be called the symbolism of nature. Of the same sort are *Wild Honey*, *The Grasshopper*, *Moss*, and *Oak-Corn*. In each of these, and in others, there lurks the conception of a resolution of forces into spiritual forms. The charming conceit of the young oaks breaking through Merlin's slumbering power adds that personal element which the poet rightly feels is more akin to nature than when resident in stark humanity. The poem *Nature* is in some respects the sum of the poet's philosophy on this theme, and very terse and resolute is the expression. Not even poets may please themselves with the notion that they have a more intimate personal relation with nature than ruder men.

"Ye poets lean to her with strong desire,
And are beloved! Yet though ye all should die,
That live now in the favors of her eye,
For praising her with affluent, golden speech,
The best of you once gone, she would not reach
One sunbeam lower than the daisied mould,
Nor heed at all that ye were dark and cold!"

It is perhaps through this exclusion of the modern subjective notion of nature, by which the world only reflects the mood of the man, that Miss Thomas, with her subtle sense of will, has taken refuge both in fairy life and in classic fable. It is impossible that nature, whose every breath is a sign of life, should be incapable of receiving and giving sympathy, and therefore are children of her own created for this only. It is to be said of Miss Thomas's fairyland that she

has discovered it; she has not invented it. The fairies brush lightly past as she sings of bee, or oak, or moss; now and then she catches a fuller glimpse, and gives a detailed picture, as in *The Elf Knight*; but the most perfect of all her poems in this strain is the one entitled

A LIGHT ROUND.

Under the oak, and under the birk,
Dance a light round;
Under the May moon, treading a cirque
On the mossy ground!

Soft hand to hand, and oft lip to lip,
Dance a light round;
Thus it is that we fairies trip
O'er enchanted ground.

Now, where shall we find a mortal fair
Fit to be crowned?
And where shall we find a minstrel rare
To lead our light round?

A lady I know, both fair and good,
Fit to be crowned;
And a minstrel I know, in the heart of the wood,
Will lead your light round.

Bring her to us, the fair and the good, —
She shall be crowned;
Bring us the minstrel out of the wood,
To lead our light round.

Oh, the lady lies in her bower asleep,
With a strange wound;
And the minstrel is gone through the forest
deep, —
He leads a light round.

Under the oak, and under the birk,
Break off our light round;
Fade all away in the morning mirk, —
Fade underground!

The words fall as feely as the trippings of fairies, and the art in the final stanza is flawless. One scarcely hears the movement at last. It is only to be likened to some diminuendo passage of violins.

The occasional appearance of themes drawn from Hellenic sources partially explains this attitude of Miss Thomas toward nature. She has read her Greek out-of-doors, and has followed the guidance of Greek art in her interpretation of nature. There has indeed been a reflex influence, for she has plainly made her native fields the haunts of dryads

and naiads, and has not vainly sighed for some far-off Hymettus. A certain bookish air is given to her poetry by this admixture of Greek suggestion, but this impresses one only superficially. A closer observation shows so successful an interpenetration of fable and familiar nature that one is reminded in a measure of that frank use of Hellenic material which characterizes some of the Elizabethan writers, Ben Jonson being the most notable representative. The difference lies in the more complex and refined knowledge possible to a poet to-day who is steeped in antique learning, and also in the difference of the two ages. Miss Thomas has hinted at this in one of the most notable of her poems, *The Reply of the Nineteenth Century to the Passionate Shepherd*. Marlowe had sung to his oaten pipe,

"Come live with me, and be my love."

His poem is a lovely peep into Arcadia. There is not a word in it which belongs to Greece alone; there is scarcely a word which is not English in its suggestion; and yet the poem is penetrated by Hellenic air; it is the Greece of a poet's reconstruction. It is exquisitely artificial. Miss Thomas replies in words which are pathetic in their hopeless self-knowledge:—

"I am distrustful, veering, sad;
With subtle tongue I'd drive thee mad:
And so, for very love of thee,
Shepherd, thy love I will not be."

This is the mood of the century, which vexes itself with riddles and is conscious of a more varied sensibility. It is only necessary to suspect that Marlowe was but playfully importunate, and straightway our modern poet, voicing the century, becomes worthier in her honest pathos.

There is another strain sometimes to be heard in these poems, which one may attend, if disposed to fear a too cold and impersonal quality in Miss Thomas's verse. It is found in such poems as *Exiles*, *Omens*, *Life and Death*, *Across*

the World I Speak to Thee, — poems which are charged with feeling, not vague in expression, but based on dramatic experience which is only distantly hinted at. There are several poems which are distinctly dramatic in conception; there are some, also, which suggest that high sense of honor which it is the part of poetry to keep pure and undying as a vestal flame.

It is not strange that, with all this subtlety of feeling and thought, Miss Thomas should direct her poems occasionally at poetry itself. It belongs to a nature which is not content with a merely objective portraiture of the world to ask seriously, What is this power in me that sends me thus to the heart of things? There are poems in this volume which are born of solitude, — such solitude as the poet inevitably enters who is profoundly conscious of his vocation. Profoundly conscious, we say. Many a person is lightly conscious of poetic faculty, plays with the power, and by and by, it may be, discovers that the spring of poetry has dried away. But given a profound consciousness of poetic inspiration, and the nature thus endowed is driven into the wilderness by no external daimon, but by an inward spirit. It is the manifestation of this in some of the poems contained in the book before us which gives us high hope that Miss Thomas, whatever mistakes she may make, will not be false to her vocation. *Voices of the Way* has an echo from the depths. *Flotsam and Jetsam* has the ring of poetic courage. *The Refuge* tells of a mind that rests not short of the genuine. *Sing-in-the-Winter*, an exquisite lyric, has the triumphant note which tells of a secret hidden from the multitude. *Dew of Parnassus* is strong with the suggestion of a test which the poet fears not to submit to. *Occasion* hints at the way one may answer one's own restlessness born of ambition, and *To Fame* is a noble reflection upon the compensation which awaits the faithful poet. So much,

then, of conscious strength goes with this beginner's volume, so much of fine art, and so much of spontaneous melody that we cannot withhold our generous faith in a continuous gift of song. It may well be that with time will come such further

subordination of bookish knowledge as will enrich the humane side of Miss Thomas's verse, and that even the fine penetration of nature will pass into a broader vision and a profounder revelation of beauty.

CARLYLE IN LONDON.

OF the good and evil of modern biography the memorials of Carlyle, which these volumes¹ conclude, will be a severe test. Slowly he won his way merely by literature to a place where he had the respect of the world, the veneration of the most earnest of the younger generation, and power over all the best. He died; and the interest of his work, which had been as real as Alexander's, as laborious as Frederick's, as believing as Cromwell's, has been superseded by the interest of his life. This is temporary, of course, but the intimate knowledge that men possess in regard to his own human nature will profoundly modify the meaning of his books to them, and in the long run this change for better or worse will prove the significant thing. He himself taught that character is the best light by which to get an understanding of a man's work, and his biographer has proved faithful to that theory. He himself authorized the violation of his own thoughts, affections, and wrongdoing, in their secretest privacy. It is true that he did it in that mood of sorrow and repentance which is peculiarly liable to error of judgment, when a wise friend is a friend indeed; but he did it. The seal that protected his married life being once broken, other seals easily gave way. There can be no question that Carlyle's literary influence has seriously suffered in consequence; and,

though our annals have been enriched by the story of a life of the highest moral interest, it is quite possible that the sacrifice has been too great. There have been men whose nature so outvalued their work that biography, while revealing their feeblenesses, has honored them; there has been character so fine that its illustration in the acts of daily life is a possession much more precious than any other record of it originally meant for the public: but Carlyle's nature and character, taken in the whole, were not such. His virtues were completely expressed in his works, and for the most part his biography has been a lengthening history of the miserable effects of his faults upon his own and others' lives. Could he have characterized himself with the same narrowness of heart and intellectual contempt that he exhibited toward some men whom he knew, these memorials would have furnished him matter for a more biting and a more unjust description than any he has been guilty of. What the features of it would be there is no need to outline. That he was genuine, sincere, truthful, no one will doubt; but all will remember that the same qualities in that "poor fool" of a Gladstone, in whom Carlyle thought all the cants of the age had become convictions, are as worthy respect. He was strenuously righteous; but so was Mill, in whom that virtue did not count for

¹ *Thomas Carlyle. A History of his Life in London, 1834-1881.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,

M. A. Two volumes in one. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

salvation in his eyes. So one might continue, were it useful to argue to the point that Carlyle did not monopolize the manliness of England. It is not strange that Froude lays stress unduly on his friend's good traits, but it cannot be disguised that there is much need for the exercise of charity by the reader; and the proof of this is that the story touches the heart far more than it illumines, or exalts, or strengthens the spirit.

In this narrative of the years of Carlyle's mature life in London, one point is touched on that has never been comprehensively treated, and that is his relation to the public questions of his own time. Froude tries to make much of it, but he succeeds only in keeping up an obscure feeling that the subject is there. Every one knows what Carlyle thought, and there is a taking plausibility in the analogy Froude finds between him and the Hebrew prophets who rebuked, denounced, and exhorted the tribes that forgot God; but the likeness would hold as well in the case of any vehement reformer who had not the power of the sword. He prophesied destruction; and as the history of civilized man has been a series of catastrophes it is quite possible that his prophecy is true. At each new break in the old order men hope that the kingdom of God is near at hand, and we who are building on liberty, the diffusion of intelligence among all the people, and philanthropy, indulge the old belief, perhaps to no better purpose than did the men who converted the nations, who brought back antiquity, and who freed the conscience of Europe. We are engaged in a great effort of equal dignity, and Carlyle declared against us, set himself in opposition to the irresistible movement of civilization, and denounced upon us "God's Revenge." So once had Savonarola done with equal sincerity, and perhaps the issue will in the end be the same to the moderns as it was to the Florentines. But in this matter

Carlyle exceeded the rôle of the prophet; he not only preached that no moral regeneration could come from the new expedients of politics, in a large sense, for the administration of society, but he added that such measures were foolish in their own worldly sphere. In the first part of his message he was right, — he said what every prophet declares is God's word; but in the second it ought now to be the devout hope of all men that he may prove a babbler. Certainly, in this province of his thought, — in his sneers at the humane efforts of his contemporaries to give manhood to all who wear the form of man, to show even in prisons some kindliness on the part of organized society toward the criminal and vicious, to insist in practical affairs that no man can be saved except by the exercise of powers that involve such freedom of thought, motive, and action as may also possibly result in his own damnation, — in all this he ran counter to the spirit of Christianity. His temper did belong in many respects to the Old Dispensation, to the rigor and bigotry of Scotch Presbyterianism, to the countryman of Knox. He was so careful that things should be done decently, that acts should be right, as to make it seem that his corner-stone was a belief in government. He had a higher regard for authority than liberty, for compulsion than persuasion, for the law than the victim; but of the aims and methods, the aspirations and energies, of the Christ's kingdom that cometh not by force he seems to have known little. He never was so profound a spiritualist as to make statecraft, as Plato did, a department of man's education: to him all that was "niggerism." Carlyle's convictions regarding suffrage, emancipation, prison-reform, parliamentary government, and the like topics on which he was accustomed to emit "geyser-spouts," as they are termed, were closely connected with his more general views of the moral order of the universe, the sources of great-

ness in men and nations, and the lessons of history as he read them; and to follow out these threads of union would be very helpful toward an explanation of his reactionary thought. Froude has not done this; he plainly respects Carlyle as a political seer as well as in his capacity of "Hebrew prophet," but he brings nothing to support his master except a Toryish sentiment. We may fail in our effort for the self-education of the race by devolving upon men opportunities they may abuse and responsibilities they may violate, and there are elements enough of danger in our legacy from old times as well as of our own making; but had Carlyle been our leader in the "Exodus from Houndsditch," he would have taken us back, very surely, to the bondage of an Israelitish code, if not to the shadow of Egypt itself.

The personal element in the various memorials of Carlyle's life has already been fully discussed in these pages. In the last forty years of his London career there is fresh illustration of his character, but no new traits appear. The impression which is most strengthened is that of the strange mingling of the rudeness of his original nature with the fineness of the high-bred civilization into which he grew. The strength of his peasant ancestry was at the core of his virtue; but as he developed, and appropriated from others, many modifications are noticeable: for one thing, he became tender. One believes he was always essentially kind; but, as in uncultivated men, his kindness had to be appealed to in order to become active; it was not the habit of his daily life. It is as if the softening and enriching pro-

cesses, that usually require the period of two or three generations to import into character the fine results of civilization, had been crowded into a single existence. This is one reason, perhaps, why the last years of his life seem morally more beautiful, as if time had done its perfect work for him. The trait which shows most plainly his peasant extraction and which clung longest to him was his peculiar appreciation of the charm of civility as he saw it in great houses. It is the more significant because he seldom gives it verbal form; he may not have known quite clearly his own feeling. It may seem a strange, an inconsistent matter; but there can be no rational doubt that Carlyle liked to be lionized, and was willing to pay the price of physical misery for a dinner with great people. It was not the worst of faults. He would, nevertheless, probably have resented Froude's description of him as one of Lord Ashburton's train; and so far as his consciousness went the remark must be regarded as unjust, though the fact may have been as stated. However that was, he paid dearly for the episode of his friendship with that excellent nobleman. In other matters, too, especially in the ferocity of his judgments, one hears the North Briton accent. But after all, although one cannot help regretting that Froude has made so poor a use of such splendid materials, the story of this life now finished is a very noble one; it attaches men's hearts to a degree that is marvelous when one remembers how much there is in it which repels. Carlyle's life, for better or worse, is now a part of his works.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MAY one who is a lover of art, although no connoisseur, record here some impressions gathered from a view of Mr. Watts' paintings in the New York Museum, in hopes of drawing forth an expression of opinion as to the same from writers better qualified to judge of things æsthetic? Let me confess at once to a certain degree of disappointment in these remarkable pictures, the result in part, perhaps, of reading the descriptive comment accompanying the catalogue before instead of after looking at the works themselves. In some instances these descriptions suggested to my mind a larger, fuller meaning than I was able to find in the canvas, an experience I have had before when comparing Mr. Ruskin's glowing comment on certain masterpieces of Tintoretto with the original productions; although, on the other hand, without his aid I might have failed to discern much that is to be seen in those works of a mighty genius. But some other reason is necessary to account for my having failed to get from the Watts pictures all the delight I had hoped for. Lack of cultivated taste will, of course, explain the fact easily; yet I should like to state what, so far as I am able to see, appears to be at the bottom of my dissatisfaction. The conception of these paintings is in almost every instance so far removed from the commonplace realism of much of the art of to-day that, regarding the conception alone, we are abundantly impressed by them; yet two only — the Paolo and Francesca and the Love and Death — produced upon me, by actual sight, an effect equal to that which I had gained by simple reading of Mrs. Barrington's catalogue descriptions. I had seen a cut of the Love and Death accompanying Mr. Gosse's paper in the *Century*, and I do not know that

the addition of color made the painting itself more impressive, but the scale of the same of course made all the difference possible. The figure of Death, it seems to me, must strike all who see it as nobly powerful, majestic in attitude, and draped with a severe, statuesque grace. The Time, Death, and Judgment is undeniably striking, and in the grand figure of Time the artist has reached to the height of his conception; yet, taking the picture as a whole, I did not feel that I was looking on a thoroughly successful work. One objection which I mentally made with respect to this and the Love and Death picture may appear very trivial, but I am giving my impressions for only what they are worth. To me, space seems wanting around and between the figures; the canvas is too crowded; we come too near to these symbolic shapes, which ought to be seen through something of the distance and atmosphere that poetry could give to them. In conception these pictures are poetic, and the question rises whether ideas such as Mr. Watts has treated are capable of being successfully dealt with by the painter. Painting, as compared with poetry proper, is a limited art; and to define for himself the limitations of his art ought, one would suppose, to be a first object with the artist; and yet some of the artists whom all agree to call great are those who have apparently striven most to break through those limitations, as with Turner in painting, and, in their different ways, Shelley and Browning in poetry. It is the attempt to transcend their appointed bounds which is one cause of the unreality and abstraction that we find in much of Shelley's verse and Turner's painting, and of the obscurity in Browning's speculative poems. It may be that if Mr. Watts has not altogether suc-

ceeded in realizing the ideals of his mind the fact is to be explained by certain defects of execution. Of his technical skill I of course may not judge. I can speak only to the fact of a considerable degree of disappointment felt where I was prepared to admire and enjoy. Those pictures whose subjects are taken from the Revelation were to me the least interesting, although I admired the power in the red-clothed figure on the black (?) horse, sweeping his resistless way through space. The figure of the bending goddess in the Endymion struck me, with its airy poise, as resembling the attendant nymph in Tintoretto's Bacchus and Ariadne. That "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," when that reach is toward the loftiest visible to the artist's eye, is surely no fault to be deplored. With whatever qualification, the works mentioned deserve to be seen and enjoyed by all to whom the opportunity is offered, and the comment I have indulged in will not, I trust, be thought presumptuous when the sincere diffidence with which it is made is taken into account.

— Literary fashions are not accidental. They are based upon a sense of propriety; and the heroines of the modern novel have undoubtedly kept pace with all that gives dignity, value, and variety to the world's progress.

The first great change which I shall note is a physical one. As long as men were the principal novel-writers, beauty was an absolute necessity to heroines. Those of the eighteenth century are all perfectly lovely and amiable, but they are also stupid and tiresome. We yawn over their joys and sorrows alike, and are weary to death of their perpetual swooning; "they must hae been gey ill to live wi'."

This union of virtue and insipidity is an old alliance in the male consciousness. It existed in the highest civilization of the ancient world, and it clings to the skirts of a generation still linger-

ing in the high places of the literary and social world. Thackeray's *Amelia* is Fielding's *Amelia* in a nineteenth-century costume. Her adoration of that wretched fop, George Osborne, is neither better nor worse than that of Fielding's heroine weeping hysterically over her unworthy, utterly faithless Booth. Neither Fielding nor Thackeray painted these silly, flawless, insipid beauties because he was incapable of anything better. In Fielding's *Amelia*, Miss Matthews has wit, courage, and high spirit, and Mrs. Bennet a large heart, culture, and intelligence; but both these interesting women are made immoral. No one needs to be reminded of Thackeray's clever contrast to his *Amelia*, — the inimitable Becky Sharp. We almost resent the marriage of Dobbin to *Amelia*, and are sure that he must have been ready to hang himself a month afterwards. We would rather he had married Becky in her early life. She would have given him at least an interest in existence, and in all probability have made him a much happier man than the vapid, good-looking *Amelia*.

The estimate of women in the burlesque letters of Mr. Brown to a Young Man About Town was, in the main, Thackeray's genuine estimate: "A set has been made against clever women from all time. Take all Shakespeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same, — affectionate, motherly, tender, — that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and those of other writers: each man seems to draw from one model. An exquisite slave is what we want, — an humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being." This statement, as regards Shakespeare, is grossly untrue. Put Thackeray's *Amelia* for Portia, and where would the play be? Throughout Shakespeare's dramas there is not one woman capable of winning our sympathy without the charm of intellect. Thackeray's good heroines have these flattering, tea-making, piano-

forte-playing accomplishments, but they are generally so uninteresting that we do not blame their lovers for lighting their cigars with their love-letters.

There are women of another sort in Scott, such as Diana Vernon, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans; but the great novelist seldom allowed himself to do justice to the love heroines of his tales. The women who marry his heroes are often not the women who win the reader's affection.

Dickens's good women are immensely stupid; they are also all good from constitution and temperament, not from moral or religious motives. Like the old heroines, they are made perfect at the beginning, so that no improvement is possible. The power and beauty of spiritual growth through trial was little understood by Dickens; he could not draw a woman with a suffering intellectual organism constantly growing clearer, and nobler, and purer.

But when women began to write novels the standard was changed. Women are not to be deceived by mere physical beauty in their own sex; and they naturally despise the masculine weakness which is led captive by a pretty face, even though it be but on paper. They soon gave us heroines whose features were not "chiseled as finely as a Greek statue," and whose forms were not as those of Juno or the nymphs. On the contrary, they were often pale and small, had irregular features, or red hair, or a slightly turned-up nose. But with fine eyes and a good heart and plenty of genius, they easily left the mere beauties behind, in the matrimonial race. Jane Eyre was the first triumphant success of this school, and she opened the door to a long train of imitators. She was small and pale, and dressed with Quaker-like severity, and yet Jane Eyre never wearied us.

There had, however, been a gradual preparation of the public mind for this change. During the first portion of this

century the romantic novel had taken the place of Fielding's vigorous but rude tales. Though it called a glass of water "a draught from the Falernian spring," and a lady's parlor "the sacred asylum of innocence," it had a long run of public favor. Our mothers found their favorite heroines in such books as *The Children of the Abbey* and *The Scottish Chiefs*.

Miss Austen's bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sensible women rid us of the Amanda type; and though Mrs. Gore, the favorite novel-writer of half a century ago, was inclined to unite dullness with "good sort of women," and to associate domestic duties with much that is unamiable and ridiculous, still her heroines were in the main a faithful transcript of a slowly advancing social life.

The first great departure was the introduction of the plain, clever girl as the model heroine. Miss Yonge followed Miss Brontë's example; all her heroines of this class get, as a rule, the nicest husbands. The Hetty of *Adam Bede* revealed to thoughtful women that the author of that book was a woman. No man could have painted Hetty with such cold scrutiny and total want of enthusiasm. Yet George Eliot does ample justice to the power of female beauty. Hetty is the only pretty fool in that wonderful gallery of portraits which includes Romola, Dorothea, Gwendoline, Dinah, etc. Beauty they all have, but they all have brains, also, and they use them like reasoning and reasonable beings. If anything were needed to show how great a change in the real position of woman has taken place, it is supplied by the contrast of the heroines in Fielding's *Amelia* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*.

So, also, it has come to pass that we refuse an untried inherent moral perfection as decidedly as we refuse a brainless physical one. The woman

"too bright or good
For human nature's daily food"

is not the woman we admire. One with the common faults of her race, even somewhat willful and wayward, plays the part of the sensitive, amiable, swooning angel of the old novelists; such, for instance, as the charming Kitty of Mr. Black's *Shandon Bells*, or the Elfrida of Mr. Hardy's masterpiece, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Kitty is one of the most faithful, relentless, artistic pictures of the coquette ever given to the world; and she illustrates in a powerful manner another distinct departure in the modern novel, — the transfer of fidelity and unselfishness from the heroine to the hero. In the old novel, it was the heroine who broke her heart over her lover's infidelity, and who performed prodigies of self-denial in his behalf. Nowadays it is the woman who is represented as egotistical and fickle, and the more noble and enduring passion is on the side of the man. George Eliot is a noble teacher in this respect; for the underlying text in all her novels is that much of the unhappiness of this world comes from egotism. She shows Hetty and Gwendoline that the world was not made for them specially; by hard, often cruel, processes she teaches them their own unimportance, knocks the selfishness out of them, or else punishes them for retaining it. Has there then been a new and closer study of the sexes? Have modern novelists discovered that fickleness and selfishness are distinctively feminine characteristics? Or have women really changed in the wider and deeper life and liberty they have gained?

The old heroines were absurdly submissive to their husbands, obeying the doctrine of conjugal authority both in season and out of season. Later novelists have ceased to bind their heroines by this theory. In fact, the wife is now, usually, the husband's mentor and saviour. If he has been wandering among false philosophies, it is her mission to cure his spiritual malady, and bring him

to a sense of those religious truths which only women naturally discern. In business matters she is often the guardian of a husband who is inclined to court commercial ruin; and either by her tact or her financial capacity, displayed at some critical moment, she saves him from the proper punishment of his follies. Such characters as these never entered a man's brain a century ago.

George Eliot's best heroines are a kind of protest against this specimen; all her finest women need a master and a rule of life. Dorothea, so sweet and clear and charitable, blunders along under the guidance of Casaubon or Ladislaw; Romola needs Savonarola; Gwendoline, Deronda; Esther, Felix; Janet, the strength of the clergyman who had spiritually saved her.

No writer has given us a gallery of more sensible, charming, every-day women than Trollope. The delicacy of his work is nowhere so masterly as in his descriptions of their love affairs and their small social diplomacies. George Eliot has sounded far greater depths than his calm respectabilities, yet Trollope's heroines are our familiar friends; we know them quite as well as we know the people who visit us. Trollope understood the English girl of this epoch.

I might mention other distinct types, such as Kingsley's healthy, good-natured girls, fond of out-door sports, and specially touched by the religious element, or Hawthorne's sad New England women, with their wonderful antithesis, represented by such creations as Daisy Miller, but it would only be an extended speculation on a condition evident to all, — that the change of character in the heroines of fiction reflects the changing position of woman in social life. The many-sided heroine of to-day is an evidence that woman has ceased to be a toy, or a drudge, or an angel endowed with impossible perfections. She has taken her place as the companion and equal of man, — the sharer of his foibles,

his hopes, and his occupations. Yet it is very likely that fifty years hence our grandchildren may refuse to believe that such women as represent our ideals to-day were ever charming or lovable; our Dorotheas and Kittys and Lily Dales will be voted tiresome, also. What will the heroine of that day be like? If some poet or novelist would reveal the wonderful being to us, we should be able to predicate from her something of the condition of the world fifty years hence.

— Humanity outside of France — one might almost say outside of Paris — is a sealed book to the generality of Frenchmen. It is only a brief sail from Calais to Dover, but so far as French comprehension of England is concerned John Bull's little island might as well be in the middle of the Baltic Sea. The "milord" of the Boulevard theatres is not thought to be a caricature of the typical English gentleman, though there is nothing on earth nor in the waters under the earth that bears the slightest resemblance to a French playwright's idea of a Briton. While claiming to be a citizen of the capital of the world, the Parisian is essentially provincial, not to say parochial. He is seldom a traveler, and more rarely a linguist. His understanding is bounded at the four points of the compass by the fortifications of Paris. Knowing little of his immediate neighbors, he does not surprise us by knowing comparatively nothing of his remoter fellow-creatures. It is therefore amusing rather than incredible that even so intelligent a person as M. Arvède Barine should write of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the following fashion. (I quote from a paper by M. Barine in a late number of the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*):—

"Nous avons déjà eu l'occasion de parler ici du romancier américain Nathaniel Hawthorne. C'était à propos de sa biographie, et nous avons exposé aux yeux du lecteur le spectacle singulier,

presque incroyable, d'un écrivain entreprenant de tirer des romans uniquement de lui-même, sans s'aider de l'étude de la nature et en inventant les états du cœur et de l'esprit qu'il prêtait à ses personnages. Nous avons montré Hawthorne passant douze ans enfermé à clef dans une chambre à la porte de laquelle on déposait sa nourriture, sortant de cette retraite la tête saine, l'humeur égale, le cœur frais, et se mettant à analyser la nature humaine, à décrire le monde et la vie dans des récits d'une justesse de vues admirable, mais où les idées vraies et profondes s'incarnent dans des êtres fantastiques, créés de toutes pièces par une imagination dont les rêves n'avaient pas été contrôlés au contact de la réalité."

This picture of Hawthorne passing twelve years locked up in his chamber shows how easy it is for an imaginative Frenchman to build a romantic castle out of a single brick. All he had to work with was the simple fact that when Hawthorne was engrossed in some literary task he used frequently to have his dinner sent to his room!

— Will you permit a dweller "In the Haunts of the Mocking-Bird" to bear witness to the wonderful life-likeness of Maurice Thompson's charming paper in a recent number of *The Atlantic*?

I have known the mocking-bird in Gadsden County, Florida, and in and around Tallahassee. Many and many a nest have I peeped into; for there they always choose low bushes, often not higher than a man's head, and I have even known them to build in rose-bushes. I have heard the "strange din" of their voices in the hedges of Cherokee roses, and I have two or three times witnessed the heart-breaking performance of the "dropping song," as Mr. Thompson names what my old "mammy" used to call the mating song.

It is true that the mocking-bird's song in captivity is not comparable to its song in the freedom of a Southern grove;

but though I would not dispute Mr. Thompson's statement that "the best voiced mocking-birds, without doubt, are those bred in Middle Florida and Southern Alabama," I must confess that in Sumter County and in Lee County, Alabama, I have heard this bird surpass any of its fellows along the coast in tireless, ecstatic, passionately plaintive song. Though they nest low, they often choose high places to pour forth their rapturous strain, returning day after day to the same lofty perch.

There are two facts concerning this bird which Mr. Thompson does not mention: (1) its *dancing*, which is a common enough performance, often irresisti-

bly comic, and quite as ecstatic as the singing, which always accompanies the "jig;" (2) its *maliciousness*. I have been told by persons who have taken the young broods to rear that if the cage containing them is left where the parent birds can have access to it they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will *poison them*, giving them the berry of the black ash.

While writing the above paragraph, I received a copy of *The Critic* containing a note from Mr. J. A. Harrison, in which the poisoning of the caged young by the parent bird is stated as a "well-authenticated fact."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. A Matter of Taste, by George H. Picard (White, Stokes & Allen): a story which we should guess might never have been written, if Mr. James's Portrait of a Lady had not hung over the author's desk. It shows good taste and refinement of feeling, but lacks the firmness of touch which alone reconciles one to books of its class. — Noble Blood, by Julian Hawthorne (Appleton): a rapid story; the scene laid in Ireland, and the chief characters an American artist and Irish lady. The situations are developed as quickly as possible, and as many improbabilities as the space will permit hurried into the story. — Peril, by Jessie Fothergill (Holt): an English story of the thoroughly well-built sort. — The Black Poodle, and other Tales, by F. Anstey. (Appleton.) The Black Poodle has already a fixed reputation, and nothing is likely to shake it. The other stories and extravagances show Mr. Anstey's somewhat *bizarre* humor, but by themselves would not be likely to do more than sustain a reputation already made. — The Making of a Man (Roberts) is a posthumous novel by Mr. Baker, the author of His Majesty Myself, and other novels. The man, who had already been of repute in the ministry, but was now crumbling as a farmer, was remade by the trial of war, which burnt away his dross and left the refined gold. Mr. Baker has always been in earnest; too much so sometimes for the perfect clearness of his style, for it suffers from a too abundant development of incidental thought. His books, however, have a singular internal vitality. — Deldee, or The Iron Hand, by F. Warden, author of that clammy novel The House on the Marsh. (Appleton.) This

story runs the gamut of crime and improbability, and carries bravely to the end the love of two people aged five and three at the beginning of the book. — Bound Together is the business-like title of a dozen stories in one volume, by Hugh Conway, the author of Called Back. The qualities which made the now famous story popular reappear in these shorter tales. They move quickly, they deal with powerful emotions, and they will be forgotten, for they have no real excuse for being, and they are as idle as nightmares. — A Penniless Girl, from the German of W. Heimburg, translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Lippincott.) We do not think Mrs. Wister has been as fortunate as usual in selecting the basis for one of her ingenious fabrics. The plot is rather commonplace, and the story in general somewhat tedious. — Dr. Grattan, by William A. Hammond (Appleton): a novel in which a noisy style, cheap learning, and physiological jugglery combine to swamp the story and leave the reader in doubt whether he has brought enough away to warrant the trouble he was forced to take to get the treasure. — Christmas in Narragansett, by Edward Everett Hale. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Would it be asking too much of Mr. Hale if he would kindly give us his best, which is very good, once in a while, and not make us impatient over such an entertaining and dissipated *mélange* as this book? It reads as if the carriage were waiting for the author, and yet there is enough incident and ingenuity in it to set up a dozen authors. — True, and other Stories, by George P. Lathrop. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The longest story, True, is a story of North Carolina to-day, in which the author has

attempted to inweave the story of Raleigh's lost colony. The conceit is so attenuated that it even weakens the force of the current story; for the reader has not only to believe in the transmission of personal characteristics through three hundred years of altered conditions, but to believe that the persons of the story were also cognizant of them. — Tompkins and other Folks, by P. Deming (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a collection of short tales, so ingenuous as narrowly to escape barrenness, and yet always retaining a delicate *souçon* of humor which makes the reader curious to follow the simple turn of the narrative. We suspect that the stories have the stuff out of which reprints are made when a hundred years of neglect have intervened. — Prince Saroni's Wife and the Pearl-Shell Necklace, by Julian Hawthorne. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Hawthorne is so careless as to mix the narrative by a third and by a first person in telling the story of Prince Saroni's wife. The tale itself is sufficiently repulsive. There is a brutal cleverness about it which may easily make it stick in one's memory in place of more agreeable and more desirable stories. — Admiral Porter's romance, Allan Dare and Robert Le Diable (Appleton), which has been publishing in parts, is now complete; but as the last sentence hints at a possible sequel, the Admiral may yet turn out to be the American Dumas, which he has begun to be. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are The Talk of the Town, by James Payn; From Post to Finish, a Racing Romance, by Hawley Smart; A Good Hater, by Frederick Boyle; Within the Clasp, a story of the Yorkshire jet-hunters, by J. Berwick Harwood; and Philistia, by Cecil Power.

Travel and Nature. Fresh Fields, by John Burroughs (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection of a dozen notable essays, in which Mr. Burroughs gives his impressions of England. He carried to the old country an eye and an ear which were quick to take in the England of our dreams and of England's own poetry. His fine sympathy with nature and the best of humanity makes him an excellent reporter of that which is enduring in a nation's life and home. — Bermuda, an Idyl of the Summer Islands, by Julia C. R. Dorr. (Scribners.) Mrs. Dorr writes with a pleasant enthusiasm of the Bermudas, and tells gracefully what every one would wish to know concerning them. The islands, fortunately, do not make heavy demands upon the guide-book function, but what little is to be said on this side is said with judgment. The maps are good and convenient. — The Cruise of the Montauk to Bermuda, the West Indies, and Florida, by James McQuade. (Thomas R. Knox & Co., New York.) The book is in the form of familiar letters, and while some information is given it is imbedded in such a mass of good-natured but rather tiresome fooling as to make the reader think a cruise with the author something to reflect upon twice before accepting. — Mr. Frederick A. Ober has published, as a supplemental volume to his Travels in Mexico, a pamphlet, Mexican Resources, a Guide to and through Mexico. (Estes & Lauriat.) It is intended less for travelers in search of the picturesque than for those in the way of business and

investment. — In the Lena Delta, a narrative of the search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his companions, followed by an account of the Greely Relief Expedition and a proposed method of reaching the North Pole, by George W. Melville, edited by Melville Philips. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This volume, while not in the form, is really in the spirit, of a complement to The Voyage of the Jeannette. Mr. Melville passes rapidly over the experience of the expedition up to the fatal hour when the boats separated; the same time forms the bulk of Mrs. De Long's narrative. He then gives in full the adventures of the men after that point, condensed in Mrs. De Long's book into two or three chapters. The earlier book, indeed, is not necessary to this. Mr. Melville is a born explorer, and, what is rare, tells his story with the energy which he shows in his business. It would be hard to find a more spirited narrative of adventure than this book presents. The reader will lay the book down with a hearty wish that Mr. Melville may persuade some man of money to send him again in search of the North Pole. — The Cruise of the Alice May in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Adjacent Waters, by S. G. W. Benjamin. (Appleton.) Mr. Benjamin is a fluent writer, but his style is not as picturesque as are the charming illustrations which accompany his agreeable sketch. Why cross the Atlantic when one can see in America such quaint forms and find one's self in so primitive a society as are here hinted at? — The Land of Rip Van Winkle, a tour through the romantic parts of the Catskills, its legends and traditions, by A. E. P. Searing. (Putnams.) A good deal of pains has been taken with this book, and it has the appearance of sumptuousness. Yet a closer examination shows little real beauty in the pictures, — or shall we say in the engraving? — for a hard, metallic style has given all the cuts a dead, flat look. The text is good-natured, but the humor is somewhat forced and the chronicle rather faithful to unimportant details than alive with the animation of a graceful story-teller. — In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties, by Lady Brassey. (Holt.) The plain English of this title might be A Cruise in the Yacht Sunbeam from the Mediterranean to England by Way of Madeira, the Caribbean Sea, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores. Lady Brassey's previous books prepare one to enjoy this, which is a bright, readable record of travel, in which domestic English life forms an agreeable atmosphere, through which one sees the world. The illustrations are abundant and generally fair, while good maps help to furnish the volume. The old-fashioned traveling tutor and his young friends are here modernized and refined into a family excursion under the most satisfactory conditions.

Folk-Lore and Humor. The Algonquin Legends of New England, or Myths and Folk-Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot Tribes, by Charles G. Leland. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Leland has made a find, and while some dreadful cold-blooded critic will probably come along and say that the 'Quoddies have stuffed him after being stuffed themselves, it is difficult

to believe that the varied sources of the stories could all be in collusion. We prefer to think that Mr. Leland has made a real contribution to folklore : whatever becomes of his theory regarding the Scandinavian origin of some of the stories, the parallelism is very striking. The illustrations by Indians are very interesting and sometimes intentionally humorous. — *Half a Century of English History*, pictorially presented in a series of cartoons from the collection of Mr. Punch (Putnams) : a hundred and fifty caricatures from Punch, illustrative especially of political history. The reproductions have the effect of vulgarizing the merry jester. — *Pictures of Life and Character*, by John Leech : from the collection of Mr. Punch. (Appleton.) The minifying process by which these designs have been reproduced saves them from the fault of the last-named book : still the charming refinement of execution is lost ; the fun, however, remains. — *Broken English, a Frenchman's Struggle with the English Language*, by E. C. Dubois (Putnams) : an attempt to make English idioms into French equivalent, and to illustrate the despair of a Frenchman who would master the doublings of the English speech. One may extract a good deal of fun from the book, and some instruction while looking out for the fun. — *The Enchiridion of Wit* : the best specimens of English conversational wit. (Lippincott.) The readable preface inspires one with confidence in the compiler's judgment, which is confirmed by a reading of this bright collection. — *The Buntling Ball, a Græco-American play, being a poetical satire on New York society* (Funk & Wagnalls) : in form a travesty of Swinburne and imitation of Gilbert. The satire is not particularly delicate, nor is it crushing. There are clever lines, but the whole joke is rather thin.

Hygiene and Medicine. Maxims of Public Health, by O. W. Wight. (Appleton.) Dr. Wight, who is health officer of Detroit, has tried in this small volume to set plainly and directly before people certain fundamental doctrines regarding sanitary matters as they affect towns and cities. He is pungent and forcible in his way of putting things. He divides his book into ninety sections, and supplies an index, but it would have been well to furnish his separate sections with headings to catch the eye. — *Women, Plumbers, and Doctors, or Household Sanitation*, by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. (Appleton.) This is the book which the modern Dora must substitute for her cook-book, and on which we fear many will balance Jip. If any woman can read it and then go to housekeeping she is a brave woman. If she heeds it there are even chances that she will meet her end by accident. No woman who has mastered the squirming diagrams of this volume, and governed herself accordingly, will ever have typhoid fever. She may have the nightmare. — *Notes on the Opium Habit*, by Asa P. Meylert, M. D. (Putnams), has passed to a third edition. — *What is to be Done ?* by R. B. Dixon, is a handbook for the nursery, with useful hints for children and adults. (Lee & Shepard.) The suggestions are sensible, homely, and given in a straightforward manner. If handbooks would

make us a nation of rational livers we should soon be on the way to sound health.

Biography and Memoirs. The Croker Papers, edited by L. J. Jennings (Scribners), are contained in two stout octavo volumes, and include the correspondence and diary of J. W. Croker from 1811 to 1857. Mr. Croker was one of those industrious Englishmen who are ready to undertake any public work in politics or literature, who write quarterly articles, carry on a prodigious correspondence, are under-secretaries, and know about everybody and everything. Mr. Jennings has compiled an entertaining book, if one is ready to be entertained by political personalities and a half-interior view of English society. Mr. Croker himself does not accumulate a very important character in the course of the two volumes, and the chief interest which he has to literary students is somewhat slighted ; for although Mr. Jennings gives in some detail the circumstances of Croker's editing Boswell, and refers to Macaulay's attack, he does not trouble himself to defend Croker, but merely abuses Macaulay. Macaulay no doubt was moved by personal dislike, but then he was thoroughly at home in the subject of Boswell, and his criticisms did damage Croker's reputation for good scholarship. — *Episodes of my Second Life*, by Antonio Gallenga. (Lippincott.) Gallenga's career as correspondent of the London Times, in which he traduced Mazzini, is fresher in people's mind than his earlier career as Italian refugee in America and England. The present volume, if it throws no special light on his character, does not lead one greatly to admire him ; there is a constant suspicion engendered in the reader's mind that the man was a fraud. Nevertheless, his recollection of Cambridge and Boston life is curious. Either from design or from fault of memory he disguises a few names, but the picture is apparently intended for a faithful one, and it is dryly truthful in many respects. The oddity is partly in the apparent failure of the writer ever to have corrected or compared his first impressions, so that what one reads might have been written forty or fifty years ago. It must make some of the families who received Gallenga feel a little crawly to read his recollections of them. — *John Howard Payne, Dramatist, Poet, Actor, and Author of Home, Sweet Home, his Life and Writings*, by Gabriel Harrison. (Lippincott.) Mr. Harrison reprints, with additions, his earlier life of Payne. The book, despite its somewhat disorderly form, is an interesting one, and will give a more substantial character to Payne's literary life than is carried in most people's minds. The prose essay on *Our Neglected Poets* will serve Payne's reputation more than his poems, which are for the most part thin Moore and water. — *Two biographies of Abraham Lincoln* have recently appeared. The first has for its sub-title *The True Story of a Great Life*, showing the inner growth, special training, and peculiar fitness of the man for his work, by William O. Stoddard. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) We distrust such an announcement on the title-page. It becomes one to be modest in his statement of what he has done for Lincoln. Mr. Stoddard has the

advantage of having been one of Lincoln's private secretaries, and he writes intelligibly and earnestly. The book is too much of an essay about Lincoln to take rank as a satisfactory biography, but it contains much that is discriminating and penetrating in its portraiture, not only of Mr. Lincoln, but of the men who were about him. The other life is by the late Isaac N. Arnold (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), and lacks something of the personal element of Mr. Stoddard's narrative. Although Mr. Arnold knew Lincoln intimately, he writes more as a student of history, and when he does employ personal description it is apt to be of a rhetorical sort. Both writers bring the tribute of personal admiration, and however imperfectly the two volumes answer the requirements of biography, they serve to keep alive that treatment of Lincoln which is charged with respect and love, and is not coldly scientific. — The Countess of Albany, by Vernon Lee, and Mary Wollstonecraft, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, are the two latest additions to the Famous Women series. (Roberts Bros.)

History. Kentucky, a Pioneer Commonwealth, by N. S. Shaler (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.): a volume in the American Commonwealths series. Professor Shaler tells the story of Kentucky not as a digester of annals, but as one who apprehends a personality in the State. He writes, moreover, often at first hand. That is, he interjects interpretations of historical facts from a large and familiar acquaintance with the State, and he tells at some length the story of Kentucky's curious status during the war for the Union, as one who not only had a share in the State's experience, but had a clear perception of the meaning involved in that status. Better concise histories of Kentucky may be written, but the personal element in this book will keep it always valuable to the student and to the general reader. Thus far no State has been reported with such keen appreciation of the underlying life of the Commonwealth. — A History of the Illinois National Guard, from the Organization of the First Regiment in September, 1874, to the Enactment of the Military Code in May, 1879, has been written by Holdridge O. Collins. (Black & Beach, Chicago.) The regiment seems to have seen service chiefly in quelling riots in Chicago. — The Historical Reference Book, comprising a Chronological Table of Universal History, a Chronological Dictionary of Universal History, and a Biographical Dictionary, with Geographical Notes, by Louis Heilprin. (Appleton.) The distinction between the first two sections of the book is that the Chronological Dictionary is arranged in alphabetical order. The type is larger than is generally employed in such works, and the author declares that he has taken special pains with his dates. — The admirable new edition of Bancroft's History of the United States (Appleton) has reached its sixth volume.

Literature and Criticism. Custom and Myth, by Andrew Lang (Harpers), is a collection of es-

says devoted to a study of old stories and superstitions. Mr. Lang represents the modern variety of the gentleman and scholar. He brings with him the old classic culture, and adds to it the out-of-the-way knowledge which dips into African folk-lore and Scandinavian mythology. Writers of this school are apt to tire one with their comprehensiveness, but Mr. Lang is an agreeable writer, and it is only necessary for the reader to believe in his learning when he can enjoy his theories. — A new edition has been issued of the interesting little essay, by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, on Edgar Poe and his Critics. (Tibbitts & Preston.) It is in effect a reply to Griswold's reflections, and the relation which Mrs. Whitman held to Poe, as his betrothed, gives the book a peculiarly tender character. — The Book-Lover, a Guide to the Best Reading, by James Baldwin (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a very inadequate and inaccurate affair. The little book, however, is full of delightful surprises, among which is the attributing of works to the wrong authors. — Dr. A. P. Peabody presents us with admirable translations of the *De Amicitia* and *Scipio's Dream*. (Little, Brown & Co.) The translator's introduction and notes give a high value to the volume.

Books for Young People. Boys Coastwise, or All Along the Shore, by William H. Rideing (Appleton): a capital book, in which a very slight framework of fiction contrives to hold a good deal of interesting description of coast life. Here one may learn of wreckers, divers, ocean steamers, life-saving stations, and the like, all told in a clear, straightforward fashion and sufficiently well illustrated. — The Lost City, or The Boy Explorers in Central Asia, by David Ker (Harpers): a lively story of adventure in Afghanistan, written by an English traveler who knows his ground. There is plenty of excitement in the book, but the spirit is healthy, and one may even pick up a morsel of Russian. — Little Arthur's History of France (Crowell) is an admirable book for children, and not to be classed with the showy and worthless volumes usually placed in the market at holiday times. — Indian History for Young Folks, by Francis S. Drake. (Harpers.) Mr. Drake comes legitimately by his subject, and he writes as one who does not need to examine authorities, but speaks from a full mind. Of course he could not treat of Indian warfare without including the relations of French and English, and it is a pity that he could not more distinctly have shown how much of Indian fighting was the result of the conflict between the two nations. The book is, indeed, too exclusively a history of fighting; for although that was the prominent fact in Indian history so far as the whites are concerned, there was still room to have said more regarding that part of Indian history which has to do with the efforts made within and without the tribes to achieve civilization. The important subject of the Iroquois league is scarcely touched upon.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — APRIL, 1885. — No. CCCXXX.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

VI.

THREE sides of the blacksmith-shop, the door, and the window were in full view from the little hamlet; the blank wall of the rear was close to a sheer precipice. The door was locked, and the key was in the sheriff's pocket. The prisoner, bound with cords around his ankles and limbs, and with his wrists manacled, was gone!

Every detail was as it had been left, except that at the rear, the only point secure from observation, there were traces of burrowing in the earth. In the cavity thus made between the lowest log and the dirt floor a man's body might with difficulty have been compressed, — but a man so shackled! Undoubtedly he had had assistance. This was a rescue.

Only a moment elapsed before the great barn-like doors were widely flaring and the anxious care of the officers and the eager curiosity of the crowd had explored every nook and cranny within. The ground was dry, and there was not even a footprint to betoken the movements of the fugitive and his rescuers; only in the freshly upturned earth where he effected escape were the distinct marks of the palms of his hands, significantly close together. Evidently he was still handcuffed when he had crawled through.

"He 's a-wearin' my bracelets yit!" exclaimed the sheriff, excitedly. "Him an' his friends warn't able ter cut them off, like they done the ropes."

A search was organized in hot haste. Every cabin, the corn-fields, the woods near at hand, were ransacked. Parties went beating about through the dense undergrowth. They climbed the ledges of great crags. They hovered with keen eyes above dark abysses. They pursued for hours a tortuous course down a deep gorge, strewn with gigantic boulders, washed by the wintry torrents into divers channelings, overhung by cliffs hundreds of feet high, honeycombed with fantastic niches and rifts. What futile quest! What vastness of mountain wilderness!

The great sun went down in a splendid suffusion of crimson color and a translucent golden haze, with a purple garb for the mountains and a glamorous dream for the sky, and bestowing far and near the gilded license of imagination.

The searchers were hard at it until late into the night; never a clue to encourage them, never a hope to lure them on. More than once they flagged, these sluggish mountaineers, who had passed the day in unwonted excitement, and had earned their night's rest. But the penalties of refusing to aid the officer of the law spurred them on. Even old

Hoodendin — not so old as to be exempt from this duty, for the sheriff had summoned every available man at the Settlement to his assistance — hobbled from stone to stone, from one rotting log to another, where he sat down to recuperate from his exertions. The search degenerated into a mere form, an aimless beating about in the brush, before Micajah Green could be induced to relinquish the hope of capture, and blow the horn as a signal for reassembling. The bands of fagged-out men, straggling back to the Settlement toward dawn, found reciprocal satisfaction in expressing the opinion that 'Cajah Green had "keerlessly let Rick git away, an' warn't a-goin' ter mend the matter by incitin' the mounting ter bust 'round the woods like a lot o' crazy deer all night, ter find a man ez warn't nowhar."

They wore surly enough faces as they gathered about the door of the store, or lounged on the stumps and the few chairs, waiting for a mounted party that had been ordered to extend the search down in the adjacent coves and along the spurs. The agile Jer'miah scudded about, furnishing such consolation as can be contained in a jug. Had the quest resulted differently, they would have laughed and joked and caroused till daybreak. As it was, their talk was fragmentary; slight and innuendo were in every word. The sheriff had supplemented his own negligence by a grievous disregard of their comfort, and the sense of defeat, so bitter to an American citizen, completed the æsthetic misery of the situation.

The wagons still stood about in the clearing; here and there the burly dark steers lay ruminant and half asleep among the stumps. Among them, too, were the cattle of the place; the cows, milked late the evening before, had not yet roamed away. Against a dark background of blackberry bushes a white bull stood in the moonlight, motionless, the lustre gilding his horns and touch-

ing his great sullen eyes with a spark of amber light. In his imperious stillness he looked like a statue of a masquerading Jupiter.

A sound. "Hist!" said the sheriff.

The moon, low in the west, was drawing a seine of fine-spun gold across the dark depths of the valley. In that enchanted enmeshment were tangled all the fancies of the night; the vague magic of dreams; vagrant romances, dumb but for the pulses; the gleams of a poetry, too delicately pellucid to be focused by a pen. The mountains maintained a majesty of silence. All the world beneath was still. The wind was laid. Far, far away, once again, a sound.

So indistinct, so undistinguishable, — they hardly knew if they had heard aught. There was a sudden scuffle near at hand. Over one of the rail fences, gleaming wet with dew, and rich with the loan of a silver beam, there climbed a long, lean old hound; with an anxious aspect he ran to the verge of the crag. Once more that sound, alien alike to the mountain solitudes and the lonely sky; then the deep-mouthed baying broke forth, waking all the echoes, and rousing all the dogs in the cove as well as the canine visitors and residents at the Settlement.

"Dod-rot that critter!" exclaimed the sheriff, angrily. "We can't hear nothin' now but his long jaw."

"Jes' say 'Silence in court!'" suggested Amos James from where he lay at length in the grass.

The sheriff nimbly kicked the dog instead, and the night was filled with wild shrieks of pain and anger. When the cur's barking was renewed it was punctuated with sharp, reminiscent yelps, as the injustice of his treatment ever and anon recurred to his mind. The sound of human voices grew very distinct when it could be heard at all, and the tramp of approaching horses shook the ground.

Every eye was turned toward the point at which the road came into the Settlement, between the densities of the forest and the gleaming array of shining, curved blades and tossing plumes, where the corn-field spread its martial suggestions. When an equestrian shadow suddenly appeared, the sheriff saluted it in a tremor of excitement.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Did ye ketch him?"

The foremost of the party rode slowly forward: the horse was jaded; the rider slouched in the saddle with an aspect of surly exhaustion.

"Ketch him!" thundered out Gid Fletcher's gruff voice. "Ketch the devil!"

The bold-faced deputy was brazening it out. He rode up with as dapper a style as a man may well maintain who has been in the saddle ten hours without food, sustained only by the strength of a "tickler" in his pocket, whose prospects are jeopardized and whose official prestige is ruined. The demeanor of the other riders expressed varying degrees of injured disaffection as they threw themselves from their horses.

The blacksmith dismounted in front of the cumbersome doors of his shop, on which still hung the sheriff's padlock, and with the stiff gait of one who has ridden long and hard he strode across the clearing, and stopped before the group in front of the store.

He looked infuriated. It might have been a matter of wonder that so tired a man could nourish so strong and active a passion.

"Look a hyar, 'Cajah Green!" he exclaimed, with an oath, "folks 'low ter me ez I ain't got no right ter my reward fur ketchin' that thar greased peeg, — ez ye hed ter leave go of, — kase he warn't landed in jail or bailed. That air the law, they tells me."

"That 's the law," replied the sheriff. His chair was tilted back against the wall of the store, his hat drawn over his

brow. He spoke with the calmness of desperation.

"Then 'pears-like ter me ez I hev hed all my trouble fur nuthin', an' all the resk I hev tuk," said the blacksmith, coming close, and mechanically rolling up the sleeve of his hammer-arm.

"Edzac'ly."

The blacksmith turned on him a look like that of a wounded bear. "An' ye sit thar ez peaceful ez skim-milk, an' 'low ez ye hev let my two hundred dollars slip away?" he demanded. "Dad-burn yer greasy soul!"

"I hopes it air all I hev let slip," said the sheriff quietly. There was so much besides which he had cause to fear that it did not occur to him to be afraid of the blacksmith.

Perhaps it was the subacute perception that he shared the officer's attention with more engrossing subjects which had the effect of tempering Gid Fletcher's anger.

The rim of the moon was slipping behind the purple heights of Chilhowee. Day was suddenly upon them, though the sun had not yet risen, — when did the darkness flee? — the day, cool, with a freshness as of a new creation, and with an atmosphere so clear that one might know the ash from the oak in the deep green depths of the wooded valley. The hour had not yet done with witchery: the rose-red cloud was in the east, and the wild red rose had burst its bud; a mocking-bird sprung from its nest in a dogwood-tree, with a scintillating wing and a soaring song, and a ray of sunlight like a magic wand fell athwart the landscape.

Gid Fletcher sat vaguely staring. Presently he lifted his hand with a sudden gesture demanding attention.

"Ye ain't goin' ter be 'lected, air ye, 'Cajah Green?"

The sheriff stirred uneasily. His ambition, a little and a selfish thing, was the index to his soul. Without it he himself would not be able to find the

page whereon was writ all that there was of the spiritual within him. He writhed to forego it.

"Naw," he said desperately, "I s'pose I ain't." He pushed his hat back nervously.

He heard, without marking, the sudden rattling of one of the wagons that had left more than an hour ago: it was crossing a rickety bridge near the foot of the mountain; the hollow reverberations rose and fell, echoed and died away. One of the cabin doors opened, and a man came out upon the porch. He washed his face in a tin pan which stood on a bench for the public toilet, treated his head to a refreshing souse, and then, with the water dripping from his long locks upon the shoulders of his shirt, the bold-faced deputy, much refreshed by a snack and his recent ablutions, came lounging across the clearing to join them.

Suddenly Micajah Green noted that the blacksmith was looking at him, with a significant gleam in his black eye and a flush on his swarthy face.

"Who said ye warn't goin' ter be 'lected?"

"Why, this hyar prophet o' yourn on the Big Smoky."

"Why did he 'low ez that warn't ter kem ter pass?"

"He would n't give no reason."

"He lef' ye ter find that out. An' ye fund it out?"

The sheriff said nothing. He was breathlessly intent.

"An' he met me in the woods, an' 'lowed ez Rick Tyler oughtn't ter be tuk, an' he hed done no wrong; an' he called the gov'nor's reward blood money, an' worked hisself nigh up ter the shout-in' p'int; an' called me 'Judas' fur tak-in' the boy, sence me an' him hed been frien'ly, an' 'lowed ez them thar thirty pieces o' silver warn't out o' circulation yit."

"An' then," the bold-faced deputy struck in, "he rode up yestiddy, a-raisin'

a great myration over a gaynder-pullin', ez if thar'd never been one before; purtendin' 't war wicked, like he'd never killed an' eat a fowel, an' drawin' pistols, an' raisin' a great commotion an' excitement, an' destructin' the Settlemint, so a man handcuffed, an' with a rope twisted round his arms an' legs, gits out of a house right under thar nose, an' runs away. Rick Tyler could n't hev done it 'thout them ropes war cut, an' he war giv a chance ter sneak out. Now, I ain't a prophet by natur, but I kin say who cut them ropes, an' who raised a disturbament outside ter give him a chance ter mosey."

"Whar's he now?" demanded the sheriff, rising from his chair and glancing about.

"He was a-huntin' with the posse, las' night," said the deputy. "He never lef' till 'bout an hour ago. He never wanted nobody ter 'spicion nuthin', I reckon. Mebbe that's him now."

He pointed to a road in the valley, a tawny streak elusively appearing upon a hilltop or skirting a rocky spur, soon lost in a sea of foliage. Beside a harvested wheat-field it was again visible, and a tiny moving object might be discerned by eyes trained to the long stretches of mountain landscape. The sun was higher, the dew exhaled in warm and languishing perfume, the mocking-bird filled the air with ecstasy. The men stood among their elongated shadows on the crag staring at the moving object until it reached the dense woods, and so passed out of sight.

VII.

Down a precipitous path, hardly more civilized of aspect than if it were trodden by the deer, filled with interlacing roots, barricaded by long briery tangles, overhung by brush and overshadowed by trees,—down this sylvan way Dorinda, followed by Jacob and one or

two of the companionable old hounds, was wont to go to the spring under the crag.

The spot had its fascinations. The great beetling cliff towered far above, the jagged line of its summit serrating the zenith. Its rugged face was seamed with many a fissure, and here and there were clumps of ferns, a swaying vine, a whortleberry bush that fed the birds of the air. Below surged the tops of the trees. There was a shelving descent from the base of the crag, and Jacob must needs have heed of the rocky depths in treading the narrow ledge that led to a great cavernous niche in the face of the rock. Here in a deep cleft welled the never-failing spring. It always reminded Dorinda of that rock which Moses smote; although, of course, when she thought of it, she said, she knew that Mount Horeb was in Jefferson County, because a man who had married her brother's wife's cousin had an aunt who lived there. And when she had abandoned that unconscious effort to bring the great things near, she would sit upon a rock and look with a sigh of pleasure at that pure, outgushing limpidity, unfailing and unchanging, and say it reminded her of the well-springs of pity.

One day, as she sat there, her dreaming head thrown back upon her hands clasped behind it, there sounded a sudden step close by. The old hounds, lying without the cavernous recess, could see along the upward vista of the path, and their low growl was rather in surly recognition than in active defiance. Dorinda and Jacob, within the great niche, beheld naught but the distant mountain landscape framed in the rugged arch above their heads. The step did not at once advance; it hesitated, and then Amos James came slowly into view. Dorinda looked up dubiously at him, and it occurred to him that this was the accepted moment to examine the lock of his gun.

"Howdy," he ventured, as he turned the rifle about.

She had assumed a more constrained attitude, and had unclasped her hands from behind her head. The seat was a low one, and the dark blue folds of her homespun dress fell about her with simple amplitude. Her pink calico sun-bonnet lay on the rock under her elbow. The figure of the pudgy Jacob in the foreground had a callow grotesqueness. He, too, undertook the demeanor he had learned to discriminate as "manners." Outside, the old dog snapped at the flies.

Amos James seemed to think an account of himself appropriate.

"I hev been a-huntin'," he said, his grave black eyes on the rifle and his face in the shadow of his big white hat. "I happened ter pass by the house, an' yer granny said ez ye hed kem down hyar arter a pail o' water, an' I 'lowed ez I 'd kem an' fetch it fur ye."

Dorinda murmured that she was "much obleeged," and relapsed into silent propriety.

Extraordinary gun! It really seemed as if Amos James would be compelled to take it to pieces then and there, so persistently did it require his attention.

Jacob, whose hearing was unimpaired, but whose education in the specious ways of those of a larger growth was as yet incomplete, got up briskly. Since Amos had come to fetch the pail he saw no reason in nature why the pail should not be fetched, and he imagined that the return was in order. He paused for a moment in surprise; then seeing that no one else moved, he sat down abruptly. But for her manners Dorinda could have laughed. Amos James's cheek flushed darkly as he still worked at the gun.

"I s'pose ez you-uns hev hearn the news?" he remarked presently. As he asked the question he quickly lifted his eyes.

Ah, what laughing lights in hers,—

what radiant joys! She did not look at him. Her gaze was turned far away to the soft horizon. Her delicate lips had such dainty curves. Her pale cheek flushed tumultuously. She leaned her head back against the rock, the tendrils of her dark hair spreading over the unyielding gray stone, which, weather-shielded, was almost white. In its dead, dumb finality — the memorial of seas ebbed long ago, of forms of life extinct — she bore it a buoyant contrast. She looked immortal!

"I hev hearn the news," she said, her long lashes falling, and with quiet circumsppection, at variance with the triumph in her face.

He looked at her gravely, breathlessly. A sudden new idea had taken possession of him. The rescue, — it was a strange thing! Who in the Great Smoky Mountains had an adequate temptation to risk the penalty of ten years in the state-prison for rescuing Rick Tyler from the officers of the law? His brothers? — they were step-brothers. His father was dead. Affection could not be accounted a factor. Venom might do more. Some reckless enemy of the sheriff's might thus have craftily compassed his ruin. Then there suddenly came upon Amos James a recollection of the Cayces' grudge against Micajah Green, and of the fact that they had already actively bestirred themselves to electioneer against him. Once, before it all happened, Rick Tyler had hung persistently about Dorinda, and perhaps the "men-folks" approved him. Amos remembered too that a story was current at the gander-pulling that the reason the Cayces had absented themselves and were lying low was because a party of revenue raiders had been heard of on the Big Smoky. Who had heard of them, and when did they come, and where did they go? It seemed a fabrication, a cloak. And Dorinda, — she was the impersonation of delighted triumph.

"Agged the men-folks on, I reckon," he thought, — "agged 'em on, fur the sake o' Rick Tyler!"

A sense of despair, quiet, numbing, was creeping over him.

"'T ain't no reg'lar ail, I know," he said to himself, "but I b'lieve it 'll kill me."

Conversation in the mountains is a leisurely procedure, time being of little value. The ensuing pause, however, was of abnormal duration, and at last Amos was fain to break it, albeit irrelevantly.

"This hyar weather is gittin' mighty hot," he observed, taking off his hat and fanning himself with it. "I feel like I hed been dragged bodaciously through the hopper."

From the shaded coolness of the grotto the girl admitted that it was "mid-dlin' warm."

Despite the slumberous sunshine here, all the world was not so quiet. Over the valley a cloud was hovering, densely black, but with a gray nebulous margin; now and then it was rent by a flash of lightning in swift zigzag lines, yet the mountains beyond were a tender blue in the golden glow of a sunshine yet more tender.

"'Pears like they air gittin' a shower over yander, at the funder eend o' the cove," Dorinda remarked, encouragingly. "Ef it war ter storm right smart, mebbe the thunder would cool the air some."

"Mebbe so," he assented.

Then he marked again the new beauty abloom in her face, and his heart sank within him. His pride was touched, too. He was a man well to do for the "mountings," with his own grist-mill, and a widowed mother whose plaint it was, night and day, that Amos was "sech a slowly boy ter git married, an' the Lord knows thar oughter be somebody roun' the house spy'r 'n a pore ole woman mighty nigh fifty year old, — yes, sir! a-goin' on fifty. An' I want ter

live down ter Emmert's Cove along o' Malviny, my merried darter," she would insist, "whar thar air chillen, an' babies ter look arter, an' not sech a everlastin' gang o' men, a-lopin' 'round the mill. But I dunno *what* Amos would do ef I lef' him."

Evidently it was a field for a daughter-in-law. Amos felt in his secret soul that this was not the only attraction. He was well favored and tall and straight, and had a good name in the county, despite his pranks, which were leniently regarded. He honestly thought that Dorinda might do worse. Whether it was tact or whether it was delicacy, he did not allude to the worldly contrast with the fugitive from justice.

"I s'pose they won't ketch Rick agin," he hazarded.

"I reckon not," she said, demurely, her long black lashes again falling.

He leaned uneasily on his gun, looked down at his great boots drawn over his brown jeans trousers to his knees, adjusted his leathern belt, and pulled his hat a trifle further over his eyes.

"D'rindy," he said suddenly, "ye set a heap o' store on Rick Tyler."

Then he was doubtful, and feared he had offended her.

Her sapphire eyes, with their leaping blue lights and dark clear depths, all blended and commingled in the softest brilliancy, shone upon him. The bliss of the event was supreme.

"Mebbe I do," she said.

He turned and looked away at the storm, seeming ineffective as it surged in the distance. The trees in the cove were tossed by a wind that raged on a lower level, as if it issued from Æolian caverns in the depths of the range. It was a wild, aerial panorama, — the black clouds, and the rain, and the mist rolling through the deep gorge, veined with lightnings and vocal with thunder, and the thunderous echoes among the rocks.

Not a leaf stirred on the mountain's brow, and the great "bald" lifted its

majestic crest in a sunshine all unpaled, and against the upper regions of the air, splendidly blue. There was an analogy in the scene with his mood and hers.

A moment ago he had been saying to himself that he did not want to be "turned off" in favor of a man who was hunted like a wild animal through the woods; who, if his luck and his friends should hold out, and he could evade capture, might look forward to nought but uncertainty and a fearful life, like others in the Big Smoky, who dared not open their own doors to a summons from without, skulking in their homes like beasts in their den.

The dangers, misfortunes, and indignities suffered by his preferred rival were an added slur upon him, who had all the backing of propitious circumstance. Since there was nothing to gain, why humble himself in vain?

This was his logic, — sound, just, approved by his judgment; and as it arranged itself in his mind with all the lucidity of pure reason, he spoke from the complex foolish dictates of his unreasoning heart.

"I hev hoped ter marry you, D'rindy, like I hev hoped fur salvation," he said, abruptly.

He looked at her now, straight and earnestly, with his shaded, serious black eyes. Her rebuking glance slanted beyond him from under her half-lifted lashes.

"I thought ye war a good church member," she said, unexpectedly.

"I am. But that don't make me a liar ez I knows on. I'd ruther hear ye a-singin' 'roun' the house in Eskaquia Cove, an' a-callin' the chickens, an' sech, 'n ter hear all the angels in heaven a-quirin' tergether."

"That ain't religion, Amos Jeemes," she said, with cool disapproval.

"Waal," he rejoined, with low-spirited obstinacy, "mebbe 't ain't."

There was a delicate odor of ferns on the air; the cool, outgushing water

tinkled on the stones like a chime of silver bells; his shadow fell athwart the portal as he leaned on his rifle, and his wandering glance mechanically swept the landscape. The sudden storm had passed, the verge of the cloud hovering so near that they could hear the last heavy raindrops pattering on the tops of the trees in Eskaquia Cove. Vapors were rising from the ravine; the sun shone upon them, throwing a golden aureola about the opposite mountains, and all the wreathing mists that the wind whirled down the valley had elusive, opalescent effects. The thunder muttered in the distance; the sharp-bladed lightnings were sheathed; a rainbow girdled the world, that had sprung into a magic beauty as if cinctured by the zone of Venus. The arch spanned the blue sky, and on the dark mountains extended the polychromatic reflection. The freshened wind came rushing up the gorge, and the tree-tops bent.

"Look a hyar, D'rindy," said Amos James, sturdily, "I want ye ter promise me one thing."

Dorinda had risen in embarrassment. She looked down at Jacob.

"It air about time fur we-uns ter be a-goin' ter the house, I reckon," she said.

But Jacob sat still. He was apt in "takin' l'arnin'," and he had begun to perceive that his elders did not always mean what they said. He was cool and comfortable, and content to remain.

"I want ye ter promise me that ef ever ye find ez ye hev thunk too well o' Rick Tyler, an' hev sot him up too high in yer mind over other folks, ye'll let me know."

Her cheek dimpled; her rare laughter fell on the air; a fervid faith glowed in her deep, bright eyes.

"I promise ye!"

"Ye think Rick Tyler air mighty safe in that promise," he rejoined, crest-fallen.

But Dorinda would say no more.

VIII.

The disappointment which Amos James experienced found expression in much the same manner as that of many men of higher culture. He went down to his home in Eskaquia Cove, moody and morose. He replied to his chirping mother in discouraging monosyllables. In taciturn disaffection he sat on the step of the little porch, and watched absently a spider weaving her glittering gossamer maze about an overhanging mass of purple grapes, with great green leaves that were already edged with a rusty red and mottled with brown. A mocking-bird boldly perched among them, ever and anon, the airy grace of his pose hardly giving, in its exquisite lightness, the effect of a pause. The bird swallowed the grapes whole with a mighty gulp, and presently flew away with one in his bill for the refreshment of his family, whose vibratory clamor in an althea bush hard by mingled with the drone of the grasshoppers in the wet grass, louder than ever since the rain, and the persistent strophe and antistrophe of the frogs down on the bank of the mill-pond.

"Did they git enny shower up in the mounting, Amos?" demanded his mother, as she sat knitting on the porch,—a thin little woman, with a nervous, uncertain eye and a drawling, high-pitched voice.

"Naw 'm," said Amos, "not ez I knows on."

"I reckon ye'd hev knowed ef ye hed got wet," she said, with asperity. "Ye hain't got much feelin', no ways,—yer manners shows it,—but I 'low ye *would* feel the rain ef it kem down right smart, or ef ye war streck by lightnin'."

There was no retort, and from the subtle disappointment in the little woman's eye it might have seemed that to inaugurate a controversy would have

been more filial, so bereft of conversational opportunity was her lonely life, where only a "gaug o' men loped 'round the mill."

She knitted on with a sharp clicking of the needles for a time, carrying the thread on a gnarled fourth finger, which seemed unnaturally active for that member, and somehow officious.

"I'll be bound ye went ter Cayce's house," she said, aggressively.

There was another long pause. The empty dwelling behind them was so still that one could hear the footsteps of an intruding rooster, as he furtively entered at the back door.

"Shoo!" she said, shaking her needles at him, as she bent forward and saw him standing in the slant of the sunshine, all his red and yellow feathers burnished. He had one foot poised motionless, and looked at her with a reproving side-glance, as if he could not believe he had caught the drift of her remarks. Another gesture, more pronounced than the first, and he went scuttling out, his wings half spread and his toe-nails clattering on the puncheon floor. "Ye went ter Cayce's, I'll be bound, and hyar ye be, with nuthin' ter tell. Ef I war free ter jounce 'round the mountings same ez the idle, shifless men-folks, who hev got nuthin' ter do but eye a mill ez the water works, I'd hev so much ter tell whenst I got home that ye'd hev ter tie me in a cheer ter keep me from talkin' myself away, like somebody happy with religion. An' hyar ye be, actin' like ye hed no mo' gift o' speech 'n the rooster. Shoo! Shoo! Whar did ye go, ennyhow, when ye war on the mounting?"

"A-huntin'," said Amos.

"Huntin' D'rindy Cayce, I reckon. An' ye never got her, ter jedge from yer looks. An' I hain't got the heart ter blame the gal. Sech a lonesome, say-nuthin' husband ye'd make!"

The sharp click of her knitting-needles filled the pause. But her counte-

nance had relaxed. She was in a measure enjoying the conversation, since the spice of her own share atoned for the lack of news or satisfactory response.

"Air old Mis' Cayce's gyarden-truck suff'rin' fur rain?"

There was a gleam of hopeful expectation behind her spectacles. With her reeking "gyarden-spot" dripping with raindrops, and the smell of thyme and sage and the damp mould on the air, she could afford some pity as an added flavor for her pride.

"Never looked ter see," murmured her son, between two long whiffs from his pipe.

His mother laid her knitting on her lap. "I'll be bound, Amos Jeemes, ez ye never tole her how 'special our'n war a-thrivin' this season."

"Naw 'm," said Amos, a trifle more promptly than usual, "I never. 'Fore I'd go a-crowin' over old Mis' Cayce 'bout'n our gyarden-truck I'd see it withered in a night, like Jonah's gourd."

"It's the Lord's han'," said his mother quickly, in self-justification. "I ain't been prayin' fur no drought in Mis' Cayce's gyarden-spot."

Another long pause ensued. The sun shining through a bunch of grapes made them seem pellucid globes of gold and amber and crimson among others darkly purple in the shadow. The mocking-bird came once more a-foraging. A yellow and red butterfly flickered around in the air, as if one of the tiger-lilies there by the porch had taken wings and was wantoning about in the wind. On the towering bald of the mountain a cloud rested, obscuring the dome, — a cloud of dazzling whiteness, — and it seemed as if the mountain had been admitted to some close communion with the heavens. Below, the color was intense, so deeply green were the trees, so clear and sharp a gray were the crags, so blue were the shadows in the ravines. Amos was looking upward. He looked upward much of the time.

"See old Groundhog?" inquired his mother, suddenly.

"Whar?" he demanded with a start, breaking from his reverie.

"Laws a massy, boy!" she exclaimed, in exasperation. "Whenst ye war up ter the Cayces', this mornin'."

"Naw 'm," said Amos. He had never admitted, save by indirection, that he had been to the Cayces'.

"War he gone ter the still?"

"I never axed."

"I s'pose not, bein' ez ye never drinks nuthin' but buttermilk,"—this with a scathing inflection.

She presently sighed deeply. "Waal, waal. The millinium an' the revenue will git thar rights one of these days, I hopes an' prays. I'm a favorin' of ennythin' ez 'll storp sin an' a-swillin' o' liquor. Tax 'em all, I say! Tax the sinners!"

She had assumed a pious aspect, and spoke in a tone of drawling solemnity, with a vague idea that the whisky tax was in the interest of temperance, and the revenue department was a religious institution. The delusions of ignorance!

"Thar ain't ez much drunk nohow now ez thar useter war. I 'members when I war a gal whisky war so cheap that up to the store at the Settlemint they'd hev a bucket set full o' whisky an' a gourd, free fur all comers, an' another bucket alongside with water ter season it. An' the way that thar water lasted war surprisin',—that it war! Nowadays ye ain't goin' ter find liquor so plenty nowhar, 'cept mebbe at old Groundhog's still."

Amos made no reply. His eyes were fixed on the road. A man on an old white horse had emerged from the woods, and was slowly ambling toward the mill. The crazy old structure was like a caricature; it seemed that only by a lapse of all the rules of interdependent timbers did it hang together, with such oblique disregard of rectan-

gles. Its doors and windows were rhomboidal; its supports tottered in the water. The gate was shut. The whir was hushed. A sleep lay upon the pond, save where the water fell like a silver veil over the dam. Even this motion was dreamy and somnambulistic. On the other side of the stream the great sandstone walls of the channel showed here and there the water-marks of flood and fall of past years, cut in sharp levels and registered in the rock. They beetled sometimes, and the verdure on the summits looked over and gave the deep waters below the grace of a dense and shady reflection. Above the dark old roof on every hand the majestic encompassing mountains rose against the sky, and the cove nestled sequestered from the world in this environment.

The man on the gaunt white horse suddenly paused, seeing the mill silent and lonely; his eyes turned to the little house further down the stream.

"Hello!" he yelled. "I hev kem ter git some gris' groun'."

"Grin' yer gris' yerse'f," vociferated the miller, cavalierly renouncing his vocation. "I hev no mind ter go a-med-jurin o' toll."

Thus privileged, the stranger dismounted, went into the old mill, himself lifted the gate, and presently the musical whir broke forth. It summoned an echo from the mountain that was hardly like a reflection of its simple, industrial sound, so elfin, so romantically faint, so fitful and far, it seemed! The pond awoke, the water gurgled about the wheel, the tail-race was billowy with foam.

Presently there was silence. The gate had fallen; the farmer had measured the toll, and was riding away. As he vanished Amos James rose slowly, and began to stretch his stalwart limbs.

"I'm glad ye ain't palsied with settin' so long, Amos," said his mother. "Ye seem ter hev los' interes' in everythink 'ceptin' the doorstep. Lord A'mighty! I never thunk ez ye'd grow

up ter be sech pore comp'ny. No wonder ez D'rindy hardens her heart! An' when ye war a baby, — my sakes! I could set an' list'n ter yer jowin' all day. An' sech comp'ny ye war, when ye couldn't say a word an' hed n't a tooth in yer head!"

He lived in continual rivalry with this younger self in his mother's affections. She was one of those women whose maternal love is expressed in an idolatry of infancy. She could not forgive him for outgrowing his babyhood, and regarded every added year upon his head as a sort of affront and a sorrow.

He strode away, still gloomily downcast, and when the woman next looked up she saw him mounted on his bay horse, and riding toward the base of the mountain.

"Waal, sir!" she exclaimed, taking off her spectacles and rubbing the glasses on her blue-checked apron, "D'rindy Cayce'll hev ter marry that thar boy ter git shet o' him. I hev never hearn o' nobody ridin' up that thar mounting twict in one day 'thout they hed suthin' 'special ter boost 'em, — a-runnin' from the sher'ff, or sech."

But Amos James soon turned from the road, that wound in long, serpentine undulations to the mountain's brow, and pursued a narrow bridle-path, leading deep into the dense forests. It might have seemed that he was losing his way altogether when the path disappeared among the boulders of a stream, half dry. He followed the channel up the rugged, rock-girt gorge for perhaps a mile, emerging at length upon a slope of outcropping ledges, where his horse left no hoof-print. Soon he struck into the

laurel, and pressed on, guided by signs distinguishable only to the initiated: some grotesque gnarling of limbs, perhaps, of the great trees that stretched above the almost impenetrable undergrowth; some projecting crag, visible at long intervals, high up and cut sharply against the sky. All at once, in the midst of the dense laurel, he came upon a cavity in the side of the mountain. The irregularly shaped fissure was more than tall enough to admit a man. He stood still for a moment, and called his own name. There was no response save the echoes, and, dismounting, he took the bridle and began to lead the horse into the cave. The animal shied dubiously, protesting against this unique translation to vague subterranean spheres. The shadow of the fissured portal fell upon them; the light began to grow dim; the dust thickened. As he glanced over his shoulder he could see the woods without as if suffused with a golden radiance, and there was a freshness on the intensely green foliage as if it were newly washed with rain. The world seemed suddenly clarified, and tiny objects stood out with strange distinctness; he saw the twigs on the great trees and the white tips of the tail-feathers of a fluttering bluejay. Far down the aisles of the forest the enchantment held its wonderful sway, and he felt in his own ignorant fashion how beautiful is the accustoming light. When the horse's stumbling feet had ceased to sound among the stones, the wilderness without was as lonely and as unsuggestive of human occupation or human existence as when the Great Smoky Mountains first rose from the sea.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE CIVIL WAR.

IN some parts of our country there is a current maxim among the old-fashioned gardeners to the effect that "a wind-shaken tree will bear much fruit." There is some subtle force in it. In fact, it is an expression which may be regarded as finding its parallel in individual and social life. As individuals, we know that there is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties; the doing right when it is against our inclinations and prejudices. And in a social organism we seem to see a moral law of conservation of energy by which a sacrifice is the parent of some gain,—a thing which evidently underlies the movements attending many great convulsions in political life. We saw armies go out of our sight during the civil war, only to come back thinned, injured by disease, with half their number left dead on the field. Death meant bitter, indescribable sorrow in all our homes. The experiences of the war were felt to be pitiless, inexplicable, and hard. And yet, perhaps, a subtle suggestion may have come into our minds that it was not simply by dying, or in living, that the best law of our being was enforced; that there was, in truth, some Power behind it all; that some purpose was being worked out through each one of us, just as each leaf on the tree, for example, is necessary to the completed organism of the whole tree, and ceases to be when it is separated from the stem. Now, perhaps, even at this short distance from the struggle, we can begin to see some of the effects of that social and political upheaval, the greatest since the foundation of our government. It is worth while to examine whether the wind-shaken tree has borne much fruit.

The process by which citizens from the secluded districts and remote towns

were sent through new cities to opposite parts of the Union, exchanging ideas with men of different habits of thought, was a marked feature of the war period, and leavened the mental life of the American people in a way hitherto little suspected. It was something like sending a country boy to college, only the effect was multiplied a million times. The rural population came into a knowledge of our cities, while the urban classes were carried out into new climates and into unvisited parts of our vast domain. New sights, new methods of cultivation, different habits of living, stimulated the dull and fired the active and enterprising men in the ranks. The life of the farm and the village was widened to an interest in the nation. About the same time, moreover, came a vast increase in easy means of communication by railways and a greater extension of the use of the newspaper and telegraph, by which provincial towns were brought into direct connection with the outside world. Even oddities of customs and dress began to disappear, in the process of comparison with the more attractive ways of the dwellers in the great cities and towns. In this fashion, the thinking horizon was extended. Dull intellects learned the presence of complicated problems, and brighter minds found new spurs to ambition in the questions of larger interest. On all sides men felt themselves coming daily into contact with new difficulties, under a dim consciousness of their bigness, but with a strong belief that the knowledge how to deal with them was inadequate. In short, the tremendous crisis through which we passed, apart from its effect on the preservation of the Union, has been subtly at work in moral and intellectual directions. The working of these new forces on a quick and susceptible

race can easily be imagined. They have, in fact, under somewhat similar conditions, had a distinct influence on a more phlegmatic people than ours. Old students at Göttingen, who have returned to the university since the late wars in which Germany has been engaged, have been amazed to find the old-fashioned spot — where the customs, habits, and naive simplicity of one hundred years ago had prevailed until quite recently — now wholly changed. The commercial spirit has seized the formerly simple-minded peasants, and the quiet town now hears the heavy march of cosmopolitanism in its streets.

Like Germany, the United States had new problems to solve. While the conflict closed the long slavery struggle, it brought with it intricate questions, but of a character very different from those which had gone before. Without warning, and consequently without the ability to get due preparation or acquire proper training, our public men were confronted, as the war progressed, with matters of vital importance in international and constitutional law, in taxation, and in every form of administration and finance. The demand for men who had given themselves more particularly to the province of governmental science was an imperative one; but it was, generally speaking, met in a way which showed that there existed in the community a class from whom these necessary men could be recruited. That class was the legal profession of the country. The questions of reconstruction, the relation of the general government to the States, the civil rights of the negro, our relations with foreign powers during the blockade of Southern ports, were not abandoned to men who had never habituated themselves to discussions such as were involved in their settlement. There were differences of opinion, of course; but inasmuch as these differences of opinion were produced by different political theories, this

proved that attention had been given to such subjects to the extent that a crystallized system of thought, formulated in dogmas, had been created by the various parties.

But, as has been suggested, new considerations arose. The magnitude of the military operations involved an enormous expenditure of money by the state, and made a demand upon our statesmen for financial skill of an almost unparalleled kind. To meet these extended questions of taxation, finance, and currency, what body of men could be called upon? To this, answer must be made that the war overtook us without a supply — or even a few — of trained economists and financiers. The economic part in the equipment of a public official had been wholly neglected. In fact, political economy and finance had never been seriously studied in the schools; but, if studied, they were classed in the old-fashioned required curriculum with Butler's Analogy and the Evidences of Christianity. Although Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations* in 1776, political economy was an unknown science to the American people before 1860. It is an interesting study to examine the manner in which our people went under the burdens and tasks of our great civil conflict. There was the quick adaptability of Americans to start with; there was plenty of patriotism and goodwill, and no lack of those high qualities of self-sacrifice and heroism which are still fragrant to us; but lawyers, such as Chase and Fessenden, were practically our only financiers. Early in the war they were required to consider a scheme — for the right settlement of which a vast experience is necessary — of raising loans, and adjusting a plan of taxation corresponding to the extraordinary war expenses. Without considering alternatives, in a few years they created a debt as great as that incurred by old despotisms of Europe in centuries; without foresight, they drifted into

a ruinous issue of irredeemable paper money; without intending it as the object of a definite policy, but through a desire simply to gain a war revenue, they established an extended system of "protection to home industries" by levying duties on imports, which has brought into existence business interests largely dependent on the continuance of these temporary war measures. When it is realized that principles of taxation are to-day probably less understood than any other branch of economics, it is not surprising to find that in 1864 Congress was occupied only five days in passing the most gigantic taxation measure of the war. The National Bank Act, which has given us the best system of banking ever enjoyed by the country, was, however, in reality passed as an act to facilitate the sale of our bonds and aid our tottering credit. We blundered egregiously, but we were capable of learning by experience. Yet it was from these very blunders, from this revelation of inexperience made evident by the demands of a great emergency period, that the community received an impetus toward the study of economic questions which was certain to result in good fruit.

In fact, it is now clear that a new interest in economics and finance has already arisen. The civil war was, so to speak, the creation of economic study in the United States. The war did for this country—in a different way, of course—even more than the corn-law agitation did for England. It actually gave birth to new motives for study. There never was a time in our history when there was so evident a desire to get light on the economic problems of the day as now. There is a new stir among the ranks of the young men at college; and the printing-press sends forth an increasing stream of new books upon subjects which are constantly discussed in the daily newspapers. There is unquestionably a new-born, slowly growing attention by the younger men

of our land to the necessity (as well as the duty) of fitting themselves properly for the responsibilities of citizenship. If the war has given us this,—the absence of which used to be so often lamented a few years ago,—then may some of our sacrifices not have been in vain. The wind-shaking has resulted in abundant fruit.

In the present awakening in educational discussion, one phase of which has been called the "Greek Question," it is worth while to notice the influence of the war period on the college curriculum. In most of our schools and universities, on the breaking out of the war (and even to the present day), the pecuniary resources and endowments had been tied down, under the force of old traditions, to supply instruction in the customary Greek, Latin, mathematics, and philosophy, which were then considered the only essentials of a liberal education. But when the rude shock of the war awakened us to our ignorance, and we looked around for the schools where the new studies could best be followed, it was discovered that the college curriculum made practically no provision for such instruction. In the old days when sailing vessels alone entered Boston harbor, only one channel was practicable, and all the fortifications were placed in a way to command it; but when steam took the place of sails, another channel was adopted, but it is now wholly undefended. The old ship channel must be defended, but so must the new one. So, in the collegiate studies, the old subjects are necessary, of course, but they are not the only necessary ones. The new demands, due to the progress of the age, must also be met. In fact, the response of the schools to these new demands is at once the evidence and result of the quickening and stimulating forces so briefly sketched in these pages. A comparison of the amount of instruction in political economy given by the principal institutions

of the land in the years 1860, 1870, and 1884 will furnish us new proof that the wind-shaken tree is yielding full fruit.

Nothing could show more distinctly than the accompanying table how young any real systematic study of political economy is in this country, and it accounts for the lack of any number of trained economists among us. But the younger generation are happily recruiting their ranks, now that these better opportunities are open to them.

At no time, however, have public affairs demanded unpartisan study in economics more than to-day. In past

centuries governments were supposed to labor, in an unsettled state of society, for the protection of life and property. Now that the general progress of civilization and Christianity has made life and liberty more secure, legislation in later years has concerned itself rather with property than life. In the Middle Ages trade was considered plebeian; to fight or to oppress was regarded as more noble. Now the chief solicitude of the modern state is the increase of wealth: the castles have become mills; retainers, productive laborers; and arms, the hammers and tools of the artisan.

Consider the character of the questions

	1860.	1870.	1884.
Yale College.	One third of Senior Year.	One third of Senior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Fawcett. — Discussions on currency, banking, and taxation. 3 hours a week for 13 weeks. 2. Elementary Course. — Mill. — Currency, banking, and taxation. 2 hours a week for a year 3. Advanced Course. — Discussion of economic problems and fallacies, with selections from leading treatises. 2 hours a week for 20 weeks. 4. Graduate Course. — Finance and the Art of Politics, as illustrated in the History of the United States. 2 hours a week for 2 years. 5. Graduate Course (in alternate years.) — In 1883-4, Sociology. In 1884-5, Industrial History, History of Political Economy, Finance, and Theory of Rights. 1 hour a week for each year. 6. History, business methods, and social problems, of Railroads. 2 hours a week for a year. [A Course about equal to Courses 1 and 2 is given in the Sheffield Scientific School.]
Cornell University.	[Institution not founded.]	One third of Junior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Lectures and Recitations. 2 hours a week $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year. 2. Lectures on Political Economy. 5 hours a week $\frac{1}{4}$ of a year. 3. Lectures on Finance.
University of Michigan.	Not in the Course of Study.	One Term of Senior Year.	1. Elementary Course. — Lectures. 3 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 2. Advanced Course. — Competition, Free Trade and Protection, Commercial Depressions, Transportation, etc. 3 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 3. Principles and Methods of Finance. — Banking, National Debts, etc. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 4. History of Industrial Society [not given in 1883-4]. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{4}$ of a year. 5. Financial Seminary. — History of American Finance. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{4}$ of a year. [Not given 1883-4.]

	1860.	1870.	1884.
Columbia College.	Elective in one part of Senior Year.	One Term of Senior Year.	1. Principles of Political Economy. — Elementary Course. Rogers' Manual. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 2. History of Politico-Economic Institutions. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 3. Finance and Taxation. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 4. Statistical Science, Methods and Results. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. 5. Communistic and Socialistic Theories. 2 hours a week $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year. [Topics like railways, banks, etc., are placed under Administrative Law.]
Harvard University.	One half of Senior Year.	1. Rogers' Manual. One half of Junior Year. 2. Elective Course for Seniors: Adam Smith, Mill, Bowen. 3 hours a week for a year.	1. Elementary Course. — Mill's Political Economy. Lectures on Banking and the Financial Legislation of the United States. 3 hours a week for a year. 2. Advanced Course. — History of Political Economy. Cairnes, Carey, George, and recent literature. 3 hours a week for a year. 3. Investigation of Practical Questions of the Day. — Banking, Money, Bimetallism, American Shipping, Note Issues, etc. 3 hours a week for a year. 4. Economic History since the Seven Years' War. 3 hours a week for a year. 5. Land Tenures in England, Ireland, France, and Germany. 1 hour a week for a year. 6. History of Tariff Legislation in the United States. 1 hour a week for a year. 7. Comparison of the Financial Systems of France, England, Germany, and the United States. 1 hour a week for a year. [Omitted 1884-5.] 8. History of Financial Legislation in the United States. 1 hour a week for a year.

at this time pressing upon Congress for immediate attention. If we omit the administrative and political legislation on the civil service, the succession to the presidency, and a national bankruptcy law, the remaining questions before Congress to-day are almost entirely economic. (1.) There is, in the first place, the false silver dollar, masquerading in sheep's clothing, and waiting to catch the unwary business world napping, when it will suddenly assume its true depreciated character, and devour fifteen or eighteen per cent. of all creditor's dues estimated at present prices. What is Congress doing here? Just what it did in the last months of 1861, when it let the country drift on to the

shoals of depreciated paper. Monometallists and bimetallists, business men and bankers, are assaulting the dangerous silver legislation, and yet Congress is a very Gibraltar in which the silver owners are intrenched. (2.) Next, there is the banking question. Nothing can be more delicate and sensitive than the machinery of credit and banking in a great commercial country such as this; and yet men, to satisfy the prejudices of constituents, handle this mechanism with about the same air of cheerful indifference as that of a child who drags a ragdoll round by the heels. The present national bank notes give a stability to trade in separate parts of the Union, by means of a currency equally good in

Maine and Texas, never reached in the days of the vicious and changing state banks; and yet the present system is gradually vanishing before our very eyes, as calls are made for government bonds. (3.) Again, Congress is struggling with the most difficult of all problems, — national taxation. It means a reëxamination of our whole scheme of taxation, the retention of internal taxes on distilled spirits and tobacco, the management of our surplus revenue, the whole sub-treasury system; while the situation inevitably requires a readjustment of our customs duties. Duties needed in order to procure a large revenue in time of war are no longer necessary when the war is ended, and the national debt is reduced one half. (4.) There are the barbarous and mediæval navigation laws, to which we cling with a curious indifference to the influence of all progress and liberal ideas. The problem of our shipping and merchant marine needs the touchstone of some wider training than is furnished by selfish individual interests. (5.) Our public lands and the settlement of our vast Western domain are important matters of land tenures, and yet they are abandoned to accident, while the possibilities of good disappear under the cloud of accomplished facts, where nothing can be done. It will not be long before all the public lands will be gone, and yet no notice is taken of existing evils. (6.) Then, again, one has but to mention the word "railway," and there arises to the mind a congeries of difficult questions dealing with Western "grangers," the ability of the state to regulate freight and passenger charges, and in fact the whole vexed discussion of state interference. Here is a field by itself, to which a man may well give his whole life-work. (7.) It would be wearisome to more than mention the topics of Postal Telegraph, Chinese Labor, Strikes, Trades Unions, and Communism, which attract our instant attention. (8.) Then again the unfortunate legal-tender

decision of Judge Gray has brought back to us all the troublesome and intricate discussions on the currency which we once thought had been forever settled. As matters now stand, power is given to Congress, if it chooses, to repeat all the errors of Continental currency policy, and we are put back a century in our paper money teaching. (9.) To pass from merely internal matters, so long as we were the only civilized people on the western continent, our relations with our neighbors gave us little thought. The growth of commerce, the expansion of populous areas north and south of us, the discovery of mineral wealth outside our own limits, which invites our capital, has forced on us the consideration of reciprocity with Canada and Mexico. We have refused reciprocity to Canada; but to-day we are considering the desirability of granting closer commercial relations with Mexico, while Cuba and Porto Rico have asked the same advantages by a new treaty.

Such, in brief, are some of the subjects which must be made matter of instruction in our schools and universities. It will be observed how overwhelming a proportion of public measures at present are economic, and what a heavy responsibility lies upon our institutions of learning, if they are to meet the new demands in a fitting manner. But there is a still stronger reason for strengthening our educational forces on the economic side. This is to be found in what may be called the "economic portents." To the present time we have been properly called a "young country," which to the economist means an abundance of unoccupied land, a scanty population, large returns to capital, and high wages. A full knowledge of our resources has not practically been reached as yet, and will not be, probably, for a considerable time to come. These resources and the lusty health of our young country have made it possible heretofore for legislators to

blunder with impunity. Constantly receiving large returns, labor and capital would not naturally be over-critical and hostile to each other. The young-country theory has also led to the encouragement of unlimited immigration, with which to settle our prairies and build up our towns. These new-comers do not, in fact, all go upon the land; but, arriving on our seaboard, instead of being drawn off entirely, they remain in the cities, like dirty pools of water in the streets. Indeed, the importation of uneducated, un-American, un-republican workmen from foreign lands is a problem in itself, and makes a strong demand upon all who can possibly do so to educate these masses, both economically and politically. Lawless communism, it is said advisedly, feeds on bad workmen. A saving mechanic is never a communist. To-day these men mean little to us; but when, by an increasing population and a denser settlement of the country, land becomes more scarce and valuable, profits on capital lower, and wages less, then even honest men, finding themselves pinched by a barrier of their own creation, brought into operation by natural laws, unless economically trained, will not know what is happening, and may in entire ignorance fly in the face of the law, and do in the United States somewhat of the things they are now doing in Europe. The day is more or less distant when this may happen, but it is coming nearer in

proportion as the methods of men accustomed to conditions in old and crowded countries are brought here by a never-ending stream of immigration.

The war has plunged us into the consideration of gigantic questions of an economic character, and the growth of our country in numbers and wealth is making a true understanding of them more necessary than ever to the prosperity of the nation, and a rising tide of interest in such studies is unmistakably evident. But these new and increasing demands are met by meagre and inadequate means in the great schools. It is a surprising fact that in some of the most important institutions there is no separate provision for such studies, and not even one settled instructor. Above all, we must educate in an intelligent manner, by stimulating investigation into home problems, and by encouraging the preparations of monographs on some out of the multitude of our economic questions. The best of the men in the university cannot now find a career in economic teaching, because few positions exist in this country as an object for honorable and ambitious students. Men find a profession in teaching Greek and Latin, but not Political Economy. When the community wakes up to a realization of this gap in the instruction of the land, and the importance of filling it, we may hope to see a more correct relation between means and needs than now exists.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

FIAMMETTA.

IN dream I passed the Gate that bears in black,
 "Here lies dead Hope." The ineffable gold sky
 I saw between the pillars, looking back,
 And one young cloud, that slowly wandered by
 As though it wondered. Downward, all was dark,
 And through the dark I heard the sad souls cry.

Anon, although alone, I whispered, "Hark!
 What lifeless laughter, crackling thorny-thin?"
 Then grew to sight what first I failed to mark
 When from the accustomed light I entered in,—
 A group that pleased by that barren wall
 As Hell some delicate-blossomed close had been:
 One, gesturing, spake; the rest attended all.
 "Declare, ye circled shades, your home on earth!
 Declare the names your kindred used to call!"
 I cried, much marveling at their mirthless mirth.
 A woman wavered to the space half lit
 By that lost sky: "In Florence had we birth;
 That company thou seest, who chose to sit
 Ten sunny days, a fountain's flight beside,
 Scattering the rose, and weaving tales of wit,
 What time by Arno many cursing died.
 Yes, Fiammetta am I. *Thou little flame*
 (Thus the grave Angel, to this Gate my guide),
With what vain flickering hast thou proved thy name!
Hast given to no chilled spirit caught of cheer;
Shalt now be fed and kept alight with shame,
And flicker evermore."

• Then did appear
 Her set smile's irony, and I discerned
 Through those her long dark languid eyes, right clear,
 How far below her soul forever burned.
 Her sleeves of scarlet hung in many a shred;
 Her silver chains were all to tarnish turned,
 And crispèd were the laurels on her head.
 "Alas! why camest thou to this place of pain,—
 Why, Pampinea, Lauretta, why?" I said,
 "Since many souls that bore the selfsame stain
 Tread the last ledge of Purgatory mount,
 And trust, made pure, sweet Paradise to gain,
 Where sings the grove, where flows the twofold fount.
 Those, angels aid on fair green rustling wings;
 Why then are these thus held to hard account?"

"Not such, O questioner, was the sin that brings
 Us hither; but on earth so weak a part
 We chose that now no part in heavenly things
 Is granted us, nor yet will Hell's deep heart
 Receive us, but in this dim borderland
 We dwell, and follow here our hollow art
 Of weaving tales, and are in semblance gay,
 Moved by a might we never may withstand.
 To our own dear delights we turned away;
 Forgot the city full of tears, forgot
 The tolling bells, abandoned even to pray;
 But couched in some delectable safe spot

Saw breezy olives whiten like the sea,
 And babbled, fools, of Love, and knew him not,
 Who else had set us from the grim Gate free,
 Being giant-strong to save the souls of men.
 But Hate came to us, richly masked, and we
 Esteemed him Love; and now among us ten
 Sits very Hate. The life we prized is ours
 For aye! Yet not so far, I deem, this den
 From sound of suffering as our fields of flowers."
 With that weird smile, she turned as if to go.
 Loud groaned the lurid City, the sullen fen
 Of Styx, and all that grief that lies below.
 "Farewell," I sighed, "Fiammetta!" But she, "Not so!
 What life is thine? Perchance we meet again!"

Helen Gray Cone.

A MARSH ISLAND.

XI.

DORIS's mother stood in the yard at least two minutes, in the bright sunlight, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the young people drive away together. She was evidently much gratified with the sight, and nodded her head soberly as if in acquiescence, as she returned to the house. Temperance Kipp glanced at her superior officer once or twice with some curiosity, but said nothing.

The two women resumed their work, and the kitchen soon gave evidence of unusual industry. Israel Owen and Jim Fales, with the man called Allen, who had again been hired for a week, were to be away all day finishing a piece of ditching which the farmer had planned in anticipation of the spring freshets. This was likely to be an undisturbed morning, and the good women had begun various enterprises, chiefly because they were sure of having the house to themselves.

If an outsider could have observed Temperance's honest countenance, he would have quickly understood that she

was waiting for a good chance to say something to her companion. The relation between Mrs. Owen and herself was not recognized as that of mistress and servant except upon rare and inharmonious occasions. Ordinarily they looked upon each other as colleagues, and, to do her justice, the dependent was as heartily interested in the welfare of the Marsh Island and its inhabitants as any member of the family. Temperance was busy just now scrubbing some tin ware, of which she had brought a pile from the pantry, and worked away busily with soap and sand, sometimes holding off a big pan at arm's length to detect its imperfections. She watched Martha Owen cautiously, listening eagerly every time she spoke, but for some time answering her questions or remarks with a shade of disappointment or lack of interest. It was evident that she hoped to discern a frame of mind hospitable to some information she was ready to impart, or wished Mrs. Owen herself to introduce the subject of which her own mind was full.

But Mrs. Owen seemed preoccupied, and not so ready to discuss men and

things as usual ; she was busy now with her rolling-pin and flour-board at the farther end of the pantry, next the narrow window, from whence one could look across the flagstoned court and up the hillside. This window opened only a little way ; the two upper panes of glass were but half as tall as the rest, and the framework was absurdly heavy. The mistress had often threatened to have such a piece of antiquity replaced, though Dale had lately taken the trouble to make a sketch of it, with the curious outside coping or cornice. There were no two of the windows alike in that row at the back of the house, and some quaint, short curtains of old East Indian cottons were put here, where they would not often be seen and mocked. Dick had extorted a confession that there had once been a voluminous drape of that really beautiful material for the best four-posted bedstead, and his hostess remembered now that she had promised to look among her possessions to see if there were not still a good piece of it. She smiled again at his admiration of the ugly old stuff that was so aggravatingly durable, and gave a more indulgent look than usual to the small curtain near by. "'T is pretty colored," she meditated, "but such a dreadful homely pattern. I do believe, if he had his way, he'd set the old house back to just where 't was when I come here ; old-fashioned as a dry-land ark."

Temperance saw the smile that followed this thought, and grew hopeful. "I expect they'll find it pleasant getting to Sussex this forenoon," she ventured. "'T ain't so sightly along the ma'shes unless the tide is full." The whole family liked to have their country appear its best, and had constantly apologized to Dick for any defect in the weather.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Owen, thumping away at her pie crust, "they'll have it pleasant, certain. Temperance," with renewed importance of tone, — "Tem-

perance, why would n't it be a good plan to have up the stone jars, — the lard pots that 's empt'ed, and all them? We may not have such another good day, and 't is well to sun 'em out while we git a chance. Land, what a little while 't will be before we kill again ! I never hear a squeal out o' the sty except I think what a piece o' work I've got afore me."

"Well," said Temperance, gathering up her shining pans to carry them out to the yard, "I did think of sweepin', but there's no haste, and these tins were n't so bad as I thought for. I'll take the stone ware next. I don' know, 'f I was you, as I would cross that bridge afore I come to it, about the hogs. 'T is a good three months yet." But Mrs. Owen responded with a somewhat ostentatious sigh, and abandoned herself to further reflection.

It was not until Miss Kipp had paraded her pots and pans in a beaming row along the garden fence that her opportunity arrived. "I declare, I never set out them lard and butter pots without thinking of pore Isr'el, that time he caught all the cats and kittens about the place, and shut one into each, and set the tops on, and I went and found 'em when I was going to take 'em in on account of a shower. I was dreadful put out, and I had to laugh, too. There he was a-watching of me from the wood-house, and never dared to come in to his supper till going on eight o'clock. He wa'n't over six year old."

"I declare, I'd forgotten about that," said the mother. "I know one spell he used to play us plenty o' tricks," and she laughed a little, "him and Dan Lester. Do you know how they got some old clothes and things once, that was up garrit, and dressed themselves up, and come knocking to the door?"

"They'd made themselves to look like the minister and his wife," responded Temperance, with alacrity, "and I declare, you'd known they meant them anywhere. I'd no idea, though, when

I see them first standin' on the doorstep, and I let 'em right in, for the joke of it, to where Parson Nash and his wife was setting, going to stop an' take tea. Land, how he laughed; but she was put out. Isr'el looked too much like her, and had just her walk and the way she held her head stepping up the aisle Sunday mornings. He said he did n't see who she was through them great spectacles. She went and got her a new buunit afore the week was out. She was dreadful close. I don't think there ever was an amiabler man than the minister, though."

"I believe she's alive yet," said Mrs. Owen. "She had some money left her, you recollect, and I expect she'll live as long as she can, for fear o' somebody else getting it."

"There, now!" said Temperance Kipp, seizing this first chance and quite inadequate excuse for telling her secret, "I know I'm a-breakin' trust so to do, but when I was out last night I stopped in to Mrs. Lester's, and she let on that they'd got expectations o' means above what she ever counted on. There was some land out West that old Lawton bought with some o' Dan's money. You know folks was always bejugglin' him into things. They've always paid taxes on it, no great till last year, and then it was ris', and Dan was awful pleased, but she expected him to be put out, and did n't dare show him the bill for quite a spell. He had sense to see 't was ris' in value, and now they've got word of the growth o' the place, and he's had an offer o' six thousand dollars down for it. She read the letter to me; it come day before yisterday, and she's been wantin' a chance to send it over. If Doris had been going by, I should have told her to call an' see if there was anything. But now don't you say a word, even to the 'Square. She made me give my pledge I would n't hint a word of it to nobody, but I thought I should bu'st if I had to keep it all to myself."

"I won't tell no secrets," said Martha Owen doggedly, her black eyes shining, but not with pleasure. "I expect Dan'll be the big man o' the town yet. I hope he ain't one that's sp'iled if they get nine shillin's ahead. I used to like Dan when he was growing up, and him and Isr'el was so much together, too; but last time he come here I hoped 't would be some time before he favored us again."

"You had your wish, then," suggested Temperance good-naturedly. She had always liked Dan, and meant to do him a kindness in telling his good fortune. "I have a kind of notion that him and Doris have had a quarrel, and that she's going to make it up with him this morning over to Sussex;" and the adventurous handmaiden gave a sly glance across the kitchen.

Mrs. Owen never had openly declared her opposition. There were many reasons before Mr. Dale's arrival upon the scene why she had not cared to do so, and she restrained herself with a great effort now, though her face flushed, and the very expression of her broad back as she bent over the table was vindictive. "I don't know's Doris need be in any hurry; she's well provided for as she is. And I want her to marry well when she does marry; but I expect she'll have her own way, and other folks must make the best of it."

"She'll never want to leave the farm, I don't believe," ventured Temperance. "I never see anybody have such a passion for anything as she has for the old place. Her father don't hold a candle to her, when all's said and done. Dan's wonted here, too, and would seem sort o' natural. I guess they'll make it up, fast enough," and she disappeared with another jar, while the mistress of the house wheeled about just too late, looking more angry than can be described; but when the placid countenance of Miss Kipp reappeared, Martha Owen had turned to the table again, and made no comment.

"I guess there's enough would snap at him if Doris lets him go for good and all." But this was putting patience to too great a strain.

"There, don't run on no longer, Temperance," said the mistress, contemptuously; "you wear me out. There's plenty besides to concern ourselves with. I'm glad Dan's property is prospering," she added, generously; "but like's not some starvin' lawyer out there wants a bid to do some work, and then 't will turn out to be a mistake."

Temperance held her peace. She would have liked to say more, but there was a decided barrier for the time being. She believed, herself, that Dan Lester was masterful enough to secure Doris, and it seemed an inevitable and proper thing that he should be the next owner of the farm. She was aware of the present mistress's fancies and ambitions, but she did not respect them much; they appeared to her unworthy of the judgment and experience of so sensible a woman. We have more patience with our friends' wickedness than with their foolishness, in this world; and for her part, Temperance thought the marriage of Doris and Dan Lester had been already too long delayed. She felt sure that a little encouragement and out-and-out talk about it were all that was necessary to precipitate so desirable a conclusion. But the mother, mindful of her daughter's beauty, though she had always striven, on fancied moral grounds, to betray no consciousness of it, and mindful more than most countrywomen of the great world outside her own narrow horizons, was eager through Doris to come into connection with other society. She had always looked forward to a relation with better things, but she had made a common mistake in thinking these were wholly outward, and dependent upon anything but her own growth and development. The Martha Owen of the Marsh Island would be the same in whatever scenes or circumstances

she found herself, and not transformed to match her new vicinity. A good soul, but stationary, it was a great pity she had not been wise enough to love the place where she had been kindly planted.

The morning went by. The pies were baked, and the pots and pans still a-sunning, and once or twice their guardian walked along the row, and tilted one more directly toward the sun, and gathered a few distracted grasshoppers from their prisons. She glanced down the road, and went to the outside of a window once to look in at the clock. The simple dinner was arranged for, and after this Martha Owen came out of the kitchen door for the first time since she had seen the wagon driven away, and went sauntering up the yard, much to the needless excitement of some idle hens, and finally, after a moment's hesitation and reflection, she climbed the short stairway to the spinning-room.

The little place looked very inviting; it was cool and quiet, and held an atmosphere of repose and reticence. The hot kitchen which she had just left kept too many associations with drudgery and monotony; and Temperance was in that mildly aggressive frame of mind which could not be too deeply resented. She was a faithful creature, was Tempy, but full of the notion that it depended upon herself to set the world right.

The apple-trees seemed to grow closer than ever about the windows. Their boughs were bending low with a great weight of fruit, and made the good woman sigh to think of the apple paring and drying which was near at hand. Doris knew only the favorable side of farm life, after all; she had chosen her work almost always, and every day there was some task that was lighter, pleasanter, than the rest. The mother's heart grew heavy as she pictured her only child growing faded and changed year after year, tired and worried more

and more with the hard round and petty responsibility. Doris had it in her to grow beyond it all, as she herself had once; to do something else and something better; to be somebody, as she told herself with pathetic disappointment. Men folks were slow at understanding how a woman felt about such dull doings and lack of entertainment, the long winters and the endless, busy days of summer. She wished that Doris could be spared all this, even if Doris could grow fastest and be happiest in the very conditions which had fettered her own self.

The thought was suggested to her, as she surveyed the little room, that different uses might be made of the same materials. She could not help recognizing the charm of the place, although its furnishing was selected from her own disdained belongings. She left the three-cornered chair where she sat, and stepped about softly, glancing at the sketches which were displayed about the room. It was a strange thing to be looking at such familiar surroundings through another person's eyes, and she smiled at the likeness of one corner of the farm after another; the roofs and chimneys, the windows, the kitchen, the seldom-used front door, with the clustered rose-bushes almost blockading the way, and the row of bull's-eye panes of glass overhead. There was even the side of the little room where Mr. Dale still slept, with the sword over the narrow mantelpiece, and the table and chair near the window, and even the faint coloring of the landscape outside. She thought he must be some famous artist in disguise, as she saw the cleverness of the little pictures, all so amazing and impossible to a looker-on like herself. But most interesting of all was a quaint little looking-glass that hung on the yellow-washed wall, with a withered twig of cider-apples put into its frame. She had given him the mirror herself; the glass was spotted and dull,

and she had been amused with his satisfaction and gratitude. Doris had worn the little apples in her belt the very night before, and he must have picked them up from the grass beside the door as he went up to the spinning-room that morning. She recognized them with a thrill of hope and pleasure. Somehow, she never had taken so good a look at the studio; she was not embarrassed now by anybody's presence. The young man's possessions were scattered about in luxurious disorder. Here was a well-browned pipe on the window-sill beside her, and a handful of letters which he had received the night before were lying on the seat of the nearest chair. She took up a book and opened it at a fly leaf, to see *R. Dale* written there in odd twisted letters, and *Venice* underneath, with the date of a year or two before. He had lately been reading this foreign language, for one of his letters was between the pages, and Dick's new acquaintance looked at the strange words with distrust and suspicion. After all, how little they really knew about this stranger! He appeared to be a good fellow, but he might be poor and unsuccessful, — that is, poor for his station in life; and Mrs. Owen left the farm and the sketches far behind in her next adventurous reverie. Wonderful to relate, she thought with ever-growing interest of the news about Dan Lester's Western property. Temperance would have felt entirely rewarded if she had known how important her betrayed secret had become.

XII.

Dan Lester had gone back to his anvil, had drawn an almost melting piece of iron from the forge, and beaten it until the sparks had flown across the shop to where one of his fellow workmen stood, patiently filing and fitting a bit of steel. He called back angrily, and Dan did not notice him, but beat the

harder and looked the crosser; finally he laughed aloud at nothing at all, and then whistled in a shrill and aggravating manner.

"Was n't that old Isr'el Owen's girl?" asked the apprentice needlessly. "Who was that furriner she was drivin' out? Some o' their folks?"

"No," snapped Dan; "'t was a painter fellow they've taken to board."

"Kind of smilin'-lookin', 's if he was enjoyin' hisself this morning, wa'n't he? Pretty snug harbor there for one o' them swell gentlemen that lives by their wits," remarked the apprentice further, at the same time trying to shape a sharp jarring point of the steel with too coarse a file.

Lester dropped his own tools among the cinders, and strode across the shop to give the presumptuous youth a severe lesson in his trade; then he threw off his leather apron, and, taking some bolts as if he were going to the schooner, went out-of-doors. He felt as if the two or three men he passed on the bridge were laughing at his discomfiture, and grew more and more angry with Doris for having paraded her admirer through the town, and flaunted Dale in his very face. "I've made myself too cheap, that's a fact," growled Dan to himself. "I've waited on her year in and year out, and followed her about like a dog," and the tears filled the poor fellow's eyes. . . . He climbed to the schooner's deck presently, and was glad to find it deserted; he could not bear to be watched, and it was well that the workmen were down below, or out of sight caulking, or planing plank in the ship-yard.

Dan leaned over the rail, and looked down at the white chips that covered the bank of the tide river. The shop had been hot and close, but here there was a fine fresh breeze from across the marshes, and presently his quick temper had burnt itself out like a straw fire. He found himself more sorry than angry after a few minutes of silence, and

began to accuse himself of haste and unkindness. After all, what right had he to blame Doris Owen? She never had given a single sign that she loved or meant to marry him; she had never heard from his own lips that he loved her, though it was impossible to believe that she was anything but sure of that. How could she doubt it, when he had told her his love in every way that he knew beside speech! There might never be a chance to speak now, he told himself bitterly; he had been a fool all the time; but when you felt like a girl's brother and lover too, and had known her always, it was a great deal harder to begin your love-making. And then it might not have been Doris's fault that the artist came with her. Of course the fellow liked her, and was captured by her looks, and probably she had taken the first chance she could to come to Sussex, just as he hoped, though, after his fancied slight on that last evening, he had made up his mind to trouble her no further. The wrath that had been kindled then had been smouldering ever since, though only that morning he had made up his mind to go home to spend Sunday. Now the ashes had shown their hidden spark, and the fire of his jealousy and pain had blazed ungenerously, and burnt away Doris's dear efforts at reconciliation.

She was gentle and serene, and undisturbed by small disasters; but her lover had learned through long association that her anger and prejudice were as slow to disappear as they were difficult to arouse. He was farther away from his happiness than ever, and all through his own folly. He fancied that Mr. Dale had looked at him with wondering disdain, and struck his clenched fist fiercely on the ship's rail at the thought. Poor Dan! he was very unreasonable. He looked haggard and old as he turned, in answer to a call from the bewildered and curious apprentice, who had been waiting for work until he was

out of patience, in the middle of what had promised to be a busy morning.

Dan went on with his own work with less spirit than usual, though he joked and teased the undeceived stripling, for fear he should suspect there was any trouble. Once he leaned on his big hammer, and in the humility of his honest love reflected that Doris deserved a better man than himself. The stranger might be able to make her happier than any one else ever could. There was something very taking about Dale, though Dan himself never wanted anything to do with such a Miss Nancy. Old Mr. Owen thought he favored Isr'el, but Isr'el was worth two of that sort. 'T was n't likely he would marry Doris, — that was the worst of it; he only liked to play with her; and by and by everybody would say Dan Lester was glad to get another man's leavings. No, he would go off out West, and make his way alone. There was that piece of land that was rising in value every day. He always meant to farm it some day or other, and to give up this makeshift of a trade. He would rather handle a good smooth live field and make it do its best than a lump of dirty dead iron. And at this the great hammer was swung aside angrily, and the crooked bar went to the forge again.

Visions of his broken plans came flocking by to tease him; his whole life had brought him steadily toward a certain goal, only to show him something like the brink of a precipice instead. In spite of the attempted kindness of his thoughts toward Mr. Dale, he could have stamped him into the dust after the schoolmistress had told him blandly, with a sidewise glance, at dinner-time, that Doris Owen and the boarder had stopped and treated the children to apples at recess-time that day, and they seemed to be having a sight of fun together. "They were splendid pippins," she added, indiscreetly, a few minutes afterward, to increase the effect of her

first announcement. But Dan cast a contemptuous glance at her in return, and then felt shaky and accused himself afresh. Doris was bringing them to him. She always laughed because he liked them so much and hunted for them in the apple bins. Doris liked him now, if she had ever liked him, and he grew more eager to see her again, if only to know the width of the breach his ugly actions had put between them.

XIII.

Late Saturday evening, Mrs. Lawton, Dan's mother, heard with great joy the sound of wheels in her narrow yard, and quickly taking a light, though the moon was at its full, she went to the side door. Dan greeted her with unusual cheerfulness as she asked, in a worn and feeble voice that contrasted poorly with his own, if he had received the summons she had sent him in the morning.

"I suppose you've got a split shingle on the shed-roof, or some such heavy piece of work," he answered. "Mrs. Dennell said you were all right yourself, so far as she could see."

The wagon shafts fell to the ground, and Dan was already clattering at the stable door; then the horse stumbled up the single step, and his master spoke to him now and then in loud tones, as he moved about, impatient with the delay of his supper. Mrs. Lawton still stood at the door holding the lamp, though the wind had blown it out some minutes before, when her son came toward her, along the moonlighted path. He laughed at the useless lamp, and the eager woman was filled with confusion; then they went into the small house together.

Dan threw his hat on a side table, pushed up a window, and seated himself beside it; the old cat came crying to his side, and not receiving at once the desired recognition, jumped into his lap

and nestled down, purring loudly. Mrs. Lawton was busy trying to light the lamp again, but she let one match go out, and dropped another on the floor, and finally upset the match-box itself with a loud clatter. The moon shone into the room, and Dan looked round compassionately, and began to laugh at her disasters. She had not seen him in such good spirits for several weeks, and it was a great reward for her anxiety to have him at home again in such good trim. In her solitary, uneventful days she had plenty of time to worry about Dan. Her past experience of life had certainly given good cause for some fear of the future.

"Never mind the light," he said; "it's bright as day here. Come and sit down, and don't flit about so, mother; you make me think of a singed moth-miller. I've had my supper, you know. I didn't get away much before seven o'clock."

There was finally a successful attempt at illumination, and the little woman came toward her son and put her hand on his shoulder. "Now I've got something to tell you, Danny," she said, and her voice was shaking with excitement.

The man's mind was filled with one thought, and something made him fear to hear news of Doris Owen and another lover than himself.

"Is Doris?" — He spoke fiercely, but could not finish his sentence, and the mother's quick intuition possessed itself of his secret in that single moment.

"Doris?" she repeated, wonderingly; for why should he have thought of her then, even though he always thought of her most? "No. I had a letter from out West yesterday; that is, it came for you, and I did n't send it over. I was afraid something might happen; a letter is so easy to lose. That's why I sent word, to be sure you'd come home. It's about that property Simeon invested some of your father's means in; it's all of it yours, you know. They say

it's getting to have a great value. Poor Simeon, I always thought he meant to do for the best."

Dan stood up suddenly, and the cat fell to the floor, much to her surprise and discomfort. "Where is the letter?" he asked.

"I'll find it in a minute. I put it somewhere so I could lay my hand right on it the minute you got here," and she made a fruitless excursion to her bedroom, which was next the room where they were. "I've found it!" she exclaimed at last, delightedly. "Here's the lamp." She stood beside him, watching his face while he read.

The letter was not long, and the young man smiled as he gave it back to her. "I should like more of the same sort," he said. "I'm not going to sell it, either, until I know more than this. They'd try to get the land as low as they could, and most like take advantage, if the owner was as far off as I am. I may have to go out there," he added, with a tone of pride and determination.

"I should take advice of Israel Owen," said the mother gravely. "You haven't had much experience in such things."

"Don't be fearful," said Dan, wishing all the while it were not too late to go to the farm that very evening. "I'm equal to managing my own affairs," he added, with feigned disregard of any such desire.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lawton, "you're all I could ask, my son. I shall be pleased to see you a well-off man. I haven't anything to hope for myself. You've kept me better than you need this good while. But there, it's natural you should be thinking about somebody else besides me." She sighed somewhat wistfully, and wished for a moment that she could always know that her son was her very own, and see no other woman caring for him and taking the first place. It was not very often they felt so near each other as they did that night,

and she pushed back her chair to give him space, as he went walking to and fro, only a few steps each way, in the low room. He was a fine-looking fellow; any mother might be proud of him. Now he could live on his own place, and give up his trade, no matter if it were so enviable a place as master smith of the best ship-yard. Now he would be likely to marry. He was proud, Dan was, and had not meant, she was already sure, to speak to Doris Owen until he was independent.

"I wonder if Doris will feel pleased?" she said, almost unconsciously; and Dan stood still, with a smouldering light in his eyes, which looked black and stormy.

"I should have said so a month ago, mother," he answered defiantly; "but I don't know now. There's no telling about you women. I never have cared for nobody but her, though I've made no talk about it. I should n't to-night if you did n't speak first. If I can't marry her I shall live single, — that's all; and the harder I have to work, the better. I shall want something to make me forget I've lost what I've always wanted. I'll let the money go hang."

The troubled and startled woman rose, and went quickly to her son's side. Dan sat by the square table, and had dropped his head on his arms. She patted his shoulder with a light hand that trembled a little; somehow, her pleasures were apt to have a bitter ending and go wrong. She wondered if he were crying, — Dan never cried; but presently she heard a sob, and the broad shoulder shook under her touch. "Don't, dear, don't!" she whispered, anxiously; "'t will all come right. You're just like your father, and I could n't have said him nay. Girls will be girls, Dan, and she's waiting, most like, for you to speak. There ain't a thing that's unworthy about Doris. She favors the Owens, and I know 'em root an' branch."

Dan looked up presently. His eyes were blue again, now, and when his

mother's hand had stroked his hair, and he felt the worn, thin fingers touch his neck, it had sent a thrill of comfort to his very heart. Poor little mother! He stooped down and kissed her as tenderly as if she were Doris, before he went to bed. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he said, and tried to laugh; but her shock of delight and surprise at his unwonted caress reflected itself back to him, and as he stood looking down at her his own eyes were suddenly and provokingly blurred. She was so little and frail in her scant old dress, and had such a patient, hard-worked look; he remembered that people said she had been a pretty girl. He wondered if he had not been too rough for her sometimes; she was the kind of woman that cannot stand alone, and wants to be taken care of. Confound old Lawton, who made a drudge of her! But Dan all at once understood why the lonely woman had been persuaded to yoke herself to him. After all, this piece of land might serve a good turn. And Doris, — was she really waiting for him to speak, after all? What a fool he had been! Her eyes had sought his face pleadingly when he went snarling to the wagon to speak to her.

It was long to wait until the morrow; and the white, bright moonlight kept him awake, as if some fate insisted on prolonging the delay. The wind was blowing a little, and a lilac bush outside brushed against the clapboards just as it did when he was a boy. Sometimes, even then, he used to lie awake and think of Doris Owen, and he remembered a dream which had seemed very real: for the boy Israel, his dear playmate, had come to him, — not in his soldier clothes, but wearing his old school-boy jacket and boyish face, — and stood by the bedside, and begged him to go and live at the farm. Dan Lester had gone to the war, too; he had seen his playmate fall, and had dragged him back within the lines at the peril of his own life.

His thoughts were rarely so busy as in this still night, as he grew by turns hopeful and fearful of his fate.

XIV.

Early the next morning Dale disappeared from the farmhouse, meaning to spend most of the day out-of-doors. Doris's boat did not usually leave its anchorage on Sunday, so he borrowed it without hesitation, and drifted seaward with the ebbing tide along the winding highways of the marshes; changing his point of view just fast enough, and idly watching the clouds and the landscape in his slow progress. He was not uncomfortable, leaning back against an oar which he had put behind him across the boat, and he wielded the other oar skillfully to push the light craft off the shore, against which it not seldom came to a full stop. The country was brilliant with autumn tints, and often the glimpses of it were charming to his eyes; for the water was low in the creeks, and the black mud at the sides, topped by the still luxuriant bending grasses, made a pleasant framing. The day promised to be hot, but it was cool weather in the deep channels, and he had a sense of being sheltered and hidden securely. The great dragon-flies followed him, as if they had left everything in their surprise and excitement, and sometimes three or four alighted together, glistening against his dull-colored clothes like fairy marauders in full armor. As he leaned over the side of the boat, the small fishes and occasional crabs did not seem disturbed by the gliding shadow; they might have thought it a natural part of their calm existence, until the plash of an oar sent them off in alarm. After half the morning was spent, this leisurely navigator found himself fairly stranded at an absurdly short distance from the Marsh Island; but the tide being almost out, there was nothing to do but to go ashore

and wait for it to rise again. The bank sloped conveniently, and he scrambled up and providently pulled the light dory after him, and fastened the tiller to a bush. He had often looked across from the farm uplands to this smaller island in the salt grass; but it was larger than he had fancied it, and the beech and oak trees had reached a good size, and were dropping their ungathered nuts into the thickets and coarse grass beneath. Two or three squirrels scolded at him from a safe distance. He seated himself in the shade, and looked across the level reaches of the sea meadows, which had begun to shimmer in the summer-like heat. The small beech-trees that grew near made the light purple and soft that fell on the frayed whitish carpeting of their last year's leaves, and presently he grew drowsy; and turned over to put his arm under his head, and there he lay, sound asleep, at his lazy length,—a fair, untroubled knight, one would say, though his mind had lately perplexed itself harshly enough.

The country wagons had just rattled churchward along the East Road, their two seats crowded full for the most part, with small children wedged between the grown people, much hotter than was comfortable already. For a wonder, Doris had pleaded fatigue, and announced her intention of staying at home. It was a long drive to the village, and Israel Owen and his wife decided to spend the noon at a cousin's, as was not infrequently their custom. Temperance Kipp always passed the day of rest with her sister, and Jim Fales had gone to his mother's, a mile or two away. Doris would keep house, she said. There was always a cold lunch at noon on Sundays at the farm. Nobody knew when Mr. Dale would be likely to return, and the unused horses had been led out early to join their four-footed companions in the pasture. There would really be nothing to do. Martha Owen looked over her shoulder once or twice at Doris, as she

drove away. The girl seemed unlike herself, and had been pale and intent ever since she came home from Sussex, though she answered her mother's questions about the expedition, and even her interview with Dan Lester, with her usual frankness. The more the elder woman revolved in her mind Temperance's bit of news, the more respect she was inclined to pay it. Dan Lester was almost like one of themselves already, though she had not been pleased with him of late; he would be very well off now. The castles in the air, of which she had fancied young Dale the ruler, began to betray their unsubstantial foundation, and Dan's cause ventured to assert a likeness to the bird in the hand which is valued by all persons of discretion. And when, at a cross-road, they met Dan in his shining new buggy, driving his mother to meeting, Mrs. Owen gave him a most friendly salutation.

Alas that Dan, disappointed at seeing the vacant place on the front seat beside the kind old farmer, should have fancied the greeting to be one of exultation and defiance, or approval of the fact that Doris had stayed at home, to enjoy the artist's company!

Doris had seen Dick Dale turn to the eastward as he went up through the orchard, and instinctively set her own face to the westward when she also wandered out-of-doors. The house had seemed hot, for a wonder, and the crickets and their relations of the harsh voices chirped and hissed with August-like fervor outside the windows. She tried to read, but presently the paper slid to the floor, and as she passed out of the door the old clock ticked louder than usual, as if it were calling her back. "Don't — Do — ris — don't — Do — ris," but she willfully went away, for all that. She did not like the stillness of the old place, — an empty house of that age grows full of the presences that are

felt, but not seen, — and she kept on her way steadily up the hill, and left the doors open behind her, so that whoever chose might go in and keep holiday.

This was true, that she felt the vague pain and sense of discomfort which are apt to foretell the great changes of our lives. She wished that her existence might have swept on in the familiar fashion of which she had never complained. Was love a happiness, or life a satisfaction, or friendship a certainty, if Dan Lester, whose affection had been so constant and so evident, could doubt her and shame her before a stranger? The gentleness and courtesy of Mr. Dale himself might be safer qualities to rely upon. She had neither promised Dan anything nor given him cause for jealousy. There was no need that he should call to her in the way he did before the haymakers, that night at the landing, but she had been sorry enough if she had shown unkind resentment. Indeed, she could think of a dozen times when she had spoken with more impatience, and even slighted him and teased him far more. Why could not people be more generous to you when they loved you than when they were simply friends? She could not forgive Dan's surliness. If she had cared less for him, she would not have gone to him there in Sussex; and the blood crimsoned her cheeks at the thought of such undeserved humiliation. The natural instinct that had waited and reached out unconsciously for a lover was wounded and thrust back, to be recognized with shame and sorrow. Doris Owen was a woman who would be comparatively useless in a solitary life. Hers was a nature incomplete without its mate, and incapable of reaching its possible successes alone. She had been more ready to make the great choice than she thought, and nearer the solution of the problem which now seemed entirely new and strange. Perhaps it was necessary that she should apparently

take a step backward and approach the crisis again before consenting irrevocably to her fate.

Doris felt rather than thought these things as she climbed the easy ascent; she would have been too much shocked if her true ideas had been put into words. Where the hill grew steeper she changed her direction, and left the shade of the great apple-trees to go through the peach orchard. Here the sunshine was steeping everything through and through; the fruits stored it away, and in return gave out into the air something of their fine fragrance and mellowness. The slender trees were filled with a rare vigor and elasticity, and held up their too heavy burden of half-faded leaves and delicate laden branches as if they were getting a new lease of life. The thick grass was spotted with brilliant windfalls, and bees went buzzing by, rich with their plunder from this late harvest. Doris walked lightly among the company of trees, and presently her drooped head was also lifted up, as if the kind sun had drawn and strengthened it, and her face began to free itself from clouds, like a clearing sky. A fair young girl of out-door growth and flower-like fashioning, a sweet-faced wife for any man to win and cherish, she passed fleet-footed over the autumn grass. Her light dress flitted between the peach-trees and hid itself behind the hedge-row of hazelnut bushes and young wild-cherries. At last Doris stood on a high slope, a white figure against the blue sky, where the sea breeze found her; and since the inland country looked warm and inhospitable, this zephyr turned, and went no further.

There was no reason why she should go back to the house for a long time yet. Her half-outgrown childish love of wandering far and wide took possession of her, and remembering all in a moment that the beech-nuts on the small island nearest her must be nearly ripe, and that the tide was out, she went slowly down the pasture and across the

marsh. She had told Mr. Dale once that she thought the most beautiful time of the year was the late spring, when the marshes were growing green, but her own country-side never had seemed more delightful than it did that Sunday morning. She questioned, with pain and foreboding, if she must ever leave it. She put aside so needless a fear, and was grateful to the stranger within the gates for teaching her by his own delight to see the beauty that she had never half understood. Doris wondered where he had gone, — he was sure to be keeping one of the ten commandments and doing no work. . . . They could not be too thankful to so kind a friend, who valued their friendship and service beyond what it was worth, and returned it in every way thrice over. He was like the young men in the nicest stories that Doris knew, — she had often told herself that, — and her heart gave a little flutter of uncertainty. Poor Dan! he was really just as kind at heart and full of pleasant thoughts; but he was a country fellow, and lacked the ways of the world and the gift of ready speech. She could not think what had made him behave so strangely, and the recent hurt began to ache again.

The noonday sun was very hot, after all, and she was glad at last to reach the shelter of the spreading trees of the little island. The young beeches at the edge of the thicket were turning yellow, but inside they were untouched by frost or ripening. The oaks were dull red here and there on the outer branches, and Doris laughed at a squirrel which felt it necessary to perch on a fallen tree and menace her with whisking tail and indignant chatter. The squirrels had always acted as if this island were their own; it was a favorite trapping-ground of Israel's. She gathered some late blackberries, as she went pushing her way through the tangle; she well remembered a grassy place under the largest beech on the seaward side, where

the air might be cooler. Just as she could look out through the drooping boughs at the bright, hot levels beyond, she was startled at the sight of the bow of her own small white boat with the blue stripe, drawn up on the bank of the narrow creek, and here, almost at her feet, lay Mr. Richard Dale, sound asleep.

She turned instantly, but the rustle and cracking of the bushes had waked him. He sprang to his feet, looking quite stupid and amazed, and slowly caught a spider that was spinning down from his hair. Then he regained his wits entirely, and looked at his disturber with a laugh. "Where did you come from, Doris?" he asked. "You must have taken the hay-boat; the other was gone, so I had to steal yours. The tide must be quite out by this time."

"The tide is coming in," said the girl. "I must hurry back, or I cannot cross some of the low places. I walked over the marsh; it is n't very far, and easy enough if you only know the way. When the tide is half high you must take a longer way round."

"I should lose myself, at any rate," answered Dick; "at least I should never escape by land. There is something mysterious about the marshes to me. Sit down," he said, more gently. "How hot it has grown! Why not wait until the creek fills again, and we can go back in the boat together? I am by no means sure I know the way;" at which they both laughed, and felt more at ease. Dick shook himself like a wet dog; he was adorned with dead leaves and bits of twig, and sleepy yet, if the truth were told. Then he sat down on the grass, and Doris followed his example, and as she leaned back against the beech-tree's broad trunk she was not displeased with the unexpected turn of affairs. Dick picked up a sound beech-nut that some squirrel had dropped by mistake, and, cutting off one of the trig three-cornered sides, offered it to his guest.

"I wish I had brought some peaches," she said. "I just came through the orchard."

"It was very odd that we both should have come to this same spot of ground," the young man observed meditatively. "Sometimes I think there are all sorts of powers and forces doing what they please with us, for good or bad reasons of their own."

"We are taught to believe that one power is, aren't we?" asked Doris timidly. "But always for our own good."

"Yes," slowly assented Dick, as if the fact were not always so clear to him as he wished; and then, with renewed interest, "I always liked the notion of our having guardian angels. I should like to know if it is true?"

Doris flushed: she was not used to talking in a familiar way of such grave subjects, but she could not help answering. "I always have thought so ever since I was a little girl," she began hesitatingly. "It always seems as if there were one angel who follows me all the time, and tries to keep me back when I am going to do wrong, and is set to take care of me. Don't you know?"—and she became very earnest—"that when you forget things, or can't remember where you leave things, something outside yourself reminds you? Not your memory or your conscience; something outside you," Doris repeated. "I wonder if we don't have friends in the unseen world?"

"Perhaps," the young man said gravely. "I really don't know why not." He was touched by the strange beauty of Doris's face now when she was deeply moved. She was paler than usual, even after her walk; she was like another creature from the busy week-day girl who went and came with the elder women at the farmhouse. She almost always had a grave sweetness. There was surely a most uncommon quality in both her nature and her father's.

"Doris," said Dick, in a brotherly way, "I think you did not like me when I first came to the farm."

Doris was silent. Then he glanced up, to find her looking at him with surprise and bewilderment; it might have been because she was called back unkindly from some reverie.

"I did not know you," she answered. "I hardly thought about you until you hurt your foot. But we are all so glad you came, now; it has been a great deal of company for father, and mother gets very tired of doing the same things over and over. I think she would like to live where there is more going on."

"Would you like that, too?" asked Dick softly, and then was persuaded that Doris's belief in a spiritual guardian was well founded; he felt such an unexpected sense of remonstrance.

"No, indeed," answered Doris simply. "I like home better every year;" and suddenly an invisible quality in the air, a subtle intoxication that had something to do with Dick's question, sent its influence into Doris's heart, and for the first time she could not look Dick in the face. She wondered how she might escape, not so much from him as from her appalling self. At the same moment a vision of Dan Lester's blue eyes came to blind and dazzle her own.

There was a terrible silence, and the longer it continued the more convicting it grew. Dick Dale did not speak again, — he did not know what hindered him; in that moment his heart beat very fast. Was Doris waiting to hear his voice? Was this his fate and happiness, and was his future in this woman's keeping?

The breath of enchantment was quickly gone, and they became their familiar selves again, yet with a difference. Dale, at any rate, felt a faint sense of mistake and disappointment, and went away without a word when Doris said that she thought they must go back now, if the boat would float in the creek. She looked at him appealingly as he helped

her to her place, and only smiled when he demanded the oars which she had taken.

"I have not rowed for a long time," she said in excuse, and pulled with strong, steady stroke, as if it were a relief and welcome defense against threatened discomfort. "You would not know the meadows in winter," she said once. "They look so dead and desolate, with great black cracks in the ice, like scars; and at night you can hear the creeks as if the tide were caught and trying to get itself free. I am always so glad when the gulls and crows are thick, and it is getting near to spring."

"No," said Dale to himself, "I don't believe I could stand the long winter. Town is the place when the snow comes." But he wished, none the less, that he could make the winter delay its coming. He did not like to have Doris row the boat, and a great insecurity and indecision took possession of him. Should he dare to speak to Doris? He wondered what he would think of it to-morrow; but he called himself a coward, as they landed a little later, and he walked back to the still-deserted farmhouse by her side. The old place had arrayed itself against him while he had been away. He felt curiously distinct and separate from his surroundings just then, and yet as if he must use all his powers of resistance if he would keep himself apart. Did fate mean to graft him to this strong old growth, and was the irresistible sap from that centre of life already making its way through his veins? Was an unlocalized, a disestablished human being at the mercy of a possible system of spiritual economies, so that he was to be held to a spot that was lacking in what he might supply? If a man did not see his duty and opportunity with his own eyes, must he be attracted by a magnet-like necessity? But what was this broken, nay, even mutilated, household to him, even though the strange suggestion of his likeness to the young soldier

who lay in the orchard burying-ground would flit through his bewildered mind? There was a new glamour over everything: at one moment he reveled in it, and then as suddenly feared and distrusted it, while a faint indignation returned again and again and troubled him because he had been thus taken by surprise.

All the time that Dale's thoughts were attacking him like an angry and desperate mob, Doris walked at his side, so sweet and self-possessed, so staid and Sunday-like, that her presence was the only thing that quieted the confusion she herself was making. Never before had this girl looked so slender and full of life, so kissable and dear. Presently she turned toward him with almost perfect composure; there was only a little look of affectionate solicitude to show that they had just come a long way nearer each other's consciousness.

"I will go up to the orchard and get some peaches for your lunch, Mr. Dale," she said. "The best ones are just getting ripe;" and Doris went away slowly up the hillside, through the long autumn grass, into the shadow of the fruit trees. Dick could not follow her, but for some minutes he stood still. What a picture for a man to paint! What a woman for a man to love! Ah, if Doris had looked over her shoulder in that minute! But the white dress was lost among the shady apple-trees, Dick sighed, and well he might; the enchantress had passed

by, and her spell had passed with her. An eager song-sparrow flew upward, singing bravely, and for once the blessed notes jarred upon the young man's ear.

He climbed the stairs to the spinning-room. The light southwesterly wind sent a cloud of cigar smoke through the northeasterly window after a few minutes, and as Doris came down the hill she saw this, and smiled. A little later she brought some bread and a blue plate full of great crimson and yellow peaches, and put them on the table. Dick, who held a book in his hand, nodded, and thanked Doris politely, but she had already turned away. She was hardly at the foot of the steep stairway before he had left his chair and dropped the book on the floor. He stood still, eager, irresolute. Was he a fool or a wise man?—but he saw her no more that afternoon. There was enough else to do. He had letters to answer, for one thing: but Dick could not write; he kept making dots and squares and curious little marks with his pen all over the blotting paper, instead. Neither could he read, for he heard the ripe apples fall to the ground, and saw a gray spider spin its web and lie in wait for flies. At last he heard the elder Owens drive into the yard, and bravely appeared as a listener to the news they had brought home from meeting. A strange pleasure filled his heart at the sight of Israel Owen's honest face. The good man seemed more familiar to him than he did to himself.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

AN UNCLASSIFIED PHILOSOPHER.

SKIRTING the northern limit of Manhattan Island lies a large tract of land, several miles in area; bounded on the north by Westchester County, and on the south, east, and west by the Bronx and Harlem rivers. This region is a

terra incognita to most New Yorkers, or only vaguely known to them as "over the bridge." It is popularly supposed to be given over to the ravages of malarial fevers and the mural advertising agent. Unfortunates to whom cheap

rents are an object reluctantly succumb to the necessity of residing there; and if of sanguine dispositions pretend to be interested in the cultivation of the small intervals of rock and rubbish which usually segregate their dwellings. Though incorporated by act of the legislature into the city, it is neither town nor country, and possesses the defects of both without the offsetting excellences of either. It has avenues and streets, of course; but the avenues are country roads, and the streets quagmires. These roadways, ungraded, unsewered, and unpaved, the ward statesman regards with tender solicitude as furnishing a large and lucrative field of operations in the line of contracts and "sessments;" which "sessments" the local lawyer, in turn, finds equal pleasure and profit in petitioning the courts to vacate. Having exhausted the possibilities of plunder in the city proper, the statesman turns with avidity to the wide expanses of the "'Nexed Deestrick," there to make the wilderness blossom with drain-pipes and paving-stones at the expense of the taxpayer. Trains run through it to and from the city at infrequent intervals, with a maximum of noise and a minimum of convenience. In summer the mosquito is a burden, and in winter the ultrapontane enjoys his diurnal malaria in ever-recurring alternations.

But notwithstanding the manifold demerits of this suburban Nazareth, it bids fair to become celebrated in after ages as the home of a genius, whose researches and discoveries are destined to revolutionize the world of thought; to disprove the Mosaic cosmogony and the Darwinian hypothesis; to overthrow, in short, all former theories and speculations as to the nature and history of the planet on which we live, and generally, quoting his own language, "to prove that in the whole universe there is not a mystery which the free, untrammelled brain cannot cope with and master."

On Third, or, as it is named in high

latitudes, Fordham, Avenue, between 172d and 173d streets, surrounded by vacant lots of low-lying, marshy land, stands a small frame building, square, flat-roofed, and evidently of home construction. The ground floor is occupied as a store, and the remaining parts are used for dwelling purposes. The front of the house is decorated with sign-boards, large and small, announcing to all and sundry that building and carpentering in every branch are promptly attended to; that orders for coal and wood are taken; and that all persons desiring to buy or hire houses, or needing the services of a real-estate agent or auctioneer, can be accommodated on inquiry within. On the hall door, by the side of the store, is a modest nickel plate bearing the legend "Nichols."

This unpretending structure is, in fact, the residence of Professor Henry Nichols, the pioneer of the new departure in cosmic philosophy, whose life and opinions form the subject of this paper. On fine summer evenings, a short, strongly-built man may be seen busily engaged in repairing fences and outhouses, or adding contrivances for comfort and convenience to the lowly domicile just described. He has a fresh-colored face, steel-blue eyes, regular features, and a high forehead, rendered more noticeable by a slight baldness. The fringe of curly hair, tawny in color, and the full beard and mustaches of the same hue, which surround his face, unmistakably betoken a Saxon ancestry, while the rough shirt and overalls in which he is clad testify to narrow circumstances and a life of toil. That is the professor. The scene is strongly illustrative of the truth of the adage that a prophet is without honor in his own country. The professor, however, bears the *res angusta domi* with sufficient stoicism, and accepts poverty, neglect, and ridicule with equal fortitude, as the natural lot of one who has chosen to devote his life to the study of abstract

problems in the midst of a gainsaying and money-making generation.

As he justly remarks of himself and those whom he regards as his legitimate predecessors in the particular department of human knowledge to which his labors are directed, "There have been three stages in the line of planetary development. The first was ushered in by Galileo, who passes before us eyeless and with severed thumb; the second by Columbus, dishonored and in chains; the third by Professor Nichols, the White Slave. The first," he says, — and this brings us to what may be called the fundamental truth on which his system of philosophy is based, — "the first proved that the earth moves; the second that the earth is round, and the third that the earth *is alive*."

Alive, that is to say, not in the figurative sense in which we describe a street as being alive with people, but literally as being "a living, breathing creature, the same as ourselves and all animated nature:" subject, therefore, of course, to croup, the measles, and other infantile disorders in its tender years, and to rheumatism and paralysis, or their equivalent forms of cosmic decrepitude, in its senility.

Many years ago the professor's observation of certain natural phenomena led him to regard with suspicion the universally prevalent view that the earth is a sphere of inorganic matter, without life and without function. The more he pondered, the more decided became his belief that this theory was founded in crass ignorance, or willful blindness to the facts of the case. He finally settled down to the mature and unalterable conviction that our planet is not a mere insensate mass, kept in motion, if at all, by the operation of some extraneous force, but a living, sentient organism of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, nerve and brain, with respiratory organs and a digestive apparatus; entertaining likes and dislikes, governed

by principles and prejudices, exercising will power; and passing, or destined to pass, as do all other organisms, through the various stages of birth, growth, maturity, decadence, and death.

This important point settled to his own satisfaction, the professor, after the approved scientific method, began his lifelong quest of facts and arguments in support of his theory. These he found, and still finds, ready to his hand. Difficulties arise but to be met, and objections to be answered. The questions of shallow-minded critics serve only to elicit more irrefragable proofs of the truth of his momentous discovery. Stumbling-blocks become stepping-stones. Weapons of destruction are by him seized and transformed into elements of defense. The fact must be stubborn and unwieldy indeed that he cannot mould to fit some niche in the superstructure of his analogies and evidences.

Now when a man discovers, or thinks that he discovers, anything, the first impulse that seizes him is to write a book about it. If he be of more than ordinary strength of mind, he casts the thought behind him, as a suggestion of Satan. In most cases, alas, he weakly yields to the temptation, and becomes a man with a message. The world is usually tolerant of him, and consents to be button-holed with a sort of pitying resignation, allowing the strong extenuating circumstances to plead in mitigation of its otherwise sweeping sentence of condemnation.

It is greatly to the professor's credit that he has not written a book. The author of such a startling innovation on all preconceived views might well be excused for, and perhaps even justified in, writing not only a book, but a whole library. All the more is his abstinence in this respect worthy the highest commendation. He has, however, prepared a lecture; which lecture he has on more than one occasion delivered before favored audiences, with the most gratify-

ing results so far as regards the reception of his message, but, sad to say, with ridiculously inadequate pecuniary returns. Indeed, to the shame of science and civilization be it said, enough hearers at twenty-five cents a head could not be procured to pay expenses.

This fact does not trouble him. He was not even daunted by the lamentable deficit of thirty dollars which on one inauspicious night yawned between the receipts at the door and the rent of the hall. Some day the scientific men of the world will throw off the slumberous apathy which now dulls their mental vision, and awake to the importance of the professor's great discovery. Then fortunes will be made, and he will be at the making. Not that he longs for money itself. Far otherwise. He would even now willingly cede two thirds of the net profits derivable therefrom to any enterprising financial agent with foresight and capital enough to bring him properly before the public.

In truth, all he desires is \$20,000 as a fund for organizing an expedition to the North Pole, for the purpose of investigating some points respecting his theory, the importance of which will hereafter appear, and which, once settled, will remove it from the realm of speculation, and place it upon a basis of indubitable fact.

The professor is not an educated man, in the ordinary sense of the term. As he observes, "For thirty years I have studied but one book. It has one leaf and no cover. It is the Book of Nature."

Indeed, his active and adventurous career has precluded familiarity with the study and the class-room.

"At the age of thirteen years," he once said to me, "I sailed from New York city to London, England. From London I went round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence round Cape Horn to St. Catherine's, Brazil. Thus, before I reached my fifteenth year, I accom-

plished the feat of sailing clean around the world, having crossed the same meridian of longitude I started from. I returned into the Pacific Ocean by way of Cape Horn, and remained in the different whaling-grounds in the South Pacific for six years."

The professor subsequently served in the Union navy during the war. At its close he invested his prize money in some small building speculations in New York; bought a farm in the country with the proceeds; sold it at a loss; reduced his means still further by an unsuccessful attempt to establish a lucrative retail grocery business; and finally spent the remnant in eking out the scanty pittance he received from an up-town horse railroad as a car-conductor.

It will readily be conceived that he has had but little time to devote to studies, which are, after all, but the raw materials of education. He has reached a like, or even higher, level of culture by methods quite independent of the schools. When, therefore, he says "I prove" this or that fact connected with his theory, it will be understood that he ignores altogether the musty rules of logic formulated by Whately or Jevons. He knows and cares nothing for syllogisms in Barbara or Cesarea; nor do meaningless terms, such as "ambiguous middle," or "illicit process of the major," mar the serene confidence with which he asserts the absolute inexpugnability of his conclusions.

Hypercritics may cavil at the professor's diction (which the present writer has striven to preserve) as being archaic and even faulty in grammatical construction. But what it loses in polish it gains in homely vigor. One cannot have everything.

Some time ago the professor adopted the calling of a jobbing carpenter, in which capacity he has on several occasions visited me to execute needed repairs about the house.

"I have written a lecture," he re-

marked, on one of these occasions, "in which I prove that the astronomers, geologists, and other learned men of the day are all wrong."

"Indeed!" I said.

"I have stood on the back platform of my car," he continued, "and argued with lawyers, doctors, and other prominent men, until I've made them tremble like a leaf."

I could readily believe it. "What is the subject?" I ventured to ask.

"I prove by analogy," said he, "that the planet on which we live is an animal, — a living, breathing creature, the same as ourselves and all animated nature."

In answer, probably, to my surprised and incredulous stare, he went on, *ore rotundo*, and apparently quoting from the lecture in question: —

"My first proof is in breathing. I will commence with the smallest insect known to man of which the habits have been studied. It is called the minute insect. It is born, matures, bears young, and passes away in the space of one minute. It breathes so rapidly as to be past counting. A man breathes eighteen times in a minute. The smallest species of whale breathes five times in a minute. The largest species, known as the right whale of the Antarctic Ocean, breathes once in three minutes. The planet on which we live breathes twice in twenty-four hours, — which is proven by the rise and fall of the tides."

Now I never was strong on tides. Any schoolboy could rout me, horse, foot, and artillery, on the subject of tides. Still, I had some vague and shadowy notions that the moon, somehow or another, had entire charge of tidal routes and connections. But the professor undeceived me.

"Nonsense!" said he. "That the tides are not caused by the moon's attraction is plain. We see often both the sun and the moon on the same side of the earth, and at the same time a dead low tide."

I could not perceive the force of this argument, but, as I said before, I knew so little about tides, any way, that I felt sure he must be right.

"Then what does cause the tides?" I asked.

"The ebb and flow of the tides," answered the professor, sententiously, "is caused by expansion and contraction, by absorption and ejection, by the steady and regular breathing of the planet, in fact. We are taught by the philosophers," he added contemptuously, "that the tide commences at the equator, and flows north and south to the extreme turning-points twice a day. If this were the case, we could cast a ship loose from her moorings at high water, and by the turn of the tide she would be two thousand miles away."

Here again my lamentable ignorance of tidal matters moved me to take refuge in a hypocritical "Precisely."

"Now it is not so," said the professor, relentlessly pursuing the aforementioned philosophers.

I had feared it all along.

"The tide," he resumed, "rises on both and all sides of the earth at one and the same time. Muscat, near the northern extremity of the Arabian Sea, has high water at the same hour as Rio Janeiro, on the western shore of the Atlantic: the one being in a northern, the other in a southern latitude; the one in east, the other in west longitude. Refute it, if you can. You have the means at hand, — the ocean telegraph."

Here the professor looked at me as though he thought I had the ocean telegraph concealed somewhere about my person.

"Just so," I murmured, absently: "fifty cents a word, address included; words containing over ten letters charged as two."

"Which proves," said the professor triumphantly, "that the tide is caused by a regular contraction and expansion of the earth from a common centre."

"But why don't we feel it on the land also?" I inquired.

"If you look at the map," he replied, "you will see that on both sides of and below Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope this planet is all water as far down as the Antarctic Circle. This corresponds to the abdomen and flexible parts of our bodies; while the upper half of the planet is firmly knit together, and formed of hard, solid material, and corresponds in a wonderful degree with the upper and more bony parts of our bodies, which from the chest up are composed of compact, firm-set bones."

"What has all that to do with my question?" I meekly suggested.

"It has all to do with it," said the professor firmly. "When we breathe, the expanding and contracting motion is plainly seen and felt in the flexible part of the body, but in the upper, or fixed, bony part it is scarcely perceptible. It is so with the huge creature, called a planet, on which we live. The operation of respiration is clearly visible on the water, or flexible part of its body; but on the land, or bony part, not at all. Again, when we breathe, our lower rib bones contract and expand much more than do those higher up. So with the earth. Consequently, if the southern parts of Africa and South America and the islands of the South Pacific did not expand with the rise of the tide, they would be submerged and covered with water every time our planet breathed."

"But what does it breathe through?" I asked. "Has it a mouth?"

"Of course it has," retorted the professor testily, and as if losing patience at such senseless questions, — "at the North Pole. The great polar opening, or, as I will live to prove, the mouth of the earth, is at least one hundred miles in circumference. There is not in the whole universe any animate creature but has an opening near the top or upper end through which to breathe."

A light broke in on me.

"Oh! Symmes' Hole!" I exclaimed.

"What is that?" said the professor, but with no answering look of recognition on his face.

Then I perceived that he was unaware that on one point, at least, of his discovery he had been forestalled. I instantly thought of Adams and Leverrier, and of Wallace and Darwin, who, each unknown to the other, had reached similar conclusions from independent investigations. The professor, however, had the advantage over his illustrious predecessor in that his discovery was not of a mere isolated, unrelated fact, but of one link in a chain of analogies, reaching and affecting even the remotest members of the planetary and stellar systems.

"How do you account," said I, presently, returning to the professor's last proposition, "for the huge masses of ice accumulated in the vicinity of the Pole, or, as you would probably say, the throat of the earth? Would they not tend to produce bronchial affections?"

"How do you account," retorted the professor, using the Socratic method against me with crushing effect, "for the ice that clogs a man's beard on a cold winter's day? It is congealed breath, of course. There is not a phenomenon in nature," he continued, with the air of one defying contradiction, "which does not find a place in my theory, and prove the truth of it. Name one," he added, with a magnanimous flourish.

"The aurora borealis," I suggested at a venture, prompted probably by its connection with the immediate subject of his remarks, — the polar regions.

"I have stood on my car," answered the professor, speaking in parables, "and have seen an angry dog following it for blocks, his eyes emitting sparks of fire."

"Then the aurora borealis is" —

"The flashing of the eyes of the planet in moments of anger or excitement."

"And pray, what are the eyes of the planet?"

"The magnetic pole."

"But did not Ross, or McClintock, or some one, discover and locate the magnetic pole?" I inquired, helplessly.

"They did nothing of the sort," returned the professor, with indignant emphasis. And then he went on, and attacked their statements and demolished their conclusions with such vigor that I began to doubt whether those hardy navigators had ever been inside the Arctic Circle at all.

"Thunder and lightning!" I exclaimed.

The professor regarded me dubiously for a moment, but becoming satisfied that my remark was the indication of a genuine desire for further information, and not a mere frivolous exclamation of surprise or incredulity, he resumed with zest his expository labors, — "tracing out the analogies," as he termed it.

"I have stroked the back of a cat in the dark," said he, adopting his favorite method of teaching by similitudes, "and it crackled and sparkled like thorns on a fire. Now what caused that?"

"Electricity, I suppose."

"Exactly; which proves to a certainty that thunder and lightning are the latent electricity of the earth's living body developed by friction."

And so on, through the whole constitution and course of nature, the professor traveled, marshaling every conceivable terrestrial phenomenon into line, to add its mite of testimony to the infallibility of his system.

Cast into the alembic of his philosophy, Hecla, Etna, and Vesuvius were, of course, transmuted into running sores, through which the earth's bad humors and waste tissues were discharged. Earthquakes reappeared as stomachic or intestinal commotions attendant upon the outbreak of more or less violent choleraic symptoms. Trees and other vegetation became invested with new interest as the hair of the planet. Tornadoes and wind storms revealed their

real character as neuralgic affections, — a sort of jumping toothache, as it were. Changes in the weather reflected the varying moods and caprices of the planet, or its hygienic condition, as, for instance, a cold summer indicated that the earth was suffering from dumb ague or defective circulation, or was passing through a fit of the blues by reason of the coldness or unfriendliness on the part of the sun or some one of the other planets whose friendship or good opinion the earth values. Fog and rain were perspiration, and quicksands and other like spots the pores of the earth, through which even nourishment could be administered by absorption, should it at any time, by reason of extreme debility or from any other cause, be incapacitated from taking food in the normal way.

It may be here remarked that the professor prefers to wait until he shall have visited the North Pole before pronouncing definitely upon the nature of the earth's food supply and its manner of feeding. He is inclined to think, however, judging from the habits of the whale in this respect, that the earth is constantly taking in food in large quantities by suction, — star dust, gases, clouds, and any stray meteorites that may happen athwart Symmes' Hole in the course of their wanderings through immensity.

"I suppose," observed the professor, regarding me with indulgent pity, — "I suppose you don't know what causes the extreme high tides and the tidal wave."

He did not even condescend to await my reply.

"Let any sensitive person walk from Harlem Bridge to the City Hall," he went on, preserving, as he did on all occasions, the manner of one delivering a set oration, and never permitting the dignity of his theme to suffer by lapses into mere colloquial talk, "and there is not a feeling to which the human breast is heir that is not called

in play: compassion, veneration, fear, wonder at the many works of art which meet the eye in every direction. But of all emotions, the deepest and most powerful is that roused by the sight of a beautiful woman. The beholder, were it not ill-mannered, would be riveted to the spot he stands upon. He instinctively heaves a long deep-drawn sigh, which penetrates to his utmost being. This is love and veneration that needs no prompting. It is a worship which comes unbidden and spontaneous."

The illustration was somewhat obscure, and I failed to see the drift of it.

The professor at once proceeded to illumine me.

"It is so with the planet on which we live. Astronomers know by the planets when the tidal wave is about to be raised, and they foretell its coming in time to warn us. They see the effect, but look not deep enough to discover the cause. If they could but grasp the fact that these planets are living creatures, the same as ourselves, they would at once perceive that they were drawn towards each other by affinity, — by feelings of mutual affection and desire; and that when the emotions of the earth, approaching another planet, are so stirred, this great long-drawn breath upheaves the mighty deep and causes the tidal wave."

This was, to use the language of the late lamented Dominie Sampson, *prodigious*. The earth, careering through the illimitable ether in the rôle of a love-lorn suitor, its midriff heaving with amorous sighs, is, truly, a stupendous spectacle, wonderful to gods and men. Perhaps, even, were our gross ears attuned to sphere harmonies, we might hear it (or him) pouring out a woful ballad to its (or his) mistress' eyebrow, — "Thou art so near and yet so far," or words to that effect.

The conception, taken merely as a flight of fancy, is not unworthy of Rabelais or Swift. But when we consider

that the professor has unearthed a natural phenomenon on which the further claim, "founded on fact," may fairly stand, then only do its true dimensions become discernible. It stands alone in the annals of speculation.

But the professor goes further. Aided by the touchstone of his great discovery, he assigns to man a place in the economy of nature lowlier even than the very modest one accorded to him by Mr. Darwin and the evolutionists.

"What are the human race, viewed in the light of your theory?" I asked.

"Parasites, insects, diseases of the planet," answered the professor. "There is not an animal in existence, be it large or small, that does not breed and sustain swarms of parasitic insects."

"Larger fleas have little fleas
Upon their legs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*,"

I quoted.

"That's the point," said the professor, "and it proves what I say beyond a doubt. Men and women, as well as all other animals, were generated in the first instance by the heat of the sun from the decomposing gases of the earth's body, just the same as maggots, worms, flies, and such-like truck. When I was in the South Pacific, I there discovered floating worlds. In other words, I learned the fact that some of the whales of the Pacific Ocean have inhabitants on them. I saw one whale, in particular, which had its back entirely covered with little shell huts and carbuncles, covered all round about and filled with millions of small insects of as great a variety as there are of animals on this earth. As we killed this whale, we had a good opportunity of observing these island insects, which were of so many varieties of form that it is needless to enter into details. But I trace the analogy farther. You must know that the whale goes down and stays beneath the surface of the water fifteen minutes. During the

time it is down in the deep, dark water, away from the sun, it is a change in the insects' lives equal to a night-time; being day-time with them while above the water in full view of the sun. At night when the sun is set, it amounts to a change of season in their short lives, equal to a winter in our much longer lives. But," continued the professor, with the manner of one having vast reserves to draw upon, "the proof by analogy in breathing is not the only one I have. My second proof is in ages. Thus: —

"The minute insect lives one minute.

"A man lives from sixty to seventy years.

"An elephant lives three hundred years, — which is known to be a fact.

"The large arctic whale lives from one thousand to fifteen hundred years, — which is not known, and never will be. For if you should fence in a whale in order to find out his age, it would be like fencing in a planet or boxing up a man where he could not breathe. The whale would cease to exist for want of breathing-room."

I was ready, if necessary, to assure him that I had no such intention.

"But I can prove by analogy," said he, "by the large trees of California, which are known to be over three thousand years old, that it must take ages for so large a monster as a whale to mature. Such a vast mass of flesh and blood could not accumulate in less than several hundred years."

"By the way, professor," said I, defensively breaking the thread of his discourse, "I see that you include the elephant in this second scale of comparison, and not in the first. How often does it breathe per minute?"

"I do not know," said the professor sadly. "I once applied for the post of lecturer in Barnum's show, solely for the purpose of studying the habits of the elephant, and more particularly with

reference to its breathing. But influence was brought to bear against me, and some one else got the place.

"Through this analogy in ages," resumed the professor, continuing his exposition, "I prove by an easy process that our planet is in the decline of life. In this way: A child when first born is little more than flesh, the bones being so soft and moist that the body can be twisted into almost any shape. As it advances in life, it expands and enlarges until it reaches its prime. In the decline of life the flesh becomes drier and drier, and the skin recedes and contracts, and the bones project, until there is nothing left of the once beautiful creature but withered parchment and sapless bone. Now, the flesh of the planet upon which we live is water. It is a well-established fact that slowly and by degrees the water upon the earth is drying up. Rivers at the present day, with hardly an exception, are much lower than they used to be in days gone by; and history shows that all ancient cities whereof a record has been kept, which were built close to the sea, are now a long way from it. The city of Rome was built at the water's edge, but is now some three miles distant from it. The conclusion is irresistible that the flesh of the earth is gradually withering, and that it is surely nearing a fleshless and sapless old age. My next proof is in heat."

"How many proofs have you in all?" I inquired anxiously.

"Eight," returned the professor solemnly, "and they are all equally conclusive."

I was paying him by the hour, — but no matter.

"My third proof," he went on, "is in heat. The heat in the minute insect is hardly perceptible. A man's blood is warm. The blood of the smallest species of whale is very hot. The blood of the large arctic whale is liquid fire. It may not be out of place here to give

some proof as to how I came by this knowledge."

He then proceeded to describe the capture of a large whale in the South Pacific, at which he assisted; relating with great circumstantiality the various incidents of the chase, and how, when the harpooner struck the *coup de grace*, "the blood spirted forth with such force as to wet all hands to the skin."

"The men," added the professor, with some pardonable pride, "immediately washed the blood off their faces, advising me to do the same. But this was too good a chance to let go by. I had been told that it would burn my skin, and I was determined on proving it."

He succeeded.

"In three minutes the blood was so hot that it began to peel up like a thousand wafers, burning my face as if a mustard-plaster had been applied to it for half an hour, so that I really thought the skin would come off. The red spots were on my face for days.

"The blood of the planet," said the professor, resuming the orderly statement of his argument, "is fire, so dense as to melt the solid rocks, which is proven by rocks of fire being thrown from volcanoes, which are found in all latitudes, ejecting from time to time streams of red-hot lava. There is a river of fire in the Sandwich Islands, flowing from an immense gaping chasm, or hideous fire-pit, twelve hundred feet deep and fifteen miles in circumference, and containing more than 328,000 square yards of convulsed torrents of matter in igneous fusion, constantly boiling and spouting, rolling in all directions, like waves of a disturbed sea; this cauldron has been in an active state as far back as the memory of man reaches. Some time ago, it took to running a river of fire thirty miles long, two hundred yards wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep, the end of the river emptying into the sea. I hold that this is the place where the earth's waste and burnt-out

tissues are discharged. It is in exact proportion, as regards time, quantity, quality, and consequences. During seasons of what may be called choleraic activity, our stomachs shake and our breathing is affected. So with the earth. While the river of fire was running most violently, the whole of the Mediterranean Sea was shaken throughout its length and breadth, and on some of the islands cities and villages were entirely destroyed. The Mediterranean Sea is almost on the opposite side of the earth from where the river of fire was."

"Then you claim that the earth has organs and members the same as other animals?" I asked, again interrupting the current of his remarks. "Has it a brain?"

"Certainly it has."

"Where is it located?"

"Ask the parasite on the whale's body where the whale's brain is. Of course it cannot tell you."

"But how do you reconcile the earth's unchanging orbit round the sun with that exercise of will power and freedom of choice which seems to be inseparable from the idea of a being possessing a brain?"

"Easily," said the professor. "Some men are steady and homelike in their habits. So methodical are they in their goings and comings that they are as regular as clockwork. Other men are wild and roving in their natures. They are born travelers, and are just as likely to be seen in the middle of Africa as on Broadway. Just so it is with the planets. Some are steady-going, quiet, and domesticated, like our own. Others are wild and erratic, like the comets, coming and going no man knows whence or whither."

But space forbids that I should so much as enumerate the professor's other proofs, to say nothing of giving detailed statements of them, even though they be, as he asserted, "equally conclusive" with those cited.

Enough has been shown, albeit in a fragmentary and imperfect manner, to indicate the existence of a mine of scientific treasure, of untold richness and of unknown extent. If the professor's conclusions be correct, startling — nay, appalling — contingencies may at any moment arise, the outcome of which it is impossible even to conjecture. Suppose, for instance, the earth should suddenly, in a fit of pique, sever its connection with the solar system, and, running amuck through the abyss of space, come to an untimely and violent end, in a disgraceful affray with some disreputable gang of planetary marauders infesting the far outskirts of stellar civilization.

But the imagination shrinks back aghast from the awful possibilities indicated by the professor's revelations. That way madness lies.

Questions, too, nearer home may be raised, which, though now apparently

remote, may at any time become urgent and burning ones. Take, for example, the case of coal mines and other subterranean excavations. If it should hereafter appear that they penetrate beyond the callous epidermis, and enter the sensitive regions of the terrene ganglia, would not the intervention of Mr. Bergh and the S. P. C. A. become imperative — necessary?

But it is needless to multiply instances. At all events, the duty of the scientific world is clear. It should at once organize another expedition to the North Pole for the purpose of discovering the mouth, and if possible the ears, of the earth. That accomplished, communications might be opened, a conference arranged, and such assurances extracted from the earth as would serve to quiet the apprehensions and relieve the suspense created by the contemplation of the fathomless abyss over which we hang, helpless and blindfold.

Frederick D. Storey.

CRESSID.

HAS any one seen my Fair,
Has any one seen my Dear?
Could any one tell me where
And whither she went from here?

The road is winding and long,
With many a turn and twist,
And one could easy go wrong,
Or ever one thought or list.

How should one know my Fair,
And how should one know my Dear?
By the dazzle of sunlight hair
That smites like a golden spear,

By the eyes that say "Beware,"
By the smile that beckons you near, —
This is to know my Fair,
This is to know my Dear.

Rough and bitter as gall,
The voice that suddenly comes
Over the windy wall
Where the fishermen have their homes:

"Ay, ay, we know full well
The way your fair one went:
She led by the ways of Hell,
And into its torments sent

"The boldest and bravest here,
Who knew nor guilt nor guile,
Who knew not shadow of fear,
Till he followed that beckoning smile.

"Now would you find your Fair,
Now would you find your Dear?
Go turn and follow her where
And whither she went from here,

"Along by the winding path
That leads by the old sea-wall;
The wind blows wild with wrath,
And one could easily fall

"From over the rampart there,
If one should lean too near,
To look for the sunlight hair
That smites like a golden spear!"

Nora Perry.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FOURTH PAPER.

It is curious that Madame Mohl's *salon* should have attained such notoriety and become such a distinguished intellectual centre without having had any particular ideas or crotchets, religious, political, or literary, to propagate. It differed in this, as in so many other notable points, from the salons of the eighteenth century, which, one and all, were tribunes or schools, leading, or trying to lead, the intellectual movement of the day. Indeed, this pretension

did not vanish with the century. From Madame de Rambouillet down even to Madame du Cayla, there was a *canapé doctrinaire*, on which the lady of the house sat: one while legislating with the *puristes* and deciding the gender of a noun; another while "making philosophy" with the encyclopædists, playing at diplomacy, giving an impulse to religion or unbelief, directing the political current towards revolution or restoration. No such vexing problems or am-

bitious aims troubled the tenor of Madame Mohl's pleasant way. She had no doctrines of any sort to preach. Opinions she had, and she "stuck to them" like grim death, but she never attempted to force them on others. All her friends render this testimony to her.

The Duc de Broglie, than whom there are few more experienced and competent judges on the point, gives me the following sympathetic appreciation of Madame Mohl and her salon: "It presented a most original character; one which, I fear, no other will ever reproduce. If she succeeded in bringing together without collision, and even without *gêne*, persons who did not habitually seek one another, and that nothing drew naturally together, it was no doubt because she did not attempt to impose any systematic opinions on them. I don't believe that her mind had formed any definite ideas on any subject; but her true instincts and generous sentiments, expressed in a most piquant manner, gave to her conversation, whatever turn it took, a charm peculiarly her own. What might have wounded, coming from another, pleased and amused in her. Her extreme kindness, her *total* absence of pretension, a forgetfulness of herself that was visible even in the neglect of her personal appearance, made it impossible to take amiss anything she said. It is exceedingly difficult to appreciate Madame Mohl's peculiar kind of merit without having known her, and it is still more difficult to describe it."

The foreign element which formed a distinct attraction in this interesting salon was one of the conspicuous reasons for its being regarded as neutral ground, where enemies met under a flag of truce. Frenchmen whom, as the Duc de Broglie observes, nothing drew naturally together, and who would never have gone to meet one another, went without scruple or reluctance to meet Tourguenieff, Ranke, Dean Stanley, and other remarkable men of various nationalities. Dean

Stanley was Madame Mohl's chief friend in England. They first met in a thunderstorm on the Lake of Como, where M. and Madame Mohl were staying with the Marquis d'Areonati. The Dean and Mrs. Stanley, his mother, sought refuge at the hospitable Italian villa, and were there introduced to the Mohls. Madame Mohl used to say that it was a case of love at first sight between her and the Dean. It was a faithful love, on both sides, at any rate. Later, Mrs. Stanley was passing through Paris, and wrote to a friend, inviting her to come and spend the evening, "to meet" — so ran the note — "a most amusing woman, whom I am going to trot out this season in London." This amusing woman was Madame Mohl, and on this occasion she fully justified the designation. M. de Tocqueville, an old friend of hers, was there, and these two kept up a fire of wit and repartee that was almost bewildering from its brilliancy.

In the year 1856, as far as I can ascertain, Madame Mohl went to London, on her first visit to the Stanleys. The "trotting out" proved a great success. The popularity of the chaperon and the position her family occupied in London society must have secured a gracious reception to any one she presented; but this in itself would not have made Madame Mohl personally popular, nor created for her the warm and admiring friends whom she then gained, and ever afterwards kept, in the Stanleys' circle.

Some years later,¹ Madame Mohl had the good fortune to be the medium of a service to the Dean which, as he was ever ready to remind her, made the happiness of his life.

Lady Elgin had been a very dear friend of Mary Clarke's, in olden times, and Madame Mohl continued this friendship towards her daughters, whom she regarded with a sort of maternal affection. Lady Augusta Bruce was her special favorite, and used to stay with

¹ In 1863.

her often in Paris. Dean Stanley met Lady Augusta for the first time at dinner at the Rue du Bac, and was so charmed with her that he said afterward, "If I were in a mind to marry, I have seen the woman that would suit me." This meeting was not the result of any sinister design against the Dean's peace of heart on Madame Mohl's side; but she was as proud of the sequel as if she had plotted and planned to bring it about. She always spoke of the marriage as having been made by her; but, in truth, the marriage made itself, growing naturally out of that first meeting. Both the Dean and Lady Augusta were, however, quite willing to let her take the glory of it, and always said they owed their happiness to her. This marriage strengthened the friendship between them, and henceforth a month's visit at the Deanery was a yearly episode that Madame Mohl and they looked forward to with enjoyment. She soon became the delight of the eclectic circle that centred in the hospitable cloisters of Westminster. "Madame Mohl was so amusing and original," says one of Lady Augusta's old friends, "her sayings were so good and her ways so funny, that she was a constant source of entertainment to us all, and we looked forward to her coming every year with impatience."

Madame Mohl was fond of relating an incident that occurred during one of her visits to the Deanery. It was at the time when there was great apprehension of a war breaking out between England and Germany on account of the Danish question. Madame Mohl was sitting in the drawing-room, one morning, reading the *Times*, which contained the good news that this apprehension was at an end. The leader enlarging upon this termination of public anxiety put her in high good-humor, and just as she had finished it the door was thrown open and the servant announced "The Queen!" An ordinary mortal would

have been a little fluttered by this unexpected presence; but Madame Mohl stood up, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Well, your majesty, we are to have no war!"

"No, thank God! we are to have no war!" was the Queen's hearty rejoinder, and holding out both hands, she sat down beside Madame Mohl, and entered into conversation.

Lady Augusta, meantime, who was dressing, hurried with her toilet, rather anxious as to how Madame Mohl would behave to the sovereign. She found them both chatting away in the most friendly manner, the old lady giving her opinion on the politics of Europe as freely as if her companion had been a mere fellow-creature. Unfortunately, we do not know what impression Madame Mohl produced on the Queen, but no one was left in ignorance of the impression her majesty produced on Madame Mohl. She always spoke of her as "that dear woman, the Queen." If she had not found the Queen a dear woman, she would not have said it. She was extremely loyal, but her incapacity for being influenced by mere rank would have made it simply impossible for her to recognize in the crowned majesty of England anything but a woman, when it came to meeting her mind to mind and talking to her. Not all the virtue of all the martyrs, nor all the blood of all the Howards, could have propitiated her into liking any one who lacked *esprit* and a certain charm. If she had not found these in the sovereign, she would have relegated her amongst other less exalted personages, of whom she said, "Excellent, my dear, I have no doubt, — excellent; but I never want to see them again." She often wished to see the Queen again.

Mrs. Ritchie (*née* Thackeray) tells me of another meeting with royalty at the Deanery: "Prince Leopold, then a boy, was brought in to be introduced to Madame Mohl. Most of the people

present were bowing and scraping, but she put out her hand, and said, 'I am an old woman, my dear, so I can't get up, but I am very glad to know you;' and she went on talking to him most charmingly."

There was no want of respect in this *sans gêne*, as the young prince apparently understood. Nobody ever took offense at her odd ways; and they were sometimes exceedingly odd. "I remember," Mrs. Ritchie relates, "two of my cousins going to see her in Paris, and on coming back describing her as sitting like a little old fairy on the mantelpiece of her drawing-room chimney, and entertaining them quite composedly." She never sat on the mantelpiece at the Deanery, though she was as much at home there as in any house but her own.

The Stanleys generally paid the Mohls a little visit every year at the Rue du Bac, occupying that upper room, above their hosts' own apartment, which was placed so constantly at the disposal of English friends. Lady Augusta was extremely popular in French society; few Englishwomen were ever more so. Those who knew her at the Rue du Bac still speak of her with kindly warmth: "*Lady Augusta Stanley, la plus aimable des femmes, la grâce et la bonté mêmes.*"

The Stanleys' last visit to the Mohls was in 1875, when Lady Augusta fell ill, and was detained two months under their roof. Madame Mohl was too inexperienced a nurse to be very helpful in a sick-room, and her excitability and outspoken dismay at this prolonged illness in the house were misleading to many who did not know how to discount her exaggerated manner of expressing herself under strong feeling of any kind. But Dean Stanley always took the right measure of it, and ever retained the liveliest sense of gratitude for her genuine affection and kindness during that trying time. He used to relate with great humor how, one day, as the doctor was going down from Lady

Augusta, Madame Mohl ran out and called after him: "Doctor, if you have anything to say, mind you say it to me; it is no use telling the Dean, for the Dean is a fool." Both he and Lady Augusta laughed heartily over this characteristic testimony of Madame Mohl to his practical intelligence.

It was said of Madame Mohl that she was more popular in England than in France. She certainly was more consistently amiable there. Her friends used to say that she was on her best behavior in England. There is no doubt that, though she admired and enjoyed so many things essential to French life and character, she loved England and the English best. She took no account of nationality in her friends, but, as a people, the English had the first place in her heart. The Germans she admired and respected individually, rather than liked as a nation.

M. Jules Simon, in giving me some interesting recollections of Madame Mohl, says:—

"Speaking one day of the three nations and their characteristics, she said to me that she had learned very quickly to discern a gentleman, *un homme distingué*, in France or in England; she never made a mistake, but recognized one at a glance; whereas the distinguishing lines long escaped her with regard to Germans, and even after long habit and observation it sometimes happened that she made mistakes."

It was a notion of Madame Mohl's that one should take the predominant point in the national character, and use it as a handle in dealing with the people. Once in a London drawing-room I heard her deliver herself of the following sentiments, apropos of the race of cabmen: "In London, I always appeal to their sense of duty; that is the best pump-handle to take hold of in this country. In Paris, I flatter the *cocher de fiacre*; you must always flatter that

class in France, if you do not want them to be insolent. Vanity is the predominant characteristic of the French, and that is what you must work with."

A trait that she dearly appreciated in English character was the prevailing kindness to animals. She was very tender-hearted to our dumb fellow-servants, and this feeling was a source of constant distress to her in Paris, where, in spite of the improvement which of late years has taken place in the relations between man and his beast, the sight of carters goading and beating the patient horses, that strain and pant under heavy loads, is still too often seen. She loved people who loved animals. "Do, pray," she writes to Madame Scherer, "find out who wrote the article in the Temps (January 19, 1869) about the dog, and also about the cat, and tell me, that I may love him by his name. I think it must be the same who often writes about animals. Mr. Mohl and I have a great *tendresse* for him."

She never took a cab when she could possibly avoid it, it so distressed her to see the cabmen (in Paris) beating their horses; but she always rode in omnibuses with satisfaction, because "those dear men never beat their animals." Madame Mohl was one of the early members of the Victoria Street Society for the protection of animals, and her name was one of the first on the list when the Anti-Vivisection Society was established in Paris.

The only household pet she ever had was a large Persian cat. Pussy was an important member of the family. She had her supper every evening in the drawing-room, but sometimes on Friday evenings she was forgotten, or kept waiting; she would then take it, uninvited, out of the milk-jug. One evening a lady, who was not accustomed to the ways of the house, exclaimed to M. Mohl, "Oh, see! The cat is lapping up the milk!" "Yes, she is making a good little supper," said the kindly

old *savant* complacently; and he went on with the conversation.

Homely and comical touches like these — the cat free of the tea-tray, the kettle boiling on the hearth — contributed, no doubt, to invest Madame Mohl's salon with that original character which the Duc de Broglie fears we shall never see reproduced in any other. The humorous eccentricity that reigned there, while adding in one way to the charm which made itself felt by all, young and old, the grand seigneur and the student, perhaps explains also why this brilliant centre was said never to "inspire" those who frequented it. Undoubtedly, it did not. Madame Mohl did not aim at inspiring people. The clever men who enjoyed her conversation did not carry away from it a speech ready made for Parliament, or the material for a new book, or a stinging pamphlet, as they used to do from Madame de Staël, for instance. Madame Mohl wrought none of these wonders. Hers was not the electric touch that stirred to utterance what was deepest and best in others. People did not go to her for inspiration, as they did to the author of *Corinne*, nor to have their wounds bound up and the elixir of life poured out to them, as they did to Madame Swetchine; they went simply to be amused and delighted, and in this they were seldom disappointed. Madame Mohl gave them what they came for, and sent them away pleased with the consciousness of having been seen at their best, and of having thoroughly enjoyed *themselves*, — that expressive phrase that is so strangely misapplied in its general use.

Yet, though she never imposed her opinions, it would not be quite true to say that she never tried to exert influence. There was one select province where she did strive, and very vigorously, to exercise it. This was the Academy. Every election to a vacant chair amongst the Forty was a signal for a general moving of the forces in the Rue

du Bac. Many a droll story might be told of these recurring contests.

When the *fièvre verte*, the longing to get into the green coat of the Immortals, seized upon any of her friends, Madame Mohl was among the first to detect symptoms of the malady, and, if the case looked hopeful, no one was more zealous in promoting the cure. But this was a critical time for the rest of her friends. They were, of course, expected to favor her candidate, and it required no mean skill to shirk doing this and to avoid quarreling with her. Even so able a diplomatist as Guizot sometimes found it difficult to perform the feat. He was, however, peculiarly circumstanced. Among his dearest friends was a lady who also took a lively interest in academical elections, and whose salon, though less prominent and cosmopolitan than Madame Mohl's, was in its special way a charming and distinguished centre. It seemed a law of nature, so regularly did the coincidence present itself, that these two ladies protected rival candidates. M. Guizot could not side with both, and the diplomatic skill he displayed in navigating between the Scylla and Charybdis of these stormy waters was a source of boundless admiration to those who were looking on at the match.

The following letter to Ampère shows what an active canvasser Madame Mohl was, and how expert in pulling the wires of the academical coterie.

"April 5, 1859.

"I dined yesterday at the Princess Belgiojoso's, and M. Mignet was quite beside himself on account of a nomination to his Academy. M. Baude, who was free,¹ gave in his resignation in order to become a candidate. Mignet, if he did not exhort him to do it, at least approved and egged him on. They had the promise of twenty-five votes, when

lo and behold, a certain Magne (a minister) comes forward, and *notre monsieur* helps him and gets all the votes he can for him. The nomination comes off in a fortnight. We are all in despair not to have M. de Tocqueville and M. de Beaumont here, for one or two votes would save us; and everybody has expressed such a desire that you should go and see M. de Tocqueville, in order that the other might come, that I take it on myself to entreat you to do so.

"M. de Corcelles was there, and said that if you went to Cannes Beaumont would come, but not otherwise. As to Mignet, it made one ill to see him. With his calm, honest nature, he was reproaching himself, and, though he tried to contain himself, he let out that if Baude were not elected he would resign his place of secretary; and he seems capable of it. The princess is in a frantic state about it, for this is all he has to live on! I, who have seen M. Fauriel in a similar case, — I know what these calm natures are capable of. My dear M. Ampère, if you could take this little trip to Cannes, you would, in the first place, give immense pleasure to M. de Tocqueville. I know that another friendship detains you, but you travel about so readily that you would not mind absenting yourself for a week or two. Think about it. You may, perhaps, regret if you don't consent. Your friend in Rome has father, mother, and husband. You can return to her; she is young, and Madame de Tocqueville is in a sad state of health.

"I venture to speak to you as an old, a very old friend. If you do this, I am certain you will be glad of it later, and your friends here will be eternally grateful to you."

It was too late for M. de Tocqueville to move in the matter. He was dying at the time. He never left Cannes, but

¹ There are, and have been from the beginning, a certain number of *Academiciens libres*, that is, honorary members, who receive no salary, and

have not the right to vote at the academical elections.

died there on the 16th of April, eleven days after this letter was written. In spite of his absence and the powerful protection of "notre monsieur," as Madame Mohl calls the Emperor, Baron Baude's election was carried; the Imperial favor did not prove strong enough to force the minister of finance on the reluctant Academy.

The excitement of an election has a sweetness known only to those who have tasted it; few were more fitted to enjoy this than Madame Mohl. Her special genius found here a fine field of operation. While the contest lasted, the salon of the Rue du Bac was like the headquarters of an army before the engagement. All day long there were comings and goings in hot haste, notes were being sent to and fro, and the air was full of the smell of battle. And what rejoicings there were when the right man won!¹

Many remember the delight Madame Mohl showed when Père Lacordaire was named one of the Forty. It was a personal joy to her that her valued friend, the noble and sympathetic De Tocqueville, should be replaced by the great Dominican orator, and that the latter should be welcomed to the vacant chair by another dear friend, Guizot. She was greatly excited by this election on all accounts. "What a wonderful thing it is," she kept saying, "to see Guizot, a Protestant, receiving a monk into the Academy! What will he say to him? Many were asking the same question. The event was calculated to excite a deeper interest than any stirred by personal or party feeling, evoking, as

it did, memories of the long past, and of more recent but bitter strife between the causes which these two champions represented. Guizot gave utterance to the general feeling in the opening words of his discourse, when, pointing to the majestic figure in the Dominican cowl, he exclaimed, "Monsieur,² what should we two have had to say to one another six hundred years ago?"

One incident occurred on this memorable occasion which marred Madame Mohl's satisfaction. The Empress, as a daughter of the house of Guzman, which honors St. Dominick as its purest glory, and as a mark of respect for the cause represented by Père Lacordaire, chose to be present at his reception. The great Dominican had not spoken since his stupendous sermon at St. Roch, after the *coup d'état*, which drew on him the Imperial displeasure and a sentence condemning him to silence. The present opportunity for breaking the silence was not one that was congenial to him; neither the place, the audience, nor the circumstance was calculated to inspire him. His hand was accustomed to strike deeper chords than any he might awaken in the academical precincts. He was eloquent, inevitably, but it was not the eloquence that had called out the echoes of Notre Dame and shaken souls to their centre; he was out of his element. Guizot, on the contrary, was in his natural place and sphere, and shone out at his best. On leaving the tribune, the Empress, who had never heard either of the speakers before, is said to have remarked, "*J'y laisse une illusion et un préjugé.*"

¹ When M. Laprade was elected, Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère:—

"I never saw a man so improved by the election as he is. He is no longer the same being. He is gay, talkative, sprightly; he who used to have such a melancholy air is completely transfigured. His father is coming up from Lyons to be present at the reception: he is seventy-eight, and has not been in Paris for thirty years. It will be a great family festival. . . . Oh, I do love the *Institut*!"

The Institut comprises the five Academies:

Académie des Beaux Arts, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Académie des Sciences (exactes), Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, and Académie Française, that is, of the Forty Immortals, an assembly in which every form of intellectual greatness is supposed to be represented.

² *Monsieur* is the academical formula used towards all members, without distinction of rank or calling, — to a royal prince, a monk, a bishop, or a man of letters indiscriminately.

Madame's Mohl's detestation of the Empire and all connected with it was marked by her habitual exaggeration in loving and hating. Anything that exposed the iniquities of the *régime* and its "*suppôts de Satan*,"—her generic term for every functionary in the Imperial service, from the prime minister down to the exciseman,—anything that threw odium or ridicule on "*Celui-ci*," was welcome to her as flowers in May.

One Friday evening, at the Rue du Bac, M. Guizot came in, and related the following story that he had just heard:—

A relation of the Duchesse de R—— had married one of those "*suppôts de Satan*," and had further degraded herself by living under the roof with *Celui-ci*. The unhappy lady had become from that time forth, naturally, as one dead to her kith and kin in the noble Faubourg. But she was now ill, dying it was believed, and it was a fit occasion for the exercise of mercy. The family therefore resolved to send her to judgment absolved at least by the Faubourg St. Germain. The duchess herself generously volunteered to take this message of pardon to her dying relative. She ordered her carriage, and said to the footman, "*Aux Tuileries!*" The man stared, but carried the order to the coachman; whereupon that venerable functionary, who had driven three generations of R——s, got down from his seat, and, presenting himself at the carriage window, said, "*Madame la Duchesse, I cannot have the honor of conducting your grace to the Tuileries; my horses do not know the way there.*"

Madame Mohl clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming, "*And the duchess kissed the old coachman?*"

"No," said M. Guizot, "but she got out of her carriage, and sent for a cab."

Madame Mohl lived on this story for a week, and so did her friends.

"The present state of things makes me so sick," she writes to Madame

Scherer, apropos of the Empire, "that I can hardly digest my victuals. I should not eat at all if I thought much about it, so I think of something else, and read travels in South America."

One day a friend was waiting for her in the drawing-room, when she came flying out of M. Mohl's study, holding up her arms, and crying out, "And to think that I don't know how to shoot!" This murderous outburst had been provoked by some fresh proof of the wickedness of *Celui-ci*.

"If my friend Lady Eastlake is in London, I shall stay a bit with her," she writes as late as 1880. "I shall see Kinglake, who wrote the Crimean War. I'm fond of the man; he hated L. Nap. I took great, great interest in that business, but it was ill-managed, and cost us a large quantity of good honest soldiers. May be it mortified the Czar, but I don't think it did much good besides."

A common hate to Napoleon III. once gained Madame Mohl an acquaintance that was a source of pride and pleasure to her. In 1856 M. de Montalembert wrote a pamphlet entitled *Un Débat sur l'Inde*, the subject of which was the institutions of England, her queen, her people, and her liberty. The writer sounded the praises of all these things in a political fugue of impassioned eloquence, the counter-note of which was an overwhelming condemnation of the Empire, its head, its institutions, and its annihilation of liberty. Europe rang with the applause evoked by the brilliant publication. M. de Montalembert was put on his trial for an attempt to excite disaffection toward the Imperial government. It was a splendid spectacle, the knight throwing down the gauntlet to Cæsar, and doing battle single-handed against all the forces of the Empire. While the trial lasted, M. de Montalembert was the cynosure of the nations and the first gentleman in France. Judgment, of course, was given against him. He was condemned to three months' imprison-

ment and a fine of three thousand francs. The moment this sentence was delivered it was telegraphed far and wide, and there flashed back in response congratulations to M. de Montalembert, offers to pay the fine, and promises to come and visit him in his prison. The latter were so numerous that it was reported at high quarters that "if a tithe of them were fulfilled the streets adjoining the prison would be blocked."

The Emperor, who had been ill-advised enough to allow the trial, was too wise, however, to incur further ridicule by letting the sentence be carried out.

M. de Montalembert presented himself and his three thousand francs, the next morning, at the prison. But the jailer would accept neither.

"I cannot take your money," he said, "and I cannot take you. I have no orders."

"But I have been condemned by the Tribunal to this fine and to imprisonment."

"Show me your *billet d'écrou*."

"I have not got one."

"Then I cannot take you in."

"But you can see in the *Moniteur* that I have been condemned."

"I never read the *Moniteur*. If you want to get taken in here, you must first get a *billet d'écrou*;" and with this, the jailer shut the wicket in the convict's face.

There was nothing for M. de Montalembert to do but to come away. The story was all over Paris the next day, and added a sort of humorous artistic touch to the whole affair.

Madame Mohl had been intensely wrought up by the incident, by admiration for the eloquent hymn of praise to England, and by the chivalrous bearing of the author during the trial; but this crowning ridicule which the comedy at

the prison gate had thrown on *Celui-ci* so overjoyed her that she put on her bonnet and went off to No. 40 in the same street to make the hero's acquaintance and wish him joy. In a trice they were friends. Her detestation of Napoleon III. amused M. de Montalembert immensely.

"The vile villain! I hate him so that it makes me quite uncomfortable!" she protested, with a little stamp of her foot.¹

Her enthusiasm for the great Catholic champion did not pass away with the event which had so excited it. M. de Montalembert's visits to the Rue du Bac were red-letter days ever after, and during the long last illness that confined him to his room she was often admitted to see him, and always cheered him by her clever, sympathetic, and original talk.

Madame Mohl was, in spite of her dislike of the Emperor and consistent avoidance of all his *entourage*, on affectionate terms with a lady who was his friend and occasionally his guest. M. Mohl's father had been, as it has been said, minister of the King of Würtemberg. His daughter, Princess Sophie, now Queen of Holland, had always had a great regard for Julius Mohl, and when he married she extended this kindly feeling to his wife. The King of Holland also liked them both exceedingly, and when staying at the Tuileries would run off to enjoy quiet talks with his learned friend in the Rue du Bac. M. Mohl was as strong an Anti-Imperialist as his wife, though less demonstrative on the subject than she. Once, however, in speaking of Napoleon III. to the King, he called him such very hard names that the King protested. "Hold, my dear Mohl," said his majesty. "There is an *esprit de corps* amongst our set, not the same horror of this war; it might turn out a very good thing for us. Who knows? I am like Camille, and provided we got rid of Horace the last of the Romans might draw his last breath. All the same, I should die of the joy of it!"

¹ When Napoleon III. was making ready for the Italian campaign, Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère, "We are all against the war here; every one is anxious, every one is suffering from it. For my part, as I have but one desire, I have

too ; and besides, I am his guest. I can't hear you say these things of him."

"Very well, sire," said M. Mohl. "Disons canaille, et n'en parlons plus!"

When Queen Sophie came alone to stay at the Tuileries, in 1869, she asked the Emperor if there were still any salons in Paris. "Yes," replied his majesty, "Madame Mohl has one, but she does not do me the honor of inviting me."

"She has asked me to dine," said the Queen, who had been leading up to this, "but I don't like to accept the invitation, as I am your guest."

"You are not my guest, — you are at home," said the Emperor ; "and I beg as a favor that you go to Madame Mohl's."

The Queen went. The guests invited to meet her, at her own desire, were MM. Thiers, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Mignet, Jules Simon, Prévost-Paradol, and Leopold Ranke. The dinner — a *déjeûner* rather, for it was at twelve o'clock — was less brilliant than might have been expected from the calibre of the guests. They were all strong Anti-Imperialists, and the fact of the Queen's being the guest of the Emperor caused a certain *gêne* which it was impossible to throw off, and this checked the free flow of conversation.

Madame Mohl was, perhaps, the least impressed of all, either by the presence of royalty or by having to entertain a person who was staying at the Pavillon Marsau. When a friend asked her if she was not anxious about the *menu*, Madame Mohl replied, "My dear, I will give her a lobster ; my cook does it very well." A lobster with mayonnaise sauce was to her the *ne plus ultra* of good things.

The only survivors of those who feasted on this particular lobster are her dear and faithful friends, M. St. Hilaire and M. Jules Simon. The latter recalls with amusement how Mignet, who arrived in full evening dress, white cravat, etc., was in great trouble about getting

home, — for it was a holiday and there were no cabs to be had, — and was obliged to walk in his fine clothes at three in the afternoon.

Queen Sophie was telling M. Jules Simon of a tour she had just made in the south of France. They had shown her the Viaduct of Rocamadour, but not the Bridge of the Gard. "I told her," he says, "that in that case it was a *partie manquée*, and that she should return immediately and see the Pont du Gard. She replied, 'I can't return this year, but I will next year ; and you must come, too, and you will dine with me in the open air on that Roman bridge.' She fixed the date, and wrote it down in her pocket-book, and made me do the same. But the next year there was no question of pleasure trips, at least for me, or for any one in France."

The Emperor was curious to know how the *déjeûner* had gone off. He asked many questions, and begged the Queen to invite Madame Mohl and her friends to come and lunch with her at the Tuileries. "They would not come to me," he said, "but there is no reason why they should not come to you." Apparently there was, for no one accepted the invitation.

Soon after this famous *déjeûner*, her majesty went one morning to pay the customary "visit of digestion" at the Rue du Bac. Madame Mohl was in her ordinary morning costume, — a costume once seen, never to be forgotten, — busy dusting the drawing-room, after having counted out the linen that had just come home and was spread out on the dining-room table, visible through the open folding-doors. Suddenly, the Queen and her suite were shown in. The old lady quietly laid down her feather-duster, and, beautifully unconscious of herself and her toilet, went forward to greet her majesty. The company sat down, and Madame Mohl chatted away as pleasantly as usual.

A friend to whom she related the ad-

venture, half an hour after it had occurred, remarked that she must have been terribly embarrassed at being caught in such a plight.

"Not a bit, my dear," said Madame Mohl, — "I did n't mind it in the least; no more did the Queen. Her lady did, I dare say, and that fine gentleman who walks after her with the keys looked dreadfully disgusted; but I could see the Queen was laughing at it all in her sleeve."

Both M. and Madame Mohl were genuinely hospitable, and their hospitality was simple and natural, as they were themselves, and free from the smallest taint of display. The *bonne*, in her white cap and apron, waited at table, except on extraordinary occasions, when a man was had in. They had a good cook, clever at that old-fashioned *cuisine bourgeoise* that, like other good things, is disappearing gradually from the face of the land. There was no attempt at fine dishes, but everything was excellent, and there was plenty of it; "enough, even, for a hungry schoolboy," says a venerable Academician, who from youth to age was an honored guest at that hospitable board, "and you felt heartily welcome."

It sometimes happened that Madame Mohl's hospitality outran her space, and if a dinner, owing to some particular circumstance, promised to be very interesting she would invite more people than she had room for. But neither for her nor she minded this. When all the seats were taken, she would say to the supernumeraries, "You can sit down, and wait till the others are done, and then you shall have your dinner." And they were quite content to do so. As M. St. Hilaire says, you never thought about the dinner; you were thinking of the *fête d'esprit* that was going to be served.

Surely it was to the credit of Parisian society that it was so, and that people

were so eager for invitations to a table where the only excess they were likely to indulge in was a *gourmandise d'esprit*. Were the wits and savants of the eighteenth century more material than those of the nineteenth? It would almost seem so, if we compare Madame Mohl's simple, wholesome dinner-parties with the Lucullus-like banquets that Madame Geoffrin and Madame Du Deffand used to spread for the same class of guests. Madame Du Deffand considered that supper was one of the four last ends of man, and, acting on this principle, she took infinite pains to make her *petits soupers* worthy of their important mission; while Madame Geoffrin studied the secrets of the Epicureans, in order that modern philosophers might fare as daintily at her table as the Greek poets and sages did in ancient times.

Madame Mohl, beyond ordering a good and abundant meal, gave little thought to the mere material details of her entertainments; but she took great pains with the intellectual menu. She would give time and thought and personal trouble to provide for each guest intellectually what he would most enjoy, and would carefully consider whether this person would like to meet the other, and to sit next So-and-So. Her great preoccupation was the combining of congenial elements for all in general and particular.

Her dear friend, Ampère, was the most "invited" man of his day, and it was, in consequence, difficult to secure him. Samson, the actor, had expressed a great desire to meet him, and Madame Mohl, who had taken a fancy to Samson, determined to procure him this pleasure. After sounding Ampère, she writes to him: —

"I forgot yesterday to remind you that you told me you would be glad to dine with Samson. *Souvent femme varie*; but if you, a man, are above this, I should like to know what day would suit you this next week. My dear M.

Ampère, do me this pleasure, and the pleasure of giving pleasure to Samson, for whom I have a particular weakness. He is such a *galant homme* in his literary opinions; for I maintain that there is a point of honor in literary opinions as in all others. I don't know his character, *à fond*; but all that I hear him say about art, especially about his own, is in such good taste and so noble that I want very much to cultivate him. Now, it will be a first-rate opportunity to have him come and dine with you, who are a true critic. So write me three nice little very legible words, saying you will come."

Ampère did go, and the dinner was a most delightful one.

Mrs. Gaskell wanted to meet M. de Tocqueville, and Madame Mohl again appealed to Ampère to help her to gratify this wish:—

"Can you come and dine on Wednesday, to meet Mrs. Gaskell, who adores you? They tell me (Mr. Senior tells me) that M. de Tocqueville is in Paris without Madame. Will you ask him to come with you? If Madame is here and would come, I shall be charmed. But I beg of you to arrange this, if it be impossible; to ask you to do what is possible would be to fall short of my high opinion of you."

She had a comical habit of taking notes, after each little dinner, of the way her guests had behaved: "M. X—— took no trouble to make himself agreeable. Madame Y—— was grumpy: sha'n't ask her in a hurry again. M. Z—— went away too soon: very rude of him. M. A—— was delightful," and so on.

The sums of money lavished on eating and drinking at dinner-parties excited Madame Mohl's indignation, both as a vulgar display on the part of the hosts, and as underrating people's capacity for enjoying worthier things. Some one enlarging, in her presence, on the "splendid hospitality" of a very rich

family in Paris, she retorted furiously, "Hospitality! Humph! Purse-pride and ostentation,—that's what it is! Those people don't care a button about offering hospitality to their friends; they are only thinking of showing off their money, and being called stylish. I can't abide such people!" The lamentations of others, who refrained from exercising hospitality according to their means, on the plea that they could not do so properly, were just as peremptorily snubbed. "Why should not you suppose a friend as ready to eat a good plain dinner at your table as at his own?" she asked of one of these grumblers. "It is vanity and purse-pride that prevent people being hospitable, half the time. Why should we think it necessary to provide our friends with ten times as much to eat and drink as they are in the habit of having at home?" Dinner-parties were opportunities for talk, the means, not the end; they were a kind of intellectual picnic, to which every one brought a contribution towards the common meal. *Esprit*, not eating and drinking, was the bait that lured people to her board.

With all her tact and her care to draw congenial spirits together, Madame Mohl could not prevent them from occasionally disagreeing; but these little movements generally had no worse result than to exercise her wit and cleverness. One Friday evening, in 1860 (before that memorable one that has been mentioned), Madame Ristori was presented to a lady bearing one of the most illustrious of contemporary Catholic names. They sat down together on a sofa, and one who was present recalls the look of intense admiration which the *grande dame* bent on the beautiful actress as she conversed with her. They chatted very cordially for a time; then some evil spirit brought the Italian situation on the tapis, and the Comtesse de M——, with the warmth of a loyal Catholic, denounced Garibaldi's inva-

sion and the wrongs committed against the Holy See. Madame Ristori, whose sympathies on the Liberal side were equally strong, fired up in defense of the United Italy movement, and with that incomparable gesture that had thrilled a larger audience the previous evening, "Ah, madame," she exclaimed, "I admire Pius IX., but I am an Italian before all things!"

Every eye was turned on the two ladies, and the excited salon was wondering what was going to happen, when Madame Mohl, like a beneficent fairy, stepped in, and entreated Madame Ristori to fulfill her promise of reciting something. The latter, with equal tact and grace, at once consented, and declaimed a passage from the *Paradiso*¹ with admirable power and pathos.

Madame Mohl was known to all the world as a *femme d'esprit*, but to those who knew her best she was better than this; she was essentially a *femme de cœur*. She was always a very economical person, and in later years economy had degenerated into something very near avarice, the result in a measure of mental decay; but only those who were the objects of her kindness knew how much real generosity had always redeemed this tendency, even in the days when her means were limited. One or two instances will illustrate this.

¹ Madame Mohl had a passionate admiration for the *Divina Commedia*, having been inoculated in youth with the worship of Dante by Fauriel. "I would give both my languages to understand Dante's language with the ease I have in French, which I know better than English," she writes to a friend; "but even chewing and chewing him, as the birds do to get at the kernel of a grain of millet, he is the greatest genius in the world."

² Those who have read J. J. Ampère's letters, etc., will be familiar with the name of this charming friend of his. It was somewhere about 1855 that Madame Mohl wrote to Ampère this letter, which, with many others, has been confided to me by Madame Cheuvreux:—

"You said you would introduce me to Madame Cheuvreux. I now summon you to keep your word. If you are too busy, tell me her day, her hour, and if she will have me I will go and see

her. She met at the house of Madame Cheuvreux² a lady who gained her livelihood by copying manuscripts. Madame Mohl heard that she was very poor, and, being always exceedingly gracious to persons in a dependent or trying position, she asked this lady to come and see her. The lady did, and was very kindly received. Presently Madame Mohl left the room abruptly, and, coming back, stuffed something into her muff. "Carry this away," she said, "and say nothing about it. Come soon again to see me; I may have some work for you." Another visitor was announced, so the lady took leave. On examining the contents of her muff she found a roll of three hundred francs in gold.

Madame Cheuvreux relates another delicate trait of Madame Mohl's generosity:—

One morning, at eight o'clock, Madame Cheuvreux's servant, a new footman, came to say that "there was a poor woman in the hall who desired to see Madame." The poor woman proved to be Madame Mohl. "My dear," she said, "the sale of —'s *atelier* takes place to-day at two o'clock, and you must run all over the place and make everybody come to it; they must buy up everything, and pay good prices, for the money is wanted." Madame Cheuvreux promised to do what

her. Life is short, and I hate putting off. There is a lady who used to say to her husband, 'Or, cela, je veux entrer dans mon avenir tout de suite.' Her hair is white, and he is always saying to her, 'We will keep this for our *avenir*.' I think that saying of hers ought to become an axiom. I adopt it. I have lots of gray hairs; I won't pull them out; I won't be plucked, as I see many ladies are; and I want to do and to have *immediately* whatever I want to do and to have. I love you. I tell you I do. You are an ingrate. Never mind. One must make the best of the friends one has."

She did enter immediately into the enjoyment of this future, and found in Madame Cheuvreux a warmth of response which made it easy to do so. The proverbial hospitality of Stars was a source of great pleasure to M. and Madame Mohl in happy days, and a refuge to the survivor when these were past.

she could. Madame Mohl was with difficulty persuaded to take a cup of coffee before hurrying away to beat up other buyers, and she was running all over Paris till the hour of the sale, at which she arrived punctually. When it was over Madame Cheuvreux offered to take her home. She hesitated a moment, but accepted, and was followed to the carriage by two porters bearing boxes and parcels, which were piled up on the vacant seat. "My dear," she explained, "you won't say anything about it, but I have bought up a few

things that I know Madame holds to, and I will send them to her when all this business is over." She had spent nearly two thousand francs in this act of kindness to the friend of her youth, the beautiful Louise —, now an aged widow in straitened circumstances. They had come together again after long years of estrangement, the immediate cause of their reconciliation being some injustice committed against Louise's husband by the government, which aroused Madame Mohl's bitterest indignation and warmest sympathy.

Kathleen O'Meara.

A RUFFIAN IN FEATHERS.

WE all know Shakespeare's opinion of the "man that hath no music in himself," although we usually misquote it. If this be a fair judgment of the human race, how much more justly may it be said of the bird, to whom we look for the sweetest harmonies of nature!

I do not think his best friend will claim that the common house sparrow has the soul of music in him; certainly not if he has ever been wakened in a glorious dawn by the indescribable jangle of harsh sounds which constitute this bird's only morning hymn, at the hour when every bird in the woods, from the noble singers of the thrush family down to the least chipping sparrow, is greeting the new day in his most musical fashion.

The matin song of the house sparrow, in which he indulges unsparingly, being of similar quality, harmonizes perfectly with the jarring sounds of man's contriving: the clatter of iron-shod wheels over city pavements, the war-whoop of the ferocious milkman, the unearthly cries of the venders, and above all the junk-man's pandemonium of "bells jangled out of tune." The harshest cries

of our native birds, if not always musical in themselves, seem at least to accord in some way with sounds of nature. The house sparrow alone is entirely discordant, — the one bird without a pleasing note, whose very love-song is an unmusical squeak. Nor is his appearance more interesting than his voice, and on looking into his manners and customs we discover most unlovely characteristics.

One cannot help watching bird-life, however ignoble, which goes on within sight. Sparrows have long been my neighbors, and I have observed many phases of their life, — combats, brawls, forcible divorce, and persecution of the unfortunate. A day or two ago I saw a murder "most foul," and now, while indignation stirs my blood, I will chronicle the ruffian's monstrous deeds.

Near my window is a Norway spruce which this spring I regretted to see selected by a pair of sparrows for one of their clumsy, straggling nests, to which they brought rubbish of all sorts and colors, from hay of the street to carpet ravelings from the spring house-cleaning, till the tree was greatly disfigured.

I do not know how many broods have been raised there, but on the 6th of July I was attracted by cries of infant distress, mingled with harsh parental scolding. On looking out I saw great excitement in the spruce: the mother hopping about with an air of anxiety; the father scolding his loudest, and making constant raids to drive away intrusive neighbors who collected in the next tree. An opera-glass brought the scene near, and I saw at once the cause of the trouble. A nestling had entangled one foot in the edge of the nest, and hung head downwards, calling loudly for help. The mother was evidently trying to coax him to "make an effort," while the stern father was uttering dire threats if he did not conduct himself in a more becoming manner. The poor sparrowling struggled bravely, but every attempt ended in failure, and the little fluffy body drooped more wearily after each trial.

A life is a life, if it is but a sparrow's, and so greatly were my sympathies aroused that I would have dispatched human help to the scene of the accident; but the tree was tall and slender, and the only available climber was a young gentleman, who would laugh to scorn the demand. Nothing could be done but watch the movements of the birds.

The mother perched on a lower branch and stood quiet, evidently aware that her lord and master would settle the matter. That choleric individual made one or two attempts to aid the youngster, seizing him by his wide-open mouth, and pulling so violently that I thought he would dismember him. All was of no avail. Neighbors crowded nearer; the tree was loaded with interested spectators, and the father grew more and more irritated, till at last he seemed suddenly seized with an irresistible frenzy. With the harshest "chur-r-r" of which he was capable, he pounced upon that unfortunate infant, seizing him by the throat, burying his bill in his breast, shaking

him as a dog would shake a rat, and in less than thirty seconds dragged him from his hold and dropped him to the ground, — a dead bird.

I was horrified, and so were the other spectators. Once during the operation the mother had tried to interfere, and was told unmistakably to "mind her own business." Several times the male audience attempted to take part, — whether for or against the victim I could only guess, — but were as summarily disposed of. That little incarnate fury was the tyrant of the moment, and worked his own wicked will to the end.

As soon as the tragedy ended every bird disappeared, and the tree was completely deserted, as though accursed. The murderer alone did not leave the neighborhood, but strutted back and forth, on an elm which overlooked the scene of his crime; fluttering his wings, calling loud defiance to all the world, in the greatest excitement for hours. Were there no other youngsters in the nest? Were they left to starve? And where was the mother? As to the first query, I could not be sure. Once during the fray I thought I saw something drop from the nest, and I was obliged to conclude that if there had been another it had fallen victim to a passing cat.

In an hour or two the mother came back, as if to put her house in order and resume her duties, but her spouse had other designs. Whether he resented her interference with his lordly will, or whether the late unpleasantness was attributed to her because of defective training or untidy house-building, — whatever the cause, the fact was patent that he had made up his mind to divorce the partner of his sorrows. She appreciated his intention, as was evident from the cautious way in which she approached, looking around for him, and stealing to the nest, as it were, but was resolved to make every effort to induce in him a better spirit and mollify his rage. She did not seem greatly grieved,

nor in the least angry. She never opened her mouth to answer back the torrent of reproaches with which he greeted her, but instantly retired before his fierce onslaught. Not once did that fiery spirit go to the ground for food, or lose sight of his nest. Most of the time he perched on a branch of the elm, where he could overlook the spruce and be ready for intruders; but occasionally he went by his usual alighting-places to the empty home, clearing out beakfuls of small downy feathers, and apparently setting his house in order.

But the strange little bird-drama, suggestive, alas, of some phases of human passion, was not yet concluded. Many times during the day the divorced spouse came near, as if to survey her late home, and see if her lord was in a more amiable mood; but she found him utterly remorseless, ever on guard to repel all attempts to "make up." When at last, after the long hours of night had calmed his savage temper, his mood did change, it was not to her that he turned for sympathy. He would not forgive, but he had no notion of remaining a pining widower. Before evening the next day he went a-wooing, and there appeared upon the spruce-tree, with the evident purpose of examining the home and assuming possession, a dainty young bird. It had taken that disreputable sparrow less than thirty-six hours to kill his baby, divorce his wife, and woo and bring home a bride!

It may be a matter of surprise that one can distinguish between birds, but it is not at all difficult when their habits are watched closely. I knew the new wife from the old one in two ways: first, the old one, after the labors of bringing up a brood or two, was worn and ragged, while the new-comer was fresh as a daisy, and fluffy and young-looking as a nestling; second, she approached the nest in a different way. It is true of sparrows, however it may be with other birds, that each one has

his special alighting-places, — a certain twig where he first settles, and certain others on which, as a flight of steps, he invariably proceeds to his nest. The mother of the dead infant always came to the home from the right side, and her grim tyrant does so still, but the bride selected a convenient series of twigs on the left side.

It is now four or five days since the crime was committed, and although the new spouse is perfectly at home and settled peace, even to the extent that a sparrow enjoys it, is still a stranger to the spruce-tree nest. I think it is haunted by the discarded mate. Certainly a sparrow, that I have no doubt is she, comes to the neighborhood, and scolds the meek-looking bride and her spouse in most savage fashion. No one resents her performance, and after a moment she goes away.

The sparrow is an autocrat, especially addicted to divorcing his partner upon the smallest pretext. I have elsewhere chronicled two small dramas in sparrow life which I watched from beginning to end. The actors in the first were a pair living in a hole in a maple-tree before my window. For some undiscoverable reason the graceless head of the household decided to make a change in his domestic arrangements, and to begin by divorce. In that case the female had the advantage, since the home was not an open nest, but a castle. She had possession, and kept it for two days, in spite of violent vituperation and the most threatening manner. In this case, also, I observed that she never "talked back," indulged in unseemly scolding, or assumed the offensive in any way. She appeared indifferent to his opinions, but enough attached to her home to endure his annoyances for two days before she tired of the controversy. When at last she accepted her fate and departed, I saw him bring home the bride, as coquetish a young thing as can be imagined, coax her by many wiles to examine the

snug house, follow her about, and finally induce her to take up her residence with him.

The other case was of trouble on the other side. A cock sparrow lost one leg, and his mate, who had nestlings to feed, attempted to divorce him. Several birds appeared upon the scene, evident aspirants for the soon-to-be-vacant place. But the little fellow, though evidently suffering so greatly that several times he appeared to be dying, never failed to revive and attack with fury every pretender, and after a day or two of this conflict was able to resume his duties as assistant provider for the little ones, when his spouse amiably "kissed and made up." All through the trouble she never displayed temper. She refused him admission into the honeysuckle vine, where the nest was; but she would come out and alight near him on the window-sill, talk to him calmly, reproach him, evidently, reminding him of the babies to feed, and he not able to help. To these remarks he made little reply.

As I said, the sparrow is a domestic tyrant, brooking no opposition. I have never observed a case in which the hen had her own way. He is so great a bully, so self-willed and violent, that, whatever the cause of disagreement, he holds out with dogged obstinacy till he gets his will. In one case there was difference of opinion as to the site for a nest; he wishing to occupy an empty cottage of man's providing, while she, with finer instinct, had decided upon a charming crotch in an evergreen tree. At first she opposed him strongly, scattering the material he brought, throwing the choicest bits to the winds, while he stormed and scolded, and — brought more. In the intervals between thwarting his plans, she would accumulate materials in the chosen tree. He scorned to touch them; he simply ignored her designs, and proceeded with obstinacy almost sublime to bring, and bring, and

bring, till she was worn out, gave up, and accepted the cottage at last.

The female sparrow is a modest little soul, any way, as might be expected in one always "kept down," and so outshrieked by her mate that she is rarely heard. Next to the tree which the murderer considers his own is another spruce, which for some reason is very attractive to the hens, who search among the twigs and take something in their mouths, whether insect or part of the vegetable growth I am unable to say positively. Whatever it may be, it has no interest for the masculine sparrow. There are often as many as a dozen females there at once, and I have been delighted with this opportunity to observe them apart from their obstreperous spouses, who are so self-assertive that they give their mates no chance at all. I find that their voices are less harsh than the male tones. Their chatter among themselves is quite soft, as is also their "baby talk," which I hear when a mother has her young family out. The most pleasing sound I ever noticed from one of the house-sparrow tribe was from a solitary female on that tree. She kept up a continual soliloquy, gentle, almost sweet. It was not a call; simply a little talk with herself.

One of the most familiar habits of this graceless bird is his delight in a mob. No sooner does anything occur to disturb the even tenor of sparrow life, whether a domestic skirmish, the first outing of a young family, or some danger to a nest, than a crowd collects, not only as interested spectators, but quite ready and willing to take a hand in any sport or crime that is going; not only a hand, but a voice as well. Loud cries always announce when a rabble is at work. Whether, as is declared by some observers, they drive away our native birds by this means I am not sure. I have seen them annoy the catbird, the robin, and the Baltimore oriole, but in each case they were put to flight

by the native bird ; though no doubt the experience is sufficiently disagreeable to induce either of these birds to select a more retired neighborhood for nest-building. I once noticed the same tactics successfully applied to a cat which climbed up among the nests.

An amusing instance in which the birds were worsted took place under my eye last summer. Hearing the usual outcry one morning, I looked out, and saw a great crowd of sparrows perched on the branches of a tall maple-tree, shrieking at the top of their voices, craning their necks, and hopping ever nearer to one of the houses so kindly provided for their use. It was not one of the four-story hotel arrangements with which we disfigure our trees, but a single cottage, with room for but one couple, and it was quite high up in the tree. The excitement centred around this house, and for a long time I could not see what was the disturbing cause. Close watching with a glass at length revealed a small reddish head, with very sharp eyes, occupying the doorway of the cottage, and after some time the owner of these features calmly stepped out on the veranda and showed himself, — a small red squirrel, with a silver collar, which proclaimed him an escaped pet. He looked thin, with a tail almost as bare as a rat's. He had evidently not fared well in captivity, and I rejoiced in his freedom.

But the sparrow world had decided to eject him from the neighborhood, and faithfully, with true sparrow doggedness, they worked at this problem. No sooner did he appear than they resumed their attack, flying around him, screaming and making quick dashes at him. He was somewhat disconcerted, and ran up a long branch, followed by the whole gang, which grew more bold as he apparently retreated, dashing ever nearer as though to peck him, but never actually touching him. While he was running they were very bold, but the moment he sat up and faced them they

drew off a little, though they never went quite away. For several days not a movement of his escaped their notice. It was amusing to see how quickly the smallest stir on his part was announced to the world. "There he is! He's coming out!" one could easily understand, and every sparrow within hearing responded by instantly deserting his business or pleasure, and adding his presence and cries to the mob.

But the squirrel, finding fruit trees with green apples and pears, resolved to stay, and after a week or two they became so far accustomed to his presence as to be less alarmed, though they never lost interest in him. His eating especially seemed to divert and astonish them. I have seen fifty birds at once hovering around an evergreen-tree, too small to afford them perching-places, far enough from the enemy, while he gathered and nibbled the small cones. When he sat up on a branch, holding a green pear in his tiny paws, their amusement knew no bounds. They sat around at a safe distance, exchanging remarks, in the amiable manner of some of the human race at the ways of a foreigner.

The squirrel had by this time resumed his wild instincts, cared nothing for them, and would even answer back with a sharp little cry. He had taken up his summer residence in the maple-tree cottage, and all through the fall, while pears hung on the trees of the neglected yard next ours, he lived in clover. His tail became bushy, his coat grew sleek, and he looked like a different animal. Still the sparrows attended his every movement, following him like a train of courtiers wherever he went, though they did not make quite so much noise about it as at first.

The household became as keenly interested as the birds in the doings of the pretty fellow. All through the winter he appeared on the mild days, running and bounding all over the tall maples. We saw him gather grass and carry it off

in great bundles in his mouth to make a bed, and after an unusually cold season he spent part of two days in removing his residence from an ornamental pile of stones in a neighbor's yard to some place he had discovered under the house. He had evidently collected a quantity of stores of some sort. No doubt as soon as spring opened he would vary his diet with fresh eggs, but as I left the vicinity I did not have opportunity to observe whether the sparrow family suffered from him, though I noticed that he had changed his dwelling to the hole in the maple above mentioned as the scene of a family broil.¹

Next to the sparrow's mobbing propensity is his impudence. Not only will he insist on sharing the food of chickens and domestic animals, but he is a common guest at the table of the great bald eagles in the parks, and does not disdain the crumbs that fall from the repast of the polar bear, one touch of

whose paw would flatten him like a wafer.

Perhaps the most saucy thing reported of a sparrow was witnessed in Brooklyn by a well-known artist. He was watching a robin hard at work on the lawn, gathering food for his family, when he noticed a sparrow, who also seemed interested in the operation. The sparrow looked on, evidently with growing excitement, while one bit after another was uncovered, till at last a particularly large and attractive grub was brought to light. This was too much for sparrow philosophy. He made one dash, snatched the tempting morsel from the very bill of the robin, and disappeared before the astounded bird recovered from his surprise.

With this unparalleled act of impertinence to a bird big enough to eat him, this true chronicle of the most unattractive fellow that wears feathers shall close.

Olive Thorne Miller.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1685-1885.

THE early spring of 1685, two centuries ago, brought into the world two unsurpassed musicians. Bountiful indeed was the good genius of humanity in giving birth that year to both a Handel and a John Sebastian Bach! One was born on the 23d of February, the other on the 21st of March. Their names are always coupled, like twin planets of the greatest magnitude, although they never met each other in

¹ I did, however, have one more glimpse of the squirrel quite late in the summer, although at a distance of half a mile from the scene of the above mentioned exploits. Being one day attracted to a window by the familiar sound of a sparrow turning, I saw the birds of the neighborhood repeating the performance I had observed on the first appearance of the little beast, and a close look

this world. It was fit that so significant a bicentennial anniversary should be celebrated, as it has been and yet will be, in many musical centres, by the most adequate performance which our modern means permit of some of their great creations, as well as by words of reminder and, however feeble, exposition of their great claims on the gratitude of Christendom at large.

Our theme at present shall be Handel, revealed the presence of the red-coated enemy himself, as lively and bright as ever. There happened to be an unbroken line of shade trees from the spot in which I had first seen him to that in which he now appeared, and he had probably made the entire trip without once descending to the ground.

del; on his monument we hang our humble wreath.

Unlike his great contemporary, who was the consummate flower of a widespread family of six generations of musicians, Handel owed nothing of his genius or his musical instinct to his parentage. His father, a respectable barber-surgeon in that quaint old city of Halle on the Saal, then no longer the princely residence it had been, was indifferent to music, and strenuously set himself against what proved to be the boy's resistless bent and destiny. He would have had him eminent in what he deemed the more respectable profession of the law. Every instrument, every tempting facility for practice, was tabooed in that house. Not even did he allow the child to listen to the siren, lest the idle passion should absorb him, and unfit him for things practical. But Nature was in earnest. Her instinct in the boy could not be baulked. The predisposed imagination can nourish itself on very few and slender opportunities. Music can no more be kept from the born musician than thought from the free mind. He had heard a clavi-chord, and he had influence enough with a domestic to get a rickety old instrument, with muffled tones, secreted in a garret, where, "under the storks' nests," he practiced, out of hearing, in the night, while others slept. Wide awake was he to every chance snatch of melody, or magic chord, which the tiny fingers found in their ramblings over the strange keyboard. He soon worked his way into the secret of the matter, so that he really *knew* what he had discovered for himself. By the time he was seven years old, he was master of the instrument. How quickly he found a chance to show this well-earned passport where it could open a way for him into the heaven of a musician's life is matter of common anecdote. Forbidden to accompany his father on a visit to a son by a former marriage, who was *valet-*

de-chambre to the neighboring Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, the boy ran forward down the road, waylaid the carriage, and so wrought upon the paternal feelings that he was taken in. 'T was a small thing, — the going or the staying: but genius felt its hour; it acted in the nick of time, and by this stroke it won the future. Allowed to stroll about in the chambers of the palace, feasting himself to heart's content with trying all the clavichords and harpsichords he came across, he managed to get at the organ after chapel service. The Duke's attention was arrested by something pleasing and original in the crude and faulty voluntary of the boy of seven. He sent for the father, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to renounce the legal hobby, and let Nature have her way.

The boy is taken home, triumphant. And now begins the schooling, — in the school of his own nature's choice. The lessons, under the judicious teaching of Zachau, the Halle organist, a many-sided, excellent musician, are all taken *con amore*. Elementary practice, harmony and counterpoint, musical form and structure, are appetizing meat and drink to him, just what he craves, and have for him the zest which most boys find in play. In due time he is initiated into the fascinating mazes of the subtly involved, thought-tasking fugue, the indispensable Greek and Latin (as it were) of the regular musical education in that day; the secret of all true artistic, vital form in music; its perfect type of one in many, of law in freedom; in whose complicated web those old German composers were perfectly at home, and expressed themselves as easily and freely as they talked in their native language. With many of them, of course, it was a commonplace, conventional, pedantic music, and had not much to say, and so their works, enormous in mere quantity, are forgotten; with a few, like Bach and our hero, it rose to inspiration, and will live. With this strong, eager,

healthy boy, possessed by such clear-headed genius, the practice kept pace with the lesson; as fast as he learned the alphabet, almost, he would compose. For two years Zachau confined him to no favorite model, but in a truly catholic spirit set before him works of distinguished organ-writers of all schools, German and Italian, letting him choose for himself. Of course he knew his pupil, knew he *would* choose for himself, at any rate, and that so sound an appetite could well be trusted. Meanwhile, other studies, Latin certainly, were not neglected. From the age of ten, for three years, he made motets, or "cantatas," and we read incredulously that some hundreds of these were written one a week, and sung in the cathedral service, of which all trace is lost. Why should such pupil exercises be preserved? Doubtless they were slight affairs, revealing promise; but all the hundreds of them could not have contained the meat there is in one of the masterly cantatas written for weekly service during six years of Bach's riper period, — works of genius, which the musical world has only now begun to fathom, and find rich, incalculable reward. It would be interesting to know just what other examples of what other masters, besides his own teacher, served to stimulate the boy's productive talent; whether, for instance, any fruits fell to his lips from the many branches and offshoots of the great Bach family tree, under whose shade John Sebastian was growing up.

Before the age of twelve he had outlearned his master and exhausted the musical resources of his native place. But it was not until the summer of 1703, when he was eighteen years old, and when his father was dead, that, with characteristic energy and quick decision, always seizing just the food his genius craved, and always at the providential time, he turned his steps toward Hamburg, then the most flourishing centre of the German (half Italian) opera. His

Hamburg adventures are known chiefly through the garrulous memorabilia and criticisms of Matheson, his friend and rival there, a composer of some note, a man of much learning and great vanity, who boasted of having written as many books (ponderous ones, too, some of them) as he had lived years. The superior specific gravity of such a character as Handel seems to have attracted him to itself, and to have made him, half unwillingly, his satellite and eulogist. We need but hint the well-known anecdotes: how the novice was at once received into the opera orchestra as *ri-pieno* violin, and, indulging a dry humor, began with feigning unusual ignorance, making the most serious laugh, while looking very grave himself; how he suddenly revealed himself, when called upon, in the absence of the man who commonly presided at the harpsichord, to take his place; what friendly contests for preëminence on keyed instruments he had with Matheson, leaving it a drawn game, — he being acknowledged first upon the organ, and his rival on the harpsichord; how they traveled together to Lübeck in friendly competition for a vacant post of organist; how they composed together double fugues upon the way, — in the mind, of course, it could not be in writing (*da mente*, not *da penna*); how Handel's organ performance excited the admiration of all hearers, even of Buxtehude, the greatest organist of his time, whom Bach also went far to hear, and who was the one about to vacate his post; and how both candidates retreated faster than they came, on learning of one slight condition attached to the office, namely, that the accepted one should take a wife, to be nominated by his employers. Matheson remarks that in those days Handel composed interminable arias and cantatas, which wanted taste and even sinned against harmony; and that his organ-playing, clever as he was in the working of fugue themes, left much to be desired

in point of melody, a fault which he was in a good school to remedy, those Hamburg operas, and constant intercourse with their accomplished composer and conductor, Keiser, — *dieser galante Componist*, as Matheson calls him. About this time Handel composed his smaller Passion oratorio, in structure similar to the incomparably greater creations of Bach in that kind, though lacking, probably avoiding, the important element of the Lutheran choral, the worshiping people's melody, of which of course he had imbibed the inspiration from his cradle, but which the operatic prejudice of Hamburg rigidly excluded; nevertheless, a remarkable production for a boy, as any one may see, now that the score is published in the German Händel-Gesellschaft's noble edition of all Handel's works.

When Keiser, a poor economist, became so embarrassed that he had to flee from Hamburg, Handel succeeded him as conductor at the harpsichord. The orchestral accompaniment of that time, we must remember, was a meagre affair compared with the massive and multifarious instrumentation with which the feeblest opera composer nowadays may cover up his poverty of thought. For a youth of nineteen to preside over such an orchestra was no miracle. Yet we can imagine that the future master was already in this way gradually learning the consummate art with which he afterwards *filled out* (that is his own word, *ausgefüllt*: see autograph of his *Messiah*), at harpsichord or organ, from his own mind, upon the instant, the half-hinted instrumentation of so large a part of all his oratorios as well as operas; supplying for the time being for himself what Mozart, Mosel, Mendelssohn, above all Robert Franz, have since been drawing from his figured basses, adapting for modern instruments (this more in the case of Bach), and writing out for us so that our modern orchestras may read.

The "German" operas, which Handel had to conduct in the Hamburg theatre, by Keiser, Matheson, Telemann, and others, were founded on the Italian type which sprang up with the Renaissance in Florence in the year 1600, and which in the mean time had received some development in Italy, some national coloring in France, and had in England, through Purcell, Lock, etc., recovered from the blight of Puritanism for a while, whereas in Germany the terrible Thirty Years' War had trampled down whatever germs had been imported thither. German opera began in Hamburg. It lacked the all-important element of the Italian *parlando*, or recitative, for which the rugged German dialect was not thought pliable enough, so that its place was supplied, as it is even now in pieces like *Fidelio* and *Der Freyschütz*, by spoken dialogue. For the rest, each opera consisted of an interminable string of arias for the various characters, with an occasional duet, but never any trio, quartet, or concerted piece, and nothing like a chorus, except when the *dramatis personæ* united their voices in a few measures, ceremonially, before the curtain fell. The orchestra contributed slight overtures, after the Lulli pattern (which Handel later sometimes expanded into preludes of more consequence, with several movements), bits of interlude and ballet, and the thinnest and most incomplete accompaniments for voices.

It was after a performance of one of Matheson's operas of this kind, his *Cleopatra*, that the famous duel with rapiers occurred between him and Handel, when the Muses saved their favorite son's life, almost by miracle, for the great work they had in store for him. Then came Handel's own first opera, *Almira* (1705). It was after the same pattern, but had a freshness and a variety of characteristic musical ideas and melodies, all fitted to the sentiments and situations of the several persons with so

much tact and truth of feeling that the work was hailed at once with admiration. The score contains fifteen Italian and forty German arias ! also a brief overture for string quartet, a ballet, chaconne, entrée, giga, rigaudon, and two sarabands, one of which reappeared afterwards in his *Rinaldo* as the aria, so popular to-day in concert rooms, "*Lascia ch'io pianga*." (Handel made no scruple of using over and over again, in new combinations, whatever he had written, when nothing else would fit the case so well, at any rate so easily.)

Then came (1706) his flight into Italy, whither he sped with the sure instinct of the bee which knows where honey waits for it. A contrapuntist almost from the cradle, to the manner born, possessing too a marvelous gift of melody by nature, he was now to learn in Florence, where the opera began, the art of recitative, and to acquire a new command over the mysterious powers and qualities of the human voice. He was in Italy, the land of art and heaven of every young artist's dreams. But he gave there as good as he received, both in dramatic and religious composition. His first Italian opera, *Rodrigo*, delighted the natives and drew rich presents from the Tuscan Duke. Early in 1708 he reached Venice, and there produced *Agrippina*, which had a run of twenty-seven nights. Thence he went to Rome, where he was warmly welcomed by the Cardinal Ottoboni, and where he enjoyed the acquaintance of those two great musicians, Alessandro Scarlatti and Corelli. In Rome he composed *La Resurrezione* and the *Triumph of Time*, in half-oratorio, half-cantata, fashion, soon followed by the first cast of the charming pastoral of *Acis and Galatea*. This tour in Italy was a triumphal progress. The enthusiastic children of the South could not render homage enough to the *Caro Sassone*, the new star from the North. It was not the first time that their own tuneful art had

received quickening influence and lessons from the North; even Palestrina had been the pupil of Claude Goudimel; Willaert had planted counterpoint in Venice; and the Flemish masters taught the Italians the great art of polyphonic writing, which the Italians in their turn made more melodious and juicy. It seemed to be an easy thing for this strong, sure, fortunate young Saxon to turn out an opera ("as good as they made them" in those days) at short notice, or astonish the crowd by his extempore effusions on the organ. The organ was the golden key which opened the way everywhere, so that he could let his genius bask and mellow in the sunny influence of that genial land of song. He evidently was thinking more of his own culture, his own preparation, than of too cheap immediate fame. His triumphs were but incidental to his one great end; he took them as they came, but did not compromise his art to win them.

In 1710 he left Italy, and, after a visit to his mother in Halle, went to Hanover, where his style received some finishing graces from Steffani, who soon resigned to him his place of kapellmeister to the Elector, afterwards the first George of England. He had free leave of absence to complete his *Lehrjahre*, and having heard so much of England, where Purcell, England's greatest genius in music, had died only fifteen years before; where Lawes and Matthew Lock, with Purcell, had started some few shoots of opera, after the long Puritan "winter of their discontent;" where Buononcini was at work already with Italian singers; and where the grave, majestic style (albeit formal, a descent from Palestrina) of the Elizabethan church composers, together with the learned and more juicy English school of madrigalists, still held their high prestige,—he was moved to try his fortunes there. To London he went in the early winter of that year. He

sought a broader, more rewarding field for his productive talent. He was destined there to be a teacher far more than a learner. Some hints, no doubt, he caught from Purcell and the Elizabethan masters, more in the way of adapting himself, in form and style, to the requirements of the English Church, than because an art so masterly, so full of genius, as his own had aught of beauty, or expression, or effect to learn of them. What he unlearned there was, alas, the choral!

We have so far merely glanced at what may be called the *forming* period of Handel as an artist, — the period during which he gravitated toward other more developed if not stronger minds, and hung awhile by turns within their tuneful spheres, until his own fresh, receptive genius had become impregnated, so far as was good for him, by theirs. We have now reached the time when, by this visit to England, at the age of twenty-five, he detached himself, and moved off in an independent orbit of his own, beginning a new life. With nothing more to learn from German or Italian models, since he had already measured himself with the best of them, unless it were that young Sebastian Bach, he had now to work out what was in him, with his genius for his law. So far we taste the blithe air of a morning worthy to precede so full a day.

Imagine, then, the welcome he received in England, to which soil the Italian opera had just been transplanted. *Facile princeps* he would show himself in that, and from the start, with his *Rinaldo*, founded upon Tasso's poem. It was at once admired beyond any opera the London world had heard, and long continued famous, despite the ridicule of Addison and Steele. After a year, faithful to the Elector, he returned to Hanover, where he busied himself with instrumental works and much Italian Chamber music, including the vocal

duets, recently edited with fit accompaniment by Franz. He was soon off again for England (1712), where he reappeared at the Queen's Theatre with two new operas, *Il Pastor Fido* and *Teseo*. These were soon followed by the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, which he composed for Queen Anne after the Peace of Utrecht. In such demand was he that this time he forgot to return. When the Elector succeeded to the British throne, Handel had forfeited his friendship. All know the story of his *Water Music* (a serenade, or Suite of several pieces, for a large band of instruments, played in a boat in the wake of a royal procession on the Thames), by which he charmed the monarch's favor back.

Soon he wrote his larger Passion music. Then came the fruitful period (1717–20) of his residence at the palace of the magnificent Duke of Chandos, who had the finest chapel in the kingdom, and wanted the first organist, of course, for his *maestro di capella*. There he conducted evening concerts, composed organ concertos and other instrumental music, but chiefly anthems, motets, and whatever service-music was required. The most important were the Chandos Anthems, which, with later anthems, fill three volumes of the *Werke* under the title of *Psalms*. The word anthem is unknown in Germany, and these works are in essentially the same form with the *Psalms* of Mendelssohn. Had Bach written them, they would have been called *Cantatas*; for in them we find overtures, arias, choruses, — but not the Lutheran chorals, on which Bach always builds. The anthems are about eighteen in number. Very noble choruses occur in them, especially in those composed long after the Chandos period for royal weddings, coronations, and the like. Frequently a chorus is borrowed from one of his own earlier works; thus the anthem for the Foundling Hospital concludes with the *Hallelujah Chorus* from the *Messiah*.

Here begins one of the two great periods and phases of Handel's unremitting, long life-work. In 1720 the Royal Academy of Music was founded for the performance of Italian operas. Handel was called from his retirement to be not only composer in chief, but at the same time impresario and conductor of the whole. Buononcini and Ariosti were associated with him. How he ruled the opera for many years, composing one or two fresh operas every year, and always drawing crowds; how, with strong will and unfailing tact, he dealt with all the impediments and annoyances of an enterprise so vast and multifarious, we have no room to tell. This opera stood about ten years. The quarrels of the rival song queens, Cuzzoni and Faustina, which divided the fashionable world into factions, amounting sometimes to a total suspension of intercourse between noble families; a standing disagreement, too, which Handel had with the singer Senesino, whose showy style took with the fashionable, but went against the better judgment of the master, who would not compose for him such arias as he liked to sing, and finally refused to have anything more to do with the theatre unless Senesino were dismissed, — these troubles with the enormous expenses brought the business to an end. Meanwhile, Handel had raised a formidable opposition on the part of the nobility. The operatic strife was turned into "political capital:" the Whigs supported Senesino, the Tories Handel. He was forced to carry on the work by his own unaided strength. The nobility got up a rival opera; and many of them even purposely contrived to have their great social assemblies fall on the nights of Handel's operas. If conciliatory overtures were made to him, his pride refused all compromise.

With a giant's vigor he made head against the tide, until he had lost all his earnings and become sick in body and in mind. At last one arm was paralyzed.

He was induced to leave cares and labors, and go over to Aix-la-Chapelle to recruit himself. He made summary work of that cure. He sat thrice the usual time over the vapor baths. In three days he was exciting crowds to rapture, as he played, "like an angel just descended," on the organ of the neighboring church; and in six weeks he was again in England, and composing operas. This was in 1736. He struggled on a few years more, but all in vain; the day had passed! The whole tide bore down against him, even the popular taste itself. In truth, the opera was but a fashion, and was not sincerely loved in England. And he was working against himself, — against his own deeper nature, his own real destiny. The barren sentimentalities and trivialities and cheap sensationalism of that old Italian opera were no true field for him; nor was he born, like Gluck and Mozart, to glorify the peculiar genius of dramatic music. He was reserved for even nobler work. His quarrel with the singers was, in fact, a quarrel with the opera itself. He discovered it while he had yet strength left to turn the sickening experience to account. He sank in opera, to rise in oratorio.

So closed those thirty years of up-hill labor, mostly opera-making, interspersed with many works in other kinds, which also have their immortality. These include some for instruments, some for church service, several of his first essays in oratorio; also those secular cantatas, almost oratorios in magnitude and ever-fascinating charm, like *Acis and Galatea*, *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

Of his personal history in those opera years there could not be much to tell. Yet if a readable story could be made out of the private life of a great musician, we surely should have had one out of Handel's life in England. It was the age of Addison and Steele and Pope, — the age of personal anecdote, ephemeral

essays, memoirs, piquant gossip of all kinds. Yet one soon exhausts the little anecdotes which are preserved of so conspicuous a personage as Handel. The life of such a man is in his music. His glees and glooms, his dreams and adventures, are all in the realm of tones. Absorbed in this, the superficial, bustling life around him did not cleave to him. His relation to the world of facts and deeds and persons was only accidental contact. That was not his world. His social affections were not strong, although he was not heartless, but generous, kindly, full of charity. Music was wife and child and friend to him. Love passages figure very slightly in the record of his life. Yet he had put many pairs of lovers on the stage, and furnished them with melodies exquisitely true to all the pathos and the tenderness, the pangs and joys and yearnings and conflicting passions, of all sorts of characters in love. If he was thrice engaged, — once in Italy, twice in England, in the last instance to a very wealthy lady, who made it a condition that he should give up his art, — it seems to have cost him no great struggle to renounce. (Think of Bach, twice married, who had twenty children, accomplishing an equally vast amount of equally immortal work !)

During those thirty years our hero had produced nearly fifty operas. He had reigned absolute monarch in England's music throughout half the time : and then he let no opposition drive him from his ground ; it was the ground itself which sank under him. It was the divine genius itself letting him down upon the solid rock where he should stand forever, working from that centre about which all conflicting, superficial interests revolve. He had been a long time in fully finding himself out ; the very glow of healthy action and creation made him careless of the field he worked in. Much of the pure ore of his sterling genius long lay buried in

the dusty folios of his forgotten operas in the Royal Library ; we know it now that we have most of them before us in the clear and noble print of the *Händel-Gesellschaft*. Rich mine, that, with all its rubbish ; and busily they are beginning now to work it ! The imperishable part, the inspired melodies and recitatives scattered through those scores, will soon be separated from the rest ; the part which belongs to Handel and eternity will be washed out clean and bright from what belonged merely to the day of George II. and the opera of fashion, and be added to the classics of the art. One reason, even were there no other, must always prevent these operas coming to performance again as wholes ; and that is, the exceedingly thin, half-sketched, imperfect instrumentation handed down to us in the time-saving, hasty notation of these scores. Much do we owe to-day, therefore, to the zeal and insight, the thoroughly sympathetic acquaintance with Handel's genius and method (for he himself filled out his harmony presiding at the keyboard), shown in the exquisite pianoforte accompaniment elaborated from the scores of several dozen of the finest arias by men like Robert Franz and Otto Dresel.

What were those operas, and what was the secret of their attraction in their day ? Doubtless they were the very best that day afforded in London or any city of the world. They were the creation, and under the immediate personal conductorship, of the greatest musician who had ever yet occupied himself in that field of art. The magnetism of his presence went a great way. As lyrical dramas they found their subjects in the usual heroes of classical mythology, history, and romance : Theseus and Medea, Cæsar, Tamerlane, Tasso's Armida and Rinaldo, Alexander, Scipio, etc. Only the principals appear and sing. Each opera consists of a long string of solo arias, now and then a duet, no con-

certed pieces, never any chorus, except before the falling of the curtain, when the *dramatis personæ* draw up in a row before the audience and make their bow, as it were, in a dozen or more measures of very simple harmony; just as our actors do, in their way, after a comedy at the theatre, with their hands upon their hearts, and, Pray, dear Public, come again! For orchestra alone, seldom more than the quartet of strings, they contain a brief overture (expanded into several movements in some of Handel's later operas) and occasional bits of *symphony*, commonly in ancient dance forms. The accompaniments to the voice are of the thinnest: sometimes nothing but a single violin, with which an oboe runs in unison; sometimes two violin and oboe parts; rarely a viola, or any middle part; now and then, for martial pomp and splendor, the crisp, crackling trumpets, — one, two, three; or horns, or bassoons; besides the *basso continuo*, or figured bass. Often we find noted down, to keep the voice in countenance, nothing but a violin or flute, warbling the same melody note for note! Or it may be nothing but a bass, sometimes not even figured; letting the poor melody run naked, as it were, in merciless relief, as by an electric light, against a long dark wall of bass! What was indispensable for complete, even decent, harmony the conductor at his clavichord knew how to contribute on the instant. Such art had the musicians of that day: who shall match them now?

As for the arias themselves, the melodies as well as the recitatives, they are of wonderful variety and beauty, and were interpreted by very famous singers; that alone would draw the fashionable crowd. These arias are always characteristic; each person is recognizable by his or her own intrinsic melody, more truly than by any literal Wagnerian tag, or *Leit-motive*. Thus the Armina in Rinaldo, the Medea in Teseo, and the Melissa in Amadigi (Amadis de

Gaul) are three sorceresses, queenly and terrible; yet the musical presentment of one does not repeat itself in the others. Nor throughout the whole vast range of melodies is there much monotony, except what lies in the formal cut and color of the age. In Admeto, the pure, devoted, tender melody of Alcestis, who sacrifices her life for her husband, and the bluff, hearty, generous voice of Hercules, who redeems her from the shades, each in its way is full of life and truth. That opera suggests a parallel with the Orpheus and Eurydice of Gluck (1764). In each the husband mourns a wife; in each there is a descent to hell, a Cerberus tamed by music, and a charming of the lost one back to light. The overture of Admeto and the bits of symphony and ballet, especially those preluding to hell's gloom and terrors, could have served Gluck for models; only he had the resources of a more modern orchestra at his command. In Alessandro, where we have Alexander the Great and the two captive queens, the rivals in his love, we have a remarkable instance of the consummate tact with which Handel *managed* his mutually jealous prima donnas, assigning to Cuzzoni and Faustina a precisely equal amount and style and quality of song: to each a florid and bravura piece; to each a tender, sentimental *cantabile*, or an air of rage, despair, or pity. If one sings a duet with the conqueror, the other sings one also.

It would be interesting to review even cursorily this whole list of operas; but it would require a twelvemonth and a book. Suffice it here to say, in general, that these operatic arias seem to surpass in freshness, in variety, in charm of spontaneity, as well as in brevity and conciseness, not a few of the more elaborate, formal, and somewhat conventional arias in his oratorios, sublime and tender as so many of them are, yet bound to more or less of a certain conventionalism by their Bible texts and

by the "sacredness" expected of them. The opera airs have naturally more of the freedom and elastic spring of youth; Handel was not tired when he conceived them. Some of them, no doubt, he dashed off on the spur of the moment, *currente calamo*, perfunctorily, almost automatically, so completely had that style of composition become to him like an unstudied native language. It must not be forgotten that stage machinery and spectacle, magic transformation scenes, etc., played a pretty large part in those performances. After a while, too, party rivalries helped fill the houses, sowing, in such hot-house and ephemeral successes, only seeds of sure decay and ruin.

We have now reached the last, the ripest, the greatest period of Handel. It remains to think of him, if but for a moment, as he wrought from that commanding height whence he has made his power and genius, above all his lofty theme, most deeply, widely, permanently felt. He has gone down amid the vanities, intrigues, and disappointments of Italian opera, to reappear upon the mount of oratorio, where his face shall shine like that of Moses, and his great words be thundered forth, amid lightnings, in massive choruses, the most impressive, unmistakable in meaning, unalterable in the perfection of their art, vivid in their swift scene-painting, inexhaustible in their variety of expression, from the most pastoral and tender to the most holy and sublime, that have ever been written, though equaled, with a difference, it may be, by some of Bach.

As we have seen, he had already brought out several oratorios amid his other work: among them *Esther*, *Deborah*, and more recently his stupendous *Israel in Egypt*. These were performed in the theatres during the season of Lent, when operas were forbidden. As they required no expensive scenery and dec-

orations, he could not do better than thus utilize the time with these experiments; exercising himself in a new and grander art-form, which was a blending of his old solid contrapuntal church style with the melodic and dramatic art he had acquired from the Italians, and feeling the public pulse awhile before addressing himself entirely to the growing English taste for oratorio,—that is, for a new kind of sacred (biblical) music-drama, which, as it went on widening and deepening in scope, became also epic.

We need not say much of the oratorios, since it is by these that Handel is best known,—best of all by the *Messiah*, which is at once Passion music and Redemption, the sins and sorrows of our race and the immortal hope. This is truly a great epic. Why describe it, when it has been described and analyzed, and all its beauty, pathos, and sublimity exposed, a hundred times? What can we tell of it that is not known already to all serious music-lovers; that is, what of its power and meaning?—while for the historical facts and anecdotes attending its production it is enough to refer to Dr. Burney, and such biographers as Mainwaring, Schoelcher, and particularly Rockstro. Some regard it as the crowning product of all musical art and genius, as the fixed star shining at the very pinnacle of the universal tone-cathedral. (Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* was not known when this was claimed unhesitatingly.) A wonder about it is that it was begun and finished in the short space of twenty-one days. Such intense and lightning-like rapidity of execution is easily credited by any one who looks through the facsimile of the original manuscript, in Handel's resolute, bold hand, with hasty jottings and erasures, and such blurs and smudges as suggest a desperate hurry. But, although it was noted down in three weeks, it is but reasonable to take for granted that it had been shaping itself

in Handel's mind for many months before. We know that Mozart's compositions were always clear and complete in his mind before they went on paper. The Messiah was coldly received in London. He took it to Dublin, appealing to the unsophisticated hearts of Ireland with music so unlike that of their Roman masses. There it was sung repeatedly to crowds full of enthusiasm; and after that it never failed to command eager audiences in England, even when his other oratorios rang out in empty houses.

Israel in Egypt is the oratorio which most frequently disputes the palm with the Messiah. Perhaps in sustained grandeur and sublimity it is the greater of the two: one vast mountain chain of massive double choruses, with soft green vales of melody between. These choruses deal with miracle in the boldest style. They smite with lightning force, revealing scenes of awe and splendor; describe darkness palpable, *that may be felt*; portray the plagues of Egypt, from mean annoyances of flies to vast elemental forces and upheavals, and up to moral, spiritual terrors; the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam's song of triumph, fire and hail running along the ground, and whatever images can lift the imagination from the commonplace to what is superhuman and sublime. Equally imposing are its outpourings of faith, humiliation, awe, before the holy presence, in a more grave and church-like style. Judas Maccabæus, with airs and choruses full of heroic, patriotic fire, its great hymns of a nation's lamentation, and Samson perhaps, stand next in popular appreciation. But he has left us nearly twenty more, which, if not quite such perfect wholes, yet teem with wonderful inspirations both for single voice and chorus. Solomon, with its exquisite Nightingale Chorus and its chain of choruses descriptive of the passions, has had some hearings here in Boston, where also Saul and Joshua

and his latest, Jephtha, have been partly given once or twice. But Deborah, Belshazzar, Theodora (a favorite with its composer), Susanna, Esther, etc., are sealed books to us; and so are those works in oratorio form with mythological or secular subjects, like Semele and Hercules, so-called oratorios, which contain some of the most original and striking instances of Handel's genius. And why sealed? Simply because the scores, as handed down to us, still need some Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Robert Franz to fill out and complete the harmony from the mere sketch, which never could have contented Handel, and which, as we have said before, he was in the habit of completing for himself as he presided at the organ. In view of this it does indeed look strange to see Mr. Rockstro, in the last paragraph of his excellent biography, anticipating the Bicentennial Handel Festival, express the earnest hope that, "on this occasion, at least, the works selected for performance may be given with the original instrumentation"! The suggestion, one would think, were quite enough to start the old colossus from his grave, and bring him stalking down into the midst of such an orchestra with heavier footfall than the statue in Don Juan, and in greater wrath than that in which he awed refractory song-queens to submission.

Whenever the great music of that age is spoken of, — the learned, contrapuntal, polyphonic age, — the names of Bach and Handel are almost always coupled as its greatest representatives, although they differ quite essentially. Bach, in his sacred works, motets, cantatas, passions, always builds upon the Lutheran choral, the Protestant plain-song of the people; or rather, he develops all his forms and combinations out of chorals, at first simply introduced and harmonized, as from so many pregnant germs of beauty and of meaning

almost inexhaustible. Handel, cradled in the same German music and religion, who must have drunk in the choral with his mother's milk, makes hardly any use of it in all his oratorios and compositions for the church. This is not so strange when we consider : (1.) The contrasted individualities of the men. Handel loved to stand forth and prophesy before the world. His genius courted popularity. Nobly as he wrote, he still wrote for *effect*. He was a man of the world, and fond of coming to the foot-lights. His oratorios, as well as his operas, still held as by an umbilical cord to the theatre. Bach stayed quietly at home, an artist purely for religion and for art. He wooed the shade ; an equally prodigious worker and creator in his way, and even happier in his work. He has been called a mystic in his music, only by much searching to be found out. But he is not mystical ; he is very clear when once you have the key to him, and that key lies as much in your own soul as in any technical analysis. The word which describes his characteristic better is the German word *Innigkeit*, or inwardness, or from-within-ness. (2.) The difference in their outward lives, resulting very largely from their difference of nature. Handel's roving, enterprising, and ambitious spirit took him off to Italy, and then to England, where he became almost an Englishman, and where he had to accommodate his sacred style and form to the traditions of the English service, so widely different from the Lutheran. Those thirty years of public operatic labor made the whole bent and habit of his being unexchangeable with that of Bach, who stayed at home, musing and brooding by his own peaceful fireside, under the shadow of the old Thomas-kirche ; warming into life the seed-germs of the people's chorals in wonderful cantatas, each being sung only once, for every Sunday's service. What Handel forfeited in turning from the choral he gained, perhaps, in his own way by the

contracting of a style more positive, more sharply outlined and concise, more sure of popular, immediate effect. All that he does tells unmistakably ; it goes straight to the mark. Those voice parts stamp themselves in every singer's mind, so that, once learned, he never can forget them. It seems as if every note were set there by an absolute divine decree, so fitly that you cannot conceive it otherwise. One thinks of him as the *founder* of the Hallelujah Chorus ; as if such majestic piles were built up for all ages out of solid blocks of adamant. "He builded better than he knew !" we might exclaim, if we were speaking of another man than Handel. The sure and solid laying down of pregnant themes, the rich development and mighty on-sweep of the mingling and pursuing voices, the great climaxes and great *silences*, moments of eternity, where the whole rushing broad Niagara of sound is arrested on the brink of the precipice before the final plunge, — all this seems something more than human art, something that sprang whole and perfect out of Eternity's unfathomable womb. Let us here remark, in passing, what a sure instinct always governed Handel in the choice of the most fit, expressive, telling, and resounding *words* for these great uses. What other composer ever had such poets ?

Like Bach and other great composers, Handel became blind some years before his death, in 1759. Still he presided at the organ in his oratorio performances ; and furthermore, between the parts he improvised an organ voluntary, or concerto. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where stands the full-length statue of him by Roubilliac, and where the first centennial anniversary of his birth, so glowingly described by Dr. Burney, gave the first impulse to the grand musical festivals of modern times.

Everything about the man was generous and noble. His mind and charac-

ter showed colossal proportions, like his frame; calm and strong and cheerful, like his open, placid countenance. If he had not strong social affections, it was not that he had no heart; for who has better known and spoken to the human heart than he? Two faults only have been found in him. He *ate* largely: so did Homer's heroes. He swore, "like our army in Flanders." This was a conventionalism, so far as it was profane (not deemed profane in Continental usage, and blasphemous only in England); a necessary safety-valve, so far as it was violent. We may pardon this one honest weakness; it was his rude, stammering way of showing himself in earnest at a crisis. The stream by its own impetuosity sometimes clogs itself up, and must break a way through as it can; then it flows on smoothly again.

But even in his anger there was more of humor than of malice.

What a benefactor he has been in many ways to generations after him! How many public charities have been aided, built up, by his oratorios! What strength and faith and comfort thousands of weary souls have drawn from his awakening choruses, and his sweet, searching, tender melodies! But how much he has bequeathed to humanity, opening, indeed, springs of living water, we can know only as we enter into deeper and deeper acquaintance with his music; and that is the only true way to know *him*. His greatness passes now unquestioned in the world. Naturally and calmly he took his place among the first of men, compelling them to recognize a kind of greatness they had never understood before.

J. S. Dwight.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XI.

"WHEN is Dick Cavendish coming?" said Mrs. Wilberforce to her husband. "I wish he had n't chosen to come now, of all times in the world, just when we can do nothing to amuse him; for with the Warrenders in such deep mourning, and those other horrible people on the other side, and things in general getting worse and worse every day" —

"He is not acquainted with the parish, and he does not know that things are getting worse and worse every day. It is a pity about the mourning; but do you think that is so deep that a game of croquet would be impossible? Croquet is not a riotous game."

"Herbert!" cried Mrs. Wilberforce. She added, in a tone of indignant disapproval, "If you feel equal to suggesting such a thing to girls whose father

has not yet been six weeks in his grave, I don't."

The rector was reduced to silence. He was aware that the laws of decorum are in most cases better understood by ladies than by men, and also that the girls at the Warren would sooner die than do anything that was not according to the proper rule that regulated the conduct of persons in their present circumstances. He withdrew, accordingly, to his study, with rather an uneasy feeling about the visit of Dick Cavendish. The rector's study was on the opposite side of the hall, at the end of a short passage, which was a special providence; for nothing that Mrs. Wilberforce could do would prevent him from smoking, and by this means the hall, at least, and the chief sitting-room were kept free of any suggestions of smoke. He said of himself that he was not such a great

smoker: but there was no doubt that this was one of the crosses which his wife said everybody had to bear. That was her cross, her husband's pipe, and she tried to put up with it like a Christian. This is one of the cases in which there is very often a conflict of evidence without anything that can be called perjury on either side: for Mrs. Wilberforce declared to her confidants (she would not have acknowledged it to the public for worlds) that her husband smoked morning, noon, and night; whereas he, when the question was put to him casually, asserted that he was not at all a great smoker, though he liked a pipe when he was working, and a cigar after dinner. "When you are working! Then what a diligent life you must lead, for I think you are always working," the wife would remark. "Most of my time, certainly, dear," said the triumphant husband.

There are never very serious jars in a family where smoke takes so important a place. Mr. Wilberforce retired now, and took a pipe to help him to consider. The study was a commodious room, with a line of chairs against the further wall, where parish visitors generally sat, when the bumpkins had anything to say to the parson. A large writing-table, fitted with capacious drawers, stood in the middle of the room, of which one side was for parish business, the other magisterial: for the rector of Underwood was also a justice of the peace, and very active in that respect. He was a man who did not fail in his duty in any way. His sermons he kept in a handsome old carved-oak bureau against the wall, in which — for he had been a dozen years in Underwood, and had worked through all the fasts and feasts a great many times — he had made a careful classification, and knew where to put his hand on the Christmas sermons, and those for the saints' days, and even for exceptional occasions, such as funerals, almost in the dark. There

were two large windows, one of which opened upon the lawn, and the other, round the corner, in the other wall of the house, commanded a pretty view of the village, lying with its red roofs in the midst of a luxuriant greenness. Saint Mary-under-wood was the true name of the parish, for it was situated in a part of the country very rich in trees.

Here he sat down with his friend's letter, and thought. The Cavendishes had once held an important position in the county, and lived in one of the greatest "places" in the neighborhood. But they had met with a fate not unknown to the most important families, and had descended from their greatness to mediocrity, without, however, sacrificing everything, and indeed with so good a margin that, though they were no longer included among the most eminent gentry of England, they still held the place of a county family. They had shifted their headquarters to a much smaller house, but it was at the same time a very old property, and had been in the family longer than the greater one. The younger sons, however, had very little to look to, and Dick, who was considered clever, was going to the bar. He was a friend, more or less, of young Warrender's, and had been at Oxford with him, where he was junior to Theo in the university, though his senior in years. For Dick had been a little erratic in his ways. He had not been so orderly and law-abiding as a young English gentleman generally is. He had gone away from home very young, and spent several years in wandering before he would address himself to serious life. He had been in Canada and in the backwoods, and though California was not known then as now, had spent a few months at the gold diggings, in the rude life and strife which English families, not yet acquainted with farming in Manitoba and ranches in the far West, heard of with horror: and where only those sons who were "wild," or otherwise

unmanageable, had as yet begun to go. When he returned, and announced that he was going to Oxford, and after that to the bar, it was like the vision of the madman clothed and in his right mind to his parents. This their son which had been lost was found.

He came into a little fortune, left him by an uncle, when he returned; and, contrary to the general habit of families in respect to younger sons, his parents were of opinion that if some "nice girl" could be found for Dick it would be the best thing that could happen,—a thing which would lighten their own responsibilities, and probably confirm him in well-doing. But with all the new-fashioned talk about education and work for women, which then had just begun, nice girls were not quite so sure as they used to be that to reclaim a prodigal, or consolidate a penitence, was their mission in life. Perhaps they are right; but the old idea was good for the race, if not for the individual woman, human sacrifices being a fundamental principle of natural religion, if not of any established creed. And it cannot be said that it was without some thought of finding there the appropriate victim that the prodigal had been invited to Underwood. He was not altogether a prodigal, nor would she be altogether a victim. People do not use such hard words. He was a young fellow who wanted steady-ing, for whom married life (when he had taken his degree), or even an engagement, might be expected to do much. And she was "a nice girl," whose influence might be of the greatest advantage to him. What need to say any more?

But it was tiresome for the Wilberforces that, after having made up this innocent little scheme for throwing him into the society of the Warrender girls, Dick should choose, of all times in the world, to arrive at the rectory just after Mr. Warrender's death, when the family were in mourning, and not "equal to" playing croquet, or any other rea-

sonable amusement. It was hard, the rector thought. It was he indeed, rather than his wife, who had thrown himself into this project of match-making. The Warrender girls were the most well-regulated girls in the world, and also the most likely to keep their respective husbands straight; and Mr. Wilberforce thought it would be a very good thing for the girls themselves, who were so much out of the way of seeing eligible persons, or being sought. The rector felt that if Minnie Warrender once took the young man in hand he was safe. And they had already met at Oxford during Commemoration, and young Cavendish had remembered with pleasure their fresh faces and slightly, pleasantly, rustic and old-fashioned ways. He was very willing to come when he was told that the Wilberforces saw a great deal of Warrender's nice sisters. "Why, I am in love with them both! Of course I shall come," he had said, with his boyish levity: but with equal levity had put off from time to time, and at last had chosen the moment which was the least convenient, the most uncomfortable for all parties,—a moment when there could be nothing but croquet, or picnics, or other gentle pleasures which require feminine coöperation, to amuse the stranger, and when the feminine coöperation which had been hoped for was for the time altogether laid on the shelf and out of the question. Few things could be more trying than this state of affairs.

Notwithstanding which Dick Cavendish arrived, as had been arranged. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He was an ordinary brown-haired, blue-eyed young man,—not, perhaps, ordinary, for that combination is rather rare,—but there were some people who said that something in his eye betrayed what they called insincerity; and indeed there was generally about him an agreeableness, a ready self-adaptation to everybody's way of thinking,

a desire to recommend himself, which is always open to censure. Mrs. Wilberforce was one of those who shook their heads and declared him to be insincere. And as he went so far as to agree that the empire very possibly was dropping to pieces, and the education of the poor tending to their and our destruction, in order to please her, it is possible that she was not far wrong. As a matter of fact, however, his tactics were successful even with her; and though she did not relinquish her deep-seated conviction, yet the young man succeeded in flattering and pleasing her, which was all that he wanted, and not that she should vouch for his sincerity. He was very sorry to hear that the Warrenders were in mourning. "I saw the death in the papers," he said, "and thought for a moment that I had perhaps better write and put off coming; for some people look their worst in mourning. But then I reflected that some others look their best; and that hearts are soft, and a little judicious consolation nicely administered" —

Though it was not perhaps of a very high quality, the rector was delighted with his young friend's wit.

"It must be nicely administered," he said, "but you will not find them inaccessible. They are the best girls in the world, too natural to make a fuss, as some girls do. He was a very insignificant, neutral-tinted kind of man. I cannot think why they should be supposed to be so inconsolable."

"Oh, Herbert!" said his wife.

"Yes, I know, my dear; but Oh, Herbert, is no argument. Nobody is missed so much as we expect, not the very best. Life may have to make itself a new channel, but it flows always on. And when the man is quite insignificant, like poor Mr. Warrender" —

"Don't blaspheme the dead, Herbert. It is dreadful to hear you speak on such subjects, you are so cynical; and when even a clergyman takes up such

opinions, what can we expect of other people?" Mrs. Wilberforce said, with marked disapproval, as she left the gentlemen after dinner. She left them by the window going out to the lawn, which ran along all that side of the house. The drawing-room, too, opened upon it, and one window of the rector's study; and the line of limes, very fine trees, which stood at a little distance, throwing a delightful shadow with their great silken mass of foliage over the velvety grass, made the lawn into a kind of great withdrawing-room, spacious and sweet. Mrs. Wilberforce had a little settlement at one end of this, with wicker-work chairs, a table for her work and one for tea, while her husband, at the other end, clinging to his own window, which provided a mode of escape in case any one should appear to whom his cigar might be offensive, smoked and made himself comfortable, now and then throwing a few words at her between the puffs. While thus indulging himself he was never allowed to approach more near.

"I am afraid we have not very much amusement for you," the rector said. "There is nothing going on at this season: and the Warren, as my wife says, is shut up."

"Not so much shut up but that one may go to see Warrender?"

"Oh, no."

"And in that case the ladies will be visible, too: for I entertained them, you know, in my rooms at Commem. They must at least ask me to tea. They owe me tea."

"Well, if you are content with that. My wife is dreadfully particular, you know. I dare say we may be able to manage a game, for all Mrs. Wilberforce says; and if the worst comes to the worst, Dick, I suppose you can exist without the society of ladies for a few days."

"So long as I have Mrs. Wilberforce to fall back upon, and Flo. Flo is growing very pretty, perhaps you don't

know? Parents are so dull to that sort of thing. But there is somebody else in the parish I have got to look after. What is their name? I can't recollect, but I know the name of the house. It is the Elms."

"The Elms, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the rector, with consternation. He turned pale with fright and horror, and, rising, went softly and closed the window, which his wife had left open. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't speak so loud; my wife might hear."

"Why should n't she hear?" asked Dick, undaunted. "There's nothing wrong, is there? I don't remember the people's name" —

"No, most likely not; one name will do as well as another," said the rector solemnly. "Dick, I know that a young fellow like you looks at things in another light from a man of my cloth; but there are things that can be done, and things that can't, and it is simply impossible, you know, that you should visit at a place like that from my house."

"What do you mean by a place like that? I know nothing about the place. It belongs to my uncle Cornwall, and there is something to be done to it, or they won't stay."

The Rector drew a long breath. "You relieve me very much," he said. "Is the Mr. Cornwall that bought the Elms your uncle Cornwall? What luck for us! Then you must tell him, Dick, — there's a good fellow, — to do nothing to it, but for the love of Heaven help us to get those people away."

"Who are the people?" said the astonished Dick. It is uncertain whether Mr. Wilberforce managed to make any articulate reply, but he stammered forth some broken words, which, with the pauses that accompanied them, gave to his visitor an idea of the fact which had been for a month or two whispered, with bated breath, by the villagers and people about. Dick, who was still nominally of the faction of the reprobates, fell

a-laughing when the news penetrated his mind. It was not that his sympathies were with vice as against virtue, as the rector was disposed to believe; but the thought of the righteous and strait-laced uncle, who had sent him into what would have been to Mr. Cornwall the very jaws of hell, and of what might have happened had he himself, Dick, announced in Mrs. Wilberforce's presence his commission to the Elms, was too comical to be resisted: and the peals of his laughter reached the lady on the lawn, and brought the children running to the dining-room window to see what had happened. Flo, of whom Dick had said that she was getting pretty, but who certainly was not shy, and had no fear of finding herself out of place, came pertly and tapped at the window, and, looking in with her little sunny face, demanded to know what was the fun, so that Dick burst forth again and again. The rector did not see the fun, for his part; he saw no fun at all. Even when Dick, almost weeping with the goodness of the joke, endeavored to explain how droll it was to think of his old uncle sending him to such a house, Mr. Wilberforce did not see it. "My wife will ask me what you were laughing about, and how am I to tell her? She will see no joke in it: and she will not believe that I was not laughing with you — at all that is most sacred, Fanny will say." No one who had seen the excellent rector at that moment would have accused him of sharing in the laughter, for his face was as blankly serious as if he had been at a funeral: but he knew the view which Mrs. Wilberforce was apt to take.

And his fears came so far true that he did undergo a rigid cross-questioning as soon as the guest was out of the way. And although the rector was as discreet as possible, it yet became deeply impressed upon the mind of his wife that the fun had something to do with the Elms. That gentlemen did joke upon such subjects, which were not fit to be

talked about, she was fully aware; but that her own husband, a man privileged beyond most men, a clergyman of the Church of England, should do it was bitter indeed to her. "I know what young men are," she said; "they are all the same. I know there is nothing that amuses and attracts them so much as improper people. But, Herbert, you! and when vice is at our very doors, to laugh! Oh, don't say another word to me on the subject!" Mrs. Wilberforce cried.

XII.

The recollection of that unexplained and ill-timed merriment clouded over the household horizon in the morning; but Dick was so cheerful and so much at his ease that things ameliorated imperceptibly. The heart of a woman, even when most disapproving, is softened by the man who takes the trouble to make himself agreeable to her children. She thought that there could not be so very much harm in him, after all, when she saw the little ones clustering about him, one on his knees and one on his shoulders. "There is a sort of instinct in children," she said afterwards, and most people would be in this respect of Mrs. Wilberforce's opinion. About noon the rector took his guest to call at the Warren. Though this was not what an ordinary stranger would have been justified in doing, yet when you consider that Dick had known Theo at Oxford and had entertained the ladies at Commem: you will understand why the rector took this liberty. "I suppose I may ask the girls and Theo to come over in the afternoon," he said to his wife.

"Oh, certainly, Herbert, you may ask them," she replied; but with a feeling that if Minnie accepted it would be as if the pillars of the earth had been shaken; though, in the circumstances, with a young man on her hands to be amused

for all the lingering afternoon, Mrs. Wilberforce herself would have been very willing that they should come. Dick Cavendish was a pleasant companion for a morning walk. He admired the country in its fresh greenness, as they went along, though its beauty was not striking. He admired the red village, clustering under the warmth and fullness of the foliage, and pleased the rector, who naturally felt his own *amour propre* concerned in the impression made by his parish upon a new spectator. "We must come to old England for this sort of thing," said Dick, looking back upon the soft rural scene with the half-patronizing experience of a man *qui en a vu bien d'autres*. And the rector was pleased, especially as it was not all indiscriminating praise. When they got within the grounds of the Warren, criticism came in. "What does Warrender mean," Dick said, "by letting everything run up in this wild way! The trees have no room to breathe."

"You must recollect that Theo has just come into it. And the old gentleman was long feeble, and very conservative,—though not in politics, as I could have wished."

"Ah, I thought Warrender was a bit of a radical: but they say a man always becomes more or less a Tory when he comes into his property. I have no experience," said Dick, with his light-hearted laugh. Had Mrs. Wilberforce heard him, she would have found in it that absence of respect for circumstances which she considered to be one of the signs of the times; and it had a startling and jarring effect upon the individual who did hear it, who was disturbed by it in the stillness of his morning walk and thoughts. It broke the silence of the brooding air, and awakened impertinent echoes everywhere, Nature being always glad of the opportunity.

The young owner of the place was absorbed in a warm haze of visions, like his own trees in the hush of the noon.

Any intrusion was disagreeable to him. Nevertheless, when he saw the rector he came forward with that consciousness of the necessity of looking pleased which is one of the vexations of a recluse. What did Wilberforce mean by bringing men here, where nobody wanted either them or him? But when he saw who it was who accompanied the rector, Warrender's face and the line of annoyance in his forehead softened a little; for Dick was one of the men who are everywhere welcome. Warrender even smiled as he held out his hand.

"You, Cavendish! Who could have thought of seeing you here!"

"I am afraid I am rather presuming: but I could not be so near without coming to see you." Dick grew grave, as was incumbent in the circumstances, and though he had no doubt whatever of seeing the ladies added a sort of humble suggestion: "I am afraid I can scarcely hope to pay my respects?"

"You must come in and see my mother," Warrender said.

The house looked its best when shade and coolness were a necessity of the season; but the visitor who came with keen eyes, observing everything, not because he had any special object, but because he could not help it, took in in a moment the faded air of solid respectability, the shabbiness which does not mean poverty, the decent neglect as of a place whose inhabitants took no thought of such small matters, which was apparent everywhere. It was not neglect, in the ordinary meaning of the word, for all was carefully and nicely arranged, fresh flowers on the tables, and signs of living, but rather a composed and decorous content. The girls, as they were always called, were found, Chatty with her hands full of flowers and a number of china vases before her, standing at an old buffet in the hall, and Minnie just coming out of the dining-room, where she had been doing her morning needle-work, which was of a plain and

homely description, not calculated to be seen by visitors. The old buffet in the hall was not like the mahogany catafalques in the other rooms, and the flowers were very fresh and the china of unappreciated antiquity. Perhaps these accessories helped to make the modest little picture of Charlotte arranging the flowers a pretty one; and she was young and fresh and modest and unconscious; her figure was pretty and light; her look, as she raised her head and blushed to see the little party of men, so guileless, frank, and good, that, though the others, who were used to her, thought nothing of her, to Dick it appeared that Chatty was a very pleasant thing to see against the dim background of the old respectable house.

"It is Mr. Cavendish," said Minnie. "How curious! It is true sometimes, no doubt, as everybody says, that talk of an angel and you hear its wings; but generally it is just the person whom one least thinks of who appears."

"That is very hard upon me," said Dick. "My mind has been so full of you for twenty-four hours that you ought to have thought a little upon me—if only on the theory of brain waves."

"I hope you don't believe in anything of that sort. How should one think of people when there is nothing to put one in mind of them? If we had been in Oxford, indeed—Come into the drawing-room; we shall find mamma there. And how is dear Mrs. Wilberforce?"

"She wants you all," said the rector, in a low voice aside, "to come over this afternoon to tea."

"To tea, when you have company! Oh, she could not—she never could expect such a thing!"

"Do you call one of your brother's friends company,—one? I should say it took three at least to constitute company. And I want Theo to come. Mind what I say—if you don't amuse him, Theo will think of nothing but going to

Markland. He goes to Markland more than I like already."

"Mr. Wilberforce, I am not one that believes in love being blind, and I know all Theo's faults; but to think that he is courting amusement, — amusement, and papa only dead six weeks!"

"I did not say amusement," said the rector crossly. "I said to be amused, which is quite different; not to be left forever in the same state of mind, not to lie vacant" —

"You must have a very poor opinion of him and of all of us," said Miss Warrender, leading the way into the drawing-room, where the others had gone before them. Chatty remained behind, being still busy with her flowers. The rector and Minnie were supposed to be talking parish talk, and to have lingered for that purpose. Chatty thought it sounded too animated to be all about the clothing club and the mothers' meetings, but she supposed that some one must have gone wrong, which was generally the exciting element in parish talk. She was not herself excited by it, being greatly occupied how to make the big white Canterbury bells stand up as they ought in the midst of a large bouquet, in a noble white and blue Nankin vase, which was meant for the table in the hall.

Mrs. Warrender was very glad to see young Cavendish. She asked at once if they were going to take him to Hurst Hill and the old castle at Pierpoint, and entered almost eagerly into a description of what should be done for a stranger. "For we have scarcely anything, except the country itself, to show," she said. "There is nothing that is exciting, not much society, and unfortunately, at this moment, the little that there was" —

"I know," said Dick, "it is my misfortune; I was deeply sorry to hear" — He had never seen Mr. Warrender, and naturally could have no profound regret on the subject: but his eyes expressed

so much tender sympathy that her heart was touched, and tears came to her eyes.

"You are very kind to take a part in our sorrows," she said. "If all had been well with us, there would have been no one more pleased than he to make our country pleasant to you. He was always so much interested in Theo's friends. But even as things are, if you do not find it too sad, we shall always be glad to see you. Not that we have anything to tempt you," she added, with a smile.

"Then, Mrs. Warrender," said the rector, "may I tell my wife that you are not going away?"

Mrs. Warrender cast a wistful look round her, — at her son, at the remorseless inclosure of those dull walls, which were like those of a prison. "It appears not, for the present," she said.

"No," said Minnie; "for where can we be so well as at home? For my part, I don't believe in change. What do you change? Only the things about you. You can't change yourself nor your circumstances."

"The skies, but not the soul," said Dick.

"That is just what I mean, Mr. Cavendish. I see you understand. Mamma thinks it would be more cheerful to go away. But we don't really want to be cheerful. Why should we be cheerful? — at least for six months, or I should say a year. We can't be supposed to be equal to anything, after our great loss, in less than a year."

At this they were all silent, a little overawed; and then Mrs. Warrender returned to her original discourse upon Pierpoint Castle and the dell at Hurst: "They are both excellent places for picnics. You should take Mr. Cavendish there."

"That was all very well," said the rector "when we could be sure of you and the girls to go with us; but he must be content with the domestic croquet and the mild gratification of walks, in pres-

ent circumstances. Has Theo come to any decision about the improvements? I suppose you will not begin to cut down till the autumn?"

"Everything is at a standstill, Mr. Wilberforce."

"Well," said Theo, almost angrily, turning to the rector, "there is no hurry, I hope. One need not start, axe in hand, as if one had been waiting for that. There is time enough, in autumn or in spring, or when it happens to be convenient. I am in no haste, for my part."

There was again a little pause, for there had been temper in Theo's tones. And then it was that the rector distinguished himself by the most ill-timed question,—a question which startled even Chatty, who was coming in at the moment with a bowl full of roses, carried in both hands. Yet it was a very innocent-seeming question, and Cavendish was not aware of any significance in it till he saw the effect it produced. "How," said Mr. Wilberforce very distinctly, "is Lady Markland?" He was looking straight at Theo, but as the words came out of his mouth, struck too late by their inappropriateness, he turned and looked Mrs. Warrender in the face somewhat severely.

"Oh!" she said, as if some one had struck her; and as for Warrender, he sprang to his feet, and walked across the room to one of the windows, where he stood pulling to pieces a vase-full of Chatty's flowers. She put down her roses, and stood with her hands dropped and her mouth a little open, a picture of innocent consternation, which, however, was caused more by the effect upon the others than by any clear perception in herself. All this was in a moment, and then Mrs. Warrender replied sedately, "The last time I saw her she was well enough in health. Sor—trouble," she added, changing the word, "does not always affect the health."

"And does she mean to stay *there*?"

the rector said, feeling it necessary to follow up his first question. Mrs. Warrender hesitated, and began to reply that she did not know, that she believed nothing was settled, that—when Theodore suddenly turned and took the words out of his mother's mouth:—

"Why should n't she stay? The position is just the same for her as for us. Death changes little except to the person immediately concerned. It is her home: why should n't she stay?"

"Really," said the rector, "you take it so seriously I—when you put the question to me, I—As a matter of fact," he added, "I did not mean anything, if I must tell the truth. I just said the first thing that occurred. And a change is always the thing that is first thought of after such a—after such a"—The rector sought about for a word. He could not say calamity, or affliction, or any of the words that are usually employed. He said at last, with a sense of having got triumphantly over the difficulty—"such a shock."

"I agree with the rector," said Minnie. "It would be far better that she should go away, for a change. The circumstances are quite different. For a lady to go and look after everything herself, when it ought not to be supposed possible that she could do anything—to see the lawyers, and give the orders, and act exactly as if nothing had happened—oh, it is too dreadful! It is quite different from us. And she does not even wear a widow's cap! That would be reason enough for going away, if there was nothing else. She ought to go away for the first year, not to let anybody know that she has never worn a widow's cap."

"Now that is a very clever reason," said Dick Cavendish, who felt it was time for him to interfere, and lessen the serious nature of the discussion. "Unaided, I should never have thought of that. Do at Rome as Rome does; or if you don't, go out of Rome, and don't

expose yourself. There is a whole system of social philosophy in it."

"Oh, I am not a philosopher," cried Minnie, "but I know what I think. I know what my opinion is."

"We are not here to criticise Lady Markland," said her mother; and then she burst into an unpremeditated invitation, to break the spell. "You will bring Mr. Cavendish to dine with us one evening?" she said. "He and you will excuse the dullness of a sad house."

The rector felt his breath taken from him, and thought of what his wife would say. "If you are sure it will not be too much for you," he replied.

Dick's eyes and attention were fixed upon the girls. Minnie's face expressed the utmost horror. She opened her mouth to speak; her sharp eyes darted dagger thrusts at her mother; it was evident that she was bursting with remonstrance and denunciation. Chatty, on the contrary, glanced at her mother, and then at the stranger, with a soft look of pleasure stealing over her face. It softened still more the rounded outline, the rose tints, which were those of a girl of seventeen rather than twenty-three, and which her black dress brought out with double force. Dick thought her quite pretty — nay, very pretty — as she stood there, her sleeves thrust a little back on her arms, her hands a little wet with the flowers, her face owning a half-guilty pleasure of which she was half ashamed. The others were involved in thoughts quite different: but innocent Chatty, relieved by the slightest lifting of the cloud, and glad that somebody should be coming to dinner, was to him the central interest of the group.

"You put your foot in it, I think," he said to the rector, as they walked back, "but I could not quite make out how. Who is the unhappy woman, lost to all sense of shame, who wears no widow's cap?"

"I meant no harm," said the rector. "It was quite natural that I should

ask after Lady Markland. Of course it stands to reason that as he died here, and they were mixed up with the whole business, and she is not in my parish, they should know more of her than I."

"And so old Warrender is mixed up with a beautiful widow," said Dick. "He does n't seem the sort of fellow: but I suppose something of that sort comes to most men, one time or another," he added, with a half laugh.

"What, a widow?" said the rector, with a smile. "Eh? What are you saying? What is that? Well, as you ask, that is the Elms, Cavendish, where I suppose you no longer have any desire to go."

"Oh, that is the Elms, is it?" said Cavendish. His voice had not its usual cheerful sound. He stood still, with an interest which the rector thought quite uncalled for. The Elms was a red brick house, tall like the rectory, and of a similar date, the upper stories of which appeared over a high wall. The quick shutting of a door in this wall was the thing which had awakened the interest of Cavendish. A girl had come hurriedly, furtively out, and with the apparent intention of closing it noiselessly had let the door escape from her hand, and marked her departure by a clang which for a moment filled the air. She looked round her hastily, and with a face in which a very singular succession of emotions were painted perceived the gentlemen. The first whom she noticed was evidently the rector, to whom she gave a glance of terror: but then turned to Dick, with a look of amazement which seemed to take every other feeling away, — amazement and recognition. She stared at him for a moment as if paralyzed, and then, fluttering like a bird, in her light dress, under the high, dark line of the wall, hurried away.

"Bless me," said the rector, troubled, "Lizzie Hampson! Now I recollect that was what the ladies were saying. Silly girl, she has gone, after all; but I

must put a stop to it. How she stared at you, Dick, to be sure!"

"Yes, she has got a sharp pair of eyes. I think she will know me again," said Dick, with what seemed to the rector somewhat forced gayety. "Rather a pretty little girl, all the same. What did you call her? Is she one of your parishioners? She looked mighty frightened of you."

"Lizzie Hampson," said the rector. "She is the granddaughter of the old woman at the shop. She is half a foreigner, I believe. I always thought— Bless me! Fanny will be very sorry, but very angry, too, I am afraid. I wish I had not seen it. I wish we had not come this way."

"Do you think you are obliged to tell? It was only by accident that we saw her," said Cavendish. "It would hurt nobody if you kept it to yourself."

"I dare say the poor little thing meant no harm," said the rector; "it is natural to want to make a little more money. I am entering into temptation, but I cannot help it. Do you think, after all, I might say nothing about seeing her? We should not have seen her, you know, if we had come home the other way."

"Give her the benefit of the possibility," said Dick, with a short laugh. But he seemed to be affected, too, which was wonderfully sympathetic and nice of him, with what troubled the rector so much. He scarcely talked at all for the rest of the way. And though he was perhaps as gay as ever at lunch, there came over him, from time to time, a curious abstraction, quite out of character with Dick Cavendish. In the afternoon, Warrender and Chatty came in, as they had been invited, to tea (not Minnie, which satisfied Mrs. Wilberforce's sense of right), and a very quiet game of croquet, a sort of whisper of a game, under their breath, as it were, was played. And in this way the day passed. The visitor declared in the evening that he

had enjoyed himself immensely. But he had a headache, and instead of coming in to prayers went out in the dark for a walk; which was not at all the sort of thing which Mrs. Wilberforce liked her visitors to do.

XIII.

Dick Cavendish went out for a walk. It was a little chilly after the beautiful day; there was rain in the air, and neither moon nor stars, which in the country, where there are no means of artificial lighting, makes it unpleasant for walking. He went right into the big clump of laurels, and speared himself on the prickles of the old hawthorn before he emerged from the rectory gates. After that it was easier. Many of the cottage people were indeed going to bed, but by the light which remained in a window here and there he was able to preserve himself from accident as he strolled along. Two or three dogs, sworn enemies to innovation, scented him, and protested at their loudest against the novelty, not to say wickedness, of a passenger at this hour of the night. It was, perhaps, to them what Lizzie Hampson's independence was to Mrs. Wilberforce, — a sign of the times. He made his way along, stumbling now and then, sending into the still air the odor of his cigar, towards the spot where the window of the little shop shone in the distance like a low, dim, somewhat smoky star, the rays of which shaped themselves slightly iridescent against the thick damp atmosphere of the night. Cavendish went up to this dull shining, stared in at the window for a moment through the bottles of sweets and barley sugar and boxes of mustard and biscuits. He did not know there was any special significance in the sight of Lizzie Hampson seated there within the counter, demurely sewing, and apparently unconscious of any spectators, but it

was enough to have startled any of the neighbors who were aware of Lizzie's ways. The old grandmother had gone to see her daughter in the village, who was ill; but in such cases it was Lizzie's way to leave the door of the room in which she sat open, and to give a very contemptuous attention to the tinkle of the little bell attached to the shop door which announced a customer. Now, however, she sat in the shop, ready to supply anything that might be wanted. Dick strolled past quietly, and went a little way on beyond: but then he came back. He did not linger at the window, as one of Lizzie's admirers might have done. He passed it twice; then, with a somewhat anxious gaze round him, went in. He asked for matches, with a glance at the open door of the room behind. Lizzie said nothing, but something in her look gave him as well as words could have done an assurance of safety. He had closed the door of the shop behind him. He now said quickly, "Then I was not mistaken—it is you, Lizzie."

There was not the slightest appearance in her of a rustic flirt waiting for a lover, still less of anything more objectionable. Her look was serious, full of resistance and even of defiance, as if the encounter was against her will, though it was necessary that it should be. "Yes, sir," she said, shortly, "you were not mistaken, and it is me."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Nothing that is n't right," said Lizzie. "I'm living with my grandmother, as any one will tell you, and working at my trade."

"Well—that is all right," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

"I don't suppose that you sought me out just for that, sir,—to give me your approbation," the girl said, quickly.

"For which you don't care at all," he replied, with a half-laugh.

"No more than you care for what I'm doing, whether it's good or bad."

"Well," he said, "I suppose so far as that goes we are about even, Lizzie: though I, for one, should be sorry to hear any harm of you. Do you ever hear anything—of your mistress—that was?"

She gave him a keen look. All the time her hands were busy with a little pile of match-boxes, the pretense which was to explain his presence had any one appeared. "She is—living, if that is what you mean," Lizzie said.

"Living! Oh, yes, I suppose so,—at her age. Is she—where she was?"

Lizzie looked at him, again investigating his face keenly, and he at her. They were like two antagonists in a duel, each on his guard, each eagerly observant of every point at which he could obtain an advantage. At last, "Where was that, sir?" she said. "I don't know where you heard of her last."

Dick made no answer. It was some moments before he spoke at all. Then, "Is she in England?" he asked.

"I'm not at liberty, sir, to say where she is."

"You know, of course. I can see that in your face. Is she— But perhaps you don't intend to answer any question I put to you?"

"I think not, sir," said Lizzie, firmly. "What would be the good? She don't want you, nor you"—

"Nor I her. It is true," he said. His face became very grave, almost stern. "I have little reason to wish to know. Still you must be aware that misery is the end of such a way of life."

"Oh, you need give yourself no trouble about that," cried Lizzie, with something like scorn; "she is a deal better off and more thought upon than ever she would have been if"—

"Poor girl!" he said. These words and the tone in which they were spoken stopped the quick little angry speech that was on Lizzie's lips. She wavered for a moment, then recovered herself.

"If you please," she said, "to take your matches, sir. It ain't general for gentlemen like you to come into granny's shop: and we think a deal of little things here. It is not as if we were — on the other side."

He laughed with a sort of fierce ridicule that offended the girl. "So — I might be supposed to be coming after you," he said.

She flung the matches to him across the counter. "There may be more difference here than there was *there*; but a gentleman, if he is a gentleman, will be civil wherever he is."

"You are quite right," said Dick, recovering himself, "and I spoke like a fool. For all that you say, misery is the end of such a life; and if I could help it I should not like her to come to want."

"Oh!" cried Lizzie, with exasperation, stamping her foot. "Want! You are more like to come to it than she is. I could show you in a moment — I could just let you see" — Here she paused, and faltered, and grew red, meeting his eyes. He did not ask any further question. He had grown pale as she grew red. Their looks exchanged a rapid communication, in which neither Lizzie's reluctance to speak nor his hesitation in asking was of any avail. He put down the sixpence which he had in his hand upon the counter, and went out into the night in a dumb confusion of mind, as if he had received a blow.

Here! breathing the same air, seeing the same sights, within reach! He went a little further on in the darkness, not knowing where, nor caring, in the bewilderment of the shock which had come upon him so unexpectedly; and suddenly in the dark was aware of a range of lighted windows which seemed to hang high in the air, — the windows of the Elms appearing over the high garden wall. He went along towards the house mechanically, and only stopped

when his shoulder rubbed against the bricks, near the spot where in the morning he had seen Lizzie come out. The lights moved about from window to window; the house seemed full of movement and life; and within the wall of the garden there was a sound of conversation and laughter. Did he recognize the voices, or any one among them? He did not say so even to himself, but turned round and hurried back, stumbling through the darkness which hid and blinded him. In the village he met a woman with a lantern, who he did not doubt was Lizzie's grandmother, the village authority; no doubt a gossip, quite disposed to search into other people's mysteries, quite unaware of the secret story which had connected itself with her own. She passed him in a little mist of light in the midst of the dark, raising her head instinctively as he passed with a sense of something unfamiliar, but of course not seeing who he was. Presently he found his way again amid the clumps of lilac, which had done blooming, and guided by the sweetness of the hawthorn against which he had spiked himself on his way out. Mrs. Wilberforce was going upstairs with her candle as he came in. She looked at him disapprovingly, and hoped, with something like irony, that he had enjoyed his walk. "Though you must have had to grope along in the dark, which does not seem much of a pleasure to me."

"The air is delightful," said Dick with unnecessary fervor. "I like a stroll in the dark: and the lights in the cottages are pretty to see."

"Dear me, I should have thought everybody was in bed; but late hours are creeping in with other things," said the rector's wife as she went upstairs. The rector himself was standing at the door of his study, with an unlighted pipe in his hand. "Come and have a smoke," he said. For a moment it occurred to Cavendish, though rather as a tempta-

tion than as a relief, to tell the story which seemed to fill his mind like something palpable, leaving room for nothing else, to his simple-minded, rural friend, an older man than himself and a clergyman, and therefore likely to have received other confidences before now. But something sealed his lips. The atmosphere of the house, the narrow life with its thousand little occupations, in which there was an ideal yet prosaic innocence, an incapacity even to understand those elements of which tragedy is formed, made his own story almost to himself inconceivable. How could he tell it, — how reveal anything so alien to every possibility! He might have told the good Wilberforce had he been in debt or in love, or asked his help for any light difficulty in which the parson might have played the part of mediator, whether with an angry father or an irritated creditor. Wilberforce would have made an excellent confidant in such cases, but not in this.

In debt or in love: — in love! Dick Cavendish's character was well known; or so, at least, everybody thought. He was always in love, just as he was always in good spirits, — a fellow full of frolic and fun, only too light-hearted to take life with sufficient seriousness; and life must be taken seriously if you are going to make anything of it. This had been said to him a great many times since he came home. There was no harm known of him, as there generally is of a young man who lets a few years drop in the heyday of life. He liked his fun, the servants said, which was their way of putting it; and his parents considered that he did not take life with sufficient seriousness; the two verdicts were the same: but the people most interested in him had almost unanimously agreed in that theory, of which mention has been already made, about the "nice girl." He was himself aware of the plan, and had got much amusement out of it. Whether it came to

anything or not, it at least promised him a great deal of pleasure. Scores of nice girls had been invited to meet him, and all his relatives and friends had laid themselves out thus to make a reformed character of Dick. He liked them all, he declared; they were delightful company, and he did not mind how many he was presented to; for what can be nicer than a nice girl? and to see how many of them there were in the world was exhilarating to a man fresh out of the backwoods. As he had never once approached the limits of the serious, or had occasion to ask himself what might be the end of any of the pleasant triflings into which his own temperament, seconding the plots of his friends, carried him lightly, all had gone quite well and easily, as Dick loved the things about him to go. But suddenly, just when an unexpected break had taken place in the pleasant surface of affairs, and dark remembrances, never forgotten, had got uppermost in his mind — on this night of all others, when those two words, "in love," floated into his consciousness, there rose up with them a sudden apparition, — the figure, light, yet not shadowy, of Chatty Warrender, holding the bowl of roses with both hands, and with that look of innocent surprise and pleasure in her face. Who can account for such appearances? She walked into his imagination at the mere passage of these words through his head, stepping across the threshold of his fancy with almost as strong a sensation of reality as if she had pushed open his door and come into the room in which he was to all appearance quite tranquilly taking off his boots and changing his coat to join the rector in the study below. He had seen a great many girls more beautiful, more clever, more striking in every way, than Chatty. He had not been aware, even, that he had himself distinguished her; yet there she was, with her look, which was not addressed to him, yet perhaps was more or less on account

of him, — that look of unexpected pleasure. Was it on his account? No; only because in the midst of the dullness some one was asked to dinner. Bah! he said to himself, and tossed the boot he had taken off upon the floor, — in that noisy way which young men have before they learn in marriage how to behave themselves, was the silent comment of Mrs. Wilberforce, who heard him, as she made her preparations for bed, next door.

Dick was not so jolly as usual, in the hour of smoke and converse which ensued. It was the rector's favorite hour, the moment for expansion, for confidences, for assurances on his part, to his young friends, that life in the company of a nice woman, and with your children growing up round you, was in reality a far better thing than your clubs and theatres, although a momentary regret might occasionally cross the mind, and a strong desire for just so many reasonable neighbors as might form a whist-party. Dick was in the habit of making fun of the rector's self-congratulations and regrets, but on this evening he scarcely made a single joke. Three or four times he relapsed into that silence, meditative or otherwise, which is permitted and even enjoyable in the midst of smoke, when two men are confidential without saying anything, and are the best of company without exchanging one idea. But in the midst of one of those pauses, he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair, and said, "I am afraid I must leave you to-morrow," taking away the rector's breath.

"Leave us to-morrow! Why in the name of wonder should you leave us to-morrow?" Mr. Wilberforce cried.

"Well, the truth is," said Dick, "you see I have been away from home a considerable time: and my people are going abroad: and then I've been remiss, you know, in my home duties."

"But you knew all that, my dear fellow, yesterday as well as to-day."

"That's true," said Dick, with a

laugh. "The fact is, that's not all, Wilberforce. I have had letters."

"Letters! Has there been a delivery? Bless my soul," said the rector, "this is something quite new."

"Look here," said Dick. "I've been out, and I passed by the — the post-office, and there I got news — Come, don't look at me in that doubtful way. I have got news, and there is an end of it — which makes me think I had better clear out of this."

"If you want to make a mystery, Cavendish," replied the rector, slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I don't want to make any mystery," cried Dick; then he added, "If I did, it would be, of course, because I could not help it. Sometimes a man is mixed up in a mystery which he can't throw any light upon for — for other people's sake."

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilberforce. He refilled the pipe deliberately, and with a very grave face. Then, with a sudden flash of illumination, "I make no doubt," he cried, "it's something about those tenants of your uncle's. He is urging you to go to the Elms."

"Well, since you have guessed, that is about it," said Cavendish. "I can't carry out my commission, and as I'd rather not explain to him" —

"Why should n't you explain to him? I have quite been calculating that you would explain to him, and get him to take action, and free us of a set of people so much — so entirely," cried the indignant rector, "out of our way!"

"Well, you see," said Dick, "it's not such an easy thing to get people out of a house. I know enough about law to know that; and the old fellow would be in a terrible way if he knew. I don't want to worry him, don't you see; so the best thing I can do is to say I left very soon, and had not the time to call."

"Well, for one thing, I am rather glad to hear you say so," said the rector; "for I thought at first, by the way you

introduced the subject, that your uncle himself, who has always borne such an excellent character, was somehow mixed up" —

Cavendish replied by a peal of laughter so violent as almost to look hysterical. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Poor old uncle," he cried, — "poor old fellow! After a long and blameless life to be suspected, and that by a clergyman!"

"Cavendish," said the rector severely, "you are too bad; you make fun of things the most sacred. It is entirely your fault if I ever associated in my mind for a moment — However," he added, "there is one thing certain: you can't go away till you have dined at the Warren, according to Mrs. Warrender's invitation. In her circumstances one must be doubly particular: and as she made an effort for Theo's sake, and yours as his friend" —

"Oh, she made an effort! I did not think of that."

"If you are in such a hurry, Emily

can find out in the morning whether to-morrow will suit them, and one day longer will not matter, surely. I can't conceive why you should feel such an extreme delicacy about it."

"Oh, that's my way," said Dick lightly. "I am extremely delicate about everything, though you don't seem to have found it out."

"I wish you could be a little serious about something," said the rector, with a sigh. "Things are not all made to get a laugh out of, — though you seem to think so, Dick."

"It is as good a use as another," said Dick. But as he went upstairs shortly after, the candle which he carried in his hand lighted up, in the midst of the darkness of the peaceful, sleeping house, a face which revealed anything rather than an inclination to get laughter out of everything. Nevertheless, he had pledged himself to stay for the dinner at the Warren which was to cost Mrs. Warrender an effort. It might cost him more than an effort, he said to himself.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

HE brought a branch of olive, —
 This stranger guest of mine;
 Could I deny him entrance,
 Who bore the peaceful sign?
 Ah no! I bade him welcome,
 I set him meat and wine;
 But while he drank and feasted,
 How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive
 (The soothest plant that grows),
 And from the carven ceiling
 I hung it with the rose.
 "But why to me this token,
 Who never lacked repose?
 Why this to me," I questioned,
 "Who know nor feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive, —
 This strangest stranger guest.
 A branch from off the thorn-tree
 Had told his errand best;
 For since my house he entered
 There's ne'er a heart at rest.
 To mock me with the olive!
 But Love doth love his jest.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

IV.

THE YOUNG SOLITARY.

WHAT is a country village without its mysterious personage? Few are now living who can remember the advent of the handsome young man who was the mystery of our great university town "sixty years since," — long enough ago for a romance to grow out of a narrative, as *Waverley* may remind us. The holder of the *New Portfolio* remembers him well, and is not sure that he has not told the strange story in some form or other to the last generation, or to the one before the last. No matter: if he has told it they have forgotten it, — that is, if they have ever read it; and whether they have or have not, the story is singular enough to justify running the risk of repetition.

This young man, with a curious name of Scandinavian origin, appeared unheralded in the town, as it was then, of *Cantabridge*. He wanted employment, and soon found it in the shape of manual labor, which he undertook and performed cheerfully. But his whole appearance showed plainly enough that he was bred to occupations of a very different nature, if, indeed, he had been accustomed to any kind of toil for his living. His aspect was that of one of gentle birth. His hands were not those

of a laborer, and his features were delicate and refined, as well as of remarkable beauty. Who he was, where he came from, why he had come to *Cantabridge*, was never clearly explained. He was alone, without friends, without acquaintances, except those he made in his new residence. If he had any correspondents, they were not known to the neighborhood where he was living. But if he had neither friends, outside acquaintances, nor correspondents, there was some reason for believing that he had enemies. Strange circumstances occurred which connected themselves with him in an ominous and unaccountable way. A threatening letter was slipped under the door of a house where he was visiting. He had a sudden attack of illness, which was thought to look very much like the effect of poison. At one time he disappeared, and was found wandering, bewildered, in a town many miles from that where he was residing. When questioned how he came there, he told a coherent story that he had been got, under some pretext, or in some not incredible way, into a boat, from which, at a certain landing-place, he had escaped and fled for his life, which he believed was in danger from his kidnappers.

Whoever his enemies may have been, — if they really existed, — he did not fall a victim to their plots, so far as

known to or remembered by this witness.

Various interpretations were put upon his story. Conjectures were as abundant as they were in the case of Kaspar Hauser. That he was of good family seemed probable; that he was of distinguished birth, not impossible; that he was the dangerous rival of a candidate for a greatly coveted position in one of the northern states of Europe was a favorite speculation of some of the more romantic young persons. There was no dramatic ending to this story, — at least none is remembered by the present writer.

"He left a name," like the royal Swede, of whose lineage he may have been for aught that the village people knew, but not a name at which anybody "grew pale;" for he had swindled no one, and broken no woman's heart with false vows. Possibly some withered cheeks may flush faintly as they recall the handsome young man who came before the Cantabridge maidens fully equipped for a hero of romance when the century was in its first quarter.

The holder of the Portfolio has been reminded of the handsome Swede by the incidents attending the advent of the unknown and interesting stranger who had made his appearance at Arrowhead Village.

It was a very insufficient and unsatisfactory reason to assign for the young man's solitary habits that he was the subject of an antipathy. For what do we understand by that word? When a young lady screams at the sight of a spider, we accept her explanation that she has a natural antipathy to the creature. When a person expresses a repugnance to some wholesome article of food, agreeable to most people, we are satisfied if he gives the same reason. And so of various odors, which are pleasing to some persons and repulsive

to others. We do not pretend to go behind the fact. It is an individual, and it may be a family, peculiarity. Even between different personalities there is an instinctive elective dislike as well as an elective affinity. We are not bound to give a reason why Dr. Fell is odious to us any more than the prisoner who peremptorily challenges a jurymen is bound to say why he does it; it is enough that he "does not like his looks."

There was nothing strange, then, that Maurice Kirkwood should have his special antipathy; a great many other people have odd likes and dislikes. But it was a very curious thing that this antipathy should be alleged as the reason for his singular mode of life. All sorts of explanations were suggested, not one of them in the least satisfactory, but serving to keep the curiosity of inquirers active until they were superseded by a new theory. One story was that Maurice had a great fear of dogs. It grew at last to a connected narrative, in which a fright in childhood from a rabid mongrel was said to have given him such a sensitiveness to the near presence of dogs that he was liable to convulsions if one came close to him.

This hypothesis had some plausibility. No other creature would be so likely to trouble a person who was subject to this antipathy. Dogs are very apt to make the acquaintance of strangers, in a free and easy way. They are met with everywhere, — in one's daily walk, at the thresholds of the doors one enters, in the gentleman's library, on the rug of my lady's sitting-room and on the cushion of her carriage. It is true that there are few persons who have an instinctive repugnance to this "friend of man." But what if this so-called antipathy were only a fear, a terror, which borrowed the less unmanly name? It was a fair question, if, indeed, the curiosity of the public had a right to ask any questions at all about the harmless individual who

gave no offense, and seemed entitled to the right of choosing his way of living to suit himself, without being submitted to espionage.

There was no positive evidence bearing on the point as yet. But one of the village people had a large Newfoundland dog, of a very sociable disposition, with which he determined to test the question. He watched for the time when Maurice should leave his house for the woods or the lake, and started with his dog to meet him. The animal walked up to the stranger in a very sociable fashion, and began making his acquaintance, after the usual manner of well-bred dogs; that is, with the courtesies and blandishments by which the canine Chesterfield is distinguished from the ill-conditioned cur. Maurice patted him in a friendly way, and spoke to him as one who was used to the fellowship of such companions. That idle question and foolish story were disposed of, therefore, and some other solution must be found, if possible.

A much more common antipathy is that which is entertained with regard to cats. This has never been explained. It is not mere aversion to the look of the creature, or to any sensible quality known to the common observer. The cat is pleasing in aspect, graceful in movement, nice in personal habits, and of amiable disposition. No cause of offense is obvious, and yet there are many persons who cannot abide the presence of the most innocent little kitten. They can tell, in some mysterious way, that there is a cat in the room when they can neither see nor hear the creature. Whether it is an electrical or quasi-magnetic phenomenon, or whatever it may be, of the fact of this strange influence there are too many well-authenticated instances to allow its being questioned. But suppose Maurice Kirkwood to be the subject of this antipathy in its extremest degree, it would in no manner account for the isolation to which

he had condemned himself. He might shun the firesides of the old women whose tabbies were purring by their footstools, but these worthy dames do not make up the whole population.

These two antipathies having been disposed of, a new suggestion was started, and was talked over with a curious sort of half belief, very much as ghost stories are told in a circle of moderately instructed and inquiring persons. This was that Maurice was endowed with the unenviable gift of the evil eye. He was in frequent communication with Italy, as his letters showed, and had recently been residing in that country, as was learned from Paolo. Now everybody knows that the evil eye is not rarely met with in Italy. Everybody who has ever read Mr. Story's *Roba di Roma* knows what a terrible power it is which the owner of the evil eye exercises. It can blight and destroy whatever it falls upon. No person's life or limb is safe if the *jettatura*, the withering glance of the deadly organ, falls upon him. It must be observed that this malign effect may follow a look from the holiest personages, — that is, if we may assume that a monk is such as a matter of course. Certainly we have a right to take it for granted that the late Pope, Pius Ninth, was an eminently holy man, and yet he had the name of dispensing the mystic and dreaded *jettatura* as well as his blessing. If Maurice Kirkwood carried that destructive influence, so that his clear blue eyes were more to be feared than the fascinations of the deadliest serpent, it could easily be understood why he kept his look away from all around him whom he feared he might harm.

No sensible person in Arrowhead Village really believed in the evil eye, but it served the purpose of a temporary hypothesis, as do many suppositions which we take as a nucleus for our observations without putting any real confidence in them. It was just suited to

the romantic notions of the more flighty persons in the village, who had meddled more or less with Spiritualism, and were ready for any new fancy, if it were only wild enough.

The riddle of the young stranger's peculiarity did not seem likely to find any very speedy solution. Every new suggestion furnished talk for the gossips of the village and the babble of the many tongues in the two educational institutions. Naturally, the discussion was liveliest among the young ladies. Here is an extract from a letter of one of these young ladies, who, having received at her birth the ever-pleasing name of Mary, saw fit to have herself called Mollie in the catalogue and in her letters. The old postmaster of the town to which her letter was directed took it up to stamp, and read on the envelope the direction to "Miss Lulu Pinrow." He brought the stamp down with a vicious emphasis, coming very near blotting out the nursery name, instead of cancelling the postage-stamp. "Lulu!" he exclaimed. "I should like to know if that great strapping girl is n't out of her cradle yet! I suppose Miss Louisa will think that belongs to her, but I saw her christened and I heard the name the minister gave her, and it was n't 'Lulu,' or any such baby nonsense." And so saying, he gave it a fling to the box marked P, as if it burned his fingers. Why a grown-up young woman allowed herself to be cheapened in the way so many of them do by the use of names which become them as well as the frock of a ten-year-old schoolgirl would become a graduate of the Corinna Institute, the old postmaster could not guess. He was a queer old man.

The letter thus scornfully treated runs over with a young girl's written loquacity:—

"Oh, Lulu, there is *such* a sensation as you never saw or heard of 'in all your born days,' as mamma used to say. He has been at the village for some time,

but lately we have had—oh, the *weirdest stories* about him! 'The Mysterious Stranger' is the name some give him, but we girls call him the *Sachem*, because he paddles about in an Indian canoe. If I should tell you *all* the things that are said about him I should use up all my paper *ten times over*. He has never made a visit to the Institute, and none of the girls have ever spoken to him, but the people at the village say he is *very, very* handsome. We are *dying* to get a look at him, of course—though there is a horrid story about him—that he has *the evil eye*—did you ever hear about *the evil eye*? If a person who is born with it *looks* at you, you die, or something happens—*awful*—is n't it?

"The rector says he *never goes to church*, but then you know a good many of the people that pass the summer at the village never do—they think their *religion must have vacations*—that's what I've heard they say—vacations, just like other *hard work*—it ought not to be hard work, I'm sure, but I suppose they feel so about it. Should you feel afraid to have him look at you? Some of the girls say they would n't have him *for the whole world*, but I should n't mind it—especially if I had on my eye-glasses. Do you suppose if there is anything in the evil eye it would go through glass? I don't believe it. Do you think *blue* eye-glasses would be better than common ones? Don't *laugh* at me—they tell such weird stories! *The Terror*—Lurida Vincent, you know—makes fun of all they say about it, but then she 'knows everything and does n't believe anything,' the girls say—Well, I should be *awfully scared*, I know, if anybody that had the evil eye should look at me—but—oh, I don't know—but if it was a young man—and if he was very—*very* good-looking—I think—perhaps I would run the risk—but don't tell anybody I said any such *horrid* thing—and *burn this letter right up*—there's a dear good girl."

It is to be hoped that no reader will doubt the genuineness of this letter. There are not quite so many "awfuls" and "awfullys" as one expects to find in young ladies' letters, but there are two "weirds," which may be considered a fair allowance. How it happened that "jolly" did not show itself can hardly be accounted for; no doubt it turns up two or three times at least in the postscript.

Here is an extract from another letter. This was from one of the students of Stoughton University to a friend whose name as it was written on the envelope was Mr. Frank Mayfield. The old postmaster who found fault with Miss "Lulu's" designation would probably have quarrelled with this address, if it had come under his eye. "Frank" is a very pretty, pleasant-sounding name, and it is not strange that many persons use it in common conversation all their days when speaking of a friend. Were they really christened by that name, any of these numerous Franks? Perhaps they were, and if so there is nothing to be said. But if not, was the baptismal name Francis or Franklin? The mind is apt to fasten in a very perverse and unpleasant way upon this question, which too often there is no possible way of settling. One might hope, if he outlived the bearer of the appellation, to get at the fact; but since even grave-stones have learned to use the names belonging to childhood and infancy in their solemn record, the generation which docks its Christian names in such an un-Christian way will bequeath whole churchyards full of riddles to posterity. How it will puzzle and distress the historians and antiquarians of a coming generation to settle what was the real name of Dan and Bert and "Billy," which last is legible on a white marble slab, raised in memory of a grown person, in a certain burial-ground in a town in Essex County!

But in the mean time we are forget-

ting the letter directed to Mr. Frank Mayfield.

"DEAR FRANK, — Hooray! Hurrah! Rah!

"I have made the acquaintance of 'The Mysterious Stranger!' It happened by a queer sort of accident, which came pretty near relieving you of the duty of replying to this letter. I was out in my little boat, which carries a sail too big for her, as I know and ought to have remembered. One of those fitful flaws of wind to which the lake is so liable struck the sail suddenly, and over went my boat. My feet got tangled in the sheet somehow, and I could not get free. I had hard work to keep my head above water, and I struggled desperately to escape from my toils; for if the boat were to go down I should be dragged down with her. I thought of a good many things in the course of some four or five minutes, I can tell you, and I got a lesson about time better than anything Kant and all the rest of them have to say of it. After I had been there about an ordinary lifetime, I saw a white canoe making toward me, and I knew that our shy young gentleman was coming to help me, and that we should become acquainted without an introduction. So it was, sure enough. He saw what the trouble was, managed to disentangle my feet without drowning me in the process or upsetting his little flimsy craft, and, as I was somewhat tired with my struggle, took me in tow and carried me to the landing where he kept his canoe. I can't say that there is anything odd about his manners or his way of talk. I judge him to be a native of one of our Northern States, — perhaps a New Englander. He has lived abroad during some parts of his life. He is not an artist, as it was at one time thought he might be. He is a good-looking fellow, well developed, manly in appearance, with nothing to excite special remark unless it be a certain look of anxiety or apprehension which comes over

him from time to time. You remember our old friend Squire B., whose companion was killed by lightning when he was standing close to him. You know the look he had whenever anything like a thundercloud came up in the sky. Well, I should say there was a look like that came over this Maurice Kirkwood's face every now and then. I noticed that he looked round once or twice as if to see whether some object or other was in sight. There was a little rustling in the grass as if of footsteps, and this look came over his features. A rabbit ran by us, and I watched to see if he showed any sign of that antipathy we have heard so much of, but he seemed to be pleased watching the creature.

"If you ask me what my opinion is about this Maurice Kirkwood, I think he is eccentric in his habit of life, but not what they call a 'crank' exactly. He talked well enough about such matters as we spoke of, — the lake, the scenery in general, the climate. I asked him to come over and take a look at the college. He did n't promise, but I should not be surprised if I should get him over there some day. I asked him why he did n't go to the Pansophian meetings. He did n't give any reason, but he shook his head in a very peculiar way, as much as to say that it was impossible.

"On the whole, I think it is nothing more than the same feeling of dread of human society, or dislike for it, which under the name of religion used to drive men into caves and deserts. What a pity that Protestantism does not make special provision for all the freaks of individual character! If we had a little more faith and a few more caverns, or convenient places for making them, we should have hermits in these holes as thick as woodchucks or prairie dogs. I should like to know if you never had the feeling,

'Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place!' I know what your answer will be, of course. You will say, 'Certainly,

"With one fair spirit for my minister;"' but I mean alone, — all alone. Don't you ever feel as if you should like to have been a pillar-saint in the days when faith was as strong as lye (spelt with a y), instead of being as weak as dish-water? (Jerry is looking over my shoulder, and says this pun is too bad to send, and a disgrace to the University — but never mind.) I often feel as if I should like to roost on a pillar a hundred feet high, — yes, and have it soaped from top to bottom. Would n't it be fun to look down at the bores and the duns? Let us get up a pillar-roosters' association. (Jerry — still looking over — says there is an absurd contradiction in the idea.)

"What a matter-of-fact idiot Jerry is!

"How do you like looking over, Mr. Inspector-general?"

The reader will not get much information out of this lively young fellow's letter, but he may get a little. It is something to know that the mysterious resident of Arrowhead Village did not look nor talk like a crazy person; that he was of agreeable aspect and address, helpful when occasion offered, and had nothing about him, so far as yet appeared, to prevent his being an acceptable member of society.

Of course the people in the village could never be contented without learning everything there was to be learned about their visitor. All the city papers were examined for advertisements. If a cashier had absconded, if a broker had disappeared, if a railroad president was missing, some of the old stories would wake up and get a fresh currency, until some new circumstance gave rise to a new hypothesis. Unconscious of all these inquiries and fictions, Maurice Kirkwood lived on in his inoffensive and unexplained solitude, and seemed likely to remain an unsolved enigma. The "Sachem" of the boating girls be-

came the "Sphinx" of the village rambles, and it was agreed on all hands that Egypt did not hold any hieroglyphics harder to make out than the meaning of this young man's odd way of living.

V.

THE ENIGMA STUDIED.

It was a curious, if it was not a suspicious, circumstance that a young man, seemingly in good health, of comely aspect, looking as if made for companionship, should keep himself apart from all the world around him in a place where there was a general feeling of good neighborhood and a pleasant social atmosphere. The Public Library was a central point which brought people together. The Pansophian Society did a great deal to make them acquainted with each other, for many of the meetings were open to outside visitors, and the subjects discussed in the meetings furnished the material for conversation in their intervals. A card of invitation had been sent by the Secretary to Maurice, in answer to which Paolo carried back a polite note of regret. The paper had a narrow rim of black, implying apparently some loss of relative or friend, but not any very recent and crushing bereavement. This refusal to come to the meetings of the society was only what was expected. It was proper to ask him, but his declining the invitation showed that he did not wish for attentions or courtesies. There was nothing further to be done to bring him out of his shell, and seemingly nothing more to be learned about him at present.

In this state of things it was natural that all which had been previously gathered by the few who had seen or known anything of him should be worked over again. When there is no new ore to be dug, the old refuse heaps are looked over for what may still be found in them.

The landlord of the Anchor Tavern, now the nominal head of the boarding-house, talked about Maurice, as everybody in the village did at one time or another. He had not much to say, but he added a fact or two.

The young gentleman was good pay, — so they all said. Sometimes he paid in gold; sometimes in fresh bills, just out of the bank. He trusted his man, Mr. Paul, with the money to pay his bills. He knew something about horses; he showed that by the way he handled that colt, — the one that threw the hostler and broke his collar-bone. "Paul come down to the stable. 'Let me see that colt you all 'fraid of,' says he. 'My master, he ride any hoss,' says Paul. 'You saddle him,' says he; and so they did, and Paul, he led that colt — the kickinest and ugliest young beast you ever see in your life — up to the place where his master, as he calls him, and he lives. What does that Mr. Kirkwood do but clap on a couple of long spurs and jump on to that colt's back, and off the beast goes, tail up, heels flying, standing up on end, trying all sorts of capers, and at last going it full run for a couple of miles, till he'd got about enough of it. That colt went off as ferce as a wild-cat, and come back as quiet as a cosset lamb. A man that pays his bills reg'lar, in good money, and knows how to handle a hoss is three quarters of a gentleman, if he is n't a whole one, — and most likely he *is* a whole one."

So spake the patriarch of the Anchor Tavern. His wife had already given her favorable opinion of her former guest. She now added something to her description as a sequel to her husband's remarks.

"I call him," she said, "about as likely a young gentleman as ever I clapped my eyes on. He is rather slighter than I like to see a young man of his age; if he was my son, I should like to see him a little more fleshy. I don't be-

lieve he weighs more than a hundred and thirty or forty pounds. Did y' ever look at those eyes of his, M'randy? Just as blue as succory flowers. I do like those light-complected young fellows, with their fresh cheeks and their curly hair; somehow, curly hair doos set off anybody's face. He is n't any foreigner, for all that he talks Italian with that Mr. Paul that's his help. He looks just like our kind of folks, — the college kind, that's brought up among books, and is handling 'em, and reading of 'em, and making of 'em, as like as not, all their lives. All that you say about his riding the mad colt is just what I should think he was up to, for he's as spry as a squirrel; you ought to see him go over that fence, as I did once. I don't believe there's any harm in that young gentleman, — I don't care what people say. I suppose he likes this place just as other people like it, and cares more for walking in the woods and paddling about in the water than he doos for company; and if he doos, whose business is it, I should like to know?"

The third of the speakers was Miranda, who had her own way of judging people.

"I never see him but two or three times," Miranda said. "I should like to have waited on him, and got a chance to look stiddy at him when he was eatin' his vittles. That's the time to watch folks, when their jaws get a-goin' and their eyes are on what's afore 'em. Do you remember that chap the sheriff come and took away when we kep' tavern? Eleven year ago it was, come nex' Thanksgiving time. A mighty grand gentleman from the city he set up for. I watched him, and I watched him. Says I, I don't believe you're no gentleman, says I. He eat with his knife, and that ain't the way city folks eats. Every time I handed him anything I looked closer and closer. Them whiskers never growed on them cheeks, says I to myself. Them's pa-

per collars, says I. That dimun in your shirt-front hain't got no life to it, says I. I don't believe it's nothin' more 'n a bit o' winderglass. So says I to Pushee, 'You jes' step out and get the sheriff to come in and take a look at that chap.' I knowed he was after a fellah. He come right in, an' he goes up to the chap. 'Why, Bill,' says he, 'I'm mighty glad to see yer. We've had the hole in the wall you got out of mended, and I want your company to come and look at the old place,' says he, and he pulls out a couple of handcuffs and has 'em on his wrists in less than no time, an' off they goes together! I know one thing about that young gentleman, anyhow, — there ain't no better judge of what's good eatin' than he is. I cooked him some macaroni myself one day, and he sends word to me by that Mr. Paul, 'Tell Miss Miranda,' says he, 'that the Pope o' Rome don't have no better cooked macaroni than what she sent up to me yesterday,' says he. I don't know much about the Pope o' Rome except that he's a Roman Catholic, and I don't know who cooks for him, whether it's a man or a woman; but when it comes to a dish o' macaroni, I ain't afeard of their *shefs*, as they call 'em, — them he-cooks that can't serve up a cold potater without callin' it by some name nobody can say after 'em. But this gentleman knowed good cookin', and that's as good a sign of a gentleman as I want to know 'em by."

VI.

STILL AT FAULT.

The house in which Maurice Kirkwood had taken up his abode was not a very inviting one. It was old, and had been left in a somewhat dilapidated and disorderly condition by the tenants who had lived in the part which Maurice now occupied. They had piled their packing-boxes in the cellar, with broken

chairs, broken china, and other household wrecks. A cracked mirror lay on an old straw mattress, the contents of which were airing themselves through wide rips and rents. A lame clothes-horse was saddled with an old rug fringed with a ragged border, out of which all the colors had been completely trodden. No woman would have gone into a house in such a condition. But the young man did not trouble himself much about such matters, and was satisfied when the rooms which were to be occupied by himself and his servant were made decent and tolerably comfortable. During the fine season all this was not of much consequence, and if Maurice made up his mind to stay through the winter he would have his choice among many more eligible places.

The summer vacation of the Corinna Institute had now arrived, and the young ladies had scattered to their homes. Among the graduates of the year were Miss Euthymia Tower and Miss Lurida Vincent, who had now returned to their homes in Arrowhead Village. They were both glad to rest after the long final examinations and the exercises of the closing day, in which each of them had borne a conspicuous part. It was a pleasant life they led in the village, which was lively enough at this season. Walking, riding, driving, boating, visits to the Library, meetings of the Pan-sophian Society, hops, and picnics made the time pass very cheerfully, and soon showed their restoring influences. The Terror's large eyes did not wear the dull, glazed look by which they had too often betrayed the after effects of over-excitement of the strong and active brain behind them. The Wonder gained a fresher bloom, and looked full enough of life to radiate vitality into a statue of ice. They had a boat of their own, in which they passed many delightful hours on the lake, rowing, drifting, reading, telling of what had been, dreaming of what might be.

The Library was one of the chief centres of the fixed population, and visited often by strangers. The old Librarian was a peculiar character, as these officials are apt to be. They have a curious kind of knowledge, sometimes immense in its way. They know the backs of books, their title-pages, their popularity or want of it, the class of readers who call for particular works, the value of different editions, and a good deal besides. Their minds catch up hints from all manner of works on all kinds of subjects. They will give a visitor a fact and a reference which they are surprised to find they remember and which the visitor might have hunted for a year. Every good librarian, every private book-owner, who has grown into his library, finds he has a bunch of nerves going to every bookcase, a branch to every shelf, and a twig to every book. These nerves get very sensitive in old librarians, sometimes, and they do not like to have a volume meddled with any more than they would to have their naked eyes handled. They come to feel at last that the books of a great collection are a part, not merely of their own property, though they are only the agents for their distribution, but that they are, as it were, outlying portions of their own organization. The old Librarian was getting a miserly feeling about his books, as he called them. Fortunately, he had a young lady for his assistant, who was never so happy as when she could find the work any visitor wanted and put it in his hands, — or her hands, for there were more readers among the wives and daughters, and especially among the aunts, than there were among their male relatives. The old Librarian knew the books, but the books seemed to know the young assistant; so it looked, at least, to the impatient young people who wanted their services.

Maurice had a good many volumes of his own, — a great many, according to

Paolo's account; but Paolo's ideas were limited, and a few well-filled shelves seemed a very large collection to him. His master frequently sent him to the public library for books, which somewhat enlarged his notions; still, the Signor was a very learned man, he was certain, and some of his white books (bound in vellum and richly gilt) were more splendid, according to Paolo, than anything in the Library.

There was no little curiosity to know what were the books that Maurice was in the habit of taking out, and the Librarian's record was carefully searched by some of the more inquisitive investigators. The list proved to be a long and varied one. It would imply a considerable knowledge of modern languages and of the classics; a liking for mathematics and physics, especially all that related to electricity and magnetism; a fancy for the occult sciences, if there is any propriety in coupling these words; and a whim for odd and obsolete literature, like the *Parthenologia* of Fortunius Licetus, the quaint treatise *De Sternutatione*, books about alchemy, and witchcraft, apparitions, and modern works relating to Spiritualism. With these were the titles of novels and now and then of books of poems; but it may be taken for granted that his own shelves held the works he was most frequently in the habit of reading or consulting. Not much was to be made out of this beyond the fact of wide scholarship, — more or less deep it might be, but at any rate implying no small mental activity; for he appeared to read very rapidly, at any rate exchanged the books he had taken out for new ones very frequently. To judge by his reading, he was a man of letters. But so wide-reading a man of letters must have an object, a literary purpose in all probability. Why should not he be writing a novel? Not a novel of society, assuredly, for a hermit is not the person to report the talk and manners of a

world which he has nothing to do with. Novelists and lawyers understand the art of "cramming" better than any other persons in the world. Why should not this young man be working up the picturesque in this romantic region to serve as a background for some story with magic, perhaps, and mysticism, and hints borrowed from science, and all sorts of out-of-the-way knowledge which his odd and miscellaneous selection of books furnished him? That might be, or possibly he was only reading for amusement. Who could say?

The funds of the Public Library of Arrowhead Village allowed the managers to purchase many books out of the common range of reading. The two learned people of the village were the rector and the doctor. These two worthies kept up the old controversy between the professions, which grows out of the fact that one studies nature from below upwards, and the other from above downwards. The rector maintained that physicians contracted a squint which turns their eyes inwardly, while the muscles which roll their eyes upward become palsied. The doctor retorted that theological students developed a third eyelid, — the *nictitating membrane*, which is so well known in birds, and which serves to shut out, not all light, but all the light they do not want. Their little skirmishes did not prevent their being very good friends, who had a common interest in many things and many persons. Both were on the committee which had the care of the library and attended to the purchase of books. Each was scholar enough to know the wants of scholars, and disposed to trust the judgment of the other as to what books should be purchased. Consequently, the clergyman secured the addition to the library of a good many old theological works which the physician would have called brimstone divinity, and held to be just the thing to kindle fires with, — good books still for those

who know how to use them, oftentimes as awful examples of the extreme of disorganization the whole moral system may undergo when a barbarous belief has strangled the natural human instincts. The physician, in the mean time, acquired for the collection some of those medical works where one may find recorded various rare and almost incredible cases, which may not have their like for a whole century, and then repeat themselves, so as to give a new lease of credibility to a story which had come to be looked upon as a fable.

Both the clergyman and the physician took a very natural interest in the young man who had come to reside in their neighborhood for the present, perhaps for a long period. The rector would have been glad to see him at church. He would have liked more especially to have had him hear his sermon on the Duties of Young Men to Society. The doctor, meanwhile, was meditating on the duties of society to young men, and wishing that he could gain the young man's confidence, so as to help him out of any false habit of mind or any delusion to which he might be subject, if he had the power of being useful to him.

Dr. Butts was the leading medical practitioner, not only of Arrowhead Village, but of all the surrounding region. He was an excellent specimen of the country doctor, self-reliant, self-sacrificing, working a great deal harder for his living than most of those who call themselves the laboring classes,—as if none but those whose hands were hardened by the use of farming or mechanical implements had any work to do. He had that sagacity without which learning is a mere incumbrance, and he had also a fair share of that learning without which sagacity is like a traveller with a good horse, but who cannot read the directions on the guide-boards. He was not a man to be taken in by names. He well knew that oftentimes very in-

nocent-sounding words mean very grave disorders; that all degrees of disease and disorder are frequently confounded under the same term; that "run down" may stand for a fatigue of mind or body from which a week or a month of rest will completely restore the overworked patient, or an advanced stage of a mortal illness; that "seedy" may signify the morning's state of feeling, after an evening's over-indulgence, which calls for a glass of soda-water and a cup of coffee, or a dangerous malady which will pack off the subject of it, at the shortest notice, to the south of France. He knew too well that what is spoken lightly of as a "nervous disturbance" may imply that the whole machinery of life is in a deranged condition, and that every individual organ would groan aloud if it had any other language than the terrible inarticulate one of pain by which to communicate with the consciousness.

When, therefore, Dr. Butts heard the word *antipatia* he did not smile, and say to himself that this was an idle whim, a foolish fancy, which the young man had got into his head. Neither was he satisfied to set down everything to the account of insanity, plausible as that supposition might seem. He was prepared to believe in some exceptional, perhaps anomalous, form of exaggerated sensibility, relating to what class of objects he could not at present conjecture, but which was as vital to the subject of it as the insulating arrangement to a piece of electrical machinery. With this feeling he began to look into the history of antipathies as recorded in all the books and journals on which he could lay his hands.

The holder of the Portfolio closes it for the present month. He wishes to say a few words to his readers, before offering them some verses which have

no connection with the narrative now in progress.

If one could have before him a set of photographs taken annually, representing the same person as he or she appeared for thirty or forty or fifty years, it would be interesting to watch the gradual changes of aspect from the age of twenty, or even of thirty or forty, to that of threescore and ten. The face might be an uninteresting one; still, as sharing the inevitable changes wrought by time, it would be worth looking at as it passed through the curve of life,—the vital parabola, which betrays itself in the symbolic changes of the features. An inscription is the same thing, whether we read it on slate-stone, or granite, or marble. To watch the lights and shades, the reliefs and hollows, through a lifetime, or a large part of it, by the aid of a continuous series of photographs would not only be curious; it would teach us much more about the laws of physiognomy than we could get from casual and unconnected observations.

The same kind of interest, without any assumption of merit to be found in them, I would claim for a series of annual poems, beginning in middle life and continued to what many of my correspondents are pleased to remind me—as if I required to have the fact brought to my knowledge—is no longer youth. Here is the latest of a series of annual poems read during the last thirty-four years. There seems to have been one interruption, but there may have been other poems not recorded or remembered. This, the latest poem of the series, was listened to by the scanty remnant of what was a large and brilliant circle of classmates and friends when the first of the long series was read before them, then in the flush of ardent manhood:—

THE OLD SONG.

The minstrel of the classic lay
Of love and wine who sings
Still found the fingers run astray
That touched the rebel strings.

Of Cadmus he would fain have sung,
Of Atreus and his line;
But all the jocund echoes rung
With songs of love and wine.

Ah, brothers! I would fain have caught
Some fresher fancy's gleam;
My truant accents find, unsought,
The old familiar theme.

Love, Love! but not the sportive child
With shaft and twanging bow,
Whose random arrows drove us wild
Some threescore years ago;

Not Eros, with his joyous laugh,
The urchin blind and bare,
But Love, with spectacles and staff,
And scanty, silvered hair.

Our heads with frosted locks are white,
Our roofs are thatched with snow,
But red, in chilling winter's spite,
Our hearts and hearthstones glow.

Our old acquaintance, Time, drops in,
And while the running sands
Their golden thread unheeded spin,
He warms his frozen hands.

Stay, winged hours, too swift, too sweet,
And waft this message o'er
To all we miss, from all we meet
On life's fast-crumbling shore:

Say that to old affection true
We hug the narrowing chain
That binds our hearts,—alas, how few
The links that yet remain!

The fatal touch awaits them all
That turns the rocks to dust;
From year to year they break and fall,—
They break, but never rust.

Say if one note of happier strain
This worn-out harp afford,—
One throb that trembles, not in vain,—
Their memory lent its chord.

Say that when Fancy closed her wings
And Passion quenched his fire,
Love, Love, still echoed from the strings
As from Anacreon's lyre!

January 8, 1885.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EASTER LILIES.

THOUGH long in wintry sleep ye lay,
 The powers of darkness could not stay
 Your coming at the call of day,
 Proclaiming spring.

Nay; like the faithful virgins wise,
 With lamps replenished ye arise
 Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes
 Of Christ, the king.

John B. Tabb.

FATE DOMINANT.

It may be remembered by those who have read my experiences in endeavoring to assist my fate¹ that on the 14th of September of a certain year, a day on which I had come firmly to believe that she who was to be my wife should enter into my life, a girl baby had been born, whom I had accepted as my destined matrimonial partner. In my attempt to give personal aid to what I had supposed to be my destiny, I had failed. Miss Kitty Watridge, the young lady whom I had hoped to receive as the gift of Fate, had been relegated to her lover, Harvey Glade; and the babe, of whom I have spoken, had come to me. The fact that on the day indicated in my diary this young creature not only came into my life, but into her own, greatly satisfied and encouraged me. I would begin at the beginning. Within the sphere of my immediate cognizance would grow and develop the infant, the child, the girl, the woman, and, finally, the wife. What influence might I not have upon this development? The parents were my friends; the child was my selected bride. The possibilities of advantageous guidance, unseen perhaps,

but potent to a degree unattainable by a mere parent or guardian, were, to my thinking, boundless.

I was now more content than I had been in the case of the young lady whom I had supposed had been given me by Fate, but who, it now appeared very fortunately, had been snatched away before my irrevocable mistake had been made. I was very grateful for this: I was grateful to Fate; I was grateful to Mr. Glade, the successful lover; I was even grateful to Kitty for not having allowed herself to be influenced by anything she may have seen in me during our short acquaintance. Of the past of Kitty I knew little, as was well demonstrated by the appearance of Harvey Glade. My present *fiancée* had no past. With her and with me it was all future, which would gently crystallize, minute by minute and day by day, into a present which would be mutually our own.

Of course I said nothing of all this to any one. The knowledge of our destiny was locked up in the desk which held my diary and in my own heart. When the proper time came, she, first, should know. I am an honorable man, and as such felt fully qualified to be the custo-

¹ Atlantic Monthly, January, 1885.

dian of what was, in fact, her secret as well as mine.

I took an early opportunity to become acquainted with the one who was to be the future partner of my life. It was towards the end of October, I think, that I paid a visit to Dr. Tom Wiltby and his wife Jane, my predestined parents-in-law. Had they known the position they occupied towards me, they would have been a very much surprised couple. The interest I exhibited in their first-born did, as I thought, surprise them a little, but it only increased the warmth of the welcome they gave me, and drew me closer to their hearts. The emotions which possessed me when, in the preceding summer, I had stood awaiting the moment when Kitty Watridge should enter the room and first present herself to my sight were nothing to those which quickened the action of my heart as a nurse brought into the Wiltby parlor a carefully disposed bundle of drapery, in the midst of which reposed my future wife.

I approached, and looked at her. Her face was displayed to view, but her form was undistinguishable. For an instant our eyes met; but, so far as I could judge, no spark of reciprocal sympathy seemed to shine from hers. In fact, they rolled about in an irrelevant manner which betokened a preoccupation so intense that even the advent of a husband could have no effect upon it. But whatever the child had on its mind—or stomach—gave a volcanic mobility to its countenance, which caused me much to wonder. The eyes then closed, and appeared to be writhing and swelling beneath their lids; the mouth was alternately convoluted and unrolled towards nose, cheeks, and chin; while the rest of the face, which had been of an Indian reddish hue, now darkened, and from the puffy jaws to the top of the bald head seemed moved by a spasm, but whether of premonition or despair I could not tell.

I withdrew my gaze. It might be well that I should wait for a time before allowing my eyes to feed upon this countenance.

I went away a little disappointed. The chaoticness of initiatory existence had never before been so forcibly impressed on my mind.

During the following winter and spring I built up an ideal, or rather a series of ideals. They were little children, they were girls, they were women. At about nineteen years of age the individual existence of each ended, and became merged into the oneness of my matrimonial life. Sometimes my ideal was a blonde, sometimes a brunette. From the cursory glance I had had of the one to whom all these fancies referred, I could not judge whether she would be dark or fair. She had no hair, and all that I could remember of her eyes was that they had no soul light. Her father was dark, her mother fair: she might be either.

Of all the legendary heroines of love, none ever so impressed me as that Francesca whose strong love not only braved every prejudice and barrier of earth, but, according to eye-witnesses of the fact, floated with her indefinitely through hell. In verse and picture, and upon the stage, I knew Francesca well,—better, perhaps, than any other woman. But to such an one I would not be merely a Paolo, but the elder brother also. I would have no proxy, no secret love, no unfaithfulness. There should be all the impetuosity, all the spirit of self-immolation, without any necessity for it. She who was to be mine had become in my thoughts a Francesca, and she grew before my mind to ripened loveliness. Her eyes sparkled with rapture when, as through the gates of old Ravenna, the fair Ghibelline first saw the brave rider that she thought to wed, so this one would see through the gates of womanly consciousness, not a mere envoy, but both Malatesta brothers

in one,—lover and husband,—me. With such an imaginary one I read legends of old loves; with such an one I sat in shaded bowers, her young face upturned to mine, and the red light from the wings touching with color the passionate picture. But no jester watched with sneering gibes, no husband fought afar on battle-field; Paolo and Lanciotto in one looked into the uplifted eyes.

It was in the early summer that my two sisters and myself were invited to the Wiltby mansion for a visit, which our kindly hosts hoped would be somewhat protracted. Among other things that were to be done, the baby was to be baptized, and Grace Anna, for whom she was named, was to act as godmother. I was very glad to make this visit. Quite a long time had now elapsed since my first interview, with Francesca, as I always intended to call her, notwithstanding the name that might be bestowed upon her by the church; and she must have now begun to foreshadow, in a measure, that which she was to be.

When I saw her I found that there was not quite so much foreshadowing as I had expected; but, in spite of that, she was a little creature whom, without doing violence to any æsthetic instinct, I could take to my heart. She was a pudgy infant, with blue eyes, a blankety head, and a mouth that was generally ready to break into a smile if you tickled the corners of it. Instead of the long and flowing draperies in which I first beheld her, she now wore short dresses, and that she possessed remarkably fat legs and blue woolen socks was a fact which Francesca never failed to endeavor to impress upon my observation. I excited a great deal of surprise, with some admiration on the part of the mother and occasional jocular remarks from Bertha, my younger sister, by showing, at the very beginning of our visit, a strong preference for the society of the baby. I asked to be allowed to take her into

my arms, and walk with her into the garden; and although this privilege was at first denied me, unless some lady should accompany me, I being considered quite inexperienced in the care of an infant, I at last gained my point, and frequently had the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* stroll with Francesca. With my future bride in my arms, slowly walking in the shaded avenues of the garden, I gave my imagination full play. I enlarged her eyes, and gave them a steadiness of upturn which they did not now possess; the white fuzz upon her head grew into rich masses of gold-brown hair; the nose was lengthened and refined; her lips were less protruded, and made more continuously dry; while a good deal of fatty deposit was removed from the cheeks and the second chin. As I walked thus tenderly gazing down upon her, and often removing her little fist from her mouth, I pictured in her lineaments the budding womanhood for which I waited. I would talk softly to her, and although she seldom answered but in a gurgling monotone I saw in our intercourse the dawning of a unity to be.

After we had been a few days at the Wiltby house Miss Kitty Watridge came there, also on a visit. Her engagement to Mr. Glade had not produced much effect upon her personal appearance, although I thought her something quieter, and with a little sedateness which I had not observed in her before. Her advent at this time was not to my liking. As an object of my regard, she had, in becoming engaged to another, ceased to exist; she had passed out of my sphere of consideration, and the fact that she had once acted a prominent part within it made it appear to me that propriety demanded that she should not only go out of it, but stay out of it. Her influence upon my intercourse with Francesca was, from the first, objectionable. My sisters had always been accustomed to regard my wishes with a gratifying

respect, and Mrs. Wiltby seemed anxious to imitate them in this laudable action. But Miss Watridge had apparently no such ideas, and she showed this most objectionably by imagining that she had as much right to the baby as I had. Of course she could not understand how matters stood, — nobody but myself could understand that; but she had not the native delicacy of perception of my sisters and Jane Wiltby. She could not know in how many ways she interfered with my desires and purposes. My morning walks were, in a manner, broken up; for sometimes the new-comer actually insisted upon carrying the baby herself, in which case I retired, and sought some other promenade. But after a few days I found that the indulgence of any resentment of this sort not only made me the object of remark, but promised to entirely break up my plans in regard to Francesca. I wished to create in my mind while here such an image of her, matured and perfected according to my own ideas, that I could live and commune with her during the absences, more or less protracted, which must intervene before the day when I should take her wholly to myself. As I could not expect to stay here very much longer, I must not lose what opportunities I had, and so concluded to resume my walks with Francesca, even if Miss Watridge should sometimes intrude herself upon us.

I must admit, however, that this she did not do, considering the matter with strict regard to fact. She generally possessed herself of the baby, and if I wished its company I was obliged to intrude myself upon her. The plan I now adopted was, I think, somewhat ingenious. As is my wont, I endeavored to shape to my advantage this obstacle which I now found in my way. My intercourse with Francesca had not been altogether satisfactory. For one thing, there had been too much unity about it. A certain degree of this was, indeed, de-

sirable, but I was obliged to be, at once, not only husband and lover, but lady also; for Francesca gave me no help in this regard, except, perchance, an occasional look of entreaty, which might as well mean that she would like a bottle of milk as that she yearned for fond communion of the soul. When I addressed her as my developed ideal I imagined her answers, and so continued the gentle conversation; but, although she always spoke as I would wish, there were absent from our converse certain desirable elements which might have been looked for from the presence of a second intellect. Another source of dissatisfaction was that in many of our interviews Francesca acted in a manner which was not only disturbing, but indecorous. Frequently, when I was speaking with her on such subjects as foreign travel, when we two would wander amid the misty purples of Caprian sunsets, or stand together in vast palaces of hoarded art, she would struggle so convulsively, and throw upward with such violence her small blue socks, that, for the time, I wished she was swaddled and bound in the manner of the Della Robbia babies on the front of the Foundling Asylum in Florence.

A plan of relieving myself from the obvious disadvantages of my present method of intercourse with an intellect, a soul, and a person, which to be suitable for my companionship must necessarily be projected into the future, now suggested itself to me. If Miss Watridge persisted in forcing herself upon Francesca, she might at least make herself useful by taking the place of that young person so far as regarded a part in the conversation. Her entity occupied a position in respect to growth and development which was about the same as that to which I was in the habit of projecting Francesca. Her answers to my remarks would be analogous, if not similar, to those which might be expected from the baby when she arrived

at maturity. Thus, in a manner, I could talk to Francesca, and receive her answers from the lips of Miss Kitty. This would be as truly love-making by proxy as when the too believing Lanciotto sent from Rimini his younger brother to bear to him Ravenna's pearl. But here was no guile, no dishonesty; the messenger, the vehicle, the interpreter, in this case, knew nothing of the feelings now in action, or to be set in action, of the principals in the affair. She did not know, indeed, that there were two principals. As far as she herself was concerned, she had, and could have, no interest in the matter. She was engaged to be married to Mr. Glade, which, in my eyes, was the same thing as being already married to him; and any thoughts or mental emotions that she might have relating to affectionate interest in one of the opposite sex would of course be centred in Mr. Glade. With Francesca and myself she would have nothing to do but unconsciously to assist in the transmission of sentiment. Had Paolo been engaged to marry a suitable young person before he started for Ravenna, it is probable that the limited partnership which Dante noticed in the *Inferno* would never have been formed.

It was by slow degrees, and with a good deal of caution, that I began my new course of action. Taking the child in my arms, I invited Miss Watridge to accompany us in our walk. Thus, together, we slowly strolled along the garden avenue, shaded by the fresh greenness of June foliage, and flecked here and there by patches of sunlight, which moved upon the gravel in unison with the gentle breeze. Our conversation, at first relating to simple and every-day matters, was soon directed by me into a channel in which I could perceive whether or not I should succeed in this project of representative rejoinder. It was not long before I was pleased to discover that the mind of the young lady was of as good natural quality and as well cul-

tivated as I had formerly supposed it to be; having then little upon which to base my judgment, except the general impression which her personality had made upon me. That impression having been entirely effaced, I was enabled with clearer vision and sounder judgment to determine the value of her mental exhibit. I found that she had read with some discrimination, and with a tendency to independent thought she united a becoming respect for the opinions of those who, by reason of superior years, experience, and sex, might be supposed to move on a psychological plane somewhat higher than her own. These were dispositions the development of which I hoped to assist in the young Francesca, and it may be imagined that I was much gratified to find my model so closely resembling that personality which I wished, in a manner, to create.

Thus, up and down, daily, would we stroll and talk. With the real Francesca on my arm, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes indulging in disturbing muscular exercises, which I gently endeavored to restrain, I addressed myself to my ideal Francesca, an aerial maiden, garbed in simple robes of white touched by a soft suggestion of Italian glow, and ever with tender eyes upturned to mine; while from her proxy, walking by my side, came to me the thoughts and sentiments of her fresh young heart.

It was quite natural that I should be more interested in a conversation of this kind than in one in which I was obliged to supply the remarks on either side. To be sure, in the latter case, there was a unison of thought between myself and the ideal Francesca that was very satisfactory, but which lacked the piquancy given by unexpectedness of reply and the interest consequent upon gentle argument.

It so happened that the morning occupations of Mrs. Wiltby and my sisters were those in which Miss Watridge did not care to join, and thus she was

commonly left free to make one of the company of four which took its morning walks upon the garden avenue. I imagine that she supposed it was generally thought that she was taking care of the baby and affording it advantages of out-door air, in the performance of which pleasing duty my presence was so unnecessary that the probability of it was not even considered. Thus it was that upon every fair day — and all those days were fair — our morning strolls were prolonged for an hour or more, generally terminated only by the culminating resolve of Francesca to attract to herself so much attention that a return to the house was necessary. It may be supposed that it would have been better to have eliminated the element of the actual being from the female side of our little company. But that side, several as it was in its component personages, represented to me the one Francesca; and had I not held and felt the presence of the actual living creature, who was to be and to say all that my mind saw and my ear heard, I could not have spoken as I wished to speak to the ideality who was to be my wife when it became a reality. The conjunction seemed to me a perfect one, and under the circumstances I could wish for nothing better.

As our acquaintance ripened and melted in the pleasant summer days, I was enabled to see more clearly into the soul and heart of the Francesca that was to be, looking at them through the transparent mind of Miss Kitty Watridge. According to the pursuance of my plan, I gradually, and as far as possible imperceptibly, changed the nature of our converse. From talking of the material world, and those objects in it which had pleased our vision or excited reflection, we passed to the consideration, very cursory at first, of those sentiments which appear to emanate from ourselves without the aid of extraneous agency. Then, by slow degrees, the extraneous agency was allowed to enter upon the scene,

coming in so quietly that at first it was scarcely noticeable. The dependence of man upon man was discussed, not only for material good, but for intellectual support and comfort. Then, following a course not exactly in accordance with that of nature, but which suited my purposes, we spoke of social ties, — of the friendships which spring up here and there from these; of the natural affections of the family; and, finally, the subject arising in consistent sequence, of that congruent intermental action of the intellect of two persons, generally male and female, who frequently, without family ties of any kind and but little previous acquaintanceship, find, each in the other, an adaptiveness of entity which is mutually satisfactory.

The vicarious replies of Francesca were, in almost every instance, all that I could have wished. Sometimes there were symptoms of hesitancy or reluctance in the enunciation of what was, obviously, the suitable reply to some of my remarks in regard to the deeper sentiments; but, on the whole, had the ideal lady of my love spoken to me, her words could not have better aroused my every sentiment of warm regard.

Sometimes I wondered, as thus we walked and talked, what Mr. Glade would think about it if he could see us so much together, and listen to our converse. But this thought I put aside as unworthy of me. It was an insult to myself as an honorable man; it was an uncalled-for aspersion on Miss Watridge, and a stain upon my idealistic intercourse with Francesca. If Mr. Glade was coarse and vulgar enough to interject his personality into this perfectly working system of intellectual action, from which the individuality of Miss Watridge was entirely eliminated, her part in it being merely to represent another, I could not help it. It was this consciousness of rectitude, this probity of purpose, which raised our little drama so far above the level of the

old story of the wedded Guelph and Ghibelline.

With my mind satisfied on this subject, I did not hesitate, when the proper time seemed to have arrived, to allow myself to imagine Francesca at the age of nineteen. I could not much longer remain in this place, as we had now overstayed the original limit of our visit; and there was danger, too, that Miss Watridge might be called away. I wished, while the opportunity continued, to develop the imaginary life of Francesca into perfect womanhood, so that I could carry away with me an image of my future wife, which I could set upon the throne of my affection, there to be revered, cherished, and guarded, until the time came when the real Francesca should claim the seat. Of course, under these circumstances, a certain fervor of thought and expression was not only necessary, but excusable, and I did not scruple to allow it to myself. Always with the real Francesca in my arms, in order that even my own superconsciousness might not take me to task, I delivered my sentiments without drawing the veil of precautionary expression over their amatory significance. It was at this stage of our intercourse that I asked Miss Watridge to allow me to call her Francesca; for it was only by so doing that I could fully identify her voice with that of the visionary creature who was now exciting the stirring impulses of my heart. When she asked me why I wished to call her by this name, I could only tell her that it was for ideal purposes; and without making further inquiries, she consented that I should use it — for the present. As it was only for the present that I thought of so doing, this much of acquiescence was sufficient, and I called her by the name I loved.

The softly-spoken, well-considered replies, the gentle ejaculations, and the demure but earnest attention which my speech elicited well befitted the fairest

vision of pure young womanhood that my soul could call before me. But, notwithstanding this, there was something wanting. I longed for the upturned eyes, ever fixed upon my own, of the Francesca of the stage. I longed for the fair white hands clasped and trembling as I spoke. I longed for that intensity of soul-merge in which the loved one breathes and lives only that she may hear the words I speak, and watch the thoughts that fashion in my face. Without all this I could never take away with me the image of the true Francesca. Without this there would be wanting, in the fair conception, that artistic roundness, that completeness of outline and purpose, which would satisfy the exigencies of my nature. I could not consent to carry with me for years an ideal existence, incomplete, imperfect, — a statue devoid of those last touches of the master which make it seem to live.

Therefore I sought, with much earnestness and fixity of intention, to call up the last element needed to complete that lovely creation which was to be my companion through the years of waiting for the real Francesca. It was a great comfort and support to me to reflect that I could do this with such safety, with such unusual advantages. I addressed myself to no being in existence. Even the little creature on my arm, who had fallen into a habit of dozing when not noticed, and to whom belonged, in fact, my every gift and legacy of love, was not of age to come into her fortune, nor could her infantile mind be injured by its contemplation. And as for Miss Watridge, she, as I continually repeated to myself, was acting simply as the representative of another, and her real self was not concerned in the little drama, in which she did not even take a part; merely assuming, as in a rehearsal, a character which another actor, not able then to be present, would play in the actual performance.

It was on the loveliest morning of all the summer that I made my supreme effort. At the very bottom of the garden was a little arbor of honeysuckles. No crimson stage-light shone in upon it, but the sunbeams pushed their way here and there through the screen of leaves, and brightened the interior with points of light. It was a secluded spot, to which I had never yet led my companions, for the period had not before arrived for such sequesterment. But now we sat down here upon a little bench: I at one end, the young Francesca on my knee, and Miss Watridge at my left. In the place where this lady sat also sat the ideal Francesca, occupying the same space, and endowed, for the time, with the same form and features. It was to this being that I now addressed my fervid words; low-burning, it is true, but alive with all the heat and glow that precedes blaze. I told a tale; not reading from pages of mediæval script the legend of the love of Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, as does Paolo in the play, but relating a story which was a true one, for it was my own. I spoke as I expected to speak some day to the little creature on my knee. Taking with my disengaged hand that of the lady by my side, I said that which raised a lovely countenance to mine, that showed me the beauty of her upturned eyes; and as I looked and spoke I felt that the very pulses of her soul were throbbing in accord with mine. Here was enacting in very truth the scene I had viewed upon the stage, and which so often since had risen before my fancy. Possessed by the spirit of this scene, carried onward by that same tide of passional emotion the gradual rise of which it had portrayed, I gave myself up to its influences, and acted it out unto its very culmination. I stooped, and, in the words of the Arthurian legend, "I kissed her full upon the mouth."

Swift as the sudden fall of summer rain, I felt the wild abandonment of

clinging arms about my neck, of tears upon my face that were not mine, of words of love that I spoke not; and it came to me like a flash that she who clung to me, and around whom my arm was passed, was Kitty Watridge, and not a visionary Ghibelline.

In the midst of my varying emotions I clasped closer to me the real Francesca, who thereupon gave vent to her feelings by parting wide her toothless gums, and filling the summer air with a long yell. At this rude interruption, the arms fell from my neck, and the face was quickly withdrawn from mine.

Now came hurrying steps upon the gravel walk, and my sister Bertha ran in upon us. "What on earth are you doing to that baby?" she cried. She snatched the child from me, and then stood astonished, gazing first at me and then at Kitty, who had started to her feet, with sparkling tears still in her eyes and a sunset glow upon her face. Without a word, the wicked Bertha laughed a little laugh, and, folding the child within her arms, she ran away.

I sat speechless for a moment, and then I turned to Kitty; but she, too, had gone, having fled in another direction. I was left alone: gone was the real Francesca; gone was the fair ideal; gone was Kitty. I stood bewildered, and, in a manner, dazed. I felt as if I had fallen from the fourteenth century into the nineteenth, and that the shock had hurt me. I felt, too, a sense of culpability, as if I had been somewhere where I had no right to be; as if I had been a trespasser, a poacher, an intruder upon the times or on the rights of others. The fact that I was a strictly honorable man, scorning perfidy in its every form, made my feelings the more poignant. A little reflection helped me to understand it all. I had carried out my plan so carefully, with such regard to its gradual development, that by degrees Miss Watridge had grown into the ideal Francesca, and had to all intents and

purposes gone back with me into the Middle Ages, in order to better portray my perfected ideal. The baby sitting on my right knee, while a future stage of her life was being personated by the lady at my side, might belong to any age; there was nothing incongruous in her presence on the scene. It was the entrance of my sister Bertha that broke the spell, that shattered the whole fabric I had so elaborately built. She was of the present, of to-day, of the exact second, in which she helped anything to happen. An impersonation of the Now, her coming banished every idea of the Past or Future.

Like an actor in a play, on whom his every-day clothes and the broad light of day have suddenly fallen, I walked slowly to the house. Meeting my older sister, Grace Anna, near the door, I took her aside, and said to her, "When is Mr. Glade expected here?"

"What for?" she asked, with eyes dilated.

"To marry Kitty Watridge," said I. "What do you mean?" exclaimed my sister. "That match was broken off last winter."

It may well be supposed that, remembering what Bertha had seen, and doubtless imagined; that remembering what Kitty had done and said; and recalling, too, how I felt when she did it and said it, I resolved, instead of waiting eighteen long years for another, to accept as the Francesca of my dreams, and as the veritable wife of my actual existence, this dear girl, who was able to represent at this very present the every attribute and quality of my ideal woman.

In the autumn we were married. Thus my Fate, disclaiming my efforts to assist it, no matter in what direction, rose dominant, and, attending to my affairs in its own way, gave me Kitty at last.

But I shall always feel sorry for the baby.

Frank R. Stockton.

TIME IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BEFORE beginning the examination of the scheme of time in separate plays of Shakespeare which were not considered in a former article, I ask the attention of Shakespeareans for a moment to the habit of the poet in dealing with the passage of hours. Whenever hours or minutes are indicated *eis nominibus*, Shakespeare is almost always, as I believe, quite scrupulous in regulating the length of the scene to fit the measure which he himself prescribes. Of course no playwright ever undertakes to give an exact hour of dialogue for an hour of the clock, but Shakespeare is careful that there shall be some reasonable relation between text and timepiece whenever he calls attention to the movement

of the dial hands. Many illustrations from many plays might be given on this point, but two or three will suffice. In Scene 1, Act I., of Hamlet, Horatio and the soldiers first see the Ghost at one o'clock in the morning, — the hour being that of its appearance on the previous night. After its departure they sit and beguile the tedious watch with a long talk about recent Danish history and politics, and when the Ghost reappears it is near the dawn, and presently the cock crows. On the modern stage this is quite confused by reason of the heroic cutting of the dialogue. The scene in which Hamlet has his first interview with the dread visitant is proportioned in the same way, the protracted

interview between the father and the son lasting from an hour not much later than midnight to the moment when

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

The very long Scene 3, Act II., of *Othello*, which witnesses Cassio's drunkenness and degradation and the clarification of Iago's plot against his general's peace, lasts from a little before ten o'clock in the evening (*vide* Iago's first speech in the scene) almost to morning; "pleasure and action," as Iago says, with the finest fiendishness of humor, making "the hours seem short." The long interview in prison between the Duke and the provost lasts, in Scene 2, Act IV., of *Measure for Measure*, from between midnight and one o'clock to "clear dawn." The only exception to the rule which I can now recall is apparent rather than real. In Scene 2, Act II., of *Cymbeline*, Imogen closes her book at "almost midnight," — having weakened her eyes by three hours of steady reading in bed, — and presently is asleep. Iachimo emerges from the trunk in which he has made his infamous ambush; and after a rather long soliloquy retires to his hiding-place just as the clock is striking three. This seems a somewhat severe compression of three hours, but Shakespeare's intent is, I think, to indicate by the rapid conventionalism of the stage the facts that Iachimo allowed a long hour or more to pass before he ventured to infer Imogen's sound sleep from the stillness of her chamber, and that the process of examining the room and bed and the person of the pure young wife, and of taking notes of every detail, must have consumed many minutes, retarded as it was by his sensuous delight in Imogen's unconsciously exposed beauty.

III. Continuing the study of separate plays, I take up a third group of comedies, in which are included all those wherein the progress of time is indicated scantily or without precision. From the present point of view, these dramas

are of course not so interesting as the others, and they will be more briefly discussed. In this class are the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *Troilus and Cressida*,¹ all of which, with the exception of the last two of the list, are to be noted as in the first instance of Shakespeare's early period of composition.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the scene of action is often changed; being first in Verona, then in Mantua, again in Verona, and finally in Mantua and on its frontier. Little pains are taken to show the lapse of time, though the movement is evidently as swift as may consort with the constant traveling of the chief characters. In the first scene, Valentine leaves his friend, Proteus, in Verona, and sets out for the court of the prince, who is variously called the Duke and Emperor of Milan. Proteus has already begun to make love to Julia, and the interval between the delivery of his first love-letter, in the second scene of the play, and his full knowledge of his mistress's affection is apparently a few days, or a very few weeks, — so long, at all events, as will suffice for him to have received, or to make pretense of having received, an epistle written by Valentine from the near city of Mantua (Scene 3, Act I.). On the day following he is compelled to follow Valentine to Mantua; and scarcely have the friends met before Valentine, like a very fresh young lover, tells the whole story of his conquest of Silvia, and of their near intended flight and secret marriage. Julia's impatience to behold her Proteus' face makes her tarrying very short in Verona, after his departure, and she becomes her false lover's page just after he has betrayed his friend, and wrought the banishment of

¹ In spite of the death of Hector, I venture to put *Troilus and Cressida* among the comedies, because of its general quality and tone.

Valentine and the miscarriage of the scheme of elopement. Silvia's flight, the pursuit by Proteus, the happy end reached through the combination of Proteus' volatile wickedness and precipitate repentance, Julia's meekness, Silvia's courage, and Valentine's fortunate capture of the Duke, his prospective father-in-law, — these all doubtless follow one another as fast as human legs can go. Valentine's assertion to the outlaws (Scene 1, Act IV.) that he has sojourned in Milan "some sixteen months" is evidently intended, like the story of the homicide he has committed, as a mere fabrication.

The action in *Love's Labor's Lost* is of no consequence, and the whole interest of the play consists in the wit of the principals and the deliciously fantastic verbiage of the euphuist, Don Adriano de Armado. The time of the movement is treated nonchalantly, perhaps, rather than obscurely. The period which elapses between the first conference of the King of Navarre and his lords in Scene 1, Act I., and their interview with the Princess of France and her ladies in Scene 1, Act II., is not stated. It is evidently short, and seems to mark only the separation between two successive days; but there is no conclusive reason to be found in the text why it may not be a few hours or minutes, and why the latter scene may not belong to the same twenty-four hours as the former. At all events, the action from the opening of Act II. to the end of the comedy covers no more than two consecutive days. From the moment of the encounter of the courts of Navarre and France, the gentlemen, whose signatures to the pledge of a three years' separation from womankind are scarcely dry, find themselves forsworn in heart, if not in deed. On the afternoon of the day of this encounter, Biron attempts to communicate with Rosaline, and the clown Costard, chosen as letter-carrier by Don Armado to Jaquenetta, and by

Biron to his lady-love, learns through the former gentleman that "remuneration" means "three farthings," and through the latter that a "guerdon" is a shilling. The day ends with Scene 1, Act IV., in which the Princess tries her hand at shooting, and catches a flying glimpse of the love-lorn King. The second day begins with Scene 2, Act IV., in which the characters salute each other with "good-morrow," and discuss the Princess's exploits in killing a deer. The other scenes of the piece all occupy portions of the same day. In the forenoon the King hunts and composes love-verses; his courtiers follow his example, and find him and each other out. In the afternoon, which begins with Scene 1, Act V., soon "after dinner," the gentlemen meet the ladies, plead the various suits, which are rewarded by a promise of "Yes" a year hence, and, with a reckless indifference to decorum which Shakespeare nowhere else parallels, the Princess, just after receiving news of her father's death, is made to stay and listen to the recitation of verses in a rustic mask. But if "When daisies pied and violets blue" and "When icicles hang by the wall" were not to be had on any other terms, I suppose the world would sacrifice the feelings of a hundred women to secure the songs.

The passage of the time in the *Taming of the Shrew* is not always made clear, but it is occasionally shown in an interesting fashion. Scene 1, Act I., is introductory, and displays the state of Baptista's household, furnished, as it is, with an elder daughter "so curst and shrewd" that "till the father rids his hands of her" the gentle junior sister has no chance of mating. There is then an interval of undisclosed length, but certainly very short, within which Lucentio disguises himself as a music teacher; and in Scene 1, Act II., the brisk and brusque Petruchio enters, and, hearing of Katharine's dowry and other charms, undertakes "not to sleep till" he has

seen her. His interview with the shrewish maiden takes place in Scene 1, Act II., wherein their wedding is fixed for the following Sunday. The period between this and the succeeding scenes is long enough to let Petruchio go to Venice to buy "rings and things and fine array," and Scene 1, Act III., is on the day before the appointed Sunday. Scene 2, Act III., is on the wedding day, and deals with the hero's eccentric behavior at the ceremony, and his affectionate haling away of the bride before she has tasted the "bridal dinner." Then succeeds the memorable wedding journey of the newly married pair to the groom's country-seat, where they arrive in Scene 1, Act IV. It is by good rights only a five hours' journey from Padua to Petruchio's house (vide the last ten lines of Scene 3, Act IV.); but Petruchio pursues such a route as to spend in travel the whole afternoon of his wedding day and nearly all the following day, as appears from the soliloquy (Scene 1, Act IV., *ad fin.*) in which he says that he has not only kept his bride without food during the second day of her trip, but without sleep during the first night of her wedded life, and that he purposes repeating her dose of insomnia on the second night. The movement of time in the scenes which immediately succeed is not generally plain, but it is interesting to know that the time consumed by Petruchio in working the miracle of taming his fair shrew is just a week. Near the end of Act II. Baptista names "the Sunday following" the Sunday of Katharine's nuptials as the day on which Bianca shall be married to the pseudo-Lucentio, if the father of the latter shall then "warrant" the payment of the promised dowry. This date is reached in Scene 4, Act IV., when Baptista declares himself ready to keep his word; and upon the same day Petruchio enters Padua by "a public road," dragging in triumph at his horse's heels, so to speak, the mild Katharine, whose hot blood

seems to have been turned to cream by the conjugal chemistry, who has not only no will of her own, but no sight, no hearing, no thought, that does not wait upon the slightest whimsey of her lord and master. The rest of the play occupies the remainder of the same day, and the comedy concludes with a late supper, which involves all the characters and lasts till bedtime.

All's Well That Ends Well covers between the extreme points of its action a time which is not precisely indicated, but which may be shrewdly surmised to be about four months. The only intervals in its movement which exceed a few days in length are between the second and the third scenes of Act I., and between the fourth and the fifth scenes of Act III. The former period is probably a few weeks, its only measures being found in the facts that within it Helena's strong desire to visit Paris, in order to see Bertram and attempt to cure the sick King, has grown to such an extent as to overmaster her maiden timidity, and that Bertram has had time to be irritated with the King's gentle but repeated refusals to allow him to follow the Italian wars. (See Scene 1, Act II., *ad init.*) The latter period is two months long (vide speech of First Lord, Scene 3, Act IV.), and covers the time consumed by the wretched, rejected Helena in making her slow progress from her home with the Countess at Rousillon to the city of Florence and the house of Diana Capulet, the latest object of Bertram's gallantry. The succeeding consecutive scenes are separated from one another only by a few days, or by so much time as is necessary for the various marchings and countermarchings of the characters. Diana's brief but graphic description in rhyme of Helena's bodily condition, in the last scene, must be regarded as somewhat premature, though in a line of exaggeration quite natural under the circumstances.

The progress of time is treated in

Cymbeline with more indifference than Shakespeare shows in any other of his non-historical plays, the reasons therefor being, as I think, not hard to find. Yet the poet has taken pains to indicate that the period covered by the entire drama is less than one year. In Scene 1, Act I., one of the gentlemen, who is discussing the lives of Cymbeline and Posthumus, says that the King's two boys were stolen "some twenty years" ago; and in the last scene of the fifth act Belarius, the instigator of the abduction, says,

"These gentle princes .

(For such and so they are) *these twenty years*
Have I trained up."

In the interval between these scenes the action appears to move, as in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, about as fast as will suffice for the long and frequent journeys of the characters. A journey of Posthumus from Britain to Rome, of Iachimo from Rome to Britain and back again, of Imogen from "Lud's town" to Milford Haven, are the chief of those movements which directly bear on the question of time. The period between the departure of Cloten, with lustful and bloody intents toward Imogen and Posthumus, and his arrival at the cave of Belarius (that is to say, between Scene 5, Act III., and Scene 1, Act IV.) seems to be some ten days or two weeks; at all events, it is supposed to coincide with the time taken to convey from Rome to Lucius in Britain the will of the Emperor touching the levy of troops against the rebellious Cymbeline. (Vide Scene 7, Act III., and Scene 2, Act IV.) Imogen spends this period partly in wandering about, — for directly after Pisanio leaves her she loses her way, and "for two nights together" makes the ground her bed (vide Scene 6, Act III.), — and partly at the cave of Belarius, with him and the two youths, for whose benefit she practices her "neat cookery." Afterward the movement in time seems to be as rapid as may consist with the motion of the per-

sons; and the word of Belarius at the close of the play, which was cited at the beginning of this paragraph, taken in connection with the succession of scenes, makes it not unreasonable to conjecture that the entire time of the action is between six and nine months.

The action of *Pericles* occupies something more than fifteen years. Acts II. and III. together cover one year. Between Acts III. and IV. there is an interval of fourteen years.

I have blundered in putting *Troilus* and *Cressida* into the third class; its place is in the second. The first and second scenes of the drama introduce the Trojan heroes, Pandarus, Helen, and *Cressida*, with the chief intent of showing the relations between *Troilus*, his lady-love, and her go-between uncle. There is then an undetermined interval, which is occupied, in whole or in part, by a "dull and long-continued truce." (Vide the long speech of *Æneas*, Scene 3, Act I.) After Scene 3, Act I., the entire action of the play consumes parts of three consecutive days, the limits of which are shown with much precision. In this scene *Æneas* bears to the Greek generals the challenge of *Hector*, who summons any one of them to meet him in single combat on the following day. The remainder of the day is devoted at the Greek camp to the usual declamatory exercises, to the invention and execution of the scheme to pique *Achilles* by advancing the fat-witted *Ajax*, and at night (Scene 3, Act III.) to the discussion and adoption of a plan to send *Diomedes* to Troy on the following day, in order to exchange the Trojan prisoner *Antenor* for *Cressida*, and to bear the responsive challenge of *Ajax* to *Hector*. Meanwhile, in Troy, *Hector* tells the princes of the defiance he has sent, and *Pandarus* arranges for the night the love-meeting of *Troilus* and *Cressida*. The second day begins with Scene 1, Act IV., very early in the morning, within the city,

the princes having just left their beds to greet the messenger, Diomedes. Troilus and Cressida part with mutual vows of faith, and the smooth-tongued, bright-eyed young woman is carried off by Diomed to the Greek camp. The mild and unresulting encounter between Hector and Ajax takes place midway between the walls and the camp at eleven in the forenoon (the exact hour being twice named,—once by Achilles in Scene 2, Act II., and once by Thersites in Scene 3, Act III.). An evening of revelry follows, in which Hector is the guest of Agamemnon, and in which he agrees to fight on the ensuing day with several of the heroes,—with Achilles especially, who, “to-night, all friends,” threatens to meet him “to-morrow, fell as death” (Scene 5, Act IV.). The feasting is kept up to a late hour, but Troilus is led by the amiable Ulysses to a place where he may see his Cressida grossly flirting with Diomedes, and the unhappy youth stays till morning to pour his woe and wrath into the ear of the subtle Ithacan. (Vide the speech of Æneas, Scene 2, Act IV., ad fin.) The third day begins with Scene 3, Act V., and shows much fighting, the death of Hector, and the furious onslaughts of Troilus upon his supplanter, Diomed. Shakespeare’s main idea in this closely woven scheme of time is to bring out the character of Cressida in strong relief, and to emphasize the perfidy of her mobile and sensuous nature by separating her love scene with Diomedes from her practical wedding with Troilus by a scant twenty-four hours. If the later Shakespeare is the better authority, Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, was mistaken in supposing that on any moonshiny night Troilus

“mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay;”

or perhaps, in spite of his “twenty-three years,” the hero was still so immature as to be capable of heaving a

sigh for the woman who had wronged him.

The three Roman histories—Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra—and the ten historical plays which are founded upon the lives of English kings have no scheme of time which concerns us here. The shortest period covered by any one of these plays is three years, which is the time of Julius Cæsar. In all of them Shakespeare selects the dramatic incidents of a long career, and crushes these incidents together for his own purposes and after his own fashion. Occasionally the lapse of time is indicated, a few scenes being closely united, and their extent stated or hinted; but as a rule, and as might be supposed, the element of time is disregarded. At the risk of saying what is trite and “out of my part,” I will add that all the English historical dramas, with the exception, perhaps, of King John, are safe as well as vivid teachers both of the order and of the significance of the events which they describe; and that no chronicle of the seething century between 1377 A. D. and 1485 A. D. can be found comparable with that contained in the Shakespearean octology which begins with Richard II. and ends with Richard III.

There now remain for examination only six plays, all of which are tragedies. In three of these,—Macbeth, Timon, and King Lear,—the time of the action is imperfectly or obscurely shown; in the other three,—Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, and Othello,—it is clearly indicated.

Macbeth may perhaps be regarded as a historical play, and at all events it is treated as such by Shakespeare in dealing with the element of time. During the first four scenes of Act I. the action is rapid, as befits a chronicle of war, but the lapse of time is not distinctly shown. In Scene 5, Act I., with Lady Macbeth’s reading of her husband’s letter, begins the great, the eventful day, big

with the fate of Duncan and of Scotland, of the murderers as well as of the murdered. The succeeding scenes of Act I. and nearly the whole of Act II. are included within this single day and its night, and the end of their continuous action is reached in the early morning of the next day, when Macduff goes to waken Duncan, and finds his king sunk in the sleep which knows no waking. Almost all of Act III. takes place within one day and evening; Banquo's intent to ride in company with his little son "this afternoon," "as far as will fill up the time" till supper, and, if his horse's pace is not of the best, to

"become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain,"

being communicated to Macbeth in the first scene. The preparations for Banquo's assassination are made in this and the following scene, and the deed is done in Scene 3, while "the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;" and in the fourth scene, at the royal banquet to which he has been so urgently bidden, he returns in awful guise most fearfully to plague the contriver of his death. Outside these two acts no valuable hint is given as to the progress of time. It is perhaps worth while to note that the hour at which Lady Macbeth rings the bell that is her husband's cue for murder is two o'clock in the morning; the "one; two; why, then 't is time to do 't" of her sleep-walking scene being good evidence on the point.

Scarcely a single plain indication of the lapse of time is given in *Timon of Athens*. The movement up to the close of the third act is evidently rapid, for in Scene 2, Act I., Flavius, the faithful steward of Timon, already knows the completeness of his master's ruin and the nearness of the approaching crash. The time of Timon's exile and of his savage life within the forest until his self-inflicted death is not fixed, but the sequence of the scenes appears to imply that the whole period is brief.

King Lear is, in its treatment of time, one of the most puzzling of Shakespeare's non-historical plays. The difficulty with its scheme, however, is not, as with that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that it displays any absolute self-inconsistency, but that, in the relations of its parts, it defies the arithmetic of probability. From the beginning of the tragedy to the close of Act III., or a little later, the time seems to be distinctly marked. In Scene 1, Act I., Lear announces his intention of living "by monthly course" with each of his eldest daughters, "by due turn;" and by a remark made by Goneril at the close of the scene, as well as by a speech of Gloucester in the next scene, we know that the King sets off for Goneril's castle on the very night of the day in which he parted his crown in two. On the same day Cordelia and her royal husband depart for France. Scenes 3 and 4 of Act I. are fitted closely together; Goneril, in the former, instructing her steward to slight her father with whatsoever show of "weary negligence" the lackey may choose to put on, and the King's horns are heard as he approaches from the chase, at the close of the scene. In Scene 4, Lear enters upon the "woe that too late repents," and the interval between his dethroning himself and his humiliation at his eldest daughter's hands is fixed in his line,

"What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

Within a fortnight!"

His first month with Goneril has only half expired in this scene, and Regan, in Scene 4, Act II., desires that "till the expiration of" his "month" he will return and sojourn with her sister. The brief time spent by the King in his journey toward Regan's palace is shown in Scene 2, Act II., where Kent, who has preceded his master to announce the King's visit, has an encounter near Gloucester's castle with the villainous steward of Goneril, and says that it is less than "two days" since he tripped up

that "brazen-faced varlet's" heels before the King, — an incident chronicled in Scene 4, Act I. Straight from his terrible interview with Goneril and Regan, neither of whom he is ever again to see alive, Lear, with wits already beginning to turn, rushes out into the storm and darkness. The marvelous story of the night of his exposure, anguish, and ever-deepening madness is told in the first six scenes of Act III. In Scene 7, Act III., it is the next morning, and Gloster, apprehended by Cornwall and Regan, both for his protection of Lear and for complicity with the designs of France, and deprived of his eyesight, has been turned loose to "smell his way to Dover." At this point, then, — at the end of Scene 1, Act IV., — no more than eighteen days have elapsed since the beginning of the play. Afterward, though few definite indications are given, the action seems to be as rapid as is physically possible up to the very close of the tragedy. The difficulty which was mentioned above lies in the extraordinary swiftness with which the great political and military movements have been made, contemporaneously with the main action of the plot. When but half a month has passed (Scene 1, Act II.), serious differences and "likely wars" between Albany and Cornwall have begun to be discussed; and less than three days later (Scene 1, Act III.) Kent has been informed, partly by a letter from Cordelia herself (vide his last speech in Scene 2, Act III.), that France has already sent a warlike host to England to avenge the wrongs of the King. The gentleman then dispatched by Kent to Dover expects to meet Cordelia there, and is bidden to show her Kent's ring as a token. By the time Scene 3, Act IV., is reached, not only has the army of France landed in England, but the French King, drawn by the urgency of some state affairs, has returned to France, and left his troops and Cordelia

in charge of "the Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far." Such swiftness as this would seem to be impossible even in the days of steam and electricity. Viewing the matter in the light afforded by the study of the plays already examined, we may say that in no other of the Shakespearean dramas is there an equal difficulty in reconciling the progress in time of parallel factors of the plot. But the controlling idea is plain enough; armies, letters, and kings may be moved with a speed which outrages probability, and the dramatist expects his auditors to be indifferent to the matter; but he means that every one who sees the play shall know and feel that Lear's eldest daughter grudgingly fulfilled for a bare fortnight the meagre stipulation which she had made in exchange for half a kingdom, and that two days later the royal old man who had "given" his "daughters all" was opposed to "jarring winds" and driving rain, and was "fain to hovel" him "with swine and rogues forlorn in short and musty straw."

In *Romeo and Juliet* the progress of time is shown with exquisite precision, and with a scrupulous care which often extends to the indication of hours. *Per contra*, because of a single unguarded utterance of the Friar, there is perhaps just a little haziness about a matter of two or three hours. But the difficulty is, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, that of making the dramatist's scheme square with his promise; there is no doubt, I think, what his scheme of time actually is. The action of *Romeo and Juliet* occupies portions of five consecutive days. If one care to be very precise, he may even go so far as to say, with sure warrant of the text, that the whole story of the tragedy takes place within a Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the same week. Shakespeare has also taken pains to inform us that the time of the year is just the middle of July, — it being, in Scene 3, Act I., "a fortnight and odd

days " "to Lammas-tide," which is the first day of August. Scene 1, Act I., begins rather early in the morning, and when Romeo, possessed by the fancy for Rosaline which had driven him forth into the solitary woods more than

"an hour before the worshipped sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,"

greets his friend Benvolio it has "but new struck nine." The next scene is on the same day, as is evident from Capulet's comment on the Prince's censure, which was to be declared to "both the houses" by "afternoon." (Vide the Prince's long speech in the previous scene.) Here Romeo is persuaded to attend Capulet's "ancient feast," which is to take place "this night," and for which a servant is even now about to distribute the invitations. Scene 3, where the scarcely fourteen-year-old Juliet first appears, begins late on the same afternoon, and the Nurse's garrulousness prolongs the interview until the "guests are come, supper served up," Lady Capulet "called," Juliet "asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity." In Scene 4, Romeo and his party are on their way to Capulet's, and *en passant* Mercutio discourses of dreams and Queen Mab.¹ Scene 5 is at the masked ball, and shows the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet. In Scene 1, Act II., directly after the entertainment, Romeo gives his merry companions the slip, and in Scene 2 he has climbed the wall of Capulet's garden, and stands beneath that balcony the foundations of which are laid deeper in young romantic hearts than those of any other structure that was ever reared. Juliet's foot is very light, as the observing ecclesiastic informs us, but she does not purpose to put the grass to the trouble of growing under it, and her prompt suggestion of "to-morrow" as a suitable date for fix-

ing their wedding day is followed up by an agreement that Romeo shall hear from her "at the hour of nine." With this scene the first day ends. In Scene 3, Act II., it is early the next morning, and Romeo appears at the Friar's cell with his proposal for a secret marriage. In Scene 4, Act II., the Nurse finds Romeo. Her search has been a tedious one, and in Scene 5 the impatient Juliet is chafing over the "three long hours" that have been spent since the Nurse departed, and which have now brought

"the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey."

When at last the old servant is coaxed into telling her news, she bids Juliet, who has "got leave to go to shrift to-day," hie her hence to the Friar's cell to be married. The wedding is celebrated by Friar Laurence in Scene 6, and the lovers part for a few hours. Scene 1, Act III., is in the afternoon of the same day, and shows the death of Mercutio, Romeo's furious revenge, and the Prince's edict of banishment against the slayer of Tybalt. In Scene 2, Act III., it is nearly evening. The Nurse carries to Juliet the news of Tybalt's death and Romeo's sentence, and finally undertakes to go to Romeo to bear him his wife's ring and message. Scene 3 follows at the Friar's. The Nurse appears, and bids Romeo come to her mistress, and when the scene closes "it grows very late." In Scene 4, it is so late as to be nearly morning, and Lady Capulet is instructed to see to it before she goes to bed that Juliet is informed of the marriage arranged for her by her parents with the "County Paris," and that the ceremony is to be on "Thursday next." Morn is just breaking as the newly wedded lovers part in Scene 5, and here the third day begins. Lady Capulet gives her message to Juliet, who goes in desperate haste to the Friar,

¹ "To-night" is used in Shakespeare several times in the sense of last night, but never where the tense of the verb does not make the meaning

plain. So here, Romeo says, "I dreamt a dream to-night:" with which compare Shylock's "I did dream of money-bags to-night."

after vainly seeking comfort of mother and nurse. It is now Tuesday (vide Capulet's speech to Paris in Scene 4, Act III.), and the Friar delivers the potion and his counsel upon the theory that the marriage with Paris is set for Thursday : —

“Wednesday is to-morrow :

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone ;
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off.”

In the succeeding scene Juliet returns to her home with phrases of obedience on her lips, and her father is so much delighted that he proceeds incontinently to hurry up the marriage, and departs at once — the end of the scene being “near night” — to inform the County that to-morrow, and not Thursday, is to be the joyful day. It thus becomes necessary for Juliet to anticipate the use of the “distilled liquor” by twenty-four hours, and in the following scene (Scene 3, Act IV.) she takes the potent draught. The only scenes which are laid on Wednesday are the two which immediately succeed : in these the bustle of marriage preparation is turned into mourning, the wedding cheer to a sad burial feast, and the bride “in all her best array” is sadly borne to church. Scene 1, Act V., is in Mantua, and opens on the following day, Thursday, with Romeo's presage of peculiar prosperity, derived from “the flattering truth” of his happy dreams ; close upon which enters his servant with the news of Juliet's death and burial. Romeo at once orders post-horses : he will “lie with Juliet” “to-night ;” and in a moment more he has called out the famine-pinched Apothecary and bought the quickly operant poison. Scene 2 returns to Friar Laurence in Verona, who now learns the miscarriage of his letter to Romeo by the return of his messenger, Friar John, after a detention of many hours. When this short scene ends it is night, or almost night, and “within three hours” of the time for “fair Juliet” to “wake.”

With Scene 3, Act V., the tragedy ends, and, after the death of the principals, the talk is continued in a vein very moral and voluminous until — after the mode of progression in long scenes which was considered at the beginning of this article — the day is almost ready to dawn. The one difficulty in this apparently flawless scheme of time remains to be dealt with. When the Friar describes to Juliet the *modum operandi* of his draught, he tells her that in the “borrowed likeness of shrunk death” she shall “*continue two and forty hours.*” Possibly there is no difficulty at all ; for the apparent discrepancy of two or three hours disappears if it is assumed that Juliet took the potion as late as two o'clock on Wednesday morning, and woke from her stupor as early as eight o'clock on Thursday night, — a theory which does not directly defy text. But this explanation seems to strain a point or two, especially as the Friar informs us in the last scene that he came to the tomb “some minute ere the time of” Juliet's “awaking.” One eminent Shakespearean, in discussing the matter, says in substance that the hours are of no consequence ; that Shakespeare, careless as usual of minutiae of this sort, simply follows the old tale upon which his tragedy is founded, and in which the period of the potion's effect is set down as “forty hours.” And the critic adds that the groping commentators who have tried to make the matter right by reading “*thirty hours*” for “two and forty hours” have thrown away their labor. On the last point, certainly, I make no issue. What is needed, if anything is needed, is, on the contrary, a very little lengthening of the time. Juliet's draught is effectual upon her for almost two days, not merely for a little more than one. Upon this hypothesis all the action is explicable, and every scene fits neatly into its place. Fortunately, as often happens in like matters in Shakespeare, the curious are not left to weigh

probabilities. One line, spoken by so humble a person as a First Watchman, in the final scene settles that question definitively:—

“Here lies the County slain;—
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.”

Whatever the original version of the story may be, it is plain that Shakespeare meant it to be understood that the “distill’d liquor” held Juliet in its thrall from late in the night of Tuesday to an hour so late in the night of Thursday that darkness would screen the doings of Romeo and Friar Laurence. *Five* and forty hours would meet all these conditions perfectly, and perhaps we may assume that the kind and “comfortable” Friar committed a bit of justifiable pious fraud in shortening a very little for the sensitive heroine the time of her expected sojourn in a

“nest

Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep.”¹

The lapse of time in Hamlet is shown with as much care as Shakespeare might have taken if he had anticipated the keenness of scrutiny to which the character of his hero was to be subjected. In analyzing the play, I can do little more than follow in the footsteps of the late George Bryant Woods, whose remarkable essay on the same theme is known to many readers of *The Atlantic*. The extent of the time of Hamlet from the beginning to the end of the tragedy is between two and three months. Nearly the whole of this period—more than two months of it, in fact—is included in an interval which occurs between the close of Act I. and the first or second scene of Act II.; and in the middle of Act IV. there is

another break of about a week. The time really occupied by the action of the piece is therefore only a few days. The movement is indicated in the text, up to the opening of the fifth act, not only with care, but with clearness, simplicity, and exactness. Hamlet the elder died; “within a month,” his widow, before her funeral shoes were old, married with his brother, and the Danish court resolved itself into a mixed condition of mirth and mourning. In Scene 1, Act I., the tragedy begins with the appearance of the Ghost, who has twice before been seen by Marcellus and Bernardo, and now shows himself to the soldiers and Horatio, who decide at once to report the “dreaded sight” unto young Hamlet. The next day—in Scene 2, Act I.—they tell their tale to Hamlet, informing him that they saw the King his father “yesternight;” and Hamlet promises that he will “watch to-night,” and will visit them upon the castle platform “twixt eleven and twelve.” The moment of the beginning of the tragedy, as well as the time of his father’s death and his mother’s marriage, is fixed by Hamlet’s great soliloquy in the middle of this scene. His father is “but two months dead; nay, not so much,—not two,” and it is less than a month since his mother married with his uncle. In the same scene, Horatio, the Prince’s university friend,—whose characteristic modesty has doubtless kept him from intruding earlier upon Hamlet’s grief,—tells of coming to court to attend the late King’s funeral. Scene 3, in which Laertes, departing for France, takes leave of his father and sister, and Ophelia receives a double caution about

¹ That most admirable of Shakespeareans, Mr. William J. Rolfe, sustains the thirty-hour theory with great ingenuity, but does not convince me, though he has convinced Mr. Daniell, the noted commentator. My theory has the great support of the text itself; of the Watchman’s phrase just quoted, which (although midnight may have been passed and a second day been reached) cannot without great violence be made to apply to a body *not then eighteen hours in the grave*; and of the ex-

treme improbability that Paris would go to decorate Juliet’s tomb between one and two o’clock, A. M. And I submit that all the critics who oppose this scheme fail to note Shakespeare’s way of running through many hours in a long scene, which was shown at the beginning of this paper. The final scene of this tragedy might well, according to his custom, begin at nine o’clock at night and end at early dawn.

her relations with Hamlet, takes place either on the same day with Scene 2 or on the following day, — it matters not which. Scene 4, Act I., opens just after midnight, on the platform, and is chiefly devoted to Hamlet's memorable interview with his father's spirit. Act I., therefore, has occupied parts of two successive days. The only long break in the action now occurs. Its extent is a little more than two months, as was said above, and is fixed by a remark of Ophelia in the play scene (Scene 2, Act III.), which will presently be commented upon. Scene 1, Act II., is put near the end of this interval. The opening dialogue of the scene is written simply to show Polonius's sly worldly wisdom in spying upon the pursuits and amusements of his son, Laertes, who is still in Paris. Near its close, Ophelia enters from the encounter with Lord Hamlet in her closet, wherein she "has been so affrighted;" and the expressed intention of Polonius at once to confer with the King and Queen on the subject appears to join this scene closely to that which immediately succeeds. In the following scene the troupe of actors appears, and Hamlet arranges to have "the Murder of Gonzago" played before the King "to-morrow night." The whole of Act III. and the first three scenes of Act IV. take place on the following day and its night. In Scene 1, Act III., Rosencrantz speaks of the piece which "this night" the actors are to play before the Prince, and then follows the famous interview between Hamlet and Ophelia, upon which Polonius and the King enact the parts of "lawful espials." The play scene succeeds (Scene 2, Act III.), and here we fix the time which has elapsed since the end of Act I. Before the performance begins, Hamlet, watching his mother and step-father, says to Ophelia, in an aside, "What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours." To these

"wild and whirling words" Ophelia quietly replies, "Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord." Hamlet's rejoinder is in his antic vein, again, but the maiden's simple word settles the matter definitively. At the opening of the drama it was not quite two months since the elder Hamlet died; it is now "twice two months" since that event, and the interval between Act I. and Act II. is therefore a little more than two months. It is midnight soon after the breaking up of the dramatic performance. (Vide Hamlet's soliloquy at the end of the scene.) The remaining scenes of the act and the first three of Act IV. follow each other closely. In Scene 3, Act III., Polonius reports that Hamlet "is going to his mother's closet;" and in the same scene the Prince finds his step-father at prayer, and comes near ending that unworthy uncle and the tragedy with a single sword-stroke. In Scene 4 Hamlet has his long conversation with his mother, kills Polonius, — again eavesdropping behind the arras, — and receives the second visitation of the Ghost, whose appearance is always between twelve and one o'clock. The first three scenes of Act IV. are short and broken, and run into one another, as if they shared the hurry and excitement of the early hours of the morning, which are occupied chiefly with finding the body of Polonius, with hasty conferences about Hamlet, and finally with his dismissal "for England," to which the King proposes to dispatch him before sunrise. Scene 4, Act IV., takes place, apparently, on the next day, and shows Hamlet on the way to his ship; and here he encounters Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, just setting out on a march of conquest against a part of Poland, and crossing Danish territory by license of the King. (Vide in Scene 2, Act II., the long speech of Voltimand.) The second interval, referred to above, occurs at this point; that is to say, between the fourth and fifth scenes of Act IV. Within this

time, Hamlet sets sail for England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; Polonius is buried hastily and "in huggemugger;" some of the Danes revolt through the influence of Laertes, who has "in secret come from France;" and the fair Ophelia, whose gentle spirit was framed too delicately to live in such tempestuous seas, becomes insane. The length of this interval is not fixed to a day, but is made sufficiently plain for all practical purposes. In Scenes 6 and 7, Act IV., Horatio and the King severally get letters from Hamlet, in which his speedy return is promised. In the letter received by Horatio Hamlet tells of his strange experiences on the ocean, — how, when scarcely "*two days old at sea*," he fell into the hands of pirates, by whom he had been brought back to Denmark; and in his letter to the King he agrees to meet his majesty "to-morrow." The gap of time in the fourth act, therefore, is that which would suffice for Hamlet's embarkation, two days' sail out to sea, his return to Denmark, and the delivery of his letters at the hands of sailors, — a period of perhaps a week or ten days. Everything now moves rapidly on to the close of the play. In Scene 7, Act IV., in which the King receives Hamlet's epistle, the Queen announces the drowning of Ophelia; previous to that, Laertes and the King have worked out their scheme to take the Prince's life. In Scene 1, Act V., Hamlet appears with Horatio, and Ophelia is buried "with maimed rites." The final scene is apparently on the day after the funeral of Ophelia. At all events, the interval between the last two scenes is very short; for in Scene 2 Hamlet is just giving Horatio the particulars of his maritime adventures, and Osric's phrase of greeting, "Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark," indicates the first appearance of the Prince at court since his return. Directly after Hamlet's death Fortinbras enters in

triumph from his expedition to Poland, and English ambassadors arrive with news of the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, wrought through the dispatch forged by Hamlet and delivered to the English King by their own hands. A rapid use has been made of the ten practicable days, in the way which we have already seen practiced by Shakespeare. But his scheme of time in Hamlet is absolutely flawless and self-consistent, from the interior point of view.

Attack upon the correctness of this analysis would seem to be vain, and so it is; but several critics have broken a lance against it. Some have undertaken to show, by a fierce citation of a few texts, a suppression of certain other texts, and a misconstruction of various others, that the whole extent of the piece is a few days. Mr. Richard Grant White, on the other hand, a long while ago, declared in print his judgment that the time of the action is from eight to ten years; and he has reiterated this opinion in *The Atlantic* within a few months. His argument is substantially this: that Hamlet was thirty years old in the last act, — which is undeniable, the fact being learned from the First Gravedigger, who had "been sexton, man and boy, thirty years," and who came to the business of grave-making "the very day that young Hamlet was born;" that early in the tragedy he is often spoken of as "young;" and that Ophelia, "in the earlier scenes," discourses of his "unmatched form and feature of blown youth," — all of which "earlier" view of Hamlet Mr. White thinks is inconsistent with the Prince's final weight of thirty years and his fatness and scantness of breath in the fencing scene. It seems as if Mr. White could hardly be serious in using such arguments as these against a proposition which is mathematical. But whatever point there is in his statement is blunted by the suggestions that the frequent designation of Hamlet as "young" (the

First Gravedigger uses the same adjective in the last act; see the passage cited above) plainly results from the circumstance of his father's name and his own having been the same, so that while the former was alive they would naturally be distinguished as the elder Hamlet and "young" Hamlet; that Polonius should regard a man of thirty years as young enough to have strong passions is quite probable; and that Ophelia should be able to speak with admiration of the figure of the Prince whom she loved, even if it were a little too plump for other people's tastes, does not need to be argued. Another point made by Mr. White is in one way of real consequence: when he says, in his own brilliant fashion, that he discerns great changes in Hamlet's character in the course of the tragedy, and that the melancholy Prince ages much in mind and temper before the fatal end is reached, I recognize the clearness of the critic's vision. But to this statement as an argument for Mr. White's view of the time it is a sufficient answer to say that Hamlet's experiences and mental struggles were of a kind which might, even in two months, naturally age any man, and especially one of his sensitive temperament. The fact is that the incidents of the play are fastened together like so many links in a chain of iron. Where in the action does Mr. White propose to insert his eight or ten years? Does he believe that the special mission to Norway, upon which Cornelius and Voltimand are dispatched in Scene 2, Act I., and from which they return in Scene 2, Act II., has occupied them eight or ten years? Does he suppose that Laertes, who departs from Denmark in Act I. and returns in Act IV., had leave of absence in France for a half score of years? Why does he speak of Ophelia's judgment of the elegance of Hamlet's figure as pro-

¹ Here note two, which are both curious and valuable: In the play within the play, the mimic King and Queen have been married *thirty years*, — a time which just sorts with Hamlet's known

nounced "in the earlier scenes"? It was uttered in Scene 1, Act III., the day before her father was killed; a few hours before the Prince was hurried off to England; a little more than three days before the pirates started Hamlet on his brief homeward voyage; and not more than a week, or fortnight at most, before her own death and burial and the end of the play, — according to Shakespeare. For my part, I should be sorry to believe that Ophelia, at the time of her death, was the mature old maid that Mr. White's chronology would make her. There are literally dozens of other citations which might be made to show how minutely consistent with himself Shakespeare is throughout the play.¹ It is vain to set one's wits, even if they are as good as Mr. White's, against the addition tables; and a commentator who has attained such deserved eminence ought not, in the face of the plain-dealing text, to deliver himself of such a tottering proposition as that "all the evidence shows" that Shakespeare "gave not three minutes' thought" to the question whether his tragedy of Hamlet occupied three days, or three months, or three or nine years.

The movement of time in Othello, the last play with which I have to deal, is exceedingly interesting. It is also quite clear; a slight obscurity which rests at first upon one of its phases being easily dissipated upon examination. The first act occupies a part of one night; the second act, a portion of one day and night; the third, fourth, and fifth acts take place upon a single day and night. There are two intervals the length of which is not precisely fixed. The interval between the first and second acts is consumed by the voyage of Cassio, Desdemona, and Othello from Venice to Cyprus; that between the second and third acts is, apparently, a few weeks in age; and in Scene 7, Act IV., King Claudius tells Laertes of a Normandy gentleman, skillful in fencing, who had visited the Danish court during Laertes' absence, "two months since."

length. Except for these two interruptions, the action of the tragedy moves on without a pause or break. The first act is devoted to the incidents of the evening of the day of Othello's clandestine marriage. The first scene takes place after supper-time, as Brabantio offensively suggests to Roderigo; and when the former leaves the window, at which he has heard from the latter the disagreeable news about Desdemona's elopement, he calls for a taper, and presently appears with torch-bearing servants. Othello, summoned before the magnificoes from the Sagittary inn, to which he has taken his bride, meets "the raised father and his friends" *en route*; and a few minutes later all present themselves at the session of the council, where Othello makes his famous defense, and Desdemona her election, and the Moor is ordered off to Cyprus "to-night." The expedition is so arranged that Othello and his lieutenant, Cassio, set sail that night at the same time, though in separate ships, and Desdemona, accompanied by Iago, the Moor's "ancient," and by Emilia, the ancient's wife, follow in another vessel as soon as is convenient. (Vide Othello's last speech in Scene 3, Act I., and the first speech of Cassio in Scene 1, Act II.) At the close of Act I. Iago first conceives the idea of securing Cassio's place and destroying Othello's peace, by abusing Othello's ear "after some time" "that" the lieutenant is "too familiar with" the general's wife. The first interval then occurs. A great storm, which breaks up the Turkish fleet that has been directed against Cyprus, separates Othello and Cassio "on a dangerous sea," and the several ships reach port one after another in Scene 1, Act II., — Cassio's first, then Desdemona's, and finally Othello's. Near the end of this scene, Iago puts Roderigo up to the idea of affronting Cassio "to-night," after the lieutenant, who is to be officer of the guard, has had one cup of wine "fastened upon him" by the clever ancient.

In Scene 2, Act II., the herald makes proclamation of six hours of general revel and feasting from "this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven." Scene 3 opens at a little before ten o'clock, and between that hour and the early morning, when Iago and Roderigo part, Cassio is made drunk by Iago, is enraged by Roderigo, wounds Montano, is deprived of his office by Othello, and is persuaded by Iago that the way to win his lieutenantcy again is to importune Desdemona for her influence with her husband.

The interval which occurs between Act II. and Act III. requires some careful consideration. At first glance it seems as if Act III. opened upon the very day after the evening of Act II. Cassio, convinced that the way to repair his fortunes lies through the mediation of the general's wife, says, near the close of Act II., "Betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me." Iago, in the soliloquy which ends the act, says, —

"My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay."

When, therefore, in Scene 1, Act III., we find Cassio serenading Othello, begging of Emilia a speedy audience with Desdemona, and telling Iago that he has not been abed inasmuch as "the day had broke before" they "parted," it looks as if Shakespeare meant to separate the acts only by the lapse of a few hours. That he does not mean this, but intends an interval the time of which is not fixed, but which certainly lasts more than one week, and probably continues several weeks, will presently be shown. Almost everywhere else in the plays such a collocation of word and scene as this would indicate close consecutiveness in time; but not everywhere. A like instance occurs in Act I. of *Timon*. At the close of Scene 1, Act I., of that play

the characters are invited by Timon to dinner, and in the following scene they are discovered seated at table; but between these scenes a considerable time has elapsed, within which Ventidius, who had been relieved in his distresses by Timon, has lost his father by death, and has come into a fortune. The hints contained in the immediate dialogue are always to be taken as conclusive in estimating the time of the action, I think, unless, as here, they are directly contradicted by that which follows. In the matter under consideration, as in the case cited from Timon, it is to be noted that the text, though misleading, is not in a single phrase or word inconsistent with the real fact; further than this I shall convince my reader that in certain speeches it points directly at the truth which the context proves. The absurdity of assigning the action of Act III. to the day after that covered by Act II. is self-evident. Even those commentators who rejoice to believe that Shakespeare had neither eyes nor memory, when he contrived his scenes, must stagger at accusing him of the idiocy implied in a forgetfulness of the facts that the night of Act II. was the real wedding night of Othello and Desdemona, and of the double idiocy of having a young wife charged with gross and repeated infidelities before she had been a married woman for a dozen hours. Shakespeare, as usual, is his own best defender. He takes pains to say, both "indirectly and directly too," that a considerable time elapses after the beginning of Desdemona's married life before Iago ventures to make his attack upon her faith. Indirectly, the fact appears in the settled conjugal tone, modest but assured, which Desdemona uses in speaking to or of Othello, after the third act begins. There are scores of her speeches which would be impossible to the mouth of a day-old bride. But we are not left to indirect evidence, interesting and satisfactory as that is in the present case.

In Scene 3, Act III., Iago says, "I lay with Cassio lately;" in Scene 4, Act III., to Emilia's inquiry, "Is not this man jealous?" Desdemona replies, "I ne'er saw this before;" in the scene just named Bianca reproaches Cassio with keeping away from her house *a week*; and again, in Scene 1, Act IV., Cassio, in speaking of the same light woman, says, "I was *the other day* talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble," etc. Many other equally conclusive texts might be cited. The relations between Cassio and Bianca furnish the best evidence as to the extent of the time; for though intimacy with such a woman might develop rapidly, it is not to be believed that in a very short time she would bring herself to believe that he intended to marry her. It is, then, not unfair to infer that this interval is one of several weeks, perhaps of two or three months. Its period is not very long, however, inasmuch as the news of Cassio's degradation has not had time to travel to Venice and back, and the recalling of Othello is evidently regarded as sudden. (Vide Scene 1, Act IV., ad fin.) It is not hard to imagine how this interim has been employed by the chief characters. Othello and Desdemona have gone on their straightforward way, frankly happy in each other and their mutual love; Iago has found time, in the midst of his increased military duty, to perfect his villainous schemes, trying to make his wife his tool by "wooing" her "a hundred times" to steal the handkerchief spotted with strawberries, which was Othello's first gift to Desdemona, and, we may be sure, steadily pressing upon Cassio the need of Desdemona's friendship and interest. That Cassio paid some or many visits to Desdemona in this interval appears from the conversation between Othello and Emilia, at the opening of Scene 2, Act IV. In these undescribed interviews, the first of which may perhaps have been had, in accord-

ance with Cassio's expressed intent, on the day after his disgrace, the lieutenant's misfortune must have been sympathetically treated by Desdemona; but his native modesty, greatly intensified by his humiliation, may have kept him from urging her active mediation in his behalf. At length the time is ripe. Cassio, with Iago ever at his elbow, makes an earnest appeal to her for her direct interference, and she generously promises it. It is after so long and such an interval that the wonderful Act III. begins. My reader may disregard as much as he pleases of the mere speculations of this paragraph; but I ask him to note the confirmation of the more important of them which is given in the opening pages of the act. Emilia informs Cassio, *before he sees Desdemona*, that "the general and his wife are talking of" his disgrace, "and she" is speaking for him "stoutly." At the beginning of Scene 3, the latter part of the interview between Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia is reported, and Desdemona's tone is distinctly that of one who is an avowed "solicitor" in his behalf; who has already, at his request, begun her intercession; and who now renews her promise of continued effort. With Act III. the final fatal day of the drama begins. It seems at first almost incredible that all the events of the last three acts of the wonderful tragedy should take place within twenty-four consecutive hours; but Shakespeare has been exceedingly careful, in his own way, to display the fact, and, as in the last acts of *As You Like It*, has even indicated the progress of the hours. Act III. opens, as has been shown, early in the morning. Othello, in Scene 2, goes "walking on the works" with some gentlemen. In the great Scene 3 he is brought back by the crafty Iago at just the right instant to see Cassio steal away from an interview with Desdemona, and a few moments later he has drunk the poisons of Iago's "dangerous conceits,"

and they have begun their "act upon" his "blood." The first half of this scene is in the forenoon, and it is interrupted at noon by Desdemona's entrance, with the reminder that Othello is forgetting his dinner and his invited guests. As they go off together she drops her handkerchief, which a few minutes afterward is in the hands of Iago, who purposes "losing" it "in Cassio's lodging." Between Scene 3 and Scene 4 Iago accomplishes this. In Scene 4 Desdemona has just missed her handkerchief, and questions Emilia about it; and Cassio, before the scene ends, shows the fateful web to Bianca, says he has found it in his chamber, and asks her to copy the work upon the napkin "ere it be demanded." Scene 1, Act IV., follows directly on, and in it Bianca returns the handkerchief which Cassio gave her "even now," and a second time invites him to sup with her "to-night." In this scene, Iago, seeing that Othello's passion has now reached a point where the Moor is incapable of concealing it, and, not satisfied with Othello's requirement that Cassio shall be killed "within these three days," or with the general's expressed intention "to furnish" himself "with some swift means of death" against Desdemona, evidently resolves to hurry matters with his utmost force. He resorts to bare-faced, unmitigated lies about Cassio's confessions of improper intimacy with Desdemona, makes a very effective use of Bianca's entrance and conference with Cassio, and so interprets Cassio's laughter, careless talk, and handling of Desdemona's handkerchief that Othello, in an ecstasy of passion, reaches the desired point, and determines to strangle Desdemona "this night." The necessity put upon Iago is plain. The plot must be worked out without pause to its deadly conclusion, or his opportunity is forever lost. Especially, no night, with its privacy and intimacy, may be allowed to intervene: with the Moor's jealousy in a state of uncontrollable

frankness, but not of settled resolve, a night in which Desdemona's gentle truth and honesty should be brought to bear upon him, in the retirement of home, might easily prove the destruction both of the plotter and his plots. The remainder of the time scarcely needs to be sketched. In Scene 1, Act IV., the messengers who arrive from Venice, and inform Othello of his recall, and of the appointment of Cassio at Cyprus in his stead, are invited to sup with Othello. Scene 2 is between the previous scene and supper-time. In Scene 3 the guests have been entertained, Lodovico bids his hostess good-night, and Desdemona makes herself ready for the couch which is to be her death-bed. Scene 1, Act V., is "between midnight and one o'clock," — the hour appointed for Roderigo's assault upon Cassio, who is waylaid as he returns from supping with Bianca. Scene 2 follows immediately, and not far from one o'clock, it must be supposed, Desdemona's gentle life suffers its cruel defeat. There is one drop of negative comfort in the thought that Desdemona was spared the pain of knowing that her match had "proved mortal" to her aged father, and that he had died in Venice of "pure grief." It is also worth while to note that the most complete and accomplished villain ever depicted by human genius is represented as twenty-eight years of age.

If these analyses of the Shakespearean dramas have been correct, my conclusion may well be brief, and in the nature of a summary rather than of an argument. It appears that Shakespeare has no general scheme or theory as to the indica-

tion of time; that in his non-historical pieces he treats the matter with many degrees of attention, which range from scrupulousness to indifference; but that in a fair majority of these plays he has, for nearly the whole of each drama, a definite plan, to which he steadfastly adheres. His method of showing the movement of time is generally through disconnected scraps and bits of text, which easily escape observation, but which cannot be regarded by any sane mind as accidental or insignificant, when, as often happens, they together make a complete band or chain. Not unfrequently his scattered suggestions cannot be so joined, and yet may furnish a clue to the progress of the action, as, in the boy's game of hare and hounds, the general course of the hare is revealed by widely separated fragments of paper, dropped to make a trail. Occasionally, as has appeared in the dramas which have been discussed, — in *All's Well That Ends Well*, for example, in *Cymbeline*, and especially in *King Lear*, — Shakespeare transmits news with miraculous speed, or makes his characters perform impossibilities in locomotion. But as to the many gross inconsistencies and self-contradictions which have been supposed to accompany his schemes of time, they simply do not exist.¹ A *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the only play against which such a charge can be sustained, and the playwright has there erred only by the dropping of a single day. On the other hand, the *Comedy of Errors*, *Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and nearly the whole of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*,

¹ I grasp the opportunity of a foot-note to correct a blunder of my former article in the analysis of the *Merchant of Venice*. Portia does not follow her husband to Venice "immediately after" his departure. Between Scene 2, Act III., in which Bassanio leaves Belmont, and Scene 4 of the same act, in which Portia follows him, intervenes the dialogue in Venice between Shylock, Antonio, and Salarino, the time of which is fixed by the text as the day before the trial, Bassanio not yet having arrived. Antonio says,

"I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor."

The sequence seems, therefore, to be this: Late on the day but one before the trial Bassanio sets out for Venice; on the following day Portia pursues him at the rate of "twenty miles" per diem, and accomplishes her journey just in season to attend the hearing of the *cause célèbre* of Shylock v. Antonio.

ure, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, and Othello, are fitted together in very exact and workmanlike fashion, and constantly show minute care and elaborate pains on the part of the dramatist.

I am aware that what has been written here must stand or fall with students of Shakespeare by its own merits; but I may be permitted to say that the work

has been done patiently and reverently, and with an honest belief that it was well worth doing well. That much of it will be familiar to many of my readers I fear I must believe; that some of it will be new to many of them I dare to hope; if any of it shall prove to be of real value — even though the value be small — in unfolding the thought of the master-poet, I shall be content.

Henry A. Clapp.

PROFESSIONAL POETRY.

IN old times, when, if legends say true, to be a poet was to wander in the guise of a divine beggar amid the isles of Greece, or to ride as a troubadour in the lists of Love's court, or to sit, snowy-bearded, in the minstrel's corner of some baron's hall, following the Muses was rather a sort of angelic gypsying than a profession; or, if the phrase seems light, it was the career merely of a blessed mendicant. In the classical age, manuscripts had already brought about some modifications in the habits of the strollers, and the printing-press at last effectually put an end to all that. Poetry, divorced from song to the popular comprehension, turned into literature; and, with the many changes involved in and accompanying this, it came about that, instead of winning bread perhaps the more readily by waking some familiar strain, now the poet had to make a new song to get a new alms. Publishers, too, took the place of musical instruments as the necessary complement of the text; and, not to speak it profanely, since by common report poets have found them by no means "easier to be played on than a pipe," the calling has no longer that fine indifference to mortal circumstance which gave it character when the favorite of the gods was honored of all men. Yet in the old

notion that the poet was inspired of heaven, and to give him food was an obligation both of religion and courtesy, there was this of truth, — the perception that the high gifts of the spirit have no relation to reputation or livelihood, or any of the respectabilities, the forms and shews, of the world, but are separate and apart; and there was also this of good as well, — that the poets, though the best of them shared in the weakness of our nature, were kept somewhat by this fiction of the *sacer vates* from any degradation of the art to routine uses. But did not Homer sing for his supper, and Spenser for a place at court? — this one for his laurel, that one for the gold beaker, and that other for some laughing Lalage? Let it be so; the old tradition, the idle fancy, serve to set in bolder relief the book-making, money-getting, reputation-sustaining, in a word the professional poets, of the modern time; for, if it be not altogether a new thing, certainly to a greater degree now than ever before do the acknowledged poets, the "kings of song," exercise their power out of mere habit, because they have always made verses and published them at tolerably regular intervals.

The three leading poets of England have this year simultaneously given the

world evidence, one cannot say of their genius, but of their craft; and the three volumes taken together are a fair test of what may be called professionalism in poetry, under the very best circumstances of native talent, cultivated art, and wide knowledge of the affairs of men. Two of the authors are now old men, and the third is no novice in life: with the former, if at all, we might expect

“long experience to attain
To something of prophetic strain.”

and with the latter has been associated for many years that power of youth which, in poets, seems independent of time. Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne are names so deeply graved in the memory of men that it would require very excellent work indeed to make them more lasting. It will hardly be expected that these new poems can add to their fame, and therefore none need grudge the friendly liberty if one who is less a critic than a looker-on, in our literary republic, treats them not so much for what they are as for what they illustrate; nor need any find disparagement in comparisons of old with new, odious as such methods of examination are, for to mark a difference will not, in this case, be to suggest a fault. Professionalism in poetry may be worth as frank discussion as professionalism in athletics, for example: it is not in the breed of sporting-men alone that our civilization diverges from that which flowered and seeded in the games of each Olympiad.

On the first pages of Browning's volume¹ there is a difference to be noted. Instead of invoking any Muses or other gods, as in the days when the world was young, our poet, in a wholly modern way, addresses the reader, and hands him a bill of fare, literally speaking. It is a handsome bill of fare, faultless in technique, with a certain piquancy of its own in the way of rhyme, — “Italy”

with “Spit ally,” for instance, — and of a roughened, acrid metre; it is written over, too, with epicure viauds, and seems almost to exhale odors of appetizing cookery; in fact, it is a receipt for preparing ortolans (apparently after the manner of the Maison Delapierre, Gressoney St. Jean, Val d'Aosta), and it is used in the old-fashioned scriptural way as a parable, of which the interpretation runs, “Reader, you have in these poems a dish of ortolans *à la Italienne*; if you know how to eat those, you will know how to read these. Robert Browning. *prandens*.” We have not dined at Gressoney on the

“some dozen luscious lumps,
Or more or fewer, —
... heads by heads and rumps by rumps,
Stuck on a skewer,”

but we understand the similitude, and have read the Fancies by the help of our second-hand knowledge of the ortolan roast, as the poet petitions. This prologue, we thus discovered, was really in excellent taste, — was an artistic necessity, indeed; for Ferishtah, the der-vish, whose wisdom is here preserved, poetized, or rather preached, after this manner, in parables, and out of such occupations as eating apples or cherries, or cutting up melons, or sowing “a bean-stripe,” drew the honey of sound moral reflections. One might say, if he had the courage to make such a sweeping inference as would seem to denote a member of the Browning Society, that in this prologue the master struck the keynote of these poems by showing how the highest philosophic thought, the eternal lessons of God's being and man's duty, reside in the commonest and most trivial objects and affairs of daily existence. You have but to look at your plate when dining, and lo, there is truth! That suggestion is perhaps a trifle esoteric for these pages: such, however, was Ferishtah's method, and hence there is a propriety in his English sponsor's attempt to do likewise,

¹ *Ferishtah's Fancies*. By ROBERT BROWNING.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

though one cannot help thinking he would have orientalized more successfully if he had chosen some simple thing, like a cherry, or an apple, or a melon, as Ferishtah does, rather than an epicure's dish. But indigestibility, after all, seems an essential part of the matter, in both ortolans and verses, to his own stomach. It takes, let us remark in passing, a very sophisticated poet — no warbler of native wood-notes wild — to describe himself, even half in jest, as Apollo's caterer.

In attending thus to the prologue at considerable length we have really been writing with a side glance at the poems themselves. They consist of the moralizing allegories in narrative, familiar as an Eastern form of literature, supplemented by short lyrical pieces, which usually give an emotional echo of the truth which has just been elaborated in a purely rational way. How Browning reasons in verse is well known; since Dryden no one has done it so well, at least in point of intellectual as distinguished from literary form. It is thoroughly understood, too, that his disquisitions are more highly prized by seekers after instruction than by the lovers of mere poetry. The thought is of course conservative, and it deals principally with modern problems (ancient, too, for that matter) of theology and religion: evil, prayer, anthropomorphism, asceticism, truth, and the like. Criticism of the substance of this does not belong under poetry, since there is essentially no appeal to the æsthetic faculty, but only to the reason; and this can be said more unreservedly than is usual even with this author's work, for in his later books there has been none so exclusively intellectual in its interest as is the present one. And here, incidentally, we come upon a feature of professionalism in poetry, — upon what, in default of better terms, we may call a substitution of routine in execution for a living art. So a lawyer has a certain amount of office

work which is dispatched by the help of formulas and legal blanks; or a clergyman writes a sermon, perhaps, when he is tired, by the help of other formulas and theological blanks. The characteristic of such work is that it is done mechanically. A poet, if he has been well trained, has the same resources, not only in the poetical blanks of verse-form, the set terms of his distinctive vocabulary, the fixed style of various manners, dramatic, elegiac, narrative, but more subtly in the very form of his customary thought. To come to the case in hand, Browning has, as a practiced craftsman, obtained a certain command which makes it impossible for him to fall below a definite and high excellence in expression, and thus he is always both facile and sure; but, beyond that, he has also developed habits of reasoning, so that his intellect is a mould, and, no matter what goes into it, always gives out the same form of thought. In other words, there is something fairly to be described as mechanical in his thinking as well as in his handling; there is an intellectual routine in his works, — the hardened, ossified form of what was once a fluid and vital art. Students of his poetry perceive at once that the subjects, the themes, of the present volume are accidental; he would have written as well, as profitably, on any other matter of intellectual interest, and he would have said essentially the same thing. Ferishtah's *Fancies* is, without any disrespect or disparagement, merely a poetic blank filled in. As in the case of other professions, the value lies in the filling in; sometimes its worth is more, sometimes less. What it is in this case will depend largely on the patience and religious prepossessions of the persons to whom the paper comes. Merely as a professional poem, however, Ferishtah's *Fancies* is a fine illustration of routine thinking; and truly, in the present dearth of inspired thought, men have reason to be grateful that it is so excellent, —

to recur to the prologue, "excellent i' faith — you cannot feed capons so."

In Swinburne's collection,¹ the mechanical element, one need hardly say, is limited to the verse-forms, the vocabulary, and the style, and is, in fact, with difficulty to be distinguished from the mere mannerism of his hand. The facility of Swinburne, the flow and sonorousness of his lines, are so overpowering that frequently one has to read them over, and by a distinct and painful effort neglect the emphasis and cadence in order to get at the idea; and in this last volume the double reading is as necessary as ever. The confusion of sense by words, as heretofore, has now and then a comical touch, as, to take a striking example, in the line,

"Your good little glad grave smile;"

or in the attack on the method of modern biography (by means of private letters), that enables all to

"Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer:"

one would as lief read the dictionary as lines like that, so far as poetic charm is concerned. But these are the familiar traits of one who is, notwithstanding, our most passionate and musical poet. The range of his new verses is much more varied than Browning's; but it is curious that the series of lyrics which gives the title to the volume is somewhat similar in form to the parables of Ferishtah, since it consists of a number of descriptions of seaside views, each of which concludes with an emotional echo of the scene in the final stanzas. After this group comes the inevitable ode to Victor Hugo, with a foot-note list of the works alluded to in the text, as if that would make the poem more intelligible to one who was unfamiliar with them beforehand; and the usual variety of elegiac, infantile, and political effusions fills out the book. Swinburne's memorial

stanzas are among the best of his work, and those on Mazzini, in this collection, do not fall below the standard they ought to reach to do honor to such a man. So, too, though he has written more finely of children than in the Nine-Year-Old Ode, and has put forth more stirring political verses than any of these in which he sings the crusade against the peers, — "O Lords, our Gods," — there is a sweetness and freshness in the former, a fervor and scorn in the latter, which show that the force of his genius is by no means spent. The line called out by the Tennyson ennoblement, —

"Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns,
bow down, —

opens with the majesty of one of Milton's sonnets.

Nevertheless, the volume as a whole owes much of the pleasure it gives to the pleasure it recalls. The level of the flight is not so high as it was, though the grace of the movement, the bend downward, the slow circlings, the strong upward soaring, attest the same eagle of song. There has been much aspersion on Swinburne's genius, and some of late in this country particularly; but one might as well deny the beauty of the leopard's skin because of its spots. In remarking, therefore, that this last volume is somewhat tame, in comparison with what has come before from his pen, we do not mean to join in the common censure of him as a mindless, babbling versifier, nor to point even by implication at the fact that the worship of childhood seems to have displaced that of womanhood, in his poetry; but there is a lack of vigor, a lassitude of the imaginative faculty, a paucity even of fancy, in which he was once so affluent. It is seldom, indeed, in these pages that one sees in the way of mere fancy such a faëry touch as in the sonnet *On the Death of Richard Doyle*: —

"Let waters of the Golden River steep
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy
red;"

¹ *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems.*
By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New
York: R. Worthington. 1884.

though in this one poem there are other lines as delicately done. It is much more seldom that there is any brief lyric burst to recall the chorus singer of the *Atalanta* and the *Erechtheus*. Swinburne's genius depends on the imagination primarily, as Browning's does on the intellect, and the imagination will not work mechanically; even when it seems to do so, as in Moore's oriental poems, or in Young's religious meditations, or in Wordsworth's ecclesiastical sonnets, it is hardly worthy of the name, and the region of its exercise by these poets is far from Swinburne's demesne. It involves a much more severe drain on a man's genius to write imaginative poetry periodically than reflective poetry; and while Swinburne has written as many volumes, perhaps, as Browning, in spite of his fewer years, he has not been able to keep the same level of excellence in his own work that Browning has maintained; and the facility that he has as a master in the profession, instead of assisting his make-believe, has really been of the fatal kind that smooths the *Avernian* descent. If there must be a new book of verses each year, an imaginative poet has little opportunity to select; he must print nearly all he writes that reaches respectability. It is under this necessity that in this volume, as in nearly all the previous ones, is included so much that is not distinctively either good or bad; but in the case of lyrical poetry, not to be excellent is to fail. Professionalism favors mediocrity in a man by cultivating content with what he is usually able to work out day by day, instead of discontent with all save what he can achieve at the full height of his nature in some fortunate moment; and hence for the true lyrist it is a snare. So far as this volume is the utterance of self-stirred genius, it is worthy of the shelf where the *Laus Veneris* is; so far as it is the perfunctory handicraft of a professed poet, it should have straw and stubble for its resting-place. When

Swinburne wishes to write a book merely for the book's sake, let him try his hand at another *Bothwell*.

Tennyson has been so faithful to his art that no one could harbor the thought that he has ever written except from the inner impulse, or published except in the perfectest form of which he was at the time capable. His new drama, *Becket*,¹ is finished with painstaking care, and if it fails of the immortality of *In Memoriam* it will be because the author is not a dramatic poet. In his early verse he gave no sign of having in him the capacities of a playwright, and as his genius rounded out and put forth power in the various provinces of poetry there was no indication of his being one of Elizabeth's men. It was felt to be hazardous when he gave the world *Harold* and *Queen Mary*; and now, though *Becket* is stronger, finer, more instinct with manliness, than were the earlier two, it is not certain that, had he begun thus, he would have won fame by this road. Distinction, certainly, he would have gained, but the three dramas together would never have seated him in the House of Lords; nor any number like them. *Becket* is in a sense a powerful play, with beauty and a touch of humor (so meant, at least), and a certain roughened realism in some of its character details; it has incident, situation, dialogue and monologue, passion and pathos, an extraordinary variety in mood, sentiment, and setting, and yet it does not make on the mind an impression either of character or of poetry at all comparable to the least of Shakespeare's plays, or, in our judgment, to the best of some smaller men than Tennyson, who breathed Shakespeare's air. *Becket* himself is a great subject; there is none finer, and it has attracted poets of large ambition before this; the men, the scene, the events, seem built for the purposes of tragedy.

¹ *Becket*. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

But a man of dramatic imagination does not need all this help from history ; he can take a nameless Italian *novella*, and make its tale of more consequence to humanity than all the lives of all the Archbishops of Canterbury. Becket is wonderfully perfect in its handling, in its phrase, its contrasts, its subordinations to the essential unity, its management of groups, its strokes of climax, — in all the things that art knows of and can create ; and being so perfect as it is in these ways, one wonders why it should not impress the mind as much as some plays infinitely inferior to it in mere construction. Tennyson has mastered the theory of the drama ; and we are told that if we do not enjoy his creations in this province of poetry, if we do not value the self-suppression which has not allowed one quotable line to stand out from others, and similar virtues dear to the theorist, we are wrong. Perhaps that is just the trouble. Shakespeare has so spoilt us that we will have no drama that is not romantic, that does not enchain us by a thousand wefts as well as by one main event. If Tennyson were a born dramatist, he would not have cared to inquire whether he fulfilled the academic ideal of what a drama should be. He would have written one, and shamed the schools. Becket has the perfection, the color, composition, and incident of a fine historic painting ; it has the dignity of a noble narrative told in tableaux ; but it has not the

spirit of the life itself. It is cold, limited, literary. It is presumably a part of the plan that there should be, as we have said, no quotable line, nor any fine passage that sings itself into the memory by its mere beauty. The attention is concentrated upon the action, and hence it may be expected that on the stage and to the eye the drama would be more effective. But this severe simplicity, this merciless pruning of all the graces of poetic expression, require the genius of another race to appreciate it. It was not Shakespeare's way. It is as certain as any such thing can be by internal evidence that Tennyson had no call to write this work except the ambition natural to so finely endowed a mind. Here, if anywhere, will the future trace in him the flawing influence of the poetic calling when followed for ends at variance with those dictated, to use the old phrase, by the god within. To say that Becket is a *tour de force*, as will be commonly said, is to set it entirely apart, in Tennyson's work, from *In Memoriam*, *The Ballads*, and *The Idyls*. There is more of England's heart in the song of Sir Richard Grenville's fight, more of man's life in *Rizpah*, than in the whole of Becket. In the two former the secret is inspiration ; in the last, is it, or is it not, professionalism ? The consummate excellence of craft, even to the premeditated carelessness in details now and then, is here ; is there essentially anything more ?

GOSSE'S EDITION OF GRAY'S WORKS.

MR. GOSSE's own prose and verse indicate him as well equipped to undertake the editing of Gray.¹ His finished little monograph on the poet is of course

¹ *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse*. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE. In four vol-

the best evidence of his special qualification, but that was not needed to prove his capacity. He belongs, by virtue of his own pursuits, to that class of scholars. New York : A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1885.

arly poets of which Gray is an eminent example; and if, by favor of his generation, his scholarship and his poetry are more distinctly made contributory to the public, he is more likely to perceive the conditions under which Gray worked. It is noticeable that those light, airy strains which one hears from a small company of contemporaneous English poets are not the careless pipings of amateur songsters, but that a substantial, if graceful, learning accompanies the poetic gift. Mr. Lang, besides his direct translations, has published a volume of studies in myths, and is already crowned with controversy; Mr. Dobson finds his critical acquaintance with the Queen Anne period called into requisition by the syndics of the Clarendon Press; and Mr. Gosse himself has given abundant evidence of his familiarity with the history of poetry in the special papers which he has prepared for Mr. Ward's anthology, and in the lectures lately delivered in this country.

The conjunction of poetry and criticism is not uncommon; it is indeed natural that the poet should be a very severe critic of himself. Poetry and scholarship also have frequently been joined in one person; for an art which deals in spiritual material and requires such delicate tools of words is pretty sure to find both suggestion and solace in other literary art. The mass of Gray's work before us offers a striking illustration of the subordination of the poet to the scholar. Of the four volumes containing it, one is occupied wholly with notes on Aristophanes and Plato; two are filled with letters, which show the scholar rather than the poet; and the one which contains the distinctly poetical product shares the contents with journals, essays, and a number of purely academic exercises in Latin and Greek verse. The actual quantity of Gray's English verse which Mr. Gosse has scraped together is comprised in less than a hundred and fifty pages.

When one comes to read these few pages, and asks how much is so exclusively Gray's that literature would be positively poorer for its loss, the amount is still further reduced. The Elegy, a few odes, and here and there a line are imperishable. It is an easy prophecy to make that they will always be read. There is scarcely a better witness to the essential virtue of quality as against quantity in art. Here was Gray, a most accomplished man, who had the divine spark. He gently blew upon it, and there blazed up an undying flame; then he let the fire smoulder. It made his own hearth a pleasant one,—that was all he cared for. His critical notes upon literature were clearly for his own amusement. He published hardly any prose, but his admiring friends printed after his death all they could lay hands on. These essays and analyses and notes are just such literary work as a *dilettante* scholar enjoys for its own sake. To read his author, note-book in hand, to indulge in learned little dissertations, and to see his manuscript volumes increase in number is to appease any troublesome literary conscience which may annoy him with suggestions of talents in napkins. Gray was not an intellectual idler; he was an intellectual sybarite. He found a snug corner in a college, and purred.

We cannot wax very enthusiastic over Gray's letters. They are graceful, they are sometimes touched with a gentle playfulness, and they often show a fine insight,—for the poet had a true eye,—but they are after all thin and wearisome. They lack the full flavor which comes with a rich, operative life. Think of the overflow in letters from Walter Scott! They do not show the pensive charm of individuality which makes Cowper's letters touch the sensibilities, and they have not even the wicked cleverness of Walpole's correspondence. Still, they characterize the writer quite completely; for they reflect his easy

saunter through life, and they betray something of that winning grace which made Gray so delightful a companion, and even now attaches one to him as by a fine personal acquaintance.

It was worth while to make a critical edition of Gray, and one feels instinctively the need that he should be treated in any such work with extreme conscientiousness. One does not put a delicate bit of Sevres porcelain or of Spode upon a machine-made corner bracket, and there is a fitness in things which makes it eminently proper that Gray should be fastidiously edited. The reader of these books, therefore, follows Mr. Gosse in his punctilious treatment with a gentle satisfaction. He is not surprised, but well pleased, that Mr. Gosse should have made diligent search for original manuscripts, and should have copied scrupulously every scrap, instead of taking on trust even Mitford's work. He feels a righteous indignation against the profane Mason, and enjoys a mild glow of satisfaction as he watches Mr. Gosse, in his imagination, pounce upon a hitherto unknown pair of verses. Mr.

Gosse is frank in his statement of his work, and does not set up any unreasonable claims. His air is that of a scholar who in his weaker moments might have a passion for bricabrac, a half-amused, sub-conscious sense that the work he is about, while highly desirable, will be regarded somewhat as an idle task. We wonder if the shade of a thought ever crossed his mind that the infinite pains he was bestowing upon the accuracy of the text of Gray's casual prose was more satisfactory to his own critical standard than essential to English literature. However that may be, there is a solid pleasure to the literary student in seeing some one else perform a labor like this with such unfaltering fidelity. To sit with the first of these four volumes in hand, reading Gray's chary lines, and to turn now and then to Mr. Gosse's Gray in the English Men of Letters series for the editor's fine comment and judgment on the several poems, is to repeat in one's own experience the kind of pleasure which we fancy Gray himself would have valued highly.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

AN American history would be incomplete without a mild lament over the injustice done to the Genoese sailor, whose new world was christened, from the name of the Italian pretender, America, instead of Columbia. The unfortunate Norseman, who first of all Europeans led an expedition to this country, four centuries and a half before Columbus was born, has been doomed to a fate even bitterer than his. Buried in oblivion for eight hundred years, the venerable sagas and annals of the Norse expeditions to America were revived only some sixty years ago; and

now, though the memory of the hardy sea-captain is about to be perpetuated with a sculptured fountain in the city of Boston, three quarters of the inhabitants never heard his name, and two of the leading journals are unable to spell it.

The sources of these histories of Norwegian discovery are the Landnæma Bok, an Icelandic work similar to the English Domesday Book, recording the titles of real estate, and the collections of sagas, long songs which were learned by heart and transmitted from one bard to another. These sagas partook of a sacred character, and any alteration was

regarded as second only to a deadly sin. Manuscript copies of these songs were made shortly after the introduction of Christianity into Iceland and Greenland, about 1000: the writing down of the story of Leif must have occurred immediately after its composition. These original authorities are now in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. The best external evidence of the settlement of America — or Vinland, as the sagas call it — by the Norsemen is the fact that in 1112 Pope Paschal II. appointed Erik Upsi Archbishop of Greenland and Vinland.

The Scandinavians were capital sailors, and fearless of the most furious storms. Their viking raids extended from the islands of the Levant to the shores of Greenland. They had a method of calculating the course of the sun and moon, they were able to measure time by the stars, and they are given the credit of having invented sailing on the wind. Their ships, one of which is preserved at the university in Christiania, were admirably fitted for rough weather, and of no mean size or tonnage. The hulk exhibited at Christiania was found in a huge burial-mound. It is rather larger than a Gloucester fishing schooner. One of the old fjord folk would deem it but a small vessel, for the Long Serpent of Olaf Tryggvason was one hundred and forty feet in length, with thirty-four rowing benches and an estimated capacity of nine hundred and forty tons. Cabot, it may be remembered, explored Baffin's Bay in a vessel of thirty tons, and Lord Anson circumnavigated the globe in the *Anna Pink*, sixteen tons.

In 860 Iceland was discovered; Reikavik was founded in 875; in 985 Eric the Red settled Greenland; and in the same summer Biarne Heriulfsson set out from Iceland to join his father, who had moved with his family to the new settlements in Greenland. Scarcely had he left the harbor when a terrific

gale set in from the north, or, to speak more correctly, as the Norseman's points of the compass do not exactly correspond with ours, from the northeast. Before this they were driven they knew not whither; and after the wind had abated they sailed on aimlessly through the heavy fogs, which concealed everything from view. At last the fogs lifted, and, stretching along the line of the western horizon, there appeared a densely wooded country rising from the coast to hills in the interior. These wooded hills are supposed to have been either the coast of Massachusetts Bay, — in which case Boston may lay claim to having been the first point of the New World sighted by a European, — or, more probably, some portion of Maine.

This land, however, was evidently not Greenland, and the sagacious Biarne, fully aware of the enormous distance he had been blown out of his course, sheered off, and, without landing, sailed away, keeping land off the port side, and with the sheet towards the land. A strong breeze bore them swiftly on, and in two days and nights they again saw land, very low and wooded, — Nova Scotia. Although his men were bitterly opposed to remaining so long at sea, Biarne refused to set foot ashore, and, driven by a wind from the southwest, after three days and nights again came in sight of land. The third land was high, with snowy mountains, and a voyage along the coast convinced them that it was an island, — Newfoundland. Again they turned away, still steering northwards, the favoring breeze which impelled them increasing to a gale. It even became necessary to take in every reef, so great was the strain on the rigging. Three days and nights they drove before the wind, and on the fourth day reached the extreme southern point of Greenland, where, at Heriulfness, Biarne's father had settled.

Such is the saga of Biarne, son of Heriulf. Too domestic for a seafaring

life, he never even landed on the shores he had seen, and the task was left for another.

Leif, the son of Eric the Red, settler of Greenland, was a traveler of no mean experience. He had visited Norway in 999, and, converted by King Olaf Tryggvason, had embraced Christianity. He it was who brought priests to Greenland from Norway, the old Scandinavian kingdom gaining possession of the western settlements of her children in 1003. The colony was abandoned, however, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the last bishop appointed being Andrew, in 1408. The stone ruins of the Norse settlements in Greenland are still standing.

Leif, a young and adventurous spirit, was eager to see and settle these fine new lands which his countryman had just discovered in the western ocean; so he purchased Biarne's vessel, put a crew of thirty-five men aboard, and almost prevailed upon his vigorous old father, Eric, to go with them. This was in the year 1000 A. D.

The first land descried was the island last seen by Biarne. There were snowy hills in the interior, and a broad, level expanse of snow extended from them to the water. Leif landed, but finding few attractions sailed away, after christening the country *Helluland* (from *Hella*, a flat stone, numbers of which exist in Labrador and Newfoundland). The second land Leif found was low and overgrown with woods, with long strips of white sand dividing the forests from the sea. Again Leif landed, and from the woods called the country *Markland*. Putting straight to sea, they again saw land after two days and nights. This, they found, was an island lying to the north of the mainland, and, sailing through a strait between the island and a cape which jutted out towards the north, they doubled the cape, and continued their course towards the westward.

To the earlier students of the subject

this description was one of the most puzzling passages in the saga. The locality ought to be in the vicinity of Cape Cod, but the topography does not at all correspond. An easy and simple explanation is in Mr. Otis's pamphlet, *Discovery of an Ancient Ship on Cape Cod*. The north of the Norsemen, as has been mentioned, had a strong easterly slant, and when *Isle Nawset* and *Point Gilbert*, which existed in the time of Captain John Smith and of Gosnold, are again raised from the ocean off the eastern coast of Cape Cod the difficulty no longer exists.

From this point they sailed westward till they came to "a river flowing out of a lake." This "river" was so affected by the tide that it was necessary for them to wait till flood tide before they were able to tow their vessel up over the shoals. Here they went ashore, and built a house in which to pass the winter. A reference to the map easily identifies the lake with *Mt. Hope Bay*, and the river with *Seaconnet Passage* and *Pocasset River*. The wooden huts, or booths, were probably erected near the site of *Fall River*.

The winter, in comparison with Greenland, was remarkably mild and pleasant, — probably much milder than the prevailing climate of the same part of the country at the present day. There were plenty of salmon to be caught, both in the river and the lake. The days and nights were more nearly equal than in either Iceland or Greenland; the shortest day extending from half past seven in the morning until half past four in the afternoon. This duration of daylight cannot of course be given with exactness, but the hours mentioned are calculated as closely as possible from the Scandinavian method of reckoning time. According to this estimate, the latitude of Leif's settlement was $41^{\circ} 43' 10''$, — about that north of *Mt. Hope Bay*.

The crew was divided into two par

ties, and alternately they explored the country. Tyrker, a native of Continental Europe, probably a German, who accompanied one of these expeditions, strayed from his companions, and the returning party reported him missing. Leif, greatly disturbed, was about to set out in search of him, when the missing man appeared, half crazy with delight over a new discovery. His adopted tongue for the moment forsook him, and he jabbered enthusiastically in his own language. At last he recovered his senses sufficiently to tell his shipmates that he had discovered vines and grapes, from which he had been debarred ever since he left his native country for the North. These grapes were discovered growing wild in great profusion, and Leif named the country from them, Vinland.

Leif found the country rather lonesome, however, and as none of the men had brought their wives there was no chance of a permanent settlement; so he returned to Greenland with a cargo of lumber in the spring of 1002. When not far from home he rescued a shipwrecked crew of fifteen men, and from this fortunate occurrence, as well as from his discoveries, he was known ever afterwards as Leif the Lucky. He never returned to Vinland, for his father, Eric, died shortly after his son's return to Greenland, and Leif was left at the head of the colony. His brother Thorwald, the Iclander Thorfinn Karlsefne, and the Norwegians Helge and Finboge followed after to the coasts where he had led; but their settlements, it is recorded, were all unsuccessful, on account of the hostility of the natives.

Such is the story of Leif Ericson the Greenlander, the only one among a host of contestants who can establish a claim fairly well proven to have landed first of all Europeans upon the shores of America before Columbus.

— I have recently fallen in love —
vehemently, as in love at first sight —

with a certain virtue or grace which, as it seems to me, is all too little recognized and honored; indeed, it is doubtful whether the popular vote would ever elect to the congress of virtues the trait which I have in mind, and which, in default of a better characterization, shall be called the virtue of generous reciprocity, — further defined as the complement of generous giving. The pleasing problem has three quantities, — giver, gift, and gifted, the last being not least in bringing the solution; for every wise giver knows that his gift would return to him void, if the receiver were unwilling or apathetic.

I question curiously why, upon sundry occasions, we should find it so difficult to accept favors from those who, we have every reason to believe, neither expect nor desire us to make return. Why should I be so devoured with zeal to discharge my obligation (with handsome interest thereon), or why persist in calling that obligation which my friend knows by a name quite different? — improved opportunity. I keenly suspect that my feeling in the matter would not bear rigid analysis: if I *suffer* under my friend's liberality, do not I in effect accuse him of being somewhat less magnanimous than myself, who, if our relations were reversed, would never account him beholden to me? I find the position of benefited person an uncomfortable one, yet I own that I should have no compunction at seeing my friend in that position; moreover, I should think him a most captious and irritable fellow if he chafed under my achieved kindness.

Montaigne tosses this question of giving and receiving into his scales, and weighs it in the following fashion: "If, in the friendship of which I speak, one could give to the other, the receiver of the benefit would be the man that obliged his friend; for each of them studying above all things how to be useful to the other, he that affords the oc-

Jan. 1, 1885.

casion is the generous man, in giving his friend the satisfaction of doing that which he does most desire." Possibly, this argument is addressed a little above the level of average friendship: the precept It is more blessed to give than to receive has long been in acceptance with us, but the blessedness of giving occasion to the giver is a subtlety in the case dative, which we are much slower to master. Shall we always hear praise of the easy creditor, and never a word approving the amiable character of the easy debtor? — him who receives liberally, thereby obliging the liberal bestower; who can even lend his imagination to taste the pleasure which the bestower has; who detracts not from that pleasure by a loath and grudging acceptance; whose gratitude is largely mingled with grace, and is payable in some light, pleasant, and commodious tender that oppresseth not. If any one wishes to be instructed in the duties of the favorer to the favored, the Roman general Flaminus, as Plutarch describes him, would be an admirable example for imitation: "For the persons whom he had obliged he ever retained a kind regard, as if, instead of receiving, they had conferred a favor; and considering them as his greatest treasure, he was always ready to protect and to promote them."

It occurs to me that some such forms as the following might be employed to advantage by giver and receiver: "Accept these which thou art pleased to call my favors, with these my thanks for opportunity afforded." To which the reply is, "I accept, with open and grateful heart, thy favors, and remain — until to these thou addest desired opportunity — Thy Easy Debtor."

— *Place aux dames!* The following letter and notice explain themselves. They are printed *verbatim et literatim* from the manuscript of the writer, whose name and address are for obvious reasons withheld: —

Dear Gentlemen; Will you not be so kind as to do me a favor? I am a Bachelor & want a Wife. In the City of Boston it is said there 20 thousand more Females than Males & no doubt in the country, in many places, in the old States the females are in excess of the males; here — there are about ten men for every Woman. Many of these men have homes & want wives, but where will they get them? Not here for they are not to be found in this country, — they must come from some where else. It is likely that many of these females are without parents & have no homes, & are compelled to hire out for to make a living & little or no prospect of laying up something for the future. If we Bachelors had them here we could furnish them with homes that would be better than living in other peoples houses & being sevents. We would be more happy & so would they. A good Woman is a great blessing to any man — yea a fortune — if she has nothing but the clothes she has on. The favor I had refference to in the commencement of this letter & which I am going to ask of you is to be so kind & condecending as to publish in your paper — if you publish one & if not in some other paper — the notice found in this letter. If I had known the name of any paper printed in Boston I could have sent it direct, but I know the name of none. I hope Gentlemen you will do me this favor — every body is pleased with matrimony & almost any one will aid in marriage. I was much pleased & thankful for the favor you did me, I will be equally so for this.

Your Friend, ———.

NOTICE.

TO UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I am a Bachelor, living alone & lonely — 5 feet & 7 inches high — weight 150 — gray eyes — light complected — dark hair — not wealthy —

out of debt — own 91 acres of land on the — River — Local Minister of the Gospel in the M. E. Church — Want a Wife — good domestic Woman — not under 40 — one never been married much preferred — if a widow must have no children — good character — healthy — kind and affectionate — chunky made

— Religious or Religiously inclined. Will answer all letters received, unless too numerous. Let me hear from you Ladies I am in earnest. My address is

—, — County, —

Other papers will please copy.

Your obedient

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Morals and Theology. Every-Day Life and Every-Day Morals, by George L. Chaney (Roberts), is a collection of Sunday evening talks on such subjects as the press, the stage, juvenile literature, and art. The author is forcible and sensible, and often fresh and suggestive. — Notes on Ingersoll, by Rev. L. A. Lambert. (Buffalo Catholic Publication Co.) These notes are in a conversational form, Mr. Ingersoll's writings furnishing the basis for his side of the talk. Mr. Lambert answers him with patience and dexterity. — Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and as Paganizer, by William C. Wilkinson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Wilkinson gives less attention to the literary than to the philosophical side of Mr. Arnold's work, but he pursues his investigation into the diction with characteristic detective minuteness. His discussion of the philosophic standing of Buddhism is vigorous. We do not profess to say it is not conclusive, but it strikes us at the outset as illustrating the great difficulty which a thoroughly Occidental mind has in measuring Oriental thought. — The Elements of Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical, by Noah Porter. (Scribners.) This is primarily a text-book, but the frequent reference, in the text itself, to other works bearing on the subjects discussed makes the book a convenient one for any who wish to form for themselves a clear conception of the grounds of human rights and duties. It is a curious commentary on the present treatment of ethics to find the President of Yale College ironically defending himself for taking the New Testament as an authority as much to be deferred to as Spencer, Aristotle, Cicero, or Butler. — Daily Thoughts, selected from the writings of Charles Kingsley by his wife (Macmillan), is in form a birthday book, with regard also to holy days. As Kingsley was above all a moralist, his earnest writings easily afford specimens of birthday wisdom, whether taken from his novels, from his sermons, or from his poems. — Ecclesiology, a treatise on the church and kingdom of God on earth, by Edward D. Morris (Scribners): a volume prepared from lectures delivered to theological students. Dr. Morris takes a view which precludes organic oneness, or rather subordinates it wholly to spiritual unity. His treatment is

historical and philosophical, and the tendency of his thought is to the final merging of the church and humanity. — Letters on Spiritual Subjects in Answer to Inquiring Souls, by W. H. Holcombe (Porter & Coates): an attempt to develop the thought of the spiritual presence of Jesus Christ in the world as interpreted by a disciple of Swedenborg.

Education and Text-Books. Education in its Relation to Manual Industry, by Arthur MacArthur. (Appleton.) Mr. MacArthur expends little time in demonstrating the value of introducing a system of rudimental science and manual art into the lower grade of schools. He gives most of his space to an interesting *précis* of what has actually been accomplished in different countries in this direction, and his narrative easily attracts to itself the forcible presentation of the views held by those who have inspired or managed the various rudimentary technical schools. His book becomes thus a weighty argument in favor of the system and a pretty clear statement of its practical workings. — Der Neue Leitfaden beim Unterricht in der Deutschen Sprache, by Gottlieb Heness. (Holt.) This book proceeds by easy and natural gradations, according to the system which Mr. Heness has helped make popular, in the conversational method, ending with a few selections from literature. — The forty-third annual report of the trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind is made interesting by the details which are presented of this very valuable charity. The department of music receives special attention. The list of books which the blind may read and enjoy to their fingers' ends is a curious one, in which old-fashioned piety and modern æciefence are mixed in queer proportions. The rather effusive sentiment of the report might lead one to fear that the pupils of the school would be put upon a too extended course of self-pity. — The Human Body, a Beginner's Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, by H. N. and H. C. Martin (Holt), is a volume in the elementary course of the American Science series. It is, the authors say, essentially a school-book of personal hygiene, and is devoted for the most part to matters which are usually within the easy control of

each individual. The book seems to keep well within reasonable limits, and we like its treatment of the alcohol question. — *Elements of Analytic Geometry*, by Simon Newcomb (Holt): one of a series by this author. It is adapted both to those who do and those who do not desire to make a special study of advanced mathematics. It belongs naturally in a college course. — *Putnam's Sons* have issued, in three very neat volumes, *Representative British Orations*, with introductions and explanatory notes by Charles K. Adams. Mr. Adams, who has done his work with great care and thoroughness, gives us selections from fifteen orators, beginning with Sir John Eliot and ending with William Ewart Gladstone. Mr. Adams's illustrative notes at the end of each volume are especially valuable. — *The Nutshell Series* (Putnam's Sons) is the title of six diminutive volumes, containing wise, witty, and poetical quotations, selected and arranged by Helen Kendrick Johnson. The booklets are neatly packed in a case. — *A Popular Manual of English Literature*, by Maude Gillette Phillips (Harpers), is the title of a work in two portly volumes, in which the author, not content with showing her unfitness for writing about the literature of her own land, presents some rather remarkable "outlines" of the literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. If other worlds than ours have any literature, it has fortunately escaped the attention of Maude Gillette Phillips. — *Representative American Orations*, edited with introductions, by Alexander Johnson (Putnam's Sons), is an excellent work of its kind. It is issued in three handy volumes, uniform with *British Orations and Prose Masterpieces for Modern Essayists*, by the same publishers. — *The Centenary of Leicester Academy* is the title of a thick pamphlet (Charles Hamilton, Worcester, Mass.) devoted to the exercises held at Leicester, Mass., in the fall of 1884. There were an historical address by Hon. W. W. Rice, a Poem by Thomas Hill, from whom poetry is not usually looked for, and various speeches made at the dinner. The address is fully annotated. It is always interesting to see, by such occasions, how many persons of distinction took their first strong steps in an academy upon some windy New England hill. — *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Herodotus* have been edited by A. C. Merriam (Harpers), who also furnishes a life of Herodotus, an epitome of his history, a summary of the dialect, and explanatory notes. Perhaps there are more text-books on the Second Book, but that book certainly is the most attractive to young students, and to our minds most valuable as a starting-point for historical work. — Two recent issues of *School Bulletin Publications* (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse) are *Normal Language Lessons*, by S. J. Sornberger, and *Calisthenic and Disciplinary Exercises*, by E. V. De Graff. The former is rather an accompaniment to larger books than a substitute for them; the latter is a manual of exercises. — *Webster's Condensed Dictionary* (Iverson) is a very compact volume of 800 pages. An immense amount of matter is packed into the space by the omission of illustrative examples, by the use of a type too fine for ordinary purposes, and by collecting all the direct derivatives of words

under the root word. Mechanically the work is admirably done, but we pity the compositors who set it and the proof-readers who read it.

Literary History and Criticism. Personal Traits of British Authors, edited by Edward T. Mason. (Scribners.) The two volumes of this series so far published contain sketches of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, Procter, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Keats, Southey, and Landor. Mr. Mason's plan is to give extracts, chiefly from contemporary critics and narrators, by which the portrait of each author is sketched in a free fashion. Foot-notes explain or carry farther references in the text, and a chronological table gives in each case the leading facts in the author's career. One is furnished with the personal characteristics of the subject rather than with his intellectual qualities, and as a great variety of witnesses are called one is obliged also to pay some attention to the personal equation of the narrators. However, as books of amiable gossip, they are creditably edited, and if taken in small quantities will not greatly impair intellectual digestion, though a meal of such reading would be apt to bring on dyspepsia. — *Proceedings at the Presentation of a Portrait of John Greenleaf Whittier to Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Tenth Month, 24th, 1884.* (Riverside Press.) It is a pity that a copy of the portrait by Parker could not have been given as a frontispiece. The pamphlet otherwise has pleasant tributes to the poet, to whom Friends very properly have a preëemptive claim. — *One Hundred Years of Publishing, 1785-1885.* (Lea Brothers & Co.) The change in style from Henry C. Lea's Sons to Lea Brothers & Co. occurs just a hundred years after Matthew Carey founded the business, which has continued by very direct family descent to the present day, having branched also into the house of Henry Carey Baird. The narrative is an interesting one, and forms a curious illustration of the changes which have come over Philadelphia as a publishing city. This firm, once the most literary firm in the country, has now become specialized in medicine and industrial works. — *Stops, or How to Punctuate a practical handbook for writers and students*, by Paul Allardye. (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia.) As a preparation for this little book, the title-page has no stop at all, and only one dash. The rules given strike us as reasonable, and, if followed, likely to put some check upon intemperance in punctuation.

Poetry. The poems of the Marquis de Leuville (American News Co.) show that he has a lyrical gift, of which he has not made the most. — *An Irish Garland*, by Sarah M. B. Piatt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The themes of these poems are either suggested by Ireland, or spring from Mrs. Piatt's residence there. The domestic feeling, the half-shrinking touch, the clear sense of realities, and the melodious form commend the book to lovers of verse. — *No Sect in Heaven*, by Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland (George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia): a neat little edition of a poem which has won popularity by its easy, familiar expression of a favorite sentiment. The doggerel is forgiven for the sake of the sense, and like many

rude doggerels helps many to remember the ideas. — *A Heart's Life, Sarpedon and other Poems*, by Ella Sharpe Youngs. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is difficult to read patiently a volume of poetry when the reader stumbles over unmusical lines. — *Hero and Leander*, a poem by Carl Robert Zache. (The Author, New York.) Here is imagination and some strong phrase. The form is not always smooth, and we are glad of it, for it helps us to believe that the author has stuff in him for poetry. — *Songs in all Seasons*, by James B. Kenyon (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a volume of some force, of a rather untrained character, but with no very wide range of theme. The poems have somewhat the air of practice verses, and the form, though varied, does not show perfect mastery by any means. — The reader will find a very valuable compendium of German poetry in *Representative German Poems, ballad and lyrical*, edited, with notes, by Karl Knortz. (Henry Holt & Co.) The translations, which are made by various hands, are accompanied by the original text, — an admirable arrangement. — The authors of the charming little book of verse called *The Children Out-of-Doors* (Robert Clarke & Co.) are, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt. Though their names do not appear on the title-page, their work is too characteristic to pass unrecognized.

Biography. The first volume has been published of Leslie Stephen's *Dictionary of National Biography*. (Macmillan.) When the last will be published the buyer of the first will be at least a dozen years older. Fifty volumes are promised, and there ought to be no difficulty in making up the number when the first, beginning with Abbadie, gets no farther than Anne. The names are drawn exclusively from English history, and do not include living persons. All persons whose names begin with A and who die before Z is reached will have a chance to be gathered into a supplementary volume. According to a nice calculation, if the editor lives ten years he loses a chance to go into his own dictionary in the proper place. The authors of the several articles are in many cases specialists, and the work bears the mark of thoroughness. Yet there is a tendency among the writers to treat the subjects as if they were prepared for a weekly paper intended for immediate reading. When one reads under Amherst, for example, "The history of this episode of the rebellion of Pontiac has been ably described by an American historian," he knows that Mr. Parkman is referred to, but an encyclopædia has no business to make allusions of this sort. It should say frankly who the American historian is. There is a curious bit of Anglicism, by the way, in this reference to the "rebellion" of Pontiac. Pray, who was Pontiac's lawful king? The notes at the end of many articles giving authorities are useful to the student. The editor appears to intend making the book as local as possible. Everybody, of course, who speaks the English language wishes to read about Englishmen, but who wants to know so much about so be-stated an Englishman as Prince Albert, who was after all not an Englishman at all? — *Women of the Day*, a biographical dictionary of notable contemporaries, by Frances Hays. (Lippincott.)

This is of English origin, though American names are not omitted. It differs from the dictionary last named in having no dead names, and it is a little startling to find so many frank disclosures as to age. Not even a woman, however, could find out some dates, and there is a teasing silence about certain names. The articles are generally judicious in their close attention to facts, yet what a melancholy thing it is to see this further attempt to erect womanhood into a specific class! — The latest number of the *American Statesmen* series is John Marshall, by Allan B. Magruder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Although Marshall's fame rests upon his judicial service, he was made Chief Justice because of the eminent ability he had shown in other fields than that of the bench, and this volume is especially interesting because it reminds the reader how wide and diversified were the gifts of the men who formed the statesmen of the earlier period. The time had not come for the specialists of a later day. Marshall, like Jay, was Chief Justice; they might either of them have been President so far as qualification and training went. — Harriet Martineau, by Mrs. J. Fenwick Miller, is the latest volume in the *Famous Women* series. (Roberts.) Mrs. Miller has availed herself of some material not used by Miss Martineau's biographer, but she showed poor taste in depreciating Mrs. Chapman's work, especially as she makes statements which only the dead can verify.

History. The *Divine Origin of Christianity*, indicated by its historical effects, by R. S. Storrs. (Randolph.) Dr. Storrs has published ten lectures delivered by him in New York, Boston, and Brooklyn, and has added as much more matter in the shape of illustrative material in an appendix. His lectures attempt the difficult task of separating the leaven from the lump, and of differentiating Christianity and civilization. The richness of the book is at once its argument and its snare. One is borne along upon a full tide to a conclusion which was evident from the beginning, and yet the color and exuberance in the style might easily mislead a careless reader into thinking that he was following a merely rhetorical exhibition. In point of fact, Dr. Storrs has an admirable faculty in selecting and grouping historical material so as to give it a cumulative force. The book will be a treasury to many minds, and the glow of its pages will doubtless attract some who would be indifferent under a colder, more unimpassioned treatment. — *Egypt and Babylon, from sacred and profane sources*, by George Rawlinson. (Scribners.) The profane sources are used largely to reinforce the sacred, and the book becomes a useful commentary on parts of the Old Testament. — The American Historical Association, organized last summer, has already issued two papers (Putnams): one being a report of the organization and proceedings; the other a paper by President A. D. White, on studies in general history and the history of civilization. — *Greece in the Times of Homer*, by T. T. Timagenis (Appleton), is an account of the life, customs, and habits of the Greeks during the Homeric period. The book complements the author's history of Greece, and is a not very critical or exhaustive treatment of the subject. Indeed, one

might call it commonplace without laying himself open to the charge of being hypercritical.

Fiction. Wensley and other Stories, by Edmund Quincy, edited by his son, Edmund Quincy. (Osgood.) We are delighted to welcome a possible collection of Mr. Quincy's stories, for he was a rare humorist in his way. The quiet grace of his style ought to be grateful to many readers, and Wensley carries with it also so charming a picture of rustic life and Harvard gentility that no one who loves good literature of a New England flavor should miss it. Here was a man who had in him the stuff of a famous author, and if ever his letters are printed people will wonder why they never heard more of him. — Mr. Lathrop's *An Echo of Passion* has been issued in cheaper form in paper covers. (Scribners.) — *The Mystery of the Locks*, by E. W. Howe (Osgood), has scarcely the singular attraction of *The Story of a Country Town*. The oddities of the former book have been toned down, but the author scarcely relies on his native strength; he has recourse to conventional humor and conventional mysteries and crimes. Still, something of the quaintness which made one smile before is in this second book. When the author says, "I will go over and hear what he says," Dorris replied promptly, putting on his hat, 'You can go along if you like,' we are puzzled to say just why that little introduction of the hat should strike us as a serious bit of drollery. — *Addie's Husband* (Appleton) is a story of misunderstanding and wretchedness in married life, made appalling by mystery and crime, but cleared away at last. The reader is invited to see the innocent, suffering wife laid under the daisies, but just as he gets out his handkerchief a few dots intervene, the story jumps a year or two, and everything is as right as a trivet, nobody dead, and sympathy all wasted. The whole is told in short conversations, for the writer is alarmed at the least possibility of being dull. — *My Lady Pokahontas* is the supposititious narrative of one Anas Todkill, whom Mr. J. Esten Cooke vouches for. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The conceit is very cleverly carried out, and Mr. Cooke has preserved the verisimilitude of an old chronicle without being dull or pedantic. He has set the Pokahontas legend in a quaint and appropriate frame. — *The Crime of Christmas Day*, a tale of the Latin Quarter (Appleton): a story modeled apparently on Gaboriau. — *Roslyn's Fortune*, by Christian Reid (Appleton): a story, the scene of which is laid in the South without taking on any specially local coloring. The author tells us that we are in the South, but characters and incidents belong to the land of fiction mainly. — *Tarantella*, a Romance, by Mathilde Blind. (Roberts Brothers.) The romance here is in the language, also, which is charged with a good deal of perfume. — Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are *Ichabod*, by Bertha Thomas; *The Wearing of the Green*, by Basil; *The Crime of Christmas Day*; *Tie and*

Trick, by Hawley Smart; *Under Which King?* by Compton Reade; and *The White Witch*. — *The Author of Beltraffio*, by Henry James (Osgood & Co.), is the title of the chief story in a collection of five tales, which are still fresh in the minds of conscientious magazine readers. The pieces in question are *Pandora*, *Georgina's Reasons*, *The Path of Duty*, *Four Meetings*, and the initial story. — *The Money-Makers*, a Social Parable (Appleton & Co.), is a novel of very unequal merit. At its best it just misses being exceedingly clever. The author's incessant use of cheap French words and phrases is exasperating. — The ninth volume of *Stories by American Authors* (Scribner's Sons) contains *Marse Chan*, by T. N. Page; *Mr. Bixby's Christmas Visitor*, by C. S. Gage; *Eli*, by C. H. White; *Young Strong of the Clarion*, by M. W. Shinn; *How Old Wiggins Wore Ship*, by R. T. Coffin; and —mas has Come, by Leonard Kip. — *La Duchesse Martin*, *Comédie en un Acte*, par Henry Meilhac (Carl Schoenhof, Boston), is the first of a series of modern French plays and novels to be issued under the supervision of Mr. Jules Lévy, the editor of *Le Français*, an admirable little journal, which ought to be familiar to every reader of French. The grammatical and explanatory notes which Mr. Lévy has added to M. Meilhac's comedy are, like all Mr. Lévy's work in this kind, of the highest critical value. — Mark Twain's new book for young folks, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (C. L. Webster & Co.), is in some sense a sequel to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, though each of the two stories is complete in itself. *Huckleberry Finn*, Tom Sawyer's old comrade, is not only the hero but the historian of his adventures, and certainly Mr. Clemens himself could not have related them more amusingly. The work is sold only by subscription.

Science. A Popular Exposition of Electricity, with sketches of some of its discoveries, by Rev. Martin S. Brennan. (Appleton.) The author has aimed at a simple presentation, with as little technicality as may be, and with abundant use of illustration from personal experiences. — *Diluvium, or the End of the World*, by George S. Pidgeon (Commercial Printing Co., St. Louis), is a consideration of the probable results to be expected from the conversion of Sahara into an inland sea. We are to have another Flood, and this time no local puddle, but a universal one, which will wash the world away altogether. Mr. Pidgeon believes in his theory, and shows a calmness under his knowledge which leads us to believe that he has got his ark finished, and is sitting on the doorstep. — The forty-eighth number of the *International Scientific Series* (Appleton) is *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, by Alphonse de Candolle. The subject is one closely connected with the history of human life, and the author has drawn upon a great store of narratives of travel for his facts. It would be a capital book to put into the hands of a wide-awake teacher of geography.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — MAY, 1885. — No. CCCXXXI.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XIV.

"ONE day is the same to us as another. We see nobody."

"Oh, of course!" said Mrs. Wilberforce. "Dear Mrs. Warrender, it is so noble of you to make such an effort. I hope Theo will appreciate it as it deserves."

Mrs. Warrender colored a little, as one is apt to do when condemned by too much praise. It is difficult sometimes to tell which is worst, the too little or the too much: she did not make any reply.

"But I am glad it does not make any difference to have us to-night; that is, if you meant *me* to come?—or perhaps it was only the two gentlemen? I see now: to be sure, two gentlemen is no party; they need not even come back to the drawing-room at all. I am so glad I came to inquire, for now I understand perfectly. And you are sure it will quite suit you to have them to-night?"

"Of course," said Minnie, "mamma does not look upon you as company, dear Mrs. Wilberforce; it will be only a relief if you come, for gentlemen, and specially new people, who don't know that we have lost nor anything about us, are trying. Mr. Cavendish, I remember, was quite nice when we had tea in his rooms at Commemoration,

and if all had been well — But I am sure mamma forms too high an estimate of her own powers. What I am afraid of is that she will break down."

"To be sure, dear Minnie, if you are afraid of that" — said the rector's wife: and so it was settled. Chatty took no part at all in the arrangements. She had not joined in her sister's severe animadversions as to the dinner-party. For herself, she was glad of the change; it might be wrong, but she could not help being glad. It was, she acknowledged to herself, rather dull never to see any but the same faces day after day. And Mr. Cavendish was very nice; he had a cheerful face, and such a merry laugh. Chatty knew that it would not be right for herself to laugh, in the circumstances, in her deep mourning: but it was a mild and surely innocent gratification to listen to the laugh of another. The Wilberforces were very great friends and very nice, but they always remembered what had happened, and toned themselves — these were the words Mrs. Wilberforce used — toned themselves to the subdued condition of the family. Chatty thought that, however nice (and most thoughtful) that might be, it was pleasant now and then to be in company with somebody who did not tone himself, but laughed freely when he had a mind to do so. And accordingly she kept very

quiet, and took no part, but inclined silently to her mother's side.

This day was to Dick Cavendish like a bad dream. He could not move outside the inclosure of the rectory grounds without seeing before him in the distance the high garden wall, the higher range of windows, the big trees which gave its name to the Elms. Going through the village street, he saw twice — which seemed a superfluity of ill fortune — Lizzie Hampson, with her demure air, passing without lifting her eyes, as if she had never seen him before. Had any one else known what he alone knew, how extraordinary would his position have appeared! But he had no leisure to think of the strangeness of his position, all his faculties being required to keep himself going, to look as if everything was as usual. The terror which was in his mind of perhaps, for anything he could tell, meeting some one in these country roads, without warning, whose encounter would be very different from that of Lizzie Hampson, by times got the better of his composure altogether. He did not know what he would do or say in such an emergency. But he could do nothing to avoid it. The Wilberforces, anxious to amuse him, drove him over in the wagonette, in the morning, to Pierrepont, making a little impromptu picnic among the ruins. Under no circumstances could the party have been very exciting, except to the children, who enjoyed it hugely, with the simple appetite for anything that is supposed to be pleasure which belongs to their age, — which pleased their parents quite as much as if Dick had been enthusiastic. They passed the Elms coming and going. Mrs. Wilberforce put her parasol between her and that objectionable house, but all the same made a rapid inspection of it through the fringes. Dick turned his head away; but he, too, saw more than any one could be supposed to see who was looking in the other direction,

and at the same time, with an almost convulsion of laughter, which to himself was horrible, perceived the lady's double play of curiosity and repugnance with a fierce amusement. He had to make some sort of poor jest, he did not know what, to account for the laugh which tore him asunder, which he could not keep in. What the joke was he did not know, but it had an unmerited success, and the carriage rattled along past the garden wall in a perfect riot of laughter from the fine lungs of the rector and Flo and Georgie, and all the little ones. If any one had but known! The tragedy was horrible, but the laughter was fresh and innocent on all lips but his own. Coming back he laughed no more. The gates were being opened; a sound of horses' hoofs and the jingle of their furniture was audible. The inhabitants were about to drive out. "If you look back you may catch a glimpse of — those people," the rector whispered. But Dick did not look back. The danger made him pale. Had they met face to face, what would have happened? Would he have sat there safe among the innocent children, and made no sign? But when the evening came, and it was time for the dinner at the Warren, he had regained his composure, which, however, so far as his companions knew, had never been lost. In the Warren there were strong emotions, perhaps passions, which he did not understand, but which gave him a sort of fellow feeling — conditions more sympathetic than the well-being of the rector and his wife. Nothing is more pleasant to see than the calm happiness of a wedded pair who suit each other, who have passed the youthful period of commotion, and have not reached that which so often comes when the children in their turn tempt the angry billows. But there is something in that self-satisfied and self-concentrated happiness which jars upon those who in the turmoil of existence have not much prospect of anything

peaceful. And then domestic comfort is often so sure that it is its own virtue which has purchased such an exemption from the ills of life. The Warren had been a few months ago a pattern of monotonous peacefulness. The impatience that sometimes lit up a little fire in Mrs. Warrender's eyes was so out of character, so improbable, that any one who suspected it supposed himself to have been deceived; for who could suppose the mother to be tired of her quiet life? And the girls were not impatient; they lived their half-vegetable life with the serenest and most complacent calm. Now, however, new emotions were at work. The young master of the house was full of abstraction and dreams, wrapped in some pursuit, some hope, some absorbing preoccupation of his own. His mother was straining at her bonds like a greyhound in a leash. Minnie, who had been the chief example of absolute self-satisfaction and certainty that everything was right, had developed a keenness of curiosity and censure which betrayed her conviction that something had gone wrong. These three were all, as it were, on tiptoe, on the boundary line, the thinnest edge which divided the known from the unknown; conscious that at any moment something might happen which would disperse them and shatter all the remains of the old life. Chatty alone, amid these smouldering elements of change, sat calm in her accustomed place, as yet unawakened except to the mild pleasure of a new face among those to which she was accustomed, and of a cheerful voice and laugh which broke the monotony. She had not even gone so far as to say to herself that such a cheerful presence coming and going might make life more interesting. The new-comer, she was quite well aware, was going away to-morrow, nor was there any reason within her power of divination why he should not go; but he was a pleasant break. Chatty reasoned with

herself that though a love of novelty is a bad thing and quite unjustifiable in a woman, still that when something new comes of itself across one's point of vision, there is no harm in taking the good of it. And accordingly she looked up with her face of pleasure, and smiled at the very sound of Dick's cheerful voice, thinking how delightful it must be to be so cheerful as that. What a happy temperament! If Theo had been as cheerful! But then to think of Theo as cheerful was beyond the power of mortal imagination. Thus they sat round the table lighted by a large lamp standing up tall in the midst, according to the fashion of the time. In those days the light was small, not because of æsthetic principles, but because people had not as yet learned how to make more light, and the moderator lamp was the latest invention.

"We took Mr. Cavendish to Pierrepoint, as you suggested," said Mrs. Wilberforce. "We had a very nice drive, but the place is really infested by persons from Highcombe; the woman at the gate told us there had been a party of thirty people from the works the day before yesterday. Sir Edward will soon find the consequences if he goes on in that way. If everybody is allowed to go, not only will they ruin the place, but other people, people like ourselves, will give up going. He might as well make it a penny show."

"It is a show without the penny," said the rector.

"If the poor people did any harm, he would, no doubt, stop their coming," said Mrs. Warrender, mildly.

"Harm! but of course they do harm. The very idea of thirty working-people, with their heavy boots, and their dinner in a basket: and smoking, no doubt!"

"That is bad," said Dick. "Wilberforce and I did nothing of that kind. We only made experiments on the damp, and used a little tobacco to keep off the

bad air. The air in the guard-room was close, and Georgie had a puff at a cigarette, but only with a sanitary view: and our dinner was in a hamper; these are distinctions. By the way, it was not dinner at all; it was only lunch."

"And we, I hope, Mr. Cavendish, are very different from" —

"Oh, very different. We have most things we wish to have, and live in nice houses, and have gardens of our own, and woods to walk in."

"That is quite true," said Minnie; "we have always been Liberal, — not against the people, as the Conservatives are; but still it cannot be good to teach them to be discontented with what they have. We should all be contented with what we've got. If it had not been the best for us, it would not have been chosen for us."

"Perhaps we had better not go into the abstract question, Minnie. I suppose, Mr. Cavendish, you go back to Oxford after the vacation."

"For hard work," he said, with a laugh. "I am such an old fellow I have no time to lose. I am not an honorman, like Warrender."

"And you, Theo, — you are going, too?" said the rector.

Warrender woke up as out of a dream. "I have not made up my mind. Perhaps I shall, perhaps not; it is not of much importance."

"Not of much importance! Your first class" —

"I should not take a first class," he said, coldly.

"But, my dear fellow!" The rector's air of puzzled consternation, and the look he cast round him, as if to ask the world in general for the reason of this extraordinary self-sacrifice, was so seriously comic that Dick's gravity was in danger, especially as all the other members of the party replied to the look with a seriousness, in some cases disapproval, in some astonishment, which heightened the effect.

"Where does he expect to go to?" he asked, solemnly.

"Theo thinks," said his mother, "that a first class is not everything in the world as it is in the University."

"But my dear Mrs. Warrender, that is precisely one of the things that ladies never understand."

"I have no chance of one, so I agree with Warrender," said Dick. "The Dons will bother, but what does that matter? They have no souls beyond the Class lists."

"This is all extremely unnecessary," said Warrender, with an air of suppressed irritation. "Perhaps you will allow me to know best. I have no more chance of a first class than you have, Cavendish. I have not worked for it, and I have no expectation of it. All that was over long ago. I thought every one knew."

"Every one knew that you could have whatever you chose, Warrender. Some thought it foolish, and some fine; but every one knew exactly the cause."

"Fine!" said the young master of the house, growing red. "But it is of no consequence to me what they say. I may go back, or I may not; it is not of the slightest importance to any one but myself." He added, in a tone which he tried to make lighter, "What use is a class of any kind to a small country gentleman? To know the cost of cultivation and what pays is better than a dozen firsts. I want to find out how to cut my trees, and how to manage my farmers, and how not to make a fool of myself at petty sessions. Neither Plato nor Aristotle could throw any light on these subjects."

"For the last you must come to me," said Dick; "on that point you'll find me superior to all the sages put together. And as for drawing leases — but I suppose you have some beggar of a man of business who will take the bread out of a poor beginner's mouth."

"Though Mr. Cavendish talks in that way," said Mrs. Wilberforce aside to Minnie, "as though he wanted employment so much, he has a very nice little fortune of his own. It is just his way of talking. And as for connection, there is no one better. His father is a cousin—it may be a good many times removed, but still it is quite traceable—of the Duke. I am not sure, even, that they are not in the peerage as collaterals; indeed, I am almost sure they are, and that we should find him there and everything about him, if we looked."

"Of course everybody knows they are very well connected," said Minnie, "but young men all talk nonsense. Listen to Theo! Why should n't he go back to Oxford and take his degree, like other people? I don't care about the class. A gentleman need not be particularly clever; but if he has been at the University and does not take his degree, it is always supposed that there is some reason. I don't think it is respectable, for my part."

"Ah, my dear, the young men of the present day—they are a law to themselves," said her friend. "They don't care for what is respectable. Indeed, so far as I can see, they make it a sort of reproach; they let nobodies pick up the prizes. And what do they expect it is all to end in? I could tell them very well, if they would listen to me. The French Revolution is what it will end in; but of course they will not listen to anything one can say."

"Oh, you know we are Liberals," cried Minnie; "we don't go in with all that."

"If you are going to town to-morrow, I don't mind if I go with you," said Warrender. "I have some business to look after. At least, it is not exactly business," for he saw his mother's eyes turned on him inquiringly; "it is a commission from a friend. I shall only stay the day, mother; you need not look so surprised."

"It will do you good," she said, quietly. "And why should you hurry back? You will be the better for the change."

He gave her a suspicious, half-angry look, as if he saw more in her words than met the eye. "I shall be back in the evening," he said.

"I will do all I can to upset his good resolutions, Mrs. Warrender. He shall go to all sorts of riotous places, to keep me in countenance. If he can be beguiled into any little improprieties, I am your man."

"Don't be afraid," said the rector. "Dick's wickednesses are all theoretical. I'd trust Georgie in the worst haunt he knows."

Dick looked up with a laugh, with some light word of contradiction; and in a moment there gleamed before him, as by the touching of a spring, as by the opening of a door, the real state of the case so far as he was himself concerned. The present scene melted away to give place to another,—to others which were burnt upon his memory in lines of fire; to one which he could see in his imagination, with which he had a horrible connection, which he could not dismiss out of his thoughts, though he was in reality a fugitive from it, flying the vicinity, the possible sight, the spectre of a ruin which was beyond description. Merely to think of this amid an innocent company, around this decorous table, brought a sickening sensation, a giddiness both mental and physical. He turned his head away from the eyes of the mother, who he felt must in her experience divine something from the expression in his, to meet the pleased and guileless look with which Chatty was listening to that laughing disclaimer which he had just made. She was sitting by his side, saying nothing herself, listening to the talk, amused and almost excited by the new voice, the little play of light intercourse; even the charm of a new voice was something to Chatty.

And she was so certain that what the rector had said was true, that Georgie, or even she herself, more delicate still, a simple-hearted young woman, might have been trusted in his worst haunt. He read her look with a keen pang of feelings contradictory, of sharp anguish and a kind of pleasure. For indeed it was true; and yet — and yet — Did they but know!

Warrender walked back with the party as far as the rectory gate. Indeed, so simple was the place, the entire family came out with them, straying along under the thick shade of the trees to the little gate.

It was a lovely summer night, as different as possible from the haze and chill of the preceding one, with a little new moon just disappearing, and everything softened and whitened by her soft presence in the sky. Mrs. Wilberforce and Minnie went first, invisible in the dimness of the evening, then the two solid darknesses of the rector and Warrender. Dick came behind with Mrs. Warrender, and Chatty followed a step in the rear of all. The mother talked softly, but more frankly than she had done as yet. She told him that their home henceforward would probably be in Highcombe, not here, — “That is, not yet, perhaps, but soon,” she said, with a little eagerness not like the melancholy tone with which a new-made widow talks of leaving her home, — and that it would please her to see him there, if, according to the common formula, “he ever came that way.” And Dick declared with a little fervor which was unnecessary that Highcombe was very much in his way, that it would be always a pleasure to come. Why should he have said it? He had no right to say it; for he knew, though he could not see, with once more that pang of mingled pleasure and misery, that there was a look of pleased satisfaction on Chatty’s face as she came softly in the darkness behind.

XV.

Dick was astir very early next morning. He did his packing hurriedly, and strolled out in the freshness of the early day. But not to enjoy the morning sunshine. He walked along resolutely towards the house which had suddenly acquired for him so painful an interest. For why? With no intention of visiting it; with a certainty that he would see no one there; perhaps with an idea of justifying himself to himself for flying from its neighborhood, for putting distance, at least the breadth of the island, between him and that place, which he could not henceforward get out of his mind. To think that he had come here so lightly two days ago with his old uncle’s commission, and that now no inducement in the world, except death or hopeless necessity, could make him cross that threshold. If the woman were on her death-bed, yes; if she were abandoned by all and without other help, as well might be, as would be, without doubt, one time or another. But for nothing else, nothing less. He walked along under the wall, and round the dark shrubberies behind, which enveloped the house. All was quiet and peace for the moment, at least; the curtains drawn over the windows; the household late of stirring; no lively housewife there to rouse maids and men, and stir up a wholesome sound of living. The young man’s cheerful face was stern as he made this round, like a sentinel, thinking of many things that were deep in the gulf of the past: two years of his life which looked like a life-time, and which were over, with all the horrors that were in them, and done with, and never to be recalled again. He was still young, and yet how much older than any one was aware! Twenty-seven, yet with two lives behind him: one that of youth, to which he had endeavored to piece his renewed existence; and the

other all complete and ended, a tragedy, yet like many tragedies in life, cut off not by death. Not by death: for here were both the actors again within reach of each other, — one within the sleeping house, one outside in the fresh air of the morning, — with a gulf like that between Dives and Lazarus, a gulf which no man might cross, of disgust and loathing, of pain and hatred, between.

The door in the wall opened stealthily, softly, and some one came out. It was so early that such precautions seemed scarcely necessary. Perhaps it was in fear of this encounter which was actually taking place that Lizzie looked round so jealously. If so, her precautions were useless, as she stepped out immediately in front of the passenger whom she most desired to avoid. He did not speak to her for a moment, but walked on, quickening his pace as hers fluttered into a run, as if to escape him. "Stop," he said at length. "You need not take the trouble to conceal yourself from me."

"I'm not concealing — anything," said Lizzie, half angry, half sullen, with a flush on her face. "I've done nothing wrong," she added, quickly.

"I don't say you've done anything wrong; for what I can tell, you may be doing the work of an angel."

She looked up at him eagerly, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "I don't know for that — I — I don't ask nothing but not to be blamed."

"Lizzie," he said, "you were always a good girl, and to be faithful as you seem may, for anything I know, be angels' work. I could not do it, for my part."

"Oh, no," she said, hurriedly. "It would not be looked for from you, — oh, no, no!"

"But think, if you were to ruin yourself," he said. "The rector saw you, the other day, but he will say nothing. Yet think if others saw you."

"Sir," cried Lizzie, drawing back, "it

will do me more harm and vex granny more to see a gentleman walking by my side and talking like that, as if he took an interest in me, — which you don't, all the same," she added, with a little bitterness, "only for — others."

"I do," he cried, "if I could help you without harming you. But it is chiefly for the other. I want you to act for me, Lizzie. If trouble should come, as come, of course, it will" —

"I am none so sure. You never saw her half so pretty — and he" —

"Silence!" cried Dick, with a voice that was like the report of deep guns. "If trouble comes, let me know. She must not want or be miserable. There is my address. Do not apply to me unless there is absolute need; but if that happens, write, telegraph, — no matter which; help shall come."

"And what am I to do with a gentleman's card?" said Lizzie. "Granny or some one will be sure to see it. It will drop out of my pocket, or it will be seen in my drawers, or something. And if I were to die it would be found, and folks would think badly of me. I will not take your card."

"This is folly, Lizzie."

"If it is, folly's natural. I don't believe there will be any need; but if there is, I'll find you out, if it's wanted, but I won't take the card. Will you please, sir, to walk on? I've got my character to think of."

The girl stopped short, leaning against the corner of the wall, defying him, though she was not hostile to him. He put back his card in his pocket, and took off his hat, a token of respect which brought the color to Lizzie's cheek.

"Go away, sir; I've got my character to think of," she said. Then she curtsied deeply, with a certain dignity in her rustic manners. "Thank you," she said, "all the same."

Dick walked into the rector's dining-room with little Georgie seated on his shoulder. "Fancy where we found him,

mamma!" said Flo. "Buying barley sugar from old Mrs. Bagley at the shop. What does a gentleman want with barley sugar? He is too old. You never eat it, nor papa."

"He give it all to me," said Georgie, "and Fluffy had some. Fluffy and me, we are very fond of Mr. Cavendish. Don't go away, Mr. Cavendish, or come back to-morrow."

"Yes, tum back to-morrow," cried the other little ones. Flo was old enough to know that the future had vistas deeper than to-morrow. She said, "Don't be so silly, all you little things. If he was coming back to-morrow, why should he go to-day? He will come back another time."

"When dere's need ob him," said his little godson gravely; at which there was much laughing. But for his part Dick did not laugh. He hid his serious countenance behind little Dick's curly head, and thus nobody knew that there was not upon it even a smile.

At Underwood, which is a very small village, there is no station; so that Dick had to be driven over in the wagonette, the rector making this an occasion to give the children and the governess a drive, which left the two gentlemen no opportunity to say much to each other. They had a moment for a last word solely at the door of the railway carriage, in which Warrender had already taken his place. The rector said, hesitating, "And you won't forget? Tell Mr. Cornwall if he refuses to do anything, so as to drive these people away, it will be the kindest thing he can do for the parish. Tell him" — But here the guard interposed to examine the tickets, and there was a slamming of doors and a shriek of whistles, and the train glided away.

"I think I understand what Wilberforce means," said Warrender. "He is speaking of *that* house. Oh, you need not smile; nothing could be more entirely out of my way."

"I did not smile," said Dick, who was as grave as all the judges in a row.

"Perhaps you have not heard about it. It was there Markland spent the last afternoon before his accident, almost the last day of his life. It gives her a bitter sort of association with the place."

"Markland?" said Dick. "Oh, yes, I remember. Lord Markland, who — He died, did n't he? It may not be a satisfactory household, but still he may have gone there without any harm."

"Oh, I don't suppose there was any harm; except the love of bad company; that seems a fascination which some men cannot resist. I don't care two straws myself whether there was harm or not; but it is a bitter sort of recollection for *her*."

"They were both quite young, were they not?"

"Markland was over thirty," said the young man, who was but twenty-two; "and she is — oh, she is, I suppose, about my age."

He knew, indeed, exactly what was her age; but what did that matter to a stranger? She was superior to him in that as in all other things.

"I have heard they were not very happy," Dick said. He cared no more for the Marklands than he did for the domestic concerns of the guard who had looked at his ticket two minutes ago; but anything answered for conversation, which in the present state of his mind he could not exert himself to make brilliant.

"Oh, happy!" cried Warrender. "How could they be happy? She a woman with the finest perceptions, and a mind — such as you seldom find in a woman; and he the sort of person who could take his pleasure in the conversation that goes on in a house like that."

Dick did not say anything for some time; he felt as though all the people he met were under some horrible compul-

sion to talk on this subject in absolute unconsciousness, giving him blow after blow. "I don't mean to take up the cudgels for that sort of people," he said, at last; "but they are—not always stupid, you know." To this protest, however, his companion gave no heed.

"She was no more than a child when she was married," said Warrender, with excitement, "a little girl out of the nursery. How was she to know? She had never seen anybody, and to expect her to be able to judge at sixteen"—

"That is always bad," said Dick, musing. He was like the other, full of his own thoughts. "Yet some girls are very much developed at sixteen. I knew a fellow once who— And she went entirely to the bad."

"What are you talking of?" cried Warrender, almost roughly. "She was like a little angel herself, and knew nothing different; and when that fellow—who had been a handsome fellow they say—fell in love with her, and would not leave her alone for a moment, I, for one, forgive her for being deceived. I admire her for it," he went on. "She was as innocent as a flower. Was it possible she could suspect what sort of a man he was? It has given her such a blow in her ideal that I doubt if she will ever recover. It seems as if she could not believe again in genuine, unselfish love."

"Perhaps it is too early to talk to her about such subjects."

"Too early! Do you think I talk to her about such subjects? But one cannot talk of the greatest subjects as we do without touching on them. Lady Markland is very fond of conversation. She lets me talk to her, which is great condescension, for she is—much more thoughtful, has far more insight and mental power, than I."

"And more experience," said Dick.

"What do you mean? Well, yes; no doubt her marriage has given her a sort

of dolorous experience. She is acquainted with actual life. When it so happens that in the course of conversation we touch on such subjects I find she always leans to the darker side." He paused for a moment, adding abruptly, "And then there is her boy."

"Oh," said Dick, "has she a boy?"

"That's what I'm going to town about. She is very anxious for a tutor for this boy. My opinion is that he is a great deal too much for her. And who can tell what he may turn out? She has been brought to see that he wants a man to look after him."

"She should send him to school. With a child who has been a pet at home, that is the best way."

"Did I say he had been a pet at home? She is a great deal too wise for that. Still, the boy is too much for her: and if I could hear of a tutor—Cavendish, you are just the sort of fellow to know. I have not told her what I am going to do, but I think if I find some one who would answer, I have influence enough"—Warrender said this with a sudden glow of color to his face, and a conscious glance; a glance which dared the other to form any conclusions from what he said, yet in a moment avowed and justified them. Dick was very full of his own thoughts, and yet at sight of this he could not help but smile. His heart was touched by the sight of the young passion, which had no intention of disclosing itself, yet could think of nothing and talk of nothing but the person beloved.

"I don't know how you feel about it, Warrender," he said, "but if I had a—friend whom I prized so much, I should not introduce another fellow to be near her constantly, and probably to—win her confidence, you know; for a lady in these circumstances must stand greatly in need of some one to—to consult with, and to take little things off her hands, and save her trouble, and—and all that."

"That is just what I am trying to do," said Warrender. "As for her grief, you know, — which is n't so much grief as a dreadful shock to her nerves, and the constitution of her mind, and many things we need n't mention, — as for that, no one can meddle. But just to make her feel that there is some one to whom nothing is a trouble, who will go anywhere, or do anything" —

"Well, that's what the tutor will get into doing, if you don't mind. I'll tell you, Warrender, what I would do if I were you. I'd be the tutor myself."

"I am glad I spoke to you," said the young man. "It is very pleasant to meet with a mind that is sympathetic. You perceive what I mean. I must think it all over. I do not know if I can do what you say, but if it could be managed, certainly — Anyhow, I am very much obliged to you for the advice."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Dick; "but I think I can enter into your feelings."

"And so few do," said Warrender; "either it is made the subject of injurious remarks, — remarks which, if they came to her ears, would — or a succession of feeble jokes more odious still, or suggestions that it would be better for me to look after my own business. I am not neglecting my own business that I am aware of; a few trees to cut down, a few farms to look after, are not so important. I hope now," he added, "you are no longer astonished that the small interests of the University don't tell for very much in comparison."

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Warrender. I had forgotten all about the University."

"It does not matter," he said, waving his hand; "it does not make the least difference to me. It would not change my determination in any way, whatever might depend upon it; and nothing really depends upon it. I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you for your

sympathy, Cavendish." He added, after a moment, "It is doubly good of you to enter into my difficulties, everything being so easy-going in your own life."

Cavendish looked at his companion with eyes that twinkled with a sort of tragic laughter. It was natural for the young one to feel himself in a grand and unique position, as a very young man seized by a *grande passion* is so apt to do; but Theo's fine superiority and conviction that he was not as other men gave a grim amusement to the man who was so easy-going, whose life was all plain sailing in the other's sight. "All the more reason," he said, with a laugh, "being safe myself, that I should take an interest in you." He laughed again, so that for the moment Warrender, with momentary rage, believed himself the object of his friend's derision. But a glance at Cavendish dispelled this fear. Presently each retired into his corner, where they sat opposite to each other saying nothing, while the long levels of the green country flew past them, and the clang of the going swept every other sound away. They were alone in their compartment, each buried in his thoughts: the one in all the absorption of a sudden and overwhelming passion, not without a certain pride in it and in himself, although consciously thinking of nothing but of *her*, going over and over their last interviews, and forming visions to himself of the next; while the other, he who was so easy-going, the cheerful companion, unexpectedly found to be so sympathetic, but otherwise somewhat compassionately regarded as superficial and commonplace by the youth newly plunged into life, — the other went back into those recollections which were his, which had been confided to none, which he had thought laid to rest and half forgotten, but which had suddenly surged up again with so extraordinary a revival of pain. The presence of Warrender opposite to him, and the unconscious revelation he had made of

the condition of his own mind and thoughts, had transported Dick back again for a moment into what seemed an age, a century past,—the time when he had been as his friend was, in the ecstasy of a youthful passion. He remembered that; then with quick scorn and disdain turned from the thought, and plunged into the deep abysses of possibility which he now saw opening at his feet. He had said to himself that the past was altogether past, and that he could begin in his own country, far from the associations of his brief and unhappy meddling with fate, a new existence, one natural to him, among his own people, in the occupations he understood. He had not understood either himself or life in that strange, extravagant essay at living which he had made and ended, as he had thought, and of which nobody knew anything. How could he tell, he asked himself now, how much or how little was known? Was anything ever ended until death had put the finis to mortal history?

These young men were two excellent examples of the well-born and well-bred young Englishman, admirably dressed, with that indifference to and ease in their well-fitting garments, that satisfied and careful simplicity, which only the Anglo-Saxon seems able to attain to in such apparel; Warrender, indeed, with something of that dreamy look about the eyes which betrays the abstraction of the mind in a realm of imagination, but nothing besides which could have suggested to any spectator the presence of either mystery in the past or danger in the future, beyond the dangers of flood or field. They were both above the reach of need, yet both with that wholesome necessity for doing which is in English blood, and all the world before them, public duty and private happiness, the inheritance of the class to which they belonged. Yet to one care had come in the guise of passion; and the other was setting out upon a second beginning,

no one knew how heavily laden and handicapped in the struggle of life.

XVI.

By this time London was on the eve of its periodical moment of desertion: the fashionable people all gone or going; legislators weary and worn, blaspheming the hot, late July days, and everything grown shabby with dust and sunshine; the trees and the grass in the parks no longer green, but brown; the flowers in the balconies overgrown; the atmosphere all used up and exhausted; and the great town, on the eve of holiday, grown impatient of itself. Although the world of fashion is but so small a part of the myriads of London, it is astonishing how its habits affect the general living, and how many, diversely and afar off, form a certain law to themselves of its dictates, though untouched by its tide.

Warrender had never known anything about London. His habits were entirely distinct from those of the young men, high and low, who find their paradise in its haunts and crowds. When he left Cavendish, on their arrival,—not without a suggestion on Dick's part of after meeting, which the other did not accept, for no reason but because in his present condition it was pleasanter to him to be alone,—Warrender, who did not know where to go, or what to do in order to carry out the commission which he had so vaguely taken upon him, walked vaguely along, carrying about him the same mist of dreams which made other scenes dim. Where was he to find a tutor in the streets of London? He turned to the Park by habit, as that was the direction in which, half mechanically, he was in the habit of finding himself when he went to town. But he was still less likely to find a tutor for Lady Markland's boy in the lessened ranks of the loungers in Rotten Row than he

was in the streets. He walked among them with his head in the clouds, thinking of what she had said when last he saw her; inquiring into every word she had uttered; finding out, with a sudden flash of delight, a new meaning which might perchance lurk in a phrase of hers, and which could be construed into the intoxicating belief that she had thought of him in his absence. This was far more interesting than any of the vague processional effects that glided half seen before his eyes; the streams of people, with no apparent meaning in them, who were going and coming, flowing this way and the other, on their commonplace business. The phantasmagoria of moving forms and faces went past and past, as he thought, altogether insignificant, meaning nothing. She had said, "I wondered if you remarked" — something that had happened when they were apart from each other; a sunset it was, now he remembered, of wonderful splendor, which she had spoken of next day. "I wondered if you remarked:" not "I wonder," which would have meant that at that moment she was in the act of wondering, but I wondered, in the past tense; as if, when the glorious crimsons and purples struck her imagination, and gave her that high delight which nature always gives to the lofty mind (the adjectives too were his, poor boy), she had thought of him, perhaps, as the one of all her friends who was most likely to feel as she was feeling. Poor Warrender was conscious, with bitter shame and indignation against himself, that at that moment he was buried in his father's gloomy library, in the shadow of those trees which he had no longer leisure to think of cutting, and was not so much as aware that there was a sunset; and this he had been obliged to confess, with passionate regret (since she had seen it, and given it thus an interest beyond sunsettings), but with tempestuous sudden joy and misery. In the middle of Rotten Row! with still so many pretty

creatures on so many fine horses cantering past, and even, what was more wonderful, Bronson, that inevitable competitor, the substance of solid success to Warrender's romance of shadowy glory, walking along with his arm in that of another scholar, and pointing to the man of dreams who saw them not. "He is working out that passage in the Politics that your tutor makes such a potter about," said the other. "Not a bit of it," cried Bronson, "for that would pay!" But they gave him credit, at all events, for some classic theme, and not for the discoveries he was making in that other subject, which is not classic, though universal; whereas the only text that entered into his dreams was that past tense, opening up so many vistas of thought which he had not realized before. Was there ever a broken sentence of Aristotle that moved so much the scholar to whom a new reading has suddenly appeared? There is no limiting that power of human emotion which can flow in almost any channel, but enthusiastic indeed must be the son of learning in whose bosom the difference of the past and the present would raise so great a ferment. "I wondered if you remarked." It lit up heaven and earth with new lights to Warrender. He wanted nothing more to raise his musings into ecstasy. He pictured her standing looking out upon the changing sky, feeling perhaps a loneliness about her, wanting to say her word, but with no one near whose ear was fit to receive it. "I wondered" — and he all the while unconscious, like a dolt, like a clod, with his dim windows already full of twilight, his heavy old trees hanging over him, his back turned, even could it have penetrated through dead walls and heavy shade, to the glow in the west! While he thought of it his countenance, too, glowed with shame. He said to himself that never, should he live a hundred years, would he again be thus insensible to that great and splendid

ceremonial which ends the day. For that moment she had wanted him, she had need of him; and not even in spirit had he been at hand, as her knight and servant ought to be.

And all this, as we have said, in the middle of Rotten Row! He remembered the spot afterwards, the very place where that revelation had been made to him, but never was aware that he had met Bronson, who was passing through London on his way to join a reading party, and was in the mean time, in passing, making use of all the diversions that came in his way, in the end of the season, as so reasonable and practical a person naturally would do.

Warrender went long and far in the strength of this marvelous supply of spiritual food, and wanted no other; but at last, a long time after, when it was nearly time to go back to his train, he thought himself that it would be better to lunch somewhere, for the sake of the questions which would certainly be put to him when he got home. In the mean time he had occupied himself by looking out and buying certain new books, which he had either heard her inquire about or thought she would like to see; and had remembered one or two trifles she had mentioned which she wanted from town, and even laid in a stock of amusements for little Geoff, — boys' books, suited rather to his years than to his precocity. About the other and more serious part of his self-constituted mission Warrender, however, had done nothing. He had passed one of those "Scholastic Agencies," which it had been his (vague) intention to inquire at, had paused and passed it by. There was truth, he reflected, in what Cavendish said. How could he tell who might be recommended to him as tutor to Geoff? Perhaps some man who would be his own superior, to whom she might talk of the sunset or even of other matters, who might worm his way into the place which had already begun

to become Warrender's place, — that of referee and executor of the troublesome trifles, adviser at least in small affairs. He began to reflect then that in all probability a tutor in the house would be a trouble and embarrassment to Lady Markland: one who could come for a few hours every day (and was there not one who would be too happy of the excuse to wait upon his mistress daily?); one who could engage Geoff with work to be done, so that the mother might be free; one, indeed, who would thus supplant the offices already held, and become indispensable where now he was only precariously necessary, capable of being superseded. It is very possible that in any case, even had he not asked the valuable advice of Dick Cavendish, his journey to London would have come to nothing; for he was in the condition to which a practical proceeding of such a kind is inharmonious, and in which all action is somewhat against the grain. But with the support of Dick's advice his reluctance was justified to himself, and he returned to Underwood with a consciousness of having given up his first plan for a better one, and of having found by much thought an expedient calculated to answer all needs.

Meanwhile he carried with him everywhere the delight of that discovery which he had made. To say over the words was enough, — I wondered if you remarked. Had Cavendish been with him on the return journey, or had any stranger addressed him on the way, this was the phrase which he would have used in reply. He watched the sunset eagerly as he walked home from the station, laden with his parcel of books. It was not this time a remarkable sunset. It was even a little pale, as if it might possibly rain to-morrow; but still he watched it, with an eye to all the changes of color. Perhaps nature had not hitherto called him with a very strong voice; but there came a great many scraps of poetry floating into his

head which might have given an interest to sunsets even before Lady Markland. There was a word or two about that very golden greenness which was before his eyes, "beginning to fade in the light he loves on a bed of daffodil sky." He identified that and all the rims of color that marked the shining horizon. Perhaps she would ask him if he had remarked, and he would be able to reply.

"Books?" cried Minnie, — "are all those books? Don't you know we have a great many books already, more than we have shelves for? The library is quite full, and even the little bookcase in the drawing-room. You should get rid of some of the old ones if you bring in so many new."

"And whom did you see in town, Theo?" said his mother. He had no club, being so young and so little accustomed to London; but yet a young man brought up as he had been can scarcely fail to have many friends.

"Most people seem to have gone away," he said. "I saw nobody. Yes, there were people riding in the Row, and people walking, too, I suppose, but nobody I knew."

"And did you go up all that way only to buy books? You might have written to the bookseller for them, and saved your fare."

Theo made his sister no reply, but when Chatty asked, rather shyly, if he had seen much of Mr. Cavendish, he answered warmly that Cavendish was a very good fellow; that he took the greatest interest in his friends' concerns, and was always ready to do anything he could for you. "I had no idea what a man he was," he said, with fervor. Mrs. Warrender looked up, at this, with a little anxiety; for according to the ordinary rules which govern the reasoning of women she was led from it to the induction, not immediately visible to the unconcerned spectator, that her son had got into some scrape, and had found it

necessary to have recourse to his friend's advice. Theo in a scrape! It seemed impossible: but yet there are few women who are not prepared for something of this character happening even to the best of men.

"I hope," she said, "that he is a prudent adviser, Theo; but he is still quite a young man."

"Not so young; he must be six or seven and twenty," said the young man; and then he paused, remembering that this was the perfect age, — the age which she had attained, which he had described to Cavendish as "about my own," — and he blushed a little and contradicted himself. "Yes, to be sure, he is young: but that makes him only the more sympathetic; and it was not his advice I was thinking of so much as his sympathy. He is full of sympathy."

"You have us to sympathize with you," said Minnie. "I don't know what you want from strangers. We ought to stand by each other, and not care what outsiders say."

"I hope Theo will never despise the sympathy of his own people, but — a friend of one's own choosing is a great help," said Mrs. Warrender. Yet she was uneasy. She did not think young Cavendish's sympathy could be on account of Theo's late bereavement, and what trouble could the boy have that he confided to Cavendish, and did not mention to his mother? She became more and more convinced that there must be some scrape, or at least that something had gone wrong. But save in these speeches about Cavendish there was no proof of anything of the kind. He gave no further explanation, however, of the business which had taken him to town, unless the fact that he drove over to Markland next morning, with the half of the pile of books which he had brought from town, in his dog-cart, should afford an explanation; and that was so vague that it was hard to say what it did or did not prove.

He went over to Markland with his books, but left them in the dog-cart; shy, when he was actually in her presence, of carrying her that bribe. Books were a bribe to her; she had been out of the way of gratifications of this kind, and too solitary and forsaken during the latter part of her married life to know what was going on and to supply herself. She was sitting with Geoff upon the terrace, which ran along one side of the house, when Warrender appeared, and both teacher and pupil received him with something that looked very like relief; for the day was warm, and the terrace was but ill chosen as a school-room. The infinite charm of a summer day, the thousand invitations to idleness with which the air is full, the waving trees (though there were not many of them), the scent of the flowers, the singing of the birds, all distracted Geoff's attention, and, sooth to say, his mother's, too. She would have been glad to sit quiet, to escape the boy's questioning, to put away the irksome lessons which she herself did not much more than understand, and to which she brought a mind unaccustomed and full of other thoughts. Of these other thoughts there were so many, both of the future and the past, that it was very hard to keep her attention to the little boy's Latin grammar. Geoff on his side was weary, too; he should have been in a school-room, shut out from temptations, with maps hung along the walls, instead of waving trees, and where he could not have stopped to cry out, in the midst of his exercises, "I say, mamma, there's a squirrel. I am certain it is a squirrel." That, of course, was very bad. And then up to a recent period he had shared all, or almost all, his mother's thoughts; but since his father's death these had become so full of complications that a child could no longer share them, though neither quite understood the partial severance which had ensued. Both were relieved, however, when the old butler appeared at

the end of the terrace, pointing out to Warrender where the little group was. The man did not think it necessary to expose himself to the full blaze of the sunshine in order to lead "a great friend" like Mr. Warrender close up to my lady's chair.

"We are very glad to see you; in fact, we are much too glad to see you," said Lady Markland, with a smile. "We are ashamed to say that we were not entering into our work as we ought. Nature is always so busy doing a hundred things, and calling us to come and look what she is about. We take more interest in her occupations than in our own."

"Mamma makes a story of everything," said Geoff, half aggrieved; "but I'm in earnest. Grammar is dreadful stuff; there is no reflection in it. Why can't one begin to read books straight off, without nasty, stupid rules?"

Warrender took little note of what the boy said. Meanwhile he had shaken hands and made his salutations, and the sovereign lady, with a smile, had given him a chair. He felt himself entering, out of the blank world outside, into the sphere of her existence, which was his *Vita Nuova*, and was capable for the moment of no other thought.

"I think," said Lady Markland, — "for we have really been at it conscientiously for a long time and doing our best, — I think, Geoff, we may shut up our books for to-day. You know there will be your lessons to prepare to-night."

"I'll go and look at Theo's horse. Have you got that big black one? I shall be back in a moment, mamma."

"If you look into the cart you will find some books, Geoff; some that perhaps you may like."

"Oh, good!" said the boy, with his elfish little countenance lighting up. He was very slight and small for his age, a little shadow darting across the sunshine. The half of the terrace lay in a blaze of light, but all was cool and fresh

in the corner where Lady Markland's light chairs and table were placed in the angle of the balustrade, there half hidden by a luxuriant climbing rose. Above Lady Markland's head rose a cluster of delicate golden roses, tinged in their hearts with faint red, in all the wealth of their second bloom. Her black dress, profound black, without any relief, was the only dark point in the scene. A little faint color of recovering health, and perhaps of brightening life, had come to her face. She was very tranquil, resting as people rest after a long illness, in a sort of convalescence of the heart.

"You must forgive his familiarity, Mr. Warrender; you are so good to him, and at his age one is so apt to presume on that."

Warrender had no inclination to waste the few minutes in which he had her all to himself in any discussion of Geoff. He said hastily, "I have brought some other books to be looked at, — things which people are talking of. I don't know if you will care for them, but there is a little novelty in them, at least. I was in town yesterday" —

"You are very good to me, too," she said. "A new book is a wonderful treat. I thought you must be occupied, or absent, that we did not see you here."

Again that past tense, that indication that in his absence — Warrender felt his head grow giddy with too much delight. "I was afraid to come too often, lest you should think me — importunate."

"How so?" she said, simply. "You have been like a young brother ever since — How could I think you other than kind? The only thing is that you do too much for me. I ought to be trying to walk alone."

"Why, while I am here?" cried the young man; "asking nothing better, nothing half so good, as to be allowed

to do what I can, — which, after all, is nothing."

She gave a slight glance at him under her eyelids, with a faint dawning of surprise at the fervor of his tone. "The world which people say is so hard is really very kind," she said. "I never knew till now how kind: at least when one has a great evident claim upon its sympathy, — or pity, should I say? Those who find it otherwise are perhaps those whose troubles cannot be made public, and yet who expect their fellow creatures to divine" —

Warrender was sadly cast down to be considered only as the world, a type, so to speak, of mankind in general, kind to those whose claims were undeniable. He replied with a swelling heart, "There must always be individuals who divine, though perhaps they may not dare to show their sympathy, — ah, don't say pity, Lady Markland!"

"You humor me," she said, "because you know I love to talk. But pity is very sweet; there is a balm in it to those who are wounded."

"Sympathy is better."

"Mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him."

"Ah," she cried, with a glimmer in her eyes, "if you go to the poets, Mr. Warrender! And that is more than sympathy. What did he call it himself? 'Such a friendship as had mastered time.'"

"Mamma, mamma, look here!" came in advance of his appearance the voice of Geoff. He came panting, flying round the other angle of the terrace, with his arms full of books. And here, as if it were a type of all that was coming, the higher intercourse, the exchange of thought, the promotion of the man over the child, came suddenly to an end.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE MISUSED *H* OF ENGLAND.

THERE are few subjects more curiously interesting, alike to the student of science and to those who do not care specially for scientific inquiry, than the peculiarities of a language as spoken by different sections of the same people. There can be little doubt that by rightly understanding these localisms we are enabled to advance a step towards the interpretation of those wider diversities which distinguish the speech of races not forming the same nation, but having a common origin. Any one who in England, for example, studies the peculiarities of dialect in the southern, western, eastern, and northern counties, — peculiarities still so great that the inhabitants of certain localities find it difficult to comprehend standard English (so to describe English as spoken by the most cultured classes), — will be well on his way to understand how the various languages of Europe had their origin from a common stock. In particular we learn to recognize *how*, though we may not so easily understand *why*, in some communities changes of a certain kind in consonantal and vowel sounds systematically prevail. Thus in certain northern English counties the *i* is systematically pronounced *oi*, in others *ee*; so that as far as this vowel sound is concerned we can always translate the county language into common English by changing the *oi*'s or the *ee*'s, as the case may be, into *i*'s. In Wiltshire and Somersetshire, the *s*'s are all turned into *z*'s; elsewhere, the *o*'s are changed into *oa*'s, the broad *a*'s into *æ*'s, and so forth. In the Celtic parts of Great Britain, as in the Highlands and in Wales, we find wider examples of Grimm's law in the altering of *b*'s into *p*'s, *d*'s into *t*'s, *v*'s into *f*'s, and so forth. But in the majority of cases it has not been found possible to explain why some sections of

a race should modify certain sounds in particular ways, any more than it has been found possible to explain why the Teutonic and Latin races should have modified the language which was once common to both in such diverse directions as to produce languages whose kinship becomes manifest only under close and careful study.

The misuse of the letter *h* in England and the correct use of the aspirate in English-speaking communities outside the old home may be regarded as affording an instructive example of the modifications a language thus undergoes, under varying circumstances. Of course, it has not yet come to pass, and we may hope it never will, that the omission of *h* where it ought to be sounded and its introduction where it has no right to be have become so universal in England as to be regarded as justified by custom, —

"Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

On the contrary, in England, the misuse of the letter *h* is much more unpleasant than in America or Australia, where, I notice, people are more amused than disgusted by unaspirated or "exaspirated" *h*'s; very much as we find a foreigner's mistakes in speaking English rather pleasant than otherwise, while the mistakes of an ignorant native sound coarse and vulgar by comparison. I have heard Americans say that they find something quaint in what they are good enough to call "the Hinglish haccent." In England we scarcely view the matter that way. Occasionally some peculiar collocation of dropped and forced *h*'s may raise a laugh among us, as when dear old Leech makes the veterinary doctor tell the owner of a horse that "it hain't the 'unting as 'urts 'im; it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, along the 'ard 'igh

road.”¹ But as a rule the *h* malady is regarded as a most unpleasant one in old England, however funny it may seem to Americans and Australians. It is instructive and interesting, however; and I propose here to consider its nature and origin, the laws of its propagation, and the reason why in certain English-speaking communities it has never shown itself, and probably never will. Mr. Grant White has dealt with the *h* malady in England, recently, in a highly interesting paper, wherein, however, he presents views which are, I think, entirely incorrect. The evidence he adduces in support of his views seems to me, indeed, to point in precisely the opposite direction from that which he indicates.

In the first place, it is perfectly true, as he asserts, that the purity of American speech in this particular respect is remarkable, because America is the younger nation, and in some respects less cultivated (Mr. Grant White says “less cultivated” without any reservation), and produces the smaller part of the literature common to the two, though I cannot go on with him to say that her part of the literature is much inferior in quality as well as in quantity. He omits, however, to notice, or at least does not dwell upon, the fact that a similar but much more remarkable contrast has long existed between England and Ireland with regard to the letter *h*. A laboring-man in Ireland, who cannot write or even read English, and who

talks with a brogue as broad as his spade, will never drop or misplace an *h*, and ridicules the *h*-less Saxon as heartily as would a New York newspaper critic. Whatever theory we are to adopt respecting English misuse of the *h* must account for the circumstance that this delicate aspiration, so slight that if it becomes more than barely perceptible it is as offensive as its omission would be, is given by the most ignorant Irishman, while it is a dead letter (or else becomes a disagreeably live letter) with Englishmen of fair average education. In certain positions, indeed, presently to be touched on, the *h* is almost universally dropped in England, insomuch as almost to justify its omission by persons of culture, in obedience to the authority of recognized custom.

A large majority of Englishmen drop the *h* in nearly all words in which it ought to be sounded. So far I go with Mr. White. But I do not agree with him that most Englishmen put in an *h* where it ought not to be. I should imagine, from my own observations, — and I have had exceptional means of testing the matter in my lecture travels, — that about one third of the people in England throw into their talk, now and then, a wrongly placed aspirate, but not more. My observations do not include the criminal classes, but they would not raise the proportion very much, certainly not to one half. Even those who do throw in “exaspirated” *h*’s, however, are not

¹ So far as I can judge, few Americans, and certainly none who have not been in England, understand precisely how the *h* is “exaspirated” in the old country. When an American novelist, newspaper-writer, speaker, or actor tries to present the Hinglish haccent, he invariably (at least I have never noticed an exception) puts in *h*’s which would never appear in really English talk. Thus the above sentence would be given in an American newspaper (see the way Greenfield’s evidence in the recent slugging trial was dealt with), “Hit hain’t the ’unting has ’urts ’im; hit’s the ’ammer, ’ammer, the ’ammer, halong the ’ard ’igh road.” But no one ever talks that way in England. Here is a hint which American novelists may find useful: English ill-users of the *h*

never insert an extra *h* except in a word on which emphasis or semi-emphasis falls. For instance, you will hear a man, so ignorant as to say “eddicated” for “educated,” who yet will not say “heddicated,” long though the word is, and therefore inviting the extra aspiration, unless he is emphasizing the word, so that in one and the same sentence such a word will come in both ways, thus: “Farmer Brown were a well-eddicated man, sir, but he wor n’t nothing to Dr. Jones for eddication. Heddicated! Why, sir, Dr. Jones were that well heddicated there wer n’t any one down in our parts could hold a candle to him,” and so forth, drawled out in the customary down-country fashion.

quite so bad as most Americans imagine and as Mr. Grant White assumes. It would indeed be a difficult problem to deal with, if the worse-speaking Englishmen always precisely inverted the use of the aspirate; omitting it where it should be, and systematically introducing it where it has no business. It would require as much skill and as good a knowledge of spelling to practice such consistent blundering as to speak correctly. Those who have studied English talk in this respect know that the very worst misusers of the aspirate give the *h* correctly at times, — always, indeed, with some words; and also that they are as likely to offend by “exaspirating” an *h* which is perfectly in place when duly aspirated as by inserting an *h* where no *h* should be. I remember an American whom I met in Boston, in 1873, — rather an ignorant man I need hardly say, — who remarked to me when he heard that I had recently met Mr. Emerson, “I guess you said, ‘Ave hi the ’honor hof haddressing Mr. Hemerson?’” He was not altogether jesting, as I at first thought, for he supposed that all Englishmen came over to America affected with the *h* disease, but that some quickly caught the purer “American accent,” as he called it. Now every Englishman knows that an “exaspiration” of *h*’s, when ’honored by an introduction, is more apt than usual to display the strength of his aspirations; but even in such an accession of the malady as is thus brought on, he would not speak as my Boston friend imagined. No one could, in fact, without breaking up his talk into gasps. He would say, “’Ave I the Hhonor of addressing Mr. Hemerson?” — a sentence which has no gasps in it, because the extra *h*’s come in along with the exaggerated emphasis which the much-oppressed person wishes to introduce. It is indeed noteworthy that these maltreaters of the aspirate always use a word into which they can bring a strong aspiration, when express-

ing great respect. “’Ave I the pleasure,” etc., would not suit them at all. Note also (what Mr. Grant White overlooks, by the way) that a big rough *h*, which sounds very unpleasant even in a word beginning with *h*, under ordinary conditions, does not sound ill at all when the chief emphasis of a sentence falls on such a word. A man may say *Hhome* so as to offend as much as though he said *’ome*, or even more; but one would find it very difficult to pronounce the *h* with disagreeable strength in such a sentence as this: “I am *heartily* at your service.” Note again the difference in the aspiration of the *h*’s in the following sentence, if earnestly emphasized: “I am right glad to see you here; you must look on my house as your *home*.” A strong aspiration on *here* and *house* would be offensive, but the aspirate in *home* could not well be too strong.

While the number of those who use unauthorized *h*’s is great, and of those who drop their *h*’s much greater, it must be admitted that the number of those who in some way or other maltreat the aspirate is so large that one may doubt whether one in a hundred in England can be excepted. Mr. Grant White says that he has heard highly educated men, scholars and men of scientific attainments, men who write capital letters after their names (though *that* counts for absolutely nothing), drop their *h*’s in England, “just as in America men of like position have a nasal twang, say *Mu’ica* for America, and the like.” I have myself heard “men of like position” in America, including a professor who earnestly advocates the continued study of classical literature in American colleges, say “you *was*,” “I don’t know as,” “I remember of,” “unbeknown,” and make other like mistakes. Yet I doubt not that offenses against the laws of aspiration in England are as common as “you was” and “we was” in America. The omission of the *h* in such words as *he*, *him*, *her*, etc., may be occasionally

noticed in the rapid speaking of even the best bred men in England; but here America has no advantage, for in these words I have repeatedly noticed the *h* slurred or lost in quick speaking in America. The *h* in words beginning with *wh* is so often dropped in England that it is doubtful whether custom does not justify its omission altogether. Yet I am inclined to think that many Americans rather overaspirate the *h* in *wh*. The Irish unquestionably do so. *Wh* with them is altered into *hw*, a fault of speech which more than one English novelist has noted and ridiculed. I see that Mr. Grant White regards *hw* as the proper way of presenting the aspirated *w*. This seems to me erroneous. I have, indeed, very little doubt that in old times *hw* was the uniform and therefore correct way of giving the consonantal sound in *what*, *which*, *whale*, etc. In Saxon times, certainly, the sound was *hw*, and the spelling accordingly. Very likely the Irish retain the old-fashioned sound in this case, as in several others in which modern English pronunciation has departed from it. But at present English folk must not say *hwat*, *hwale*, and so forth, if they wish their breeding (for in England these points are matters of breeding rather than of education) to remain unquestioned. There is a legitimate way of aspirating the *h* in *wh*, which to a good ear perfectly differentiates *whale* from *wail* or *wale*, *which* from *witch*, and so forth. We may say *hwat*, *what*, or *wat* (which we must spell *wot*, though), and only one of these is right. Among the best bred Englishmen the delicate aspiration corresponding to the middle sound is consistently given. To one accustomed to the rough *hwat*, *what* properly pronounced sounds like *wot*; but to a good ear, not spoiled by constantly hearing the rougher sound, the distinction is nearly as great as that between *house* and *'ouse*, — albeit I must admit that many Englishmen who never drop an *h* when it is alone neglect the

aspirate when it comes in company with *w*.

Still more often is *h* neglected in words beginning with *rh*. But this fault is quite as common in America as in England. I have oftener heard of *Road Island* than of *Rhode Island*.

Lastly come the cases where there is divided authority as to whether an *h* should be sounded or not. Mr. Grant White dwells on the omission of the aspirate in the word *hospital*, remarking with surprise that he has often seen the words *an hospital* in books published within the last ten years. He says this in answer to Mr. Ellis's remark that the omission of the *h* in this word is an archaism. But there are many who consider that to sound the *h* in this word is as improper as to sound it in *honor* or *hour*. I myself constantly sound the *h* now in *hospital* and *humor* (at least when in America), but it appears to me incorrect. So in the word *humble*, which, since Dickens made Uriah Heep so constantly call himself "a humble" person, has gained an aspirate to which it is not legitimately entitled. We must all sound the *h* in *humble* now, I suppose; but before David Copperfield was written a clergyman who should have substituted "a humble and contrite heart," in the "Dearly beloved brethren," for the legitimate "an humble" would have been regarded as a very ignorant and vulgar parson indeed.

And now to consider the origin and progress of the *h* disease in all its varied forms: —

There seems no room for doubting that the *h* disease had its origin in London. Walker speaks of it as specially prevalent in London in his day, and even now it is more common in the pure cockney dialect (the most hateful form of the English language in existence) than anywhere in England. Moreover, its prevalence in other places than London is greater or less according as such places are nearer to or farther from the

metropolis. We find no trace of it in Cornwall or Wales; very little in Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire. In the midland counties it is less common than in the southern. It is at its maximum in the heart of London. In this respect it is like the *v-and-w* malady, which, even when at its height (it has now nearly died out), was never so badly felt in the provinces as in the metropolis; though of course, like all metropolitan defects, it spread in greater or less degree over the whole country.¹

This being the case, we are justified in assuming that the disease had at first that form which is characteristic of the faults of language found at great centres of population, and especially in the chief city of the nation. If you wish to hear French clipped and slurred you should go to Paris, and German suffers like treatment in Vienna and Berlin. It is the same with English in London. In a great and busy city, men shorten their words and sentences as much as possible, being assured that what they say will be understood, because all speak the same language and adopt the same convenient abbreviations. Thus, just as in Paris *cette femme* becomes *c'te f'me*, and *Voilà ce que c'est* becomes *V'la c' q' c'est*, so in London *City Bank* becomes *C'ty B'ak*; *halfpenny* is abridged first to *ha'-penny*, and then to *hapny* or *'apny*. *Omnibus* is shortened into *'bus*; every one in it addresses the *conductor* as *'ductor*; the conductor shortens the cry of *all right* into *ry*, announces the threepenny fare as *thripns*, and so forth. In fact, it may be laid down as a general proposition that, although a language becomes modified in provincial places and in colonies, it is only in busy cities, and chiefly in capital cities, that a language is modified by clipping and slurring. Take any forms of county *patois* in England, for

¹ In Shakespeare's time there appears to have been a *v-and-f* disease, inasmuch that in his sonnets we find "vades" for "fades." This still lingers in parts of England, but I suspect it had its origin in London.

example, and you find the modifications of English tending towards increased stress on the various tones; in other words, the reverse of the clipping and slurring which is always going on, though under varying forms, in the metropolis. Consider the northern dialect, for example, as truthfully presented in Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*:—

"Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?"

Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy, Doctor 's abeän an' agoän

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool:

Git ma my aäle, for I beänt a-goin' to breäk my rule."

Here there are shortenings of the more familiar words *'asta* for *hast thou*, and so on; but the tones are all lengthened, and the throwing in of *a*'s separately, or as additions to vowel sounds, shows well how the comparatively slow-going life of provincial places leads to prolixity in pronunciation as well as in speech. In great cities all this is reversed. Men have not time for drawling or vain repetitions. We might be tolerably certain, apart from other evidence, that such a peculiarity as the dropping of the letter *h* had its origin in cities, and not in country places. It saves time and it saves breath to omit the aspirate, and one might safely have guessed that in London the *h* would be dropped in the long run, merely because of the convenience of the omission as a ready form of word-clipping. Of course we may believe (for a *raison de plus*) that, as I suggested several years since in my essay on English and American English, the London fogs had something to do with the omission of the *h*. It is something, when a real "London particular" prevails (a fog which no one who has ever experienced its delights can forget),² to avoid an aspirate; and though the denser fogs

² I have been asked, when what is considered dense fog has prevailed in New York, whether it is not pretty nearly as bad as a London fog. The densest fog I have ever seen in New York, or indeed in America, would have to be thickened at

last usually but two or three days altogether throughout the year, it is seldom so clear and pleasant in the heart of London that one would be apt to luxuriate in many aspirations. Still, it appears to me more probable that the *h* was dropped in clipping the language, after customary city fashion, than that its loss was (at least primarily) due to London fog and mist.

But if we assign the suppression of the *h* to slurring and laziness, how are we to account for the introduction of a forced *h* where no *h* ought to be? At first sight it seems as though any explanation of this fault must of necessity be inconsistent with the interpretation I have assigned to the omission of the *h*. For every one who has ever heard the forced *h* in its native home — I mean specially in London — knows that it is emitted after a fashion entirely opposed to the idea of laziness.

Yet in reality there is nothing more inconsistent between the "exaspirated" *h* and the suppressed *h* than there is between the volubility of a London cabman when anxious to convey his meaning very forcibly and his customary brevity. The same man who says, "Jump in, gu'nor," to his fare at the beginning of a ride shall vituperate him in well-chosen but objectionable objurgations for ten minutes at a stretch, when the journey is over, and the right fare offered him. We need not wonder if, in like manner, the same people who drop their *h*'s under ordinary conditions throw in more *h*'s than are necessary when they wish to emphasize their conversation. It is indeed noteworthy, and in it we find, I think, the key to the problem we are dealing with, that the true sound of the aspirate is *never* given by cockneys, and by those who have adopted their speech in this respect, to

least tenfold, and then colored a strong yellow-brown, and loaded with acid vapors and heavy smoke, to approach in effect the true London particular. In such a fog a cab-driver cannot see his horse's head or shoulders; sometimes a man can-

the extra *h* thrown in on words beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*. No cultured person ever pronounces the aspirate on unemphasized words as the cockney pronounces it in words which have not properly any initial aspirate. It becomes clear, then, that the false aspirate of the cockney is in reality thrown in only for emphasis. Of course there must be cases, also, where an Englishman who slurs his *h*'s endeavors to set matters right by throwing in extra *h*'s at random. In such a case he is not as often right as wrong, for the simple reason that it is usually after a mistake in the suppression of an *h* that he throws in an extra strong *h*, and the chances are in favor of its falling where no *h* is wanted; but in any case, one would not notice an *h* that fell rightly, whereas one would at once remark an erroneous *h*. Hence arises the quite mistaken notion that the Englishman who both suppresses and "exaspirates" his *h*'s *invariably* goes wrong. Any one who carefully follows the talk of such a man will notice that he quite often gets an *h* in the right place, and correctly pronounces a word which has no *h*.

That *h* should fall out of words beginning with *wh* is obviously explained by the theory here advanced; and the circumstance that even the most inveterate maltreater of the *h* never throws one in where it should not be in words beginning with *w* (never, for instance, says *which* for *witch*, however steadily he may say *witch* for *which*) corresponds well with my theory. For there is no gain in emphasis by aspirating a word beginning with *w*, as there is by aspirating a word beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*.

Mr. Grant White, who takes a different view, oddly overlooks the circumstance that the view which he does take,

not see his own feet. I have passed two steps outside my own door, have stopped, and (unwisely) turned round to consider my whereabouts, and have then been scarcely able to find my way back

so far from being, as he supposes, "an explanation of the phenomenon," would, if accepted, add enormously to the difficulty of the problem. It will be observed that if my theory is correct we can at once understand why the *h* is not maltreated in Ireland, America, and Australia, which is the really remarkable point. If the *h* disease is a defect due to slurring, and of comparatively recent origin, we can readily understand why it has not made its appearance outside the old home of the English-speaking people. There, and there alone, would the people slur (at least in the busy centres of population) the language common to all, and which all spoke with equal readiness. Elsewhere the language would be more carefully dealt with.

In Ireland, for example, to begin with that case, the English language was not so common that it could be readily slurred. Irish folk had to speak it and hear it spoken with distinctness in order to understand it readily. There the modes of pronunciation, and such matters in particular as aspiration, had to be attended to more carefully than in England, and especially in London. A very slight difference in this respect would make a great alteration in the result, for all changes in a language originate in very slight differences. But, it may be urged, the contrary is demonstrably the case in Ireland; for there the English language has undergone great changes: they say *raison* and *saison* for *reason* and *season*, *hwat* and *hwy* for *what* and *why*, *goold* for *gold*, *obleege* for *oblige*, and so forth; to say nothing of certain changes in consonantal and vowel sounds, which may be attributed to peculiarities in the vocal organs. This, however, affords strong evidence in favor of my theory, that a language is less modified at a distance

than in the heart of its native home. For there can be no manner of doubt that all those peculiarities of pronunciation which are regarded as especially Irish are in reality old English. The letters *ea* in old English stood originally for the sound which they still represent in the word *great*. (Pepys spells *skates* indifferently *skeats* and *skates*.) The French *raison* and *saison* were altered into *reeson*¹ and *seeson* only through cockney laziness, reducing all broad vowel sounds to narrow ones. So *tea* stood for the same sound as the French *thé*, but has been narrowed into *tee*. As for *hwat* and *hwy*, I remember distinctly how my grand-aunt, a lady of eighty-four, belonging to the old school, used, in 1848 and 1849, to complain that I, as a schoolboy, was not better taught than to say *w'at* and *w'y*; she herself pronounced the words with all the aspirational emphasis employed by the Irish of to-day. She systematically said *goold* for *gold*, *obleege* for *oblige*. (So did Lord John Russell, still later.) The Irish, then, retained the old English sounds here, and doubtless, also, in the initial *h*.

As the colonization of America was a later affair than the occupation of Ireland, we do not find so many archaisms in America as in Ireland. The *h* disease in England must of course be set later still, or that would doubtless have spread in America, too. As matters actually happened, the Americans started free of all trace of this malady, and have been able, notwithstanding importations of great numbers of *h*-dropping Englishmen in later times, to keep the malady from spreading in the new country. Probably not a single Englishman or Englishwoman who has landed here with the *h* disease has been cured of it; for it seems incurable in the adult. But probably in not a single case have

¹ Thus Falstaff's play upon words has been lost where he says, "What! a reason on compulsion! Not though reasons were as plenty as blackberries." Pronounce "reason" as the word was cer-

tainly pronounced in Shakespeare's time, and we see at once the play on the words "reasons" and "raisins."

the children caught their parents' malady.¹

Mr. Grant White considers that he has found evidence showing that the *h* was suppressed in England by all classes seventy-five years ago. "This *h* breathing," he says, "is a fashion in speech which, I venture to say, is, among the 'best people' in modern England, hardly more than seventy-five years old." Now, apart from the circumstance that the contrary is known, — I myself can vouch strongly for this, because I have heard the conversation of hundreds of persons who were past middle life at the time Mr. Grant White mentions, and know that they were as careful and correct about their *h*'s as I was taught from my childhood upwards to be, — apart, I say, from this, Mr. Grant White's idea, even if accepted, would give no explanation of the suppression of the *h*, still less of its forcible and wrongful introduction. So far from that, it would leave us two problems of immense difficulty to deal with.

First, it would be very much harder to explain the difference between England, on the one hand, and Ireland, America, and Australia, on the other; for how could correctness of speech have been derived from a people who *all* spoke incorrectly in this respect? Secondly, we should have to explain how it is that, although the *h* malady is incurable when once fairly established, there are, nevertheless, thousands of Englishmen, using their *h*'s correctly, who were lads at the time when Mr. Grant White says all Englishmen, even the best bred, dropped their *h*'s. To this must be added the truly surprising circumstance that we should have amended a fault thus universal without

¹ I have had occasion to notice (1) how English-born children (my own) catch the *h* malady from nurses and servants, eventually losing it; (2) how American-born children (step-children of my own) are affected by it; and (3) how children of mixed American and English parentage (my own, again) are affected. On the first point I need not speak, nor specially on the third, except

even a passing note in our general literature or in the press that so widespread an evil existed.

These considerations should suffice to overthrow Mr. Grant White's theory, which every well-bred Englishman of middle age and beyond knows to be entirely erroneous. (Men of over eighty in England can tell Mr. White — I know it, because they have told me — that at good schools in England, seventy-five years ago, the same care was taken in teaching the correct use of the *h* as at the present day.) I need not, therefore, occupy much time to consider the evidence which he regards as establishing his position. Still it may be interesting to touch on his chief points.

He notes that no English writer of novels, tales, or humorous sketches, seventy-five years ago, makes fun of the *h* peculiarity. This proves, if it proves anything, that the suppression of the *h* was less common then in England than it is now; and this is well known (in England) to have been the case. The *h* malady has spread as the *v*- and *w* malady has died out, — *why*, I cannot say, but the fact is certain. The *h* malady existed, of course, but was not common enough to attract the attention of humorists, as it does now. (Nor were humorists such close observers then as now.)

Mr. Grant White's attempt to prove that the *h* malady was common, because in the Bible "an" is often written before *h*, fails, when we consider that the distinctive use of *an* and *a* is a comparatively modern rule. Many still regard it as an unsatisfactory rule, — at least in its present general form. Any one who will repeat aloud, and with full voice, the sentence "I stayed at a hotel com- to say that my youngest boy, with an American mother and a father who uses the *h* correctly, said a "orse" and a "ouse" in England quite naturally; but my American daughter (actually step-daughter) of five, took the worst form of the *h* malady in a business-like way. "Mamma," she said one day, "you say oven, don't you? Well, I say hoven!"

manding a horizon eighty miles away" will see that the Englishman who writes "an hotel," as I often do, or "an horizon," as I almost always do, does not necessarily suppress the *h*. (I have often to use the word *horizon*, in lecturing, preceded by *a* or *an*, and nearly always I find that to give the *h* softly and correctly it is far easier to say "an horizon" than "a horizon.") He considers Miss Burney must have said an 'osier, because she wrote "an hosier;" on the contrary, we may recognize in her use of *an* instead of *a* her care to avoid a gasping utterance of the aspirate. As for the Bible writers, the very exist-

ence of the letter *h* in the words Mr. Grant White quotes as preceded by *an* shows, when we consider the practical origin of spelling in English, that the *h* was sounded. It was probably sounded originally even in the words *hour*, *humble*, *honest*, etc.

I think, however, it has been sufficiently shown that the suppression of the *h* was a fault of slurring, a liberty arising from what may be called undue familiarity with the language, while the converse fault arose from a reaction against the other, and showed itself (as it still shows itself) only where an attempt was made at undue emphasis.

Richard A. Proctor.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

IX.

Amos and his steed made their way along a narrow passage, growing wider, however, and taller, but darker and with many short turns, — an embarrassment to the resisting brute's physical conformation.

Suddenly there was a vague red haze in the dark, the sound of voices, and an abrupt turn brought man and horse into a great subterranean vault, where dusky distorted figures, wreathing smoke, and a flare of red fire suggested Tartarus.

"Hy're, Amos!" cried a hospitable voice.

A weird tone repeated the words with precipitate promptness. Again and again he abrupt echoes spoke; far down the unseen blackness of the cave a hollow whisper announced his entrance, and he seemed mysteriously welcomed by the unseen powers of the earth. He was not an imaginative man nor observant, but the upper regions were his sphere, and he had all the acute sensitiveness

incident to being out of one's element. Even after he had seated himself he noted a far, faint voice crying, "Hy're, Amos!" in abysmal depths explored only by the sound of his name.

And here it was that old Groundhog Cayce evaded the law, and ran his still, and defied the revenue department, and maintained his right to do as he would with his own.

"Lord A'mighty, air the corn mine, or no?" he would argue. "Air the orchard mine or the raiders'? An' what ails me ez I can't make whisky an' apple-jack same ez in my dad's time, when him an' me run a sour mash still on the top o' the mounting in the light o' day, up'ards o' twenty year, an' never hearn o' no raider. Tell me that's agin the law, nowadays! Waal, now, who made that law? I never; an' I ain't a-goin' ter abide by it, nuther. Ez sure ez ye air born, it air jes' a Yankee trick foted down hyar by the Fed'ral army. An' ef I hed knowed they war goin' ter gin tharse'fs ter sech persecutions arter the war, I dunno how I'd hev got my con-

sent ter fit alongside of 'em like I done fower year fur the Union."

A rude furnace made of fire-rock was the prominent feature of the place, and on it glimmered the pleasing rotundities of a small copper still. The neck curved away into the obscurity. There was the sound of gurgling water, with vague babbling echoes; for the never-failing rill of an underground spring, which rose among the rocks, was diverted to the unexpected purpose of flowing through the tub where the worm was coiled, and of condensing the precious vapors, which dripped monotonously into their rude receiver at the extremity of the primitive fixtures. The iron door of the furnace was open now as Ab Cayce replenished the fire. It sent out a red glare, revealing the dark walls; the black distances; the wreaths of smoke, that were given a start by a short chimney, and left to wander away and dissipate themselves in the wide subterranean spaces; and the uncouth, slouching figures and illuminated faces of the distillers. They lounged upon the rocks or sat on inverted baskets and tubs, and one stalwart fellow lay at length upon the ground. The shadows were all grotesquely elongated, almost divested of the semblance of humanity, as they stretched in unnatural proportions upon the rocks. Amos James's horse cast on the wall an image so gigantic that it seemed as if the past and the present were mysteriously united, and he stood stabled beside the grim mastodon whom the cave had sheltered from the rigors of his day long before Groundhog Cayce was moved to seek a refuge. The furnace door clashed; the scene faded; only a glittering line of vivid white light, emitted between the ill-fitting door and the unhewn rock, enlivened the gloom. Now and then, as one of the distillers moved, it fell upon him, and gave his face an abnormal distinctness in the surrounding blackness, like some curiously cut onyx.

"Waal, Amos," said a voice from out the darkness, "I'm middlin' glad ter see you-uns. Hev a drink."

A hand came out into the gleaming line of light, extending with a flourish of invitation a jug of jovial aspect.

"Don't keer ef I do," said Amos politely. He lifted the jug, and drank without stint. The hand received it back again, shook it as if to judge of the quantity of its contents, and then, with a gesture of relish, raised it to an unseen mouth.

"Enny news 'round the mill, Amos?" demanded his invisible pot companion.

"None ez I knows on," drawled Amos.

"Grind some fur we-uns ter-morrer?" asked Ab.

"I'll grind yer bones, ef ye'll send 'em down," said Amos, accommodatingly. "All's grist ez goes ter the hopper. How kem you-uns ter git the night mare 'bout'n the raiders? I waited fur Sol an' the corn right sharp time Wednesday mornin'; jes' hed nuthin' ter do but ter sot an' suck my paws, like a b'ar in winter, till 't war time ter put out an' go ter the gaynder-pullin'."

"Waal" — there was embarrassment in the tones of the burly shadow, and all the echoes were hesitant as Groundhog Cayce replied in Ab's stead: "Mirandy Jane 'lowed ez she hed seen a strange man bout'n the spring, an' thought it war a raider, — though he'd hev been in a mighty ticklish place fur a raider, all by himself. Mirandy Jane hev fairly got the jim-jams, seein' raiders stiddier snakes; we-uns can't put no dependence in the gal. An' mam, she drempt the raiders hed camped on Chilhowee Mounting. An' D'rindy, she turned fool: fust she 'lowed ez we-uns would all be ruined ef we went ter the gaynder-pullin', an' then she war powerful interrupted when we 'lowed we would n't go, like ez ef she wanted us ter go most awful. I axed this hyar Pa'son Kelsey, ez rid by thar mornin', ef he treed enny raiders in his

mind. An' he 'lowed, none, 'ceptin' the devil a-raidin' 'roun' his own soul. But 'mongst 'em we-uns jest bided away that day. I would n't hev done it, 'ceptin' D'rindy tuk ter talkin' six ways fur Sunday, an' she got me plumb catawampus, so ez I did n't rightly know what I wanted ter do myself."

It was a lame story for old Groundhog Cayce to tell. Even the hesitating echoes seemed ashamed of it. Mirandy Jane's mythical raider, and man's dream, and D'rindy's folly, — were these to baffle that stout-hearted old soldier? Amos James said no more. If old Cayce employed an awkward subterfuge to conceal the enterprise of the rescue, he had no occasion to intermeddle. Somehow, the strengthening of his suspicions brought Amos to a new realization of his despair. He sought to modify it by frequent reference to the jug, which came his way at hospitably short intervals. But he had a strong head, and had seen the jug often before; and although he thought his grief would be alleviated by getting as drunk as a "fraish b'iled owl," that consummation of consolation was coy and tardy. He was only mournfully frisky after a while, feeling that he should presently be obliged to cut his throat, yet laughing at his own jokes when the moonshiners laughed, then pausing in sudden seriousness to listen to the elfin merriment evoked among the lurking echoes. And he sang, too, after a time, a merry catch, in a rich and resonant voice, with long, dawdling, untutored cadences and listortions of effect, — sudden changes of register, many an abrupt crescendo and diminuendo, and "spoken" interpolations and improvisations, all of honourous intent.

The others listened with the universal greedy appetite for entertainment which might have been supposed to have dwindled and died of inanition in their erious and deprived lives. Pete Cayce rst revolted from the strain on his at-

tention, subordination, and acquiescence. It was not his habit to allow any man to so completely absorb public attention.

"Look a hyar, Amos, fur Gawd's sake, shet up that thar foolishness!" he stuttered at last. "Thar's n-no tellin' how f-f-fur yer servigrus bellerin' kin be hearn. An' besides, ye 'll b-b-bring the rocks down on to we-uns d-d-rectly. They tell me that it air dangerous ter f-f-f-fire pistols an' jounce 'round in a cave. Bring the roof down."

"That air jes' what I'm a-aimin' ter do, Pete," said Amos, with his comical gravity. "I went ter meetin' week 'fore las', an' the pa'son read 'bout Samson; an' it streck my ambition, an' I'm jes' a-honin' ter pull the roof down on the Philistine."

"Look a hyar, Amos Jeemes, ye air the b-b-banged-est critter on this hyar m-mounting! Jes' kem hyar ter our s-still an' c-c-call me a Ph-Ph-Philistine!"

The jug had not been stationary, and as Pete thrust his aggressive face forward the vivid quivering line of light from the furnace showed that it was flushed with liquor and that his eyes were bloodshot. His gaunt head, with long, colorless hair, protruding teeth, and homely, prominent features, as it hung there in the isolating effect of that sharp and slender gleam, — the rest of his body canceled by the darkness, — had a singularly unnatural and sinister aspect. The light glanced back with a steely glimmer. The drunken man had a knife in his hand.

"Storp it, now," his younger brother drawlingly admonished him. "Who be ye a-goin' ter cut?"

"Call m-m-me a Philistine! I'll bust his brains out!" asseverated Pete.

"Ye're drunk, Pete," said old Groundhog Cayce, in an explanatory manner. There was no move to defend the threatened guest. Perhaps Amos James was supposed to be able to take care of himself.

"Call me a Ph-Philistine — a Philistine!" exclaimed Pete, steadying himself on the keg on which he sat, and peering with wide, light eyes into the darkness, as if to mark the whereabouts of the enemy before dealing the blow. "Jes' got insurance — c-c-c-call me a Philistine!"

"Shet up, Pete. I'll take it back," said Amos gravely. "*I'm* the Philistine myself; fur pa'son read ez Samson killed a passel o' Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, an' ez long ez ye be talkin' I feel in an' about dead."

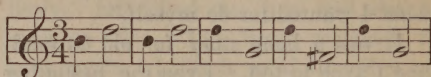
Amos James had bent close attention to the sermon, and had brought as much accurate information from meeting as was consistent with hearing so sensational a story as Samson's for the first time. In the mountains men do not regard church privileges as the opportunity of a quiet hour to meditate on secular affairs, while a gentle voice drones on antiquated themes. To Amos, Samson was the latest thing out.

Pete did not quite catch the full meaning of this sarcasm. He was content that Amos should seem to recant. He replaced his knife, but sat surly and muttering, and now and then glancing toward the guest.

Meantime that vivid white gleam quivered across the dusky shadows; now and then the horse pawed, raising martial echoes, as of squadrons of cavalry, among the multitudinous reverberations of the place, while his stall-companion, that the light could conjure up, was always noiseless; the continuous fresh sound of water gurgling over the rocks mingled with the monotonous drip from the worm; occasionally a gopher would scud among the heavily booted feet, and the jug's activity was marked by the shifting for an interval of the red sparks which indicated the glowing pipes of the burly shadows around the still.

The stories went on, growing weird as the evening outside waned, in some unconscious sympathy with the melan-

choly hour, — for in these sunless depths one knew nor day nor night, — stories of bloody vendettas, and headless ghosts, and strange previsions, and unnamed terrors. And Amos James recounted the fable of a mountain witch, interspersed with a wild vocal refrain: —



Cu-vo! Cu-vo! Kil-dar! Kil-dar! Kil-dar!

Thus she called her hungry dogs, that fed on human flesh, while the winds were awlirl, and the waning moon was red, and the Big Smoky lay in densest gloom.

The white line of light had yellowed, deepened, grown dull. The furnace needed fuel. Ab suddenly leaned down and threw open the door. The flare of the pulsing coals resuscitated the dim scene and the long, dun-colored shadows. Here in the broad red light were the stolid, meditative faces of the distillers, each with his pipe in his mouth and his hat on his head; it revealed the dilated eye and unconsciously dramatic gesture of the story-teller, sitting upon a barrel in their midst; the horse was distinct in the background, now dreaming and now lifting an impatient fore-foot, and his gigantic stall-mate, the simulacrum of the mastodon, moved as he moved, but softly, that the echoes might not know, — the immortal echoes, who were here before him, and here still.

And behind all were the great walls of the vault, with its vague apertures leading to unexplored recesses; with many jagged ledges, devoted to shelf-like usage, and showing here a jug, and here a shot-pouch, and here a rat — fat and sleek, thanks to the plenteous waste of mash and grain — looking down with a glittering eye, and here a bag of meal, and here a rifle.

Suddenly Amos James broke off. "Who's that?" he exclaimed, and all the echoes were sharply interrogative.

There was a galvanic start among the moonshiners. They looked hastily about, — perhaps for the witch, perhaps for the frightful dogs, perhaps expecting the materialization of Mirandy Jane's raider.

Amos had turned half round, and was staring intently beyond the still. The man lying on the ground had shifted his position; his soft brown hat was doubled under his head. The red flare showed its long, tawny, tangled hair, of a hue unusual enough to be an identification. His stalwart limbs were stretched out at length; the hands he thrust above his head were unmanacled; as he moved there was the jingle of spurs.

"Why, thar be Rick Tyler!" exclaimed Amos James.

"Hev ye jes' fund that out?" drawled the man on the ground, with a jeering inflection.

"W-w-w-why n't ye lie-low, Rick?" demanded Pete aggressively. "Ef ever thar war a empty cymblin', it's yer head. Amos an' that thar thin-lipped sneak ez called hisself a dep'ty air thick 'n thieves."

There was no hesitation in Amos James's character. He leaned forward suddenly, and clutched Pete by the throat, and the old man and Solomon were fain to interfere actively to prevent that doughty member of the family from being throttled on the spot. Pending the interchange of these amenities, Rick Tyler lay motionless on the ground; Ab calmly continued his task of replenishing the fire; and Ben asked, in a slow monotone, the favor of leaving the furnace door open for a "spell, whilst I unkiver the kag in the corner, an' fill the jug, an' kiver the kag agin, keerful, 'kase I don't want no rat in mine."

When Pete, with a scarlet face and starting eyes and a throat full of complicated coughs and gurgles, was torn out of the young miller's strong hands, old Groundhog Cayce remonstrated: —

"Lord A'mighty, boys! Can't ye set

an' drink yer liquor sociable, 'thout clinchin' that-a-way? What did Pete do ter ye, Amos?"

"Nuthin'; he dassent," said the panting Amos.

"Did he hurt yer feelin's?" asked the old man, with respectful sympathy.

"Yes, he did," said Amos, admitting vulnerability in that tender æsthetic organ.

"Never none — now — koo — koo!" coughed Pete. "He hev got no f-f-f-feelin's, koo — koo! I hev hearn his own m-mam say so a-many a time."

"He 'lowed," said Amos, his black eyes flashing indignantly, his face scarlet, the perspiration thick in his black hair, "ez I'd tell the dep'ty — kase he war toler'ble lively hyar, an' I got sorter friendly with him when I hed ter sarve on the posse — ez I seen Rick Tyler hyar. Mebbe ye think I want two hundred dollars — hey!" He made a gesture as if to seize again his late antagonist.

"A-koo, koo, koo!" coughed Pete, moving cautiously out of reach.

All the echoes clamored mockingly with the convulsive sound, and thus multiplied they gave a ludicrous suggestion of the whooping-cough.

"I dunno, Mr. Cayce," said Amos, with some dignity, addressing the old man, "what call ye hev got ter consort with them under indictment for murder an' offenders agin the law. But hevin' seen Rick Tyler hyar in a friendly way along o' you-uns, he air ez safe from me ez ef he war under my own roof."

Rick Tyler drew himself up on his elbow, and turned upon the speaker a face inflamed by sudden passion.

"Go tell the dep'ty!" he screamed. "I'll take no faviors from ye, Amos Jeemes. Kem on! Arrest me yer-se'f!" He rose to his feet, and held out his bruised and scarred hands, smiting them together as if he were again handcuffed. The light fell full on his clothes, tattered by his briery flight, the

long dishevelment of his yellow hair, his burning face, and the blazing fury in his brown eyes. "Kem on! Arrest me yerse'f, — ye air ekal ter it. I kin better bide the law than ter take faviors from you-uns. Kem on! Arrest me!"

Once more he held out his free hands as if for the manacles.

Their angry eyes met. Then, as Amos James still sat silent and motionless on the barrel, Rick Tyler turned, and with a gesture of desperation again flung himself on the ground.

There was a pause. Two of the moonshiners were arranging to decant some liquor into a keg, and were lighting a tallow dip for the purpose. In the dense darkness of the recess where they stood it took on a large and lunar aspect. A rayonnant circle hovered attendant upon it; the shadows about it were densely black, and in the sharp and colorless contrasts the two bending figures of the men handling the keg stood out in peculiar distinctness of pose and gesture. The glare of the fire in the foreground deepened to a dull orange, to a tawny red, even to a dusky brown, in comparison with the pearly, luminous effect of the candle. The tallow dip was extinguished when the task was complete. Presently the furnace door clashed, the group of distillers disappeared as with a bound, and that long, livid line of pulsating light emitted by the ill-fitting door cleft the gloom like a glittering blade.

"I dunno ez ye mean ter be sassy in 'special, Amos, faultin' yer elders, talkin' 'bout consortin' with them under indictment," said old Groundhog Cayce's voice. "But I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter sot yerse'f up in jedgmint on my actions."

"Waal," said Amos, apologetic, "I never went ter say nuthin' like faultin' nohow. Sech ez yer actions I leaves ter you-uns."

"Ye mought ez well," said the elder,

unconsciously satiric. "The Bible 'lows ez every man air a law unto hisself. An' I hev fund I gits peace mos'ly in abidin' by the law ez kems from within. An' I kin see no jestice in my denyin' a rifle an' a lot o' lead an' powder ter a half-starvin' critter ter save his life. Rick war bound ter starve, hid out, ef he hed nuthin' ter shoot deer an' wild varmints with, bein' ez his rifle war tuk by the sher'ff. I knows no law ez lays on me the starvin' o' a human. An' when that boy kem a-cropin' hyar ter the still this evenin', he got ez fair-spoke a welcome, an' ez much liquor ez he'd swaller, same ez enny comer on the mounting. I dunno ez he air a offender agin the law, an' 't aint my say-so. I ain't a jedge, an' thar ain't enough o' me fur a jury."

This lucid discourse, its emphasis doubled by the iterative echoes, had much slow, impersonal effect as it issued from the darkness. It was to Amos James, accustomed to rural logic, as if reason, pure and simple, had spoken. His heart had its own passionate protest. Not that he disapproved the loan of the rifle, but he distrusted the impulse which prompted it. To find the hunted fugitive here among the distillers added the force of conviction to his suspicions of a rescue and its instigation.

The personal interest which he had in all this annulled for a moment his sense of the becoming, and defied the constraints of etiquette.

"How 'd Rick Tyler say he got away from the sher'ff, ennyhow?" he demanded bluntly.

"He war n't axed," said old Groundhog Cayce quietly.

A silence ensued, charged with all the rigors of reproof.

"An' I dunno ez ye hev enny call ter know, Amos Jeemes," cried out Rick, still prone upon the ground. "That won't help the sher'ff none now. Ye'd better be studyin' 'bout settin' him on the trail ter ketch me agin."

The line of light from the rift in the furnace door showed a yellow gleam in the blackness where his head lay. Amos James fixed a burning eye upon it.

"I'll kem thar d'rec'ly an' tromp the life out'n ye, Rick Tyler. I'll grind yer skull ter pieces with my boot-heel, like ez ef ye war a copperhead."

"Laws a massy, boys, sech a quar'l-in', fightin' batch ez ye be! I fairly gits gagged with my liquor a-listenin' ter ye, — furgits how ter swaller," said Groundhog Cayce, suddenly fretful. "Leave Rick be, Amos Jeemes," he added, in an authoritative tone. And then, with a slant of his head toward Rick Tyler, lying on the ground, "Hold yer jaw down thar!"

And the two young men lapsed into silence.

The spring, rising among the barren rocks, chanted aloud its prescient sylvan song of the woodland ways, and the glancing beam, and the springing trout, and the dream of the drifting leaf, as true of tone and as delicately keyed to the dryadic chorus in the forest without as if the waters that knew but darkness and the cavernous sterilities were already in the liberated joys of the gorge yonder, reflecting the sky, wantoning with the wind, and swirling down the mountain side. The spirits dripped from the worm, the furnace roared, the men's feet grated upon the rocks as they now and then shifted their position.

"Waal," said Amos at last, rising, "I'd better be a-goin'. 'Pears like ez I've wore out my welcome hyar."

He stood looking at the line of light, remembering desolately Dorinda's buoyant, triumphant mood. Its embellishment of her beauty had smitten him with an afflicted sense of her withdrawal from all the prospects of his future. He had thought that he had given up hope, but he began to appreciate, when he found Rick Tyler in intimate refuge with her kindred, how sturdy an organism was that heart of his, and to realize that

to reduce it to despair must needs cost many a throe.

"I hev wore out my welcome, I reckon," he repeated, dismally.

"I dunno what ails ye ter say that. Ye hev jes' got tired o' comin' hyar, I reckon," said old man Cayce. "Wore out yer welcome, — shucks!"

"Mighty nigh wore me out," said Pete, remembering to cough.

"Waal," said Amos, slightly salved by the protestations of his host, "I reckon it air time I war a-puttin' out, ennyhow. Jes' set that thar furnace door on the jar, Pete, so's I kin see ter lay a-holt o' the beastis."

The door opened, the red glow flared out, the figures of the moonshiners all reappeared in a semicircle about the still, and as Amos James took the horse's bridle and led him away from the wall the mastodon vanished, with noiseless tread, into the dim distance of the unmeasured past.

The horse's hoofs reverberated down the cavernous depths, echoed, reëchoed, multiplied indefinitely. Even after the animal had been led through the tortuous windings of the passage his tramp resounded through the gloom.

X.

The displeasure of his fellows is a slight and ephemeral matter to a man whose mind is fixed on a great essential question, charged with moral gravity and imperishable consequence; whose physical courage is the instinct of his nature, conserved by its active exercise in a life of physical hardship.

Kelsey had forgotten the gander-pulling, the impending election, the excitement of the escape, before he had ridden five miles from the Settlement. He jogged along the valley road, the reins on the horse's neck, his eyes lifted to the heights. The fullness of day was on their unpeopled summits. Infinity

was expressed before the eye. On and on the chain of mountains stretched, with every illusion of mist and color, with every differing grace of distance, with inconceivable measures of vastness. The grave delight in which their presence steeped the senses stirred his heart. They breathed solemnities. They lent wings to the thoughts. They lifted the soul. Could he look at them and doubt that one day he should see God? He had been near, — oh, surely, He had been near.

Kelsey was comforted as he rode on. Somehow, the mountains had for his ignorant mind some coercive internal evidence of the great truths. In their exalted suggestiveness were congruities: so far from the world were they, — so high above it; so interlinked with the history of all that makes the races of men more than the beasts that perish, that conserves the values of that noble idea, — an immortal soul. On a mountain the ark rested; on a mountain the cross was planted; the steeps beheld the glories of the transfiguration; the lofty solitudes heard the prayers of the Christ; and from the heights issued the great sermon instinct with all the moralities of every creed. How often He went up into the mountain!

The thought uplifted Kelsey. The flush of strong feeling touched his cheek. His eyes were fired with that sudden gleam of enthusiasm as remote from earthly impulses as the lightnings of Sinai.

"An' I will preach His name!" the parson exclaimed, in a tense and thrilling voice. He checked his horse, drew out of his pocket a thumbed old Bible, clumsily turned the leaves and sought for his text.

No other book had he ever read: only that sublime epic, with its deep tendernesses and its mighty portents; with its subtleties of prophecy in wide and splendid phrase, and their fulfillment in the barren record of the simplest life;

with all the throbbing presentment of martyrdom and doom and death, dominated by the miracle of resurrection and the potency of divinity. Every detail was as clearly pictured to his mind as if, instead of the vast, unstoried stretches of the Great Smoky Mountains, he looked upon the sanctities of the hills of Judæa.

He read as he rode along, — slowly, slowly. A bird's shadow would flit across the holy page, and then away to the mountain; the winds of heaven caressed it. Sometimes the pollen of flowering weeds fell upon it; for in the midst of the unfrequented road they often stood in tall rank rows, with a narrow path on either side, trodden by the oxen of the occasional team, while the growth bent elastically under the passing bed of the wagon.

He was almost happy. The clamors of his insistent heart were still. His conscience, his memory, his self-reproach, had loosed their hold. His keen and subtle native intellect stretched its unconscious powers, and discriminated the workings of character, and reviewed the deploying of events, and measured results. He was far away, walking with the disciples.

Suddenly, like an aerolite, he was whirled from high ethereal spaces by the attraction of the earth. A man was peering from between the rails of a fence by the wayside.

"Kin ye read yer book, pa'son, an' ride yer beastis all ter wunst?" he cried out, with the fervor of admiration.

That tree of knowledge, — ah, the wily serpent! Galilee, — it was thousands of miles away across the deep salt seas.

The parson closed his book with a smile of exultation.

"The beast don't hender me none. I kin read ennywhar," he said, proud of the attainment.

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed the other, one of that class, too numerous in Ten-

nessee, who can neither read nor write. "Air it the Good Book?" he demanded, with a sudden thought.

"It air the Holy Bible," said the parson, handing him the book.

The man eyed it with reverence. Then, with a gingerly gesture, he gave it back. The parson was looking down at him, all softened and humanized by this unconscious flattery.

"Waal, pa'son," said the illiterate admirer of knowledge, with a respectful and subordinate air, "I hearn ez ye war a-goin' ter hold fo'th up yander at the meet'n-house at the Notch nex' Sunday. Air that a true word?"

"I 'lows ter preach thar on the nex' Lord's day," replied the parson.

"Then," with the promptness of a sudden resolution, "I'm a-goin' ter take the old woman an' the chil'n an' wagon up the Big Smoky ter hear the sermon. I 'low ez a man what kin ride a beastis an' read a book all ter wunst mus' be a powerful exhorter, an' mebbe ye'll lead us all ter grace."

The parson said he would be glad to see the family at the meeting-house, and presently jogged off down the road.

One might regard the satisfaction of this simple scene as the due meed of his labors; one might account his pride in his attainments as a harmless human weakness. There have been those of his calling, proud, too, of a finite knowledge, and fain to conserve fame, whose conscience makes no moan,—who care naught for humility, and hardly hope to be genuine.

The flush of pleasure passed in a moment. His face hardened. That fire of a sublimated anger or frenzy touched his eyes. He remembered Peter, the impetuous, and Thomas, the doubter, and the warm generousities of the heart of him whom Jesus loved, and he "reckoned" that they would not have left Him standing in the road for the joy of hearing their learning praised. He rebuked himself as caring less for the

Holy Book than that his craft could read it. His terrible insight into motives was not dulled by a personal application. Introverted upon his own heart, it was keen, unsparing, insidiously subtle. He saw his pride as if it had been another man's, except that it had no lenient mediator; for he was just to other men, even gentle. He took pitiless heed of the pettiness of his vanity; he detected pleasure that the man by the wayside should come, not for salvation, but to hear the powerful exhorter speak. He saw the instability of his high mood, of the gracious reawaking of faith; he realized the lapse from the heights of an ecstasy at the lightest touch of temptation.

"The Lord lifts me up," he said, "ter dash me on the groun'!"

No more in Judæa, in the holy mountains; no more among the disciples. Drearily along the valley road, glaring and yellow in the sun, the book closed, the inspiration fled, journeyed the ignorant man, who would fain lay hold on a true and perfected sanctity.

He dispatched his errand in the valley,—a secular matter, relating to the exchange of a cow and a calf. The afternoon was waning when he was again upon the slopes of the Big Smoky; for the roads were rough, and he had traveled slowly, always prone to "favor the beastis." He stopped in front of Cayce's house, where he saw Dorinda spinning on the porch, and preferred a request for a gourd of water. The old woman heard his voice, and came hastily out with hospitable insistence that he should dismount and "rest his bones, sence he hed rid fur, an' tell the news from the Settlemint." There was a cordial contrast between this warm esteem and his own unkind thoughts, and he suffered himself to be persuaded. He sat under the hop-vines, and replied in monosyllables to the old woman's animated questions, and gave little news of the excitements at the Settlement which they had

not already heard. Dorinda, her wheel awirl, one hand lifted holding the thread, the other poised in the air to control the motion, her figure thrown back in a fine, alert pose, looked at him with a freshened pity for his downcast spirit, and with intuitive sympathy. He sorrowed not because of the things of this world, she felt. It was some high and spiritual grief, such as might pierce a prophet's heart. Her eyes, full of the ideality of the sentiment, dwelt upon him reverently.

He marked the look. With his overwhelmed sense of his sins, he was abased under it, and he scourged himself as a hypocrite.

"'Thar air goin' ter be preachin' at the meetin'-house Sunday, I hearn," she observed presently, thinking this topic more meet for his discussion than the "gaynder-pullin'" and the escape, and such mundane matters. The tempered green light fell upon her fair face, adding a delicacy to its creamy tint; her black hair caught a shifting golden flake of sunshine as she moved back and forth; her red lips were slightly parted. The grasshoppers droned in the leaves an accompaniment to the whirl of her wheel. The "prince's feathers" bloomed in great clumsy crimson tufts close by the step. Mirandy Jane, seated on an inverted noggin, listened tamely to the conversation, her wild, uncertain eyes fixed upon the parson's face; she dropped them, and turned her head with a shy-ing gesture, if by chance his glance fell upon her.

From this shadowed, leafy recess the world seen through the green hop-vines was all in a great yellow glare.

"Be you-uns a-goin' ter hold fo'th," demanded the old woman, "or Brother Jake Tobin?"

"It air me ez air a-goin' ter preach," he said.

"Then I'm a-comin'," she declared promptly. "It do me good ter hear you-uns fairly make the sinners spin. Sech

a gift o' speech ye hev got! I fairly see hell when ye talk o' thar doom. I see wrath an' I smell brimstone. Lord be thanked, *I* hev fund peace! An' I'm jes' a-waitin' fur the good day ter come when the Lord 'll rescue me from yearth!" She threw herself back in her chair, closing her eyes in a sort of ecstasy, and beating her hands on her knees, her feet tapping in rhythm.

"Though ef ye'll b'lieve me," she added, sitting up straight with an appalling suddenness, and opening her eyes, "D'rindy thar ain't convicted yit. Oh, child," in an enthused tone of reproof, "time is short, — time is short!"

"Waal," said Dorinda, speaking more quickly than usual, and holding up her hand to stop the wheel, "I hev hed no chance sca'cely ter think on salvation, bein' ez the weavin' war hendered some — an'" — She paused in embarrassment.

"That air a awful word ter say, — puttin' the Lord ter wait! Why n't ye speak the truth ter her, pa'son? Fix her sins on her."

"Sometimes," said the parson abruptly, looking at her as if he saw more or less than was before him, "I dunno ef I hev enny call ter say a word. I hev preached ter others, an' I'm like ter be a castaway myself."

The old woman stared at him in dumb astonishment. But he was rising to take leave, — a simple ceremony. He unhitched the horse at the gate, mounted, and, with a silent nod to the group on the porch, rode slowly away.

Old Mrs. Cayce followed him with curious eyes peering out in the gaps of the hop-vines.

"D'rindy," she said, "that thar Pa'son Kelsey, — we-uns useter call him nuthin' but Hi, — he's got suthin' heavy on his mind. It always 'peared ter me ez he war a mighty cur'ous man ter take up with religion an' sech. Sech a sud-dint boy ez he war, — ez good a fighter ez a catamount, an' always 'mongst the evil, bold men. Them he consorted with

till he gin his child morphine by mistake, an' its mammy quine-iron; an' she los' her senses arterward, an' flunged herse'f off'n the bluff. 'Pears like ter me ez them war judgments on him,—though Em'ly war n't much loss; ez tridin' a chi'ce fur a wife ez a man could make. An' now he hev got suthin' on his mind."

The girl said nothing. She stayed her wheel with one hand, holding the thread with the other, and looked over her shoulder at the receding figure riding slowly along the vista of the forest-shadowed road. Then she turned, and fixed her lucent, speculative eyes on her grandmother, who continued: "Calls hisse'f a castaway! Waal, he knows bes', bein' a prophet an' sech. But it air toler'ble comical talk fur a preacher. Brother Jake Tobin kin hardly hold hisself tergether, a-waitin' fur his sheer o' the joys o' the golden shore."

"Waal, 'pears like ter me," said Mirandy Jane, whose mind seemed never far from the culinary achievements to which she had been dedicated, "ez Brother Jake Tobin sets mo' store on chicken fixin's than on grace, an' he fattens ev'y year."

"I hopes," proceeded the grandmother, disregarding the interruption, and peering out again at the road where the horseman had disappeared, "ez Hi Kelsey won't sot hisself ter prophesyin' evil at the meetin'; 'pears ter me he ought ter be hendered, ef mought be, 'kase the wrath he foresees mos'ly kems ter pass, an' I'm always lookin' ter see him prophesy the raiders,—though he hev hed the grace ter hold his hand bout'n the still. An' I hopes he won't hev nuthin' ter say 'bout it at the meetin' Sunday."

The little log meeting-house at the Notch stood high on a rugged spur of the Great Smoky. Dense forests encompassed it on every hand, obscuring that familiar picture of mountain and cloud and cove. From its rude, glass-

less windows one could look out on no distant vista, save perhaps in the visionary glories of heaven or the climatic discomforts of hell, according to the state of the conscience, or perchance the liver. The sky was aloof and limited. The laurel tangled the aisles of the woods. Sometimes from the hard benches a weary tow-headed brat might rejoice to mark in the monotony the frisking of a squirrel on a bough hard by, or a woodpecker solemnly tapping. The acorns would rattle on the roof, if the wind stirred, as if in punctuation of the discourse. The pines, mustering strong among the oaks, joined their mystic threnody to the sad-voiced quiring within. The firs stretched down long, pendulous, darkling boughs, and filled the air with their balsamic fragrance. Within the house the dull light fell over a few rude benches and a platform with a chair and table, which was used as pulpit. Shadows of many deep, rich tones of brown lurked among the rafters. Here and there a cobweb, woven to the consistence of a fabric, swung in the air. The drone of a blue-bottle, fluttering in and out of the window in a slant of sunshine, might invade the reverent silence, as Brother Jake Tobin turned the leaves to read the chapter. Sometimes there would sound, too, a commotion among the horses without, unharnessed from the wagons and hitched to the trees; then in more than one of the solemn faces might be descried an anxious perturbation,—not fear because of equine perversities, but because of the idiosyncrasies of callow human nature in the urchins left in charge of the teams. No one ventured to investigate, however, and, with that worldly discomfort contending with the spiritual exaltations they sought to foster, the rows of religionists swayed backward and forward in rhythm to the reader's voice, rising and falling in long, billowy sweeps of sound, like the ground swell of ocean waves.

It was strange, looking upon their faces, and with a knowledge of the limited phases of their existence, their similarity of experience here, where a hundred years might come and go, working no change save that, like the leaves, they fluttered awhile in the outer air with the spurious animation called life, and fell in death, and made way for new bourgeonings like unto themselves,—strange to mark how they differed. Here was a man of a stern, darkly religious conviction, who might either have writhed at the stake or stooped to kindle the flames; and here was an accountant soul that knew only those keen mercantile motives,—the hope of reward and the fear of hell; and here was an enthusiast's eye, touched by the love of God; and here was an unfinished, hardly humanized face, that it seemed as presumptuous to claim as the exponent of a soul as the faces of the stupid oxen out-of-doors. All were earnest; many wore an expression of excited interest, as the details of the chapter waxed to a climax, like the tense stillness of a metropolitan audience before an unimagined *coup de théâtre*. The men all sat on one side, chewing their quids; the women on the other, almost masked by their limp sun-bonnets. The ubiquitous baby—several of him—was there, and more than once babbled aloud and cried out peevishly. Only one, becoming uproarious, was made a public example; being quietly borne out and deposited in the ox-wagon, at the mercy of the urchins who presided over the teams, while his mother creaked in again on the tips of deprecating, anxious toes, to hear the Word.

Brother Jake Tobin might be accounted in some sort a dramatic reader. He was a tall, burly man, inclining to fatness, with grizzled hair roached back from his face. He cast his light gray eyes upward at the end of every phrase, with a long, resonant "Ah!" He smote the table with his hands at emphatic

passages; he rolled out denunciatory clauses with a freshened relish which intimated that he considered one of the choicest pleasures of the saved might be to gloat over the unhappy predicament of the damned. He chose for his reading paragraphs that, applied to aught but spiritual enemies and personified sins, might make a civilized man quake for his dearest foe. He paused often and interpolated his own observations, standing a little to the side of the table, and speaking in a conversational tone. "Ain't that so, my brethren an' sisters! But *we* air saved in the covenant—ah!" Then, clapping his hands with an ecstatic upward look,— "I'm so happy, I'm so happy!"—he would go on to read with the unction of immediate intention, "Let death seize them! Let them go down quick into hell!"

He wore a brown jeans suit, the vest much creased in the regions of his enhanced portliness, its maker's philosophy not having taken into due account his susceptibility to "chicken fixin's." After concluding the reading he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, and placed it around the collar of his unbleached cotton shirt, as he proceeded to the further exertion of "lining out" the hymn.

The voices broke forth in those long, lingering cadences that have a melancholy, spiritual, yearning effect, in which the more tutored church music utterly fails. The hymn rose with a solemn jubilation, filling the little house, and surging out into the woods; sounding far across unseen chasms and gorges, and rousing in the unsentient crags an echo with a testimony so sweet, charged with so devout a sentiment, that it seemed as if with this voice the very stones would have cried out, had there been dearth of human homage when Christ rode into Jerusalem.

Then the sudden pause, the failing echo, the sylvan stillness, and the chanting voice lined out another couplet. It

was well, perhaps, that this part of the service was so long; the soul might rest on its solemnity, might rise on its aspiration.

It came to an end at last. Another long pause ensued. Kelsey, sitting on the opposite side of the table, his elbow on the back of his chair, his hand shading his eyes, made no movement. Brother Jake Tobin looked hard at him, with an expression which in a worldly man we should pronounce exasperation. He hesitated for a moment in perplexity. There was a faint commotion, implying suppressed excitement in the congregation. Parson Kelsey's idiosyncrasies were known by more than one to be a thorn in the side of the frankly confiding Brother Jake Tobin.

"Whenst I hev got him in the pulpit alongside o' me," he would say to his cronies, "I feel ez onlucky an' weighted ez ef I war a-lookin' over my lef' shoulder at the new moon on a November Friday. I feel ez oncommon ez ef he war a deer, or suthin', ez hev got no salvation in him. An' ef he don't feel the sperit ter pray, he *won't* pray, an' I hev got ter surroun' the throne o' grace by myse'f. He *kin* pray ef he hev a mind ter, an' he *do* seem ter hev hed a outpourin' o' the sperit o' prophecy; but he hev made me 'pear mighty comical 'fore the Lord a-many a time, when I hev axed him ter open his mouth an' he hev kep' it shut."

Brother Jake did not venture to address him now. An alternative was open to him. "Brother Reuben Bates, will ye lead us in prayer?" he said to one of the congregation.

They all knelt down, huddled like sheep in the narrow spaces between the benches, and from among them went up the voice of supplication, that anywhere and anyhow has the commanding lignity of spiritual communion, the fervor of exaltation, and all the moving humility of the finite leaning upon the infinite. Ignorance was annihilated, so

far as Brother Reuben Bates's prayer was concerned. It grasped the fact of immortality, — all worth knowing! — and humble humanity in its least worthy phase was presented as the intimate inherent principle of the splendid fruitions of eternity.

He had few words, Brother Reuben, and the aspirated "Ah!" was long drawn often, while he swiftly thought of something else to say. Brother Jake Tobin, after the manner in vogue among them, broke out from time to time with a fervor of assent. "Yes, my Master!" he would exclaim in a wild, ecstatic tone. "Bless the Lord!" "That's a true word!" "I'm so happy!"

Always these interpolations came opportunely when Brother Reuben seemed entangled in his primitive rhetoric, and gave him a moment for improvisation. It was doubtless Hi Kelsey's miserable misfortune that his acute intuition should detect in the reverend tones a vainglorious self-satisfaction, known to no one else, not even to the speaker; that he should accurately gauge how Brother Jake Tobin secretly piqued himself upon his own gift in prayer, never having known these stuttering halts, never having needed these pious boosts; that he should be aware, ignorant as he was, of that duality of cerebation by which Brother Jake's mind was divided between the effect on God, bending down a gracious ear, and the impression of these ecstatic outbursts on the congregation; that the petty contemptibleness of it should depress him; that its dissimulations angered him. With the rigor of an upright man, he upbraided himself. He was on his knees: was he praying? Were these the sincerities of faith. Was this lukewarm inattention the guerdon of the sacrifice of the cross? His ideal and himself, himself and what he sought to be, — oh, the gulf! the deep divisions!

He gave his intentions no grace. He conceded naught to human nature. His

conscience revolted at a sham. And he was a living, breathing sham — upon his knees.

Ah, let us have a little mercy on ourselves! Most of us do. For there was Brother Jake Tobin, with a conscience free of offense, happily unobservant of his own complicated mental processes and of the motives of his own human heart, becoming more and more actively assistant as Brother Reuben Bates grew panicky, hesitant, and involved, and kept convulsively on through sheer inability to stop, suggesting epilepsy rather than piety.

It was over at last; exhausted nature prevailed, and Brother Bates resumed his seat, wiping the perspiration from his brow and raucously clearing his rasped throat.

There was a great scraping of the rough shoes and boots on the floor as the congregation rose, and one or two of the benches were moved backward with a harsh, grating sound. A small boy had gone to sleep during the petition, and remained in his prayerful attitude. Brother Jake Tobin settled himself in his chair as comfortably as might be, tilted it back on its hind-legs against the wall, and wore the air of having fairly exploited his share of the services and cast off responsibility. The congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon.

There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text, — turned the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things, — from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was skulking into his mind all that grew-some company of doubts. In double

file they came: fate and free agency, free will and foreordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving-kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil, — nay, legions of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they have assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they have been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how, in the scrutiny of science and research, men have paused before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudge the time to think upon them, — if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers.

As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse. "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter-day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez gin it — ef thar is a God — hev tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace, — leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef" — how his faith and his unfaith tried him! — "ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise — Stop, brother," — he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, with a white, scared face; nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains, — "bear with me a little; ye'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! The good things o' life hev not fallen ter me. The good things o' heaven air

denied. My name is ter be a by-word an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye'll grieve ez ye hev ever hearn the Word from me, ah! Ye'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials; — none like them ez air comin', comin', down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame."

He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy, or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard.

"I will go forth from 'mongst ye, — I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, bretherin, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me, — speak from out o' the whirlwind."

There was a sound upon the air. Was it the rising of the wind? A thrill ran through the congregation. The wild emotion, evoked and suspended in this abrupt pause, showed in pallid excitement on every face. Several of the men rose aimlessly, then turned and sat down again. Brought from the calm monotony of their inner life into this supreme crisis of his, they were struck aghast by the hardly comprehended situations of his spiritual drama enacted before them. And what was that sound on the air? In the plenitude of their ignorant faith, were they listening for the invoked voice of God?

Kelsey, too, was listening, in anguished suspense.

It was not the voice of God, that man was wont to hear when the earth was young; not the rising of the wind. The peace of the golden sunshine was supreme. Even a tiny cloudlet, anchored in the limited sky, would not sail to-day.

On and on it came. It was the galloping of horse, — the beat of hoofs, in-

dividualized presently to the ear, — with that thunderous, swift, impetuous advance that so domineers over the imagination, quickens the pulse, shakes the courage.

It might seem that all the ingenuity of malignity could not have compassed so complete a revenge. The fulfillment of his prophecy entered at the door. All its spiritual significance was annihilated; it was merged into a prosaic material degradation when the sheriff of the county strode, with jingling spurs, up the aisle, and laid his hand upon the preacher's shoulder. He wore his impassive official aspect. But his deputy, following hard at his heels, had a grin of facetious triumph upon his thin lips. He had been caught by the nape of the neck, and in a helpless, rodent-like attitude had been slung out of the door by the stalwart man of God, when he and Amos James had ventured to the meeting-house in liquor; and neither he nor the congregation had forgotten the sensation. It was improbable that such high-handed proceedings could be instituted to-day, but the sheriff had taken the precaution to summon the aid of five or six burly fellows, all armed to the teeth. They too came tramping heavily up the aisle. Several wore the reflection of the deputy's grin; they were the "bold, bad men," the prophet's early associates before "he got religion, an' sot hisself ter consortin' with the saints." The others were sheepish and doubtful, serving on the posse with a protest under the constraining penalties of the law.

The congregation was still with a stunned astonishment. The preacher stood as one petrified, his eyes fixed upon the sheriff's face. The officer, with a slow, magisterial gesture, took a paper from his breast-pocket, and laid it upon the Bible.

"Ye kin read, pa'son," he said. "Ye kin read the warrant fur yer arrest."

The deputy laughed, a trifle insolently. He turned, swinging his hat, —

he had done the sacred edifice the reverence of removing it, — and surveyed the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed people, leaning forward, standing up, huddled together, as if he had some speculation as to the effect upon them of these unprecedented proceedings.

Kelsey could read nothing. His strong head was in a whirl; he caught at the table, or he might have fallen. The amazement of it, — the shame of it!

“Who does this?” he exclaimed, in sudden realization of the situation. Already self-convicted of the blasphemy of infidelity, he stood in his pulpit in the infinitely ignoble guise of a culprit before the law.

Those fine immaterial issues of faith and unfaith, — where were they? The torturing fear of futurity, and of a personal devil and a material hell, — how impotent! His honest name, — never a man had borne it that had suffered this shame; the precious dignity of freedom was riven from him; the calm securities of his self-respect were shaken forever. He could never forget the degradation of the sheriff’s touch, from which he shrank with so abrupt a gesture that the officer grasped his pistol and every nerve was on the alert. Kelsey was animated at this moment by a pulse as essentially mundane as if he had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. He had not known how he held himself, — how he cherished those values, so familiar that he had forgotten to be thankful till their possession was a retrospection.

He sought to regain his self-control. He caught up the paper; it quivered in his trembling hands; he strove to read it. “Rescue!” he cried out in a tense voice. “Rick Tyler! I never rescued Rick Tyler!”

The words broke the long constraint. They were an elucidation, a flash of light. The congregation looked at him with changed eyes, and then looked at each other. Why did he deny? Were

not the words of his prophecy still on the air? Had he not confessed himself a wrong-doer, forsaken of God and bereft of grace? His prophecy was matched by the details of his experience. Had he done no wrong he could have foreseen no vengeance.

“Rick Tyler ain’t wuth it,” said one old man to another, as he spat on the floor.

The woman who had been the wife of the murdered man fell into hysterical screaming at Rick Tyler’s name, and was presently borne out by her friends and lifted into one of the wagons.

“It air jes’ ez well that the sheriff takes Pa’son Kelsey, arter that thar confession o’ his’n,” said one of the dark-browed men, helping to yoke the oxen. “We couldn’t hev kep’ him in the church arter sech words ez his’n, an’ church discipline ain’t a-goin’ ter cast out no sech devil ez he air possessed by.”

Brother Jake Tobin, too, appreciated that the arrest of the preacher in his pulpit was a solution of a difficult question. It was manifestly easier for the majesty of the State of Tennessee to deal with him than the little church on the Big Smoky Mountain.

“Yer sins hev surely fund ye out, Brother Kelsey,” he began, with the air of having washed his hands of all responsibility. “God would never hev fursook ye, ef ye hed n’t fursook the good cause fust. Ye air ter be cast down, — ye who hev stood high.”

There was a momentary silence.

“Will ye come?” said the sheriff, smiling fixedly, “or had ye ruther be fetched?”

The deputy had a pair of handcuffs dangling officiously. They rattled in incongruous contrast with the accustoméd sounds of the place.

Kelsey hesitated. Then, after a fierce internal struggle, he submitted meekly, and was led out from among them.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE.

ARMED of the Gods! Divinest conqueror!
 What soundless hosts are thine! Nor pomp, nor state,
 Nor token, to betray where thou dost wait.
 All Nature stands, for thee, ambassador;
 Her forces all thy serfs, for peace or war.
 Greatest and least alike, thou rul'st their fate, —
 The avalanche chained until its century's date,
 The mulberry leaf made robe for emperor!
 Shall man alone thy law deny? — refuse
 Thy healing for his blunders and his sins?
 Oh, make us thine! Teach us who waits best sues;
 Who longest waits of all most surely wins.
 When Time is spent, Eternity begins.
 To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

Helen Jackson.

CHILDHOOD IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

THE parabolic expression, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," has been applied with force to the destruction of Judaism, and the reconstruction upon its ruins of a living Christianity. It may be applied with equal justice, though in more recondite sense, to the death of the old literature and art, and the resurrection of the beautiful creations of the human mind in new form. The three days were more than a thousand years, and during that long sleep what had become of those indestructible forces of imagination and reason which combine in literature and art? Roughly speaking, they were disjoined, and only when reunited did they again assert themselves in living form. The power which kept each in abeyance was structural Christianity, and only when that began to be burst asunder by the vital force inherent in spiritual Christianity was there opportunity for the free union of the imagination and reason. As the Jewish

temple could no longer inclose divinity, but was thrust apart by the expansive power of the Christianity which was fostered within it, so the Christian church, viewed as an institution which aimed at an inclosure of humanity, was in its turn disrupted by the silent growth of the human spirit which had fed within its walls upon the divine life. After the birth of Christianity the parallel continuity of the old world was broken. The Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew no longer carried forward their separate movements. Christianity, professing to annul these forces, had taken their place in history. Again, at the Renaissance, it was found that the three great streams of human thought had been flowing underground; they reissued to the light in a generous flood, each combining with the others.

It was during this long period of apparent inaction in literature and art that the imagination, dissevered from reason, was in a state of abnormal activity. The

compression of its field caused the faculty to find expression through forms which were very closely connected with the dominant sphere of human life. Before religious art and ecclesiastical architecture had become the abundant expression of Christian imagination there was generated a great mass of legend and fable, which only by degrees became formally embodied in literature or perpetuated in art and symbol. The imaginative faculty had given it, for material in which to work the new life, the soul of man as distinctly related to God. An ethical principle lay at the foundation of Christianity, and the imagination, stimulated by faith, built with materials drawn from ethical life. The germinal truth of Christianity, that God had manifested himself to men in the person of Jesus Christ, however it might be obscured or misunderstood, was the efficient cause of the operations of the Christian imagination. This faculty set before itself the perfect man, and in that conceived not the physical and intellectual man of the Greek conception, nor the Caesar of the Roman ideal, nor even the moral man of the Jewish light, but a man whose perfection was the counterpart of the perfection of God and its great exemplar, the man Jesus Christ. In his life the central idea of service, of victory through suffering and humiliation, of self-surrender, and of union with God was perceived with greater or less clearness, and this idea was adumbrated in that vast gallery of saints constructed by Christianity in its ceaseless endeavor to reproduce the perfect type. Through all the extravagance and chaotic confusion of the legendary lore of the mediæval church, one may discover the perpetually recurring notes of the perfect life. The beatitudes — those spiritual witnesses of the redeemed human character — are ever floating before the early imagination, and offering the standards by which it measures its creations. It was by no fortuitous sug-

gestion, but by a profound sense of fitness, that the church made the gospel of All Saints' Day to consist of those sentences which pronounce the blessedness of the poor in spirit, the meek, and the persecuted for righteousness' sake; while the epistle for the same day is the roll-call of the saints who are to sit on the thrones of the twelve tribes, and of the multitudes who have overcome the world.

It is not strange, therefore, that the imagination, busying itself about the spiritual life of man, should have dwelt with special emphasis upon those signs of the new life brought to light in the gospels, which seemed to contain the promise of perfection. It seized upon baptism as witnessing to a regeneration; it traced the lives of saints back to a childhood which began with baptism; it invested the weak things of the world with a mighty power; and, keeping before it the pattern of the Head of the church, it traced in the early life of the Saviour powers which confounded the common wisdom of men. It dwelt with fondness upon the adoration of the Magi, as witnessing to the supremacy of the infant Redeemer; and, occupied as it was with the idea of a suffering Saviour, it carried the cross back to the cradle, and found in the Massacre of the Innocents the type of a substitution and vicarious sacrifice.

The simple annals of the Gospels shine with great beauty when confronted by the ingenuity and curious adornment of the legends included in the so-called Apocryphal Gospels. Yet these legends illustrate the eagerness of the early Christian world to invest the person of Jesus with every possible charm and power; and since the weakness of infancy and childhood offers the strongest contrast to works of thaumaturgy, this period is very fully elaborated. A reason may also be found in the silence of the evangelists, which needed to be broken by the curious. Thus, when, in the flight into Egypt, the Holy Family

was made to seek rest in a cave, there suddenly came out many dragons; and the children who were with the family, when they saw the dragons, cried out in great terror.

"Then Jesus," says the narrative, "went down from the bosom of his mother, and stood on his feet before the dragons; and they adored Jesus, and thereafter retired. . . . And the young child Jesus, walking before them, commanded them to hurt no man. But Mary and Joseph were very much afraid lest the child should be hurt by the dragons. And Jesus said to them: 'Do not be afraid, and do not consider me to be a little child; for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must needs be tame before me.' Lions and panthers adored him likewise, and accompanied them in the desert. Wherever Joseph and the blessed Mary went, these went before them, showing them the way and bowing their heads, and showing their submission by wagging their tails; they adored him with great reverence. Now at first, when Mary saw the lions and the panthers, and various kinds of wild beasts coming about them, she was very much afraid. But the infant Jesus looked into her face with a joyful countenance, and said: 'Be not afraid, mother; for they come not to do thee harm, but they make haste to serve both thee and me.' With these words he drove all fear from her heart. And the lions kept walking with them, and with the oxen and the asses and the beasts of burden which carried their baggage, and did not hurt a single one of them; but they were tame among the sheep and the rams which they had brought with them from Judæa, and which they had with them. They walked among wolves and feared nothing, and no one of them was hurt by another."¹

So, too, when Mary looked helplessly up at the fruit of a palm-tree hanging far out of her reach, the child Jesus, "with a joyful countenance, reposing in the bosom of his mother, said to the palm, 'O tree, bend thy branches, and refresh my mother with thy fruit.' And immediately at these words the palm bent its top down to the very feet of the blessed Mary; and they gathered from its fruit, with which they were all refreshed. And after they had gathered all its fruit, it remained bent down, waiting the order to rise from him who had commanded it to stoop. Then Jesus said to it, 'Raise thyself, O palm-tree, and be strong, and be the companion of my trees which are in the paradise of my Father; and open from thy roots a vein of water which has been hid in the earth, and let the waters flow, so that we may be satisfied from thee.' And it rose up immediately, and at its root there began to come forth a spring of water, exceedingly clear and cool and sparkling. And when they saw the spring of water they rejoiced with great joy, and were satisfied, themselves and all their cattle and their beasts. Wherefore they gave thanks to God."

The legends which relate to the boyhood of Jesus carry back with a violent or confused sense the acts of his manhood. Thus he is represented more than once as willing the death of a playmate, and then contemptuously bringing him to life again. A favorite story grossly misconceives the incident of Christ with the doctors in the temple, and makes him turn his schoolmaster into ridicule. There are other stories, the incidents of which are not reflections of anything in the Gospels, but are used to illustrate in a childish way the wonder-working power of the boy. Here is one which curiously mingles the miraculous power with the Saviour's doctrine of the Sabbath:—

"And it came to pass, after these things, that in the sight of all Jesus took

¹ This and the other passages from the Apocryphal Gospels here cited are in the translation by Alexander Walker.

clay from the pools which he had made, and of it made twelve sparrows. And it was the Sabbath when Jesus did this, and there were very many children with him. When, therefore, one of the Jews had seen him doing this, he said to Joseph, 'Joseph, dost thou not see the child Jesus working on the Sabbath at what it is not lawful for him to do? For he has made twelve sparrows of clay.' And when Joseph heard this, he re-proved him, saying, 'Wherefore doest thou on the Sabbath such things as are not lawful for us to do?' And when Jesus heard Joseph he struck his hands together, and said to his sparrows, 'Fly!' and at the voice of his command they began to fly. And in the sight and hearing of all that stood by he said to the birds, 'Go and fly through the earth, and through all the world, and live.' And when those that were there saw such miracles they were filled with great astonishment."

It is interesting to note how many of these stories connect the child with animals. The passage in Isaiah which prophesied the great peace in the figure of a child leading wild beasts had something to do with this; so had the birth of Jesus in a manger, and the incident of the entry into Jerusalem: but I suspect that the imagination scarcely needed to hunt very far or very curiously for suggestions, since the world over childhood has been associated with brute life, and the writers of the Apocryphal Gospels had only to make these animals savage when they would illustrate the potency of the childhood of Jesus.

"There is a road going out of Jericho," says the Pseudo-gospel of Matthew, "and leading to the river Jordan, to the place where the children of Israel crossed; and there the ark of the covenant is said to have rested. And Jesus was eight years old, and he went out of Jericho and went towards the Jordan. And there was beside the road, near the banks of the Jordan, a cave, where a

lioness was nursing her cubs; and no one was safe who walked that way. Jesus, then, coming from Jericho, and knowing that in that cave the lioness had brought forth her young, went into it in the sight of all. And when the lions saw Jesus they ran to meet him, and adored him. And Jesus was sitting in the cavern, and the lion's cubs ran hither and thither round his feet, fawning upon him and sporting. And the older lions, with their heads bowed down, stood at a distance and adored him, and fawned upon him with their tails. Then the people, who were standing afar off, not seeing Jesus, said, 'Unless he or his parents had committed grievous sins, he would not of his own accord have offered himself up to the lions.' And when the people were thus reflecting within themselves, and were lying under great sorrow, behold, on a sudden, in the sight of the people, Jesus came out of the cave, and the lions went before him, and the lion's cubs played with each other before his feet. And the parents of Jesus stood afar off, with their heads bowed down, and watched; likewise, also, the people stood at a distance, on account of the lions; for they did not dare to come close to them. Then Jesus began to say to the people, 'How much better are the beasts than you, seeing that they recognize their Lord and glorify him; while you men, who have been made after the image and likeness of God, do not know him! Beasts know me, and are tame; men see me, and do not acknowledge me.'"

To the mind of these early Christians the life of Jesus was compounded of holiness and supernatural power; so far as they distinguished these, the holiness was the cause of the power, and hence, when the imagination fashioned saints out of men and women, it followed the same course which it had taken with the Master. The childhood of the saints was an anticipation of maturer virtues and powers, rather than a manifestation

of ingenuous innocence. There was a tendency to explain exceptional qualities in lives by extending them backward into youth, thereby gaining for them an apparent corroboration. The instances of this in the legends are frequent. Mothers, like the Virgin Mary, have premonitions that their children are to be in some special manner children of God, and the characteristics of later life are foreshadowed at birth. The Virgin herself was thus dealt with. The strong human feeling which subsequently, when the tenderness of Christ had been petrified into judgment, interposed the Virgin as mediator, found gratification in surrounding Mary's infancy and childhood with a supernatural grace and power, the incidents in some cases being faint reflections of incidents in the life of her son; as when we are told that Joachim and Anna carried Mary, then three years old, to place her among the virgins in the temple of God. "And when she was put down before the doors of the temple, she went up the fifteen steps so swiftly that she did not look back at all; nor did she, as children are wont to do, seek for her parents. Whereupon her parents, each of them anxiously seeking for the child, were both alike astonished until they found her in the temple, and the priests of the temple themselves wondered."

In like manner a halo of light played about S. Catherine's head when she was born. The year of the birth of S. Elizabeth of Hungary was full of blessings to her country; the first words she uttered were those of prayer, and when three years old she gave signs of the charity which marked her life by giving her toys and garments to those less fortunate than herself. A pretty story is told of her betrothal to Prince Louis of Thuringia. Herman of Thuringia sent an embassy to the king of Hungary, desiring the little Elizabeth, then only four years old, for his son; and the maiden accompanied the embassy, carrying with

her a silver cradle and silver bath, which her father had given her. She was betrothed to Louis, and the little pair played happily together in the same cradle. S. Genevieve of Paris was a maiden of seven, who tended a flock of sheep at the village of Nanterre. Hither came S. Germain, and when the inhabitants were assembled to receive his benediction his eyes rested on the little shepherdess, and seeing her saintliness he set her apart as a bride of Christ. S. Gregory Nazianzen had a dream when he was a boy, in which two heavenly virgins of celestial beauty visited him: they were Chastity and Temperance, and so captivating was their presence, so winning were their words, that he awoke to take perpetual vows of continence. S. John Chrysostom was a dull boy at school, and so disturbed was he by the ridicule of his fellows that he went into a church to pray to the Virgin for help. A voice came from the image: "Kiss me on the mouth, and thou shalt be endowed with all learning." He did this, and when he returned to his schoolfellows they saw a golden circle about his mouth, and his eloquence and brilliancy astounded them. Martyrdom was the portion of these saintly children as well as of their elders. The story is told of Hilarion, one of the four children of Saturninus the priest, that when the proconsul of Carthage thought to have no difficulty in dealing with one of tender age, the child resisted all cajolings and threats. "I am a Christian," said the little fellow. "I have been at the collect [that is, assisted as an acolyte], and it was of my own voluntary choice, without any compulsion." Thereupon the proconsul, who was probably a father, threatened him, as the story runs, "with those little punishments with which children are accustomed to be chastised," but the child only laughed at the idea of giving up his faith for fear of a whipping. "I will cut off your nose and ears!" shouted the exasperated in-

quisitor. "You may do it, but I shall be a Christian still," replied the undaunted boy; and when he was ordered off to prison with the rest, he was heard to pipe forth, "God be thanked," and so was led away.

These random incidents are, for the most part, mainly anticipatory of mature experience. They can be matched with the details of Protestant hagiology as recorded in a class of books more common forty years ago than now. It is their remoteness that lends a certain grace and charm to them. The life of a little Christian in the fourth century is invested with an attraction which is wanting in the circumstance of some juvenile saint living in the midst of indifferent scoffers of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Occasionally, however, the legends inclose the saintly attributes in some bit of romance, or betray a simple, ingenuous sympathy with childish nature. The legend of S. Kenelm has a faint suspicion of kinship with the story of the babes in the wood. King Kenwulf of Wessex died, and left two daughters, Cwendrida and Burgenilda, and a son of seven years, named Kenelm. The elder of the daughters wished the child out of the way, that she might reign; so she gave money to Askbert, his guardian, the wicked uncle of the story, and bade him privily slay the boy. So Askbert took Kenelm into a wood, as if for a hunt, and by and by the child, tired with the heat, fell asleep under the shade of a tree. Askbert, seeing his time had come, set to work to dig a grave, that all might be in readiness; but Kenelm woke, and said, "It is in vain that you think to kill me here. I shall be slain in another spot. In token whereof, see this rod blossom;" and so saying, he stuck a stick into the ground, and it instantly took root and began to flower. In after days it was a great ash-tree, known as S. Kenelm's ash. Then Askbert took the little king to another spot, and the child,

now wide awake, began to sing the Te Deum. When he came to the verse "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," Askbert cut off his head, and then buried him in the wood. Just as he did this, a white dove flew into the church of S. Peter in Rome, and laid on the high altar a letter, which it bore in its beak. The letter was in English, and it was some time before any one could be found who could read it. Then it was discovered that Kenelm had been killed and his body hidden away. The Pope thereupon wrote letters into England telling of this sorry affair, and men went forth to find the body of the little king. They were led by a pillar of light, which stood over the place where the body lay. So they bore it off and buried it; but they built a chapel over the spot where they had found the body, which is known as S. Kenelm's chapel to this day. There the chapel stands near Hales Owen; how else did it get its name? and as Mr. Freeman sagely remarks, "It is hard to see what should have made anybody invent such a tale, if nothing of the kind had ever happened."

Another of the stories which has a half fairy-tale character is that of the martyrdom of the little S. Christina, who was shut up in a high tower by her father, and bidden spend her time before gold and silver gods; his private purpose being to keep her out of the way of troublesome lovers. Christina tired of her divine playthings, and in spite of her father's indulgence, since he obligingly took away all the images but three, would have nothing to do with false gods. She was visited by angels and instructed in Christianity. She combined courage in her new faith with a fine spirit of adventure; for she is represented as smashing the idols, letting herself down by a rope from her tower-prison, distributing the fragments of the idols among the poor, and clambering up again before morning. Her martyrdom

showed various ingenious inventions of torture, but the odd part of the story is the manner in which the gold and silver idols always suggest a girl's playthings. We are told that when she was taken into the temple of Apollo she bade the idol step down and walk about the temple until she sent it back to its place. Then, proceeds the story gravely, she was put in a cradle filled with boiling pitch and oil, and four soldiers were set to rocking her.

In these and similar stories which abound in the *Acta Sanctorum*, the simple attributes of childish nature rarely shine through the more formal covering of churchly investiture. Nature could not always be expelled, but the imagination, busy with the construction of the ideal Christian life, was more concerned, as time went on, to make that conform to an ecclesiastical standard. It is pathetic to see the occasional struggle of poor humanity to break through the meshes in which it was entangled. The life of S. Francis of Assisi is full of incidents which illustrate this. His familiar intercourse with birds and beasts was but one of the signs of an effort to escape from the cage in which he was an unconscious prisoner. One night, we are told, he rose suddenly from the earthen floor which made his bed, and rushed out into the open air. A brother monk, who was praying in his cell, looked through his window and saw S. Francis, under the light of the moon, fashion seven little figures of snow. "Here is thy wife," he said to himself; "these four are thy sons and daughters; the other two are thy servant and handmaid: and for all these thou art bound to provide. Make haste, then, and provide clothing for them, lest they perish with cold. But if the care of so many trouble thee, be thou careful to serve the Lord alone." The injunction to give up father and mother and family for the Lord's sake, when obeyed by one so tremulously alive to human sympathy as was S. Francis, had in it a

power suddenly to disclose the depths of the human soul; nor can it be doubted that those who, like S. Francis, were eagerly thrusting aside everything which seemed to stand between them and the realization of the divine life paid heed to the significant words of the Lord which made a child the symbol of that life. In practical dealing with the evils of the world the early church never lost sight of children. Orphans, especially the orphans of martyrs, were a sacred charge, and when monasteries arose and became, at least in the West, centres of civilization, they were refuges for foundlings as well as schools for the young. It is one of the distinct signs of the higher life which Christianity was slowly bringing into the world that the church adopted and protected children as children, for their own sakes. Foundlings had before been nurtured for the sake of profit, and we can easily do poor human nature the justice to believe in instances where pity and love had their honest sway; but it certainly was left to the church to incorporate in its very constitution that care of helpless childhood which springs from a profound sense of the dignity of life, and a growing conviction of the rights which pertain to personality.

For the history of Christianity is in the development of personality, and childhood has, from the beginning, come under the influence of a power which has been at work lifting the world into a recognition of its relation to God. It was impossible that the few significant words spoken by Christ should be forgotten; nevertheless, they do not seem to have impressed themselves upon the consciousness of men. At least it may be said that in the growth of Latin Christianity they do not come forward specifically as furnishing the ground and reason for a regard for childhood. The work to be done by the Latin church was largely one of organizing human society under an anthropomorphic conception of God.

It gave a certain fixed objectivity to God, placed him at a distance from the world, and made the approach to him to be by a succession of intermediary agents. Nevertheless, the hierarchy which resulted rested upon ethical foundations. The whole grand scheme did, in effect, rivet and fix the sense of personal responsibility and personal integrity. It made each man and woman aware of his and her relation to law in the person of its ministers, and this law was a law which reached to the thoughts of the heart.

The system, as such, had little to do with childhood. It waited for its close, but it pushed back its influence over the line of adolescence, making as early as might be the day when the child should come into conscious relation with the church. Through the family, however, it powerfully affected the condition of childhood, for by its laws and its ritual it was giving religious sanction to the family, even while it was gradually divorcing itself from humanity under plea of a sanctity which was more than human. Its conception of a religious devotedness which was too good for this world, whereby contempt of the body was put in place of redemption of the body, and celibacy made more honorable than marriage, undermined its hold upon the world, which it sought to govern and to furnish with ideals.

Inasmuch as this great system dealt with persons in relations which could be exactly defined and formulated, it would be idle to seek in the literature which reflects it for any considerable representation of that period of human life in which the forms are as yet undetermined. Nevertheless, childhood exercises even here its subtle power of recalling men to elemental truths. Dante was the prophet of a spiritual Rome, which he saw in his vision outlined against the background of the existing hierarchy. It would be in vain to search through the *Divine Comedy* for many references

to childhood. As he says himself in the *Inferno*, —

“For this is not a sportive enterprise
To speak the universe’s lowest hold,
Nor suits a tongue that Pa and Mammy cries.”¹

And the only picture of childhood in that vision is the melancholy one of the horrid sufferings of Count Ugolino and his children in the Tower of Hunger. In the *Paradiso* there are two passages of interest. Near the close of the twenty-seventh canto, Beatrice, breaking forth into a rapt utterance of the divine all in all, suddenly checks herself as she remembers how the curse of covetousness shuts men out from entrance into the full circle of divine movement, and then, with a swift and melancholy survey of the changes in human life, cries bitterly : —

“Faith, Art, and Innocence are found alone
With little children ; then they scatter fast
Before the down across the cheek have grown.
There is that lispeeth, and doth learn to fast,
Who afterward, with tongue untied from May
To April, down his throat all meats will cast.
There is that, lisping, loveth to obey
His mother, and he ’ll wish her in the tomb,
When sentences unbroken he can say.”

Again, in the thirty-second canto, S. Bernard is pointing out the circles of the Rose, and after denoting the degrees of saints before Christ and after, proceeds : —

“And from the seats, in midway rank, that knit
These double files, and downwards, thou wilt find
That none do for their own deserving sit,
But for another’s under terms assigned ;
For every one of these hath been set free
Ere truly self-determined was the mind.
This by the childish features wilt thou see,
If well thou scan them, and if well thou list
Wilt hear it by the childlike symphony.”

Dante is perplexed by the difference even in these innocent babes, but S. Bernard reminds him that there is difference in endowment, but that all are subject to the divine all-embracing law : —

“And therefore these, who took such hasty flight,
Into the true life not without a cause
Are entered so, these more, and those less,
bright,” —

an interpretation of the vision which is

¹ Canto xxxii. 7-9. Cayley’s translation.

really less scholastic than suggested by the deeper insight of the poetic mind.

The most significant passage, however, is found in the famous words at the beginning of the *Vita Nuova*, which fix his first sight of Beatrice when he was nine years old. "And since," he closes, "to dwell upon the passions and actions of such early youth appeareth like telling an idle tale, I will leave them, and, passing over many things which might be drawn from the original where these lie hidden, I will come to those words which are written in my memory under large paragraphs."¹ In these last words is apparent Dante's own judgment upon the worth of his recollections of childhood: one page only in that book of his memory he deems worthy of regard, — the page upon which fell the image of Beatrice. It will be said with truth that the childhood of Dante and Beatrice is in reality the beginning of maturity, for it is counted only as the initiation of a noble passion. The time, indeed, had not yet come in the history of human life when the recollection of that which is most distinctive of childhood forms the basis of speculation and philosophic dream.

The absence of childhood from the visions of Dante is a negative witness to the absence from the world, in the age prior to the Renaissance, of hope and of simple faith and innocence. Dante's faint recognition of these qualities throws them back into a quickly forgotten and outgrown childhood. The lisping child becomes the greedy worldling, the cruel and unloving man, and the tyranny of an empire of souls is hinted at in the justification by the poet of the presence of innocent babes in Paradise; they are there by the interposition of a

sacrificial act. The poet argues to still the doubts of men at finding these children in Paradise. It would almost seem as if the words had been forgotten which characterized heaven through the very image of childhood.

Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that childhood was little regarded by an age which found its chief interest in a thought of death. "Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio," we are reminded by Mr. Pater, "gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge from the plague in a country house." The great Florentine work was executed under this dominant thought; nevertheless, an art which is largely concerned about tombs and sepulchral monuments implies an overweening pride in life and a weightier sense of the years of earth. The theology which had furnished the panoply within which the human soul was fighting its battle emphasized the idea of time, and made eternity itself a prolongation of human conditions. The imagination, at work upon a future, constructed it out of the hard materials of the present, and was always looking for some substantial bridge which should connect the two worlds; seeing decay and change here, it transferred empires and powers to the other side of the gulf, and sought to re-erect them upon an everlasting basis.

Such thought had little in common with the hope, the fearlessness, the faith, of childhood, and thus childhood as an image had largely faded out of art and literature. One only great exception there was, — the representation in art of the child Jesus; and in the successive phases of this representation may be read a remarkable history of the human soul.

Horace E. Scudder.

¹ C. E. Norton's translation.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

FIFTH PAPER.

IN 1870 M. and Madame Mohl went to England for their annual visit, which was prolonged, as in the case of so many others, by the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Madame Mohl's anxiety all through this terrible time was intense. Her friends left nothing undone to make her sojourn among them agreeable in itself, but she remained bitterly sad at heart. M. Mohl was still more so. It would have been unnatural, and indeed impossible, that he, a German by blood, birth, and early associations, should not rejoice with his fatherland, should not vibrate to the triumph of German armies, however sincerely he might, on the other hand, mourn for the misfortunes of France, and feel for the defeat of her brave soldiers. Blood is thicker than water, and no adoption, no grafted affections, no sense of gratitude for obligations generously conferred, could stifle the voice of nature, and make Julius Mohl, the son of German parents, with unadulterated German blood in his veins, curse the triumph of German arms and bewail like a Frenchman the glory of German warriors and statesmen.

That he ever uttered a word which could be construed into satisfaction at the disasters of France no one who knew him ought to have credited; yet there were some persons who reported that both he and his wife, who owed so much to France and French society, had turned against their adopted country in her hour of sorrow, and had nothing but hard words for her. These stories found credence in certain quarters. It is probable that those who repeated them were glad to shift upon M. and Madame Mohl the unpatriotic things they were ashamed to say themselves.

That Madame Mohl gave small quarter to the criminal blunders and the ignorance of some of the French leaders we can well imagine; that she poured out vitriol in gallons on the head of *Celui-ci*, and denounced him in the strongest language to be found in the dictionary, we can also readily believe; but that she rejoiced in the downfall of France, and turned against her in her humiliation, no one who had any knowledge of her character ought for a moment to have believed.

When Madame Cheuvreux met M. Mohl, on his return to Paris after the siege, she accosted him with, "Well, my dear friend, you must be sorry that you ever made yourself a Frenchman!" He replied unhesitatingly, "No, I am not sorry. If it were to be done over again, I would do it."

In speaking to Madame d'Abbadie, on returning from a visit to Germany some time after the war, Madame Mohl said, "Nations squint in looking at one another; we must discount what Germany and France say of each other." She herself called for a liberal discount in construing her exaggerated language into its real meaning. For instance, when M. Forgues was translating Dickens for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and making large cuttings out of the original by order of the editor, Madame Mohl was furious, and, meeting Madame Cheuvreux, she burst out, "Your friend Forgues is a *canaille*! He is destroying Dickens. I don't ever want to set eyes on him again!" A person who distributed epithets with such odd perception of their value was not to be taken *au sérieux* in moments of abnormal excitement. Both in praise and blame she used words with very various degrees of

precision. "Come and dine to meet General Fox," she wrote one day to Ampère. "He can't bear Cousin, *but you are his passion!*"

We cannot wonder if, in her excitement during the lamentable progress of the war, she sometimes talked in a way that led the uninitiated to suppose that she was denouncing the whole nation, when she only meant to denounce the men who were bringing all this misery upon her.

The moment peace was signed M. Mohl went back to Paris. His wife was to have followed him in a few days; but the commune broke out, and made this impossible. The interval of separation was a time of cruel anxiety to her. The accounts from Paris were more horrible than those which had been coming throughout the siege. The city, already battered by German artillery, was now a prey to the more savage horrors of civil war; and many of those dear to Madame Mohl were, she believed, exposed with her husband to violent death at the hands of a populace exasperated to madness by the strain of hunger and nervous excitement. For the first time in her life, it occurred to Madame Mohl that her husband might die, and leave her behind him; and from the moment this possibility presented itself to her she was half crazed with apprehension. Nevertheless, she went about her life as usual, never parading this distress of mind, but doing what she could to escape from it; so that those who met her in society, at dinners and garden-parties, the centre of attention, and always racy and amusing, thought she must be heartlessly indifferent to her husband's danger.

Mrs. Ritchie was one of the few English friends who saw M. Mohl when he was alone in the Rue du Bac, while it was being threatened on all sides by the rebel mob. "During the commune," she says, "I went to see M. Mohl with my cousin, Miss Ritchie, to beg him to

come away with us: but he described his quiet life, his daily visits, unmolested, to the Bibliothèque; he pointed to the gardens from his window, to his books, and shook his head at the idea of coming away. He then began to praise his two maids. (They were the same who were so faithful to Madame Mohl after his death.) 'Think of those two impossible women,' he said, 'here all through the siege, half starved, and saying to me when I returned, "You will find the preserves quite safe, sir, in the cupboard. We only used two pots." I felt inclined to break every pot on the shelf, I was so angry with them!'"

When the insurrection was crushed, and the gates were opened, Madame Mohl started off to Paris with Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta. Her joy at being at home again was exuberant as a child's. She skipped along the streets, and was in raptures at the sight of everything. But her dear, beautiful Paris was never the same place to her after 1870. Perhaps it has never been the same place to any of us. Society was broken up. Streets and palaces that were burnt down have been rebuilt, most of them; but the social edifice, once destroyed, is not so easily reconstructed. Even so wide and heterogeneously composed a circle as that of the Rue du Bac was snapped asunder at too many points for the chain to relink itself again; not, at least, for a long time to come. Many old friends had left Paris, and gone to live in the provinces; some remained in their country places; foreigners who had taken root in France folded their tents, and went away for good and all. Everything was changed. The pleasant place was no more the same, because so many of the pleasant people were gone.

M. Mohl never recovered from the shock and strain of that dreadful year. He was a man to suffer deeply from an impersonal grief. He took the downfall of France greatly to heart; and it

was a sharp pain to him, too, to find that his German birth was now remembered where it had formerly been forgotten. He loved his adopted country better and more wisely than many born Frenchmen, and it was bitter to him to find that many doubted this, and that his German origin made a barrier now between him and some of them. Family afflictions followed soon upon this national sorrow. His brother's death was a heavy blow. His health began to fail. Every one saw this but his wife. He was ten years younger than she, and the possibility of his dying first had never occurred to her, except during that anxious time when he was alone in Paris. She saw him suffering and growing more and more feeble, and she was very unhappy, but not the least alarmed. She had entire confidence in Dr. Richet's skill to restore him in due course to health. "I owe an everlasting gratitude to Dr. Richet, whose science and incomparable skill have made the poor cripple walk," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux, and announces triumphantly that M. Mohl had been out to pay a visit, "in spite of his legs."

Later on, when every one but herself felt that there was not a shadow of hope, she writes, in answer to the repeated invitation to Stors:¹ "I am looking forward to a *fête* in being amongst you all, and hope to get back a little of my *entrain* near you, whom Heaven has endowed with the power of putting every one about you in good spirits."

But her blindness did not alter the fact that M. Mohl was going from her. One morning Mrs. Wynne Finch met the doctor coming out of the house, and learned from him that the end was close at hand; it might be in a few days, perhaps sooner. She found Madame Mohl just as usual, quite unaware of the truth. There was something dreadful and pathetic in this unconsciousness. It seemed

cruel to undeceive her, and still more cruel not to do so. Mrs. Wynne Finch, with the courage of a true friend, resolved to tell her the truth. She broke it to her as tenderly as she could. "Indeed, indeed, there is danger, my dear friend. The time is very short, and it would be cruel and selfish, I feel, not to tell you." At first the poor soul did not, then would not, understand. She shrank away angrily from the merciful cruelty of the revelation.

"It is not true! I don't believe it! There is no danger; they never said there was any danger!" she cried, and, turning away, like a vexed child, she ran out of the room, back to M. Mohl, "reeling with the shock," as she afterwards confessed. But her eyes were opened. The moment they fell upon him she saw that he was dying. She never left his side again for a moment. She watched by him all that night, holding his hand, while he struggled for breath. Sometimes he stroked her face. "That stroking has been an ineffable comfort to me," she wrote, a year later, to Mrs. Wynne Finch: "it was an endearment when he could not speak, — the only sign he could give me of his affection, and that he knew it was I who was beside him." He died in the night of the 3d of January, 1876.

During that last day, when she watched him passing away, conscious now that he was going from her, Madame Mohl found courage to ask her husband about his last wishes concerning certain things he had at heart: amongst others, what he should like her to do with his dear books, his most precious possession. "Shall I give them in your name to the library at Stuttgart?" she said. But he replied, "No; sell them here. That is the way to make books useful; they go to those who want them." She had often heard him say the same thing. He had spent forty years in collecting his Oriental library, and used to declare, "It is impossible to

¹ Madame Cheuvreux's country place, near Paris.

write on those subjects without having in possession certain books." Three days after his death, two booksellers from Leipsic wrote to Madame Mohl, offering to purchase the library; but she would not hear of letting it leave Paris. She had the books sold at the house as soon as it was possible. The sale and its inevitably painful details excited and distressed her to frenzy.

"I suffered so intensely," she wrote to Madame Scherer, some days later, "at seeing the brutal manner in which those creatures kicked my dear husband's books about when taking them away, I was so miserable at having had that beast of a bookseller to manage it, that, after the dreadful day in which they finished the sack of my house, I begged none of my friends would speak to me of the transaction. I was in a state of irritability nothing can describe, and obliged to repeat to myself that I had done it because he had told me, and I could not disobey him. Since then, two or three friends have come to tell me about it; but I begged them to give me no details. My feeling was as if my dear husband was being dissected. I can't write to you without tears.

"But I know I am like a creature without a skin. I ought to have known the public by this time. What is so disgusting, too, is that, after spending his life in setting up this odious Asiatic Society, spreading knowledge and spending his mind, they won't give to it a lodging big enough to place the books! There was one in the Palais Mazarin; it has been divided, and M. Regnier, who does his best, tells me half the books are packed in cases, for want of room. My dining-room is crammed with the pamphlets of the Société, which my dear husband lodged here. I have asked Regnier where I should send them. He says, 'Pray, keep them; we have not room.' The English friends of my dear husband are astounded. They had heard so much of the liberality of the French govern-

ment for science and learning and giving room," etc.

Her one interest in life henceforth was her husband's memory and work. Her grief for him was inconsolable. It had in it something of the child's inability to comprehend death. She could not realize that he had gone away, never to come back to her. She had for a long time the forlorn look that made some one who saw her passing in the street say, "Poor old soul, she looks like a lost dog, going about searching for his master."

Some time after M. Mohl's death, she came upon a pocket-book of his, carefully tied up and put away in a drawer in his room. She was in the act of opening it, when a sudden terror stayed her hand. "Suppose," she thought, "it should contain a remembrance of some other woman,—something that would show me he had not loved, always loved, me as I believed?" For more than a fortnight she went daily and looked at this little book, and put it back without opening it. At last, she said to Madame d'Abbadie, "I feel as if my fate were in that pocket-book. If it should contain what I dread, it would kill me. I could not bear it!" Madame d'Abbadie insisted on her at once convincing herself of the folly and injustice of these fears. They went together into the deserted room, and the loving, youthful-hearted old woman, in fear and trembling, opened the pocket-book. It held some early and very tender letters of her own to M. Mohl. She was completely overcome by this touching proof of his faithful affection.

In the following summer, she went to see her niece, Mrs. Vickers; "my kindest friend," she calls her. Later, she went to her old friend, Mrs. Simpson (*née* Nassau Senior), at Bournemouth. "It was easy to see," says Mrs. Simpson,¹ "that she had received a shock

¹ Vide Macmillan, September, 1883, Recollections of Madame Mohl.

from which she would never recover. She was incapable of dismal despondency, and her elastic spirit rebounded at intervals. She loved the sea and the woods, and all the sights and sounds of the country. The house contained an excellent library of many interesting old books, and into these she plunged eagerly. We had a houseful of children and young people (with whom she was a great favorite), and a basket pony-carriage, which carried her about and saved her much trouble."

Soon after her return to Paris from these visits, Madame Mohl had an accident which agitated her a good deal. She tells the story herself to Madame Scherer:—

"Dear friend, I have been out these last two days, though I have an arnica poultice on my shin just below the knee. If M. Haureau had not been tall and strong, I should have been killed, and my dear husband's papers would have been dispersed or lost; for who has time to look after the remains of those who are gone! I cannot express how glad I am my life was spared, on that account.

"It was coming down a dirty, dingy old staircase in the Imprimerie, which, like a goose, I had consented to go over and see: not that I cared one button about it, but my pet niece, Margy, had so caught at the proposal of M. Haureau to show it to us that I had not the heart to refuse. He was preceding us downstairs, three or four steps lower. Shall I ever forget the terror when I felt myself fall! I fainted away with sheer fright, for nothing was knocked but my legs, and luckily I was light enough not

to knock down M. Haureau, and hurl him and myself down to the bottom; but how my legs were so much hurt I can't imagine. I have been just a fortnight a prisoner.

"Indeed, I wish you were nearer. It would be the greatest comfort to me. My dear Madame d'Abbadie will not be here till April. It was only my terrible loss last year that made her and her husband spend a winter here; for, like queer people, which they are, they spend the spring and part of the summer in Paris, and the autumn and winter in the Pyrenees, where they pretend it is warmer. I have other worthy neighbors, — not delightful, like Madame d'Abbadie, but kind, — and they too are obliged to leave Paris in the winter. Is it not ridiculous?"

It was no pretense to say she rejoiced that her life had been spared for the sake of M. Mohl's papers. To the publication of certain of these papers and of her husband's works she henceforth devoted all her energies. She was ready, for this, to toil up and down dark stairs in the Imprimerie and the Institut and all over the busy city. "My dear husband's Shah-Naneh, the small edition, is going on printing rapidly," she writes to Madame Scherer. "It is only a translation into French, not a word of Persian, which he luckily had said to many friends that he would publish. I have fulfilled his wish. Do you think M. Scherer would give an account of it in the Temps? I don't think it is necessary to be an Orientalist to do so, but of course I can't judge. Just ask him what he thinks. I am sure he will judge rightly."¹

¹ The most important of M. Mohl's works is his translation of the Shah-Naneh (Book of Kings) of Firdousi, with the Persian text opposite the French version. The publication of this work occupied him from 1838 to the close of his life. After his death Madame Mohl brought out a smaller edition of the Shah-Naneh, more accessible to students than the magnificent six-folio one which stands as the chief monument of her husband's Oriental lore. His earliest publications were trans-

lations from the Chinese of the Y-King and the Chi-King, and fragments of Zoroaster from the Persian.

Madame Mohl also collected and reprinted in two volumes her husband's reports on Oriental Studies all over the world, delivered annually to the Asiatic Society for over thirty years, and which the learned say constitute the most remarkable evidence of his own wide and deep knowledge of the subject.

Her great consolation was reading over M. Mohl's letters. "I am going to Stors to-morrow," she writes to Madame Scherer, "and I shall remain there three weeks, if they don't get tired of me. I have refused going there ever since my husband is gone. I had been so happy there with him, and they were so fond of him! Madame Cheuvreux made me promise to go this year. . . . It is a pleasant house, with a variety of visitors. I may stay in my room as long as I please, and I take with me my dear husband's letters, that are a perfect chronicle. All those who have read them say, 'You ought to publish them.' I take them with me to re-read them. Perhaps, on studying them under that point of view, I may think about it; but I should not decide without advice."

Whether owing to her own judgment or the advice of other friends, these letters were never printed.

In the following year Madame Mohl went to visit her husband's family in Germany. His two nieces, whose presence, as young ladies, had periodically brightened the Rue du Bac, were both married in Germany: one to the celebrated Professor Helmholtz;¹ the other to Baron von Schmidt Zabiérow, governor of Carinthia. Madame Mohl loved both these nieces of her husband's as if they had been her own. "I am very ill," she wrote to Madame Cheuvreux, "but, all the same, I mean to go to the marriage of my dear niece at Heidelberg. It is a love match, quite according to my principles, but not at all according to my interest, for she is going to live in Hungary."

But when friends and kindred had done their best, life had to be taken up where she had left it. On returning home, the loneliness seemed greater than ever. She had closed her door to every one for a year after her husband's death, and when, at the end of that time, she opened it it was a surprise to her

to find how many of her former assiduous visitors had forgotten the way there. She would ask, like a petulant child, "Why don't people come and see me? I used to have visitors all day long; now, nobody comes!" The complaint sounded very sad in the empty salon that she had done so much to make attractive, and where she had been so happy to see the crowd coming "all day long."

She had worked hard to make her salon perfect in its way, and she had succeeded; and now, at the end of the day, nothing remained but the pained surprise of being forsaken by the clever, agreeable people who for a long half century had continually climbed her stairs, and never found them too steep. It was a sad return for the labor of a lifetime, for all the trouble she had taken to amuse her fellow creatures. Few persons did more in their time than Madame Mohl to make life pleasant and cheerful to those around them; and when we consider how dull most people find life, how impatiently they chafe against the dullness, making it worse by clumsy and foolish efforts to improve it, one must confess that anybody who provides a centre of cheerful, refined, and healthy recreation for a large circle of human beings deserves well of mankind. It was ungrateful in the children of this world to forsake in her loneliness the kindly, *spirituelle* old lady who had taken such pains to amuse them.

One day, during her widowhood, Madame Mohl said to Madame Cheuvreux, "I have all my life striven to please; but I cannot forgive myself for having lost many opportunities, for not devoting more care to it." After a moment's reflection, she added, "Car au fond il n'y a que cela." She had come to the end of it now, and found out what the *fond* was worth.

She was extraordinarily faithful in her own friendships, and few things gave her more pleasure than getting

¹ The great physiologist, resident in Berlin.

back a friend of old times, from whom circumstances of one kind or another had parted her. M. de Maupas, when a very young man, had been an *habitué* of Mrs. Clarke's salon, but had drifted away from Mary years before her marriage. He had then taken office under Celui-ci, and consequently become "unfit for decent company." But the Empire had fallen; the late Minister of Police was now an old man, broken in health, paralyzed, and a great sufferer. The Comtesse de Thury, an old friend of his and of Madame Mohl's, mentioned her name to him one day. He brightened up, and said, "She was the most spirituelle woman I ever knew," and added some kindly remarks about her. Madame de Thury repeated this to Madame Mohl, who was greatly pleased, and, fetching a portrait in crayons that she had taken of M. de Maupas in the days of his youth, she begged Madame de Thury to take it to him. But Madame de Thury said, "No, you must take it to him yourself; that will make it much more welcome. And you know it is one of the works of mercy to visit the sick."

Madame Mohl consented to perform this work of mercy. Her visit was announced, and all the family were assembled to greet her. M. de Maupas, unable to rise from his chair, gave her a welcome that touched her deeply. The two old friends sat a long while together, working bright incantations on each other with that magic little sesame, "Vous souvenez-vous?" that opens the enchanted palace of the past, and enters its echoing chambers, and conjures up its visions so delightfully. He invited her to dine, and several distinguished persons were asked to meet her. This pleasant gathering was one of her last gleams of social glory. No pretty young *débutante* at her first ball, Madame de Thury says, ever had a greater ovation than this nonogenarian lady at that dinner-party. There was no question of

politics, or of anything but the pleasure of meeting after long estrangement.

Madame Mohl had never in her younger days loved solitude, but it was now unendurable to her. From the time of her husband's death she dreaded being left alone for a day. In 1880, she went, as usual, to England, and from Worms-hill (Berkshire) she writes to Madame Scherer in August:—

"I am the better already for being here. I left Paris because I fell into the most indescribable state. I did not see a soul from Monday to Saturday! I never saw Paris so utterly abandoned. I came to my niece, who is my kindest friend, and I am much better; but I find I *must* not be entirely alone, which I did not know before. Everybody had left town at the beginning of July, and the last twenty days were new to me, and made me acquainted with myself.

"I go from this in three weeks to my friend Mrs. Simpson, at Bournemouth. If I like it, I stay; if not, I go. But there are some nice people there,—a certain Lady Shelley, whom I would go some miles to see any day. . . . I have learned to be very humble, for I find I cannot be alone. I must have some one. I don't mean that I want people to love me, but I must have some society."

From another hospitable country home she writes a few weeks later:—

"I am staying at one of my oldest and best friends, Mrs. Bonham Carter, the mother of my dear Hilary Carter. . . . If I make mistakes, pray forgive me, for there is a woman chattering at my ears such nonsense! I never heard such an impudent ass, since I have not had the pleasure of seeing and hearing creatures of my own sex *oftener than I liked!*

"I am ashamed, my dear, good friend, of my silence. The fact is, I am grown so stupid that I often sit a long time doing nothing, hardly thinking, from extreme low spirits. Instead of growing better from the habit of loneliness, I am

perhaps worse, and the loss of my dear husband seems more and more a ruin of everything. . . . I stayed with my niece, Mrs. Vickers, in Berkshire till the 14th of August, when she went to Wilbad. Then I came on here to a most charming place, eight or ten miles from London. Mrs. Bonham Carter is the mother of my dear friend, who died years ago. She lived with me several years in Paris, studying painting. She was the dearest and best friend I ever had, and my dear husband loved her as much as I did. We were sadly cut up at her death; it must be more than sixteen years ago. How time passes! Her mother and sister, whom I am staying with now, are as kind to me as she would have been herself. These friends are so kind that I feel more sorry to leave them than I can tell, which I *must* do soon: first, from mere discretion; secondly, because I want to see some nephews in Leicestershire in September. I think of returning to Paris in October, but I am uncertain at what date. The fact is, I *dread* being in Paris empty. I stayed there last year till the 25th of July, and I was nearly two months without seeing any one. I thought myself capable of bearing such solitude, but *I was not*, and I dare not run the risk again."

She returned to Paris at the end of September, and on the 1st of October she writes to Madame Scherer:—

"Dear friend, I this instant found your letter. I came back on Wednesday night, the 29th, from London, which I had quitted at seven in the morning.

"I seem as if I had lost my dear husband last week, and I never, never, shall get over it. I went to Père La Chaise to-day with my niece, Ida."

The old cemetery, with its silent chapels and flowering tombs, has witnessed few more touching scenes than that of the aged widow, sitting, one cold morning, on a high spot, and looking on from a distance while her husband's coffin was carried from its temporary resting-place

to the grave she had made ready for it; and then stealing quietly away, weeping under her black veil, and returning unseen to the desolate home.

But her health was giving way. She suffered at times very much, and, like most people living alone, she was apt to neglect herself. Finally, however, she was induced to have advice.

"I am already the better for the treatment of Dr. Guèneau de Mussy," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux. "We talked about you, — he and I. He says he used to know you well, once upon a time, and regrets very much that he never sees you now. So, if you like, he will be charmed to renew the acquaintance. No need to say I sha'n't busy myself telling him I told you so, in case you do not respond. But he is a delightful man, full of *esprit*, and so amusing. He is convinced that — was insupportable, and he has lots of other sympathetic convictions."

Madame Mohl was not the only patient of this most sympathetic of physicians who considered it "a pleasure to be ill, because it brought one a visit from Dr. de Mussy." She had a great regard for him, and left him a charming token of her gratitude for his care and kindness. The Queen of Holland had had a copy made for M. Mohl of Rembrandt's *Leçon d'Anatomie*, and after Madame Mohl's death this picture was sent by his niece, Madame von Schmidt Zabiérow, to Dr. de Mussy. His name had been written by Madame Mohl on the back of it, and he then remembered that, many years before, she had said to him one day, "This will be for you."

If Madame Mohl enjoyed Dr. de Mussy's visits, even at the cost of some suffering, the pleasure seems to have been mutual. Although he saw her chiefly when she was ill, and consequently not in the best mood for conversation, she was always original and amusing. One of the last times that she sent for him, he found her greatly

exhausted, and with hardly strength left to say, "J'ai fait des bêtises!" Her voice was scarcely audible. He contrived to rouse her a little, and then she explained to him what the *bêtise* was: "I had a frantic desire to hear some Italian music; so I went down into the street, and waited for the omnibus that would take me to the theatre. I got in, and arrived there, but there was not a single place to be had except up amongst the gods. This did not, however, prevent me enjoying the music deliciously. On leaving the theatre, I had great difficulty in getting the omnibus to take me home. I did get it at last, but I am done up!"

What energy of mind and body in a woman of ninety! Dr. de Mussy says that up to the last she had the most incredible agility, and would run up her high stairs *quatre à quatre*; but as the sum of her strength was not equal to this agility, when she had indulged in some "*petite extravagance*," as she used to say, she was knocked up.

After one of these little bouts of extravagance that rendered Dr. de Mussy's care again necessary, Madame Mohl went to Stors to recruit, and spent a month there with great enjoyment. She had met her old friend, M. Thiers, at Stors during the previous summer. It was their last meeting on this side of the grave. Perhaps both had some vague presentiment of this; at any rate, they talked very confidentially together about old times, and M. Thiers made some sentimental declaration about having loved her in his youth, when, as a "*petit étudiant*," the *concierge* complained of his long visits. He told Madame Mohl that he had never dared tell her of his love, because he had nothing else to offer her. Whether the story were true or not, Madame Mohl believed it, and was greatly touched by it. M. Thiers's oldest and most intimate friend declares that the statesman was hoaxing the old lady, an accusation that

does not sound incredible, and which may without much remorse be thrown in with others that lie on the memory of the Liberator of the Territory. Anyhow, the avowal revived Madame Mohl's old friendship for him, and she felt his death as a personal sorrow. The following letter was written to Madame Cheuvreux on the day of his funeral, which occurred almost immediately after her long visit to Stors:—

"Dear friend, you are very grudging of your ink and paper, I must say, never to tell me a word about your own little concerns; as if, after being a month at home in your house, and being treated, not only with all possible distinction, but with all possible tenderness, I had no interest in them. Are you so utterly devoid of principle as to clean forget me? Don't the affairs of Stors concern me? It is downright mean to have let me feel that I was one of the family (which I adopted with all my heart), and then to leave me in total ignorance of everything; above all, after my telling you all about my marriage, to amuse you!

"But I have been so full of poor Thiers (and you, too, no doubt) that I have not thought as much of your bad behavior as I should have done, if this and the newspapers had not filled my mind. Luckily, I have in the house here a nice old gentleman, who never contradicts me, — M. Trélat, formerly Director of the Salpêtrière for more than forty years, I think. He is so old that he can hardly see me, and can only get up to my apartment with a great effort; but the eyes of his mind are still full of life and intelligence. He is very deaf, and, like the Commandant, he won't use a trumpet, which I am sorry for, because even my clear, high voice does not always reach him, and this prevents my talking to him as much as I should like. If it were not for this, we should suit each other like a pair of gloves. He has been rather extreme in politics, they

say, but he is a man of such entire loyalty ! . . .

"This is the day of the funeral, and it pours torrents, without a moment's respite. I am vexed to the last degree by this rain, which will greatly interfere with the programme. The government and the newspapers are disgusting. Good-by, dear *méchante*. If you don't write, I'll not love you any the less; but I shall be very angry with you."

"Dear, very dear friend," she writes to Madame Cheuvreux, in a moment of great depression, "it is difficult for a letter to do any one more good than yours has done me; above all, as a proof of your old and large and tender and loyal friendship. Oh, how good it is to have such a friendship when one is in sorrow like mine!"

She rebounded now and then, and never nursed her grief morbidly; but her sorrow remained inconsolable to the last.

Her faculties had continued unimpaired up to this period, but the decay of memory, which set in soon after M. Mohl's death, went on rapidly to almost total loss. She forgot events from one day to another completely. She would go down of a morning to Madame d'Abbadie, who lived on the floor below her, and exclaim in sudden agitation, "My dear, I want you to give me the address of your man of business. I want him to invest my money for me. I don't know what to do with it, and I am afraid it will all be lost." She would take down the name and address, and go away relieved in mind, and return next day, again asking for it in the same agitation. She had never adopted the English custom of keeping her money at a banker's, and drawing checks, but used to stow it away in boxes and drawers, sometimes to the great annoyance of friends at whose houses she visited. Towards the end of her life this habit became a mania, and she used to hide away large sums of money behind pic-

tures, under the sofa-cushions, and in other unlikely places: sometimes twenty, thirty, forty thousand francs were spread about the drawing-room in this fashion. Then she would forget where she had hid the money, and would fancy it had been stolen, and spend the day in a state of despair, looking for it; afraid to say anything to her servants, but confiding her trouble to any friend who came in, and who would help in the search. When the money was all found she was like a child that had got back its lost penny.

Yet even in this sad mental decay, which invaded the *morale*, increasing to mania a natural tendency to stinginess, Madame Mohl's heart retained its native warmth. She never grew to love her money better than her friends. Her affection for Mrs. Wynne Finch had grown much deeper and tenderer since that courageous friend had warned her that M. Mohl was dying. She was always entreating Mrs. Wynne Finch to come and dine with her. "My dear," she would say, "I never have any dinner to speak of for myself, but don't you be afraid on that account. There is a capital pastry-cook's opposite, and I will send across for any dishes you like, and they will be here piping hot in five minutes. So come whenever you can, and be sure you can never come amiss." And fabulously economical as she had grown towards herself, she would gladly have paid many times a week for these piping hot dishes for her friend.

Sometimes she forgot that M. Mohl was dead, and would speak as if he were coming home to dinner. It was very curious to observe how the chief characteristic of her mind, that keen intellectual curiosity, which Dr. Johnson considered the surest sign of a vigorous intellect, survived this wreck of memory. One day she received a visit from a lady who had been away in Australia for many years. Madame Mohl had not the faintest recollection of who she was,

or anything about her. "My dear," she said, "I dare say I liked you very much, but I have quite forgotten you. Never mind. Tell me who you are." The visitor quite failed to identify herself; but when she spoke of Australia the old lady was full of curiosity to hear all about it, and opened a fire of leading questions: "And they speak English? How extraordinary! And what sort of clothes do they wear? Do they go naked, like savages?"—and so on; inquiring about the resources of the colony, and the people and their prospects, as she might have done formerly on hearing of the discovery of a new island. Once she grasped the subject presented to her, she could talk about it as clearly and sensibly as ever.

In the summer of 1881, two years before her death, Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, of Boston, came to see her. Mrs. Wheelwright's notes made at the time show us Madame Mohl as she was in her ninety-first year: "A curious little figure came forward to greet us, — a very slight woman, about the middle height. Her gray hair was in a most disheveled condition; a mass of tangled curls projected over her forehead, and was constantly getting into her eyes, and she was constantly poking it out. Her black silk gown, much the worse for the wear, was made open in the neck. A lace ruffle adorned the edge of her bodice, which had a trick of getting unhooked every minute, and at which she was perpetually fumbling with her very active fingers. Her eyes were fine and still bright, and her manner very agreeable, in spite of some eccentricities, such as curling and uncurling herself in a corner of the sofa."

She talked to her visitors pleasantly of long ago, and was as accurate as possible concerning things that had happened fifty, sixty, seventy years past; but events of a nearer date were all confused. When Mrs. Wheelwright spoke of her memoir of Madame Récamier,

she could remember nothing about it. "Did I write a book about her, my dear? I don't remember." Of Madame Récamier herself she had the most vivid recollection, and of Châteaubriand, too; she said he was "the most agreeable of men." To Mrs. Wheelwright's remark, "But he was so vain and selfish?" she replied, "But selfish people are not necessarily disagreeable, my dear, and their vanity makes them anxious to ingratiate themselves." Madame Récamier, she said, "did not seem old, she carried herself so well; and she had a great deal of sense,—much more than people gave her credit for. She was well read, and kept up in the literature of the day. I have *never* known anybody so delightful in a *tête-à-tête*. I loved to get her alone, but it was not easy, she was always so surrounded."

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright went again to see Madame Mohl in the evening, and found her alone, looking very desolate over her solitary cup of tea. "The large windows of her salon were open, looking over green gardens full of tall trees; in the distance the gilt dome of the Invalides. The setting sun threw a golden glow into the room. Madame Mohl was very low-spirited, and told us over and over again the sad stories of her sister's and her husband's death. She took us to the window, and pointed out the various gardens. 'That large one,' she said, 'belongs to a convent. Its occupants are an order of missionaries to North Africa, and are supported by all the peasants of France.' She told us she had had a quarrel with her cook. 'I have had her for ten years, and I fancied she was attached to me; but, my dear, it was all a delusion. She was not a bit attached to me; and she has been putting up the other maid to ask for higher wages, so I shall have to part with them both. When I went to England, in former years, I wanted no maid. Now, I don't know what to do, or where to go. I have never been in Paris be-

fore so late' (July). Her books were her only resource now, she said. When we came in she had been reading the Nineteenth Century, dipping into it as she sipped her tea. The publishers always sent it to her, she told us. Justin M'Carthy's History of our own Times was on the table beside it. 'A most delightful book, my dear. I read it all the evening, and I never go to bed before midnight.' We asked her about old times, and how the society of her youth compared with that of the present day. She said there was no society now. 'Louis-Philippe was the best king France ever had. The French did not know when they were well off. In those days society was delightful. Six to a dozen people used to go to the house of one among them every night, or several times a week. They took pains to be agreeable; to have some story to tell, some interesting news, etc. Each one did his part; it was delightful. But all that is over now. The late dinners and love of display have killed society.' We mentioned to her that we had just met an old acquaintance of hers, Mr. F. B., of Boston, and that he spoke of knowing her years ago. 'Mr. F. B.?' she said. 'I don't remember him; but I knew so many pleasant Americans. Why does he not come and see me? I can't think why people forget me as they do.' She seemed to take Mr. B.'s forgetfulness so much to heart that we hastened to assure her that he was only passing through Paris."

This falling off of visitors was her constant complaint. She kept bewailing it to everybody. "I used to have such crowds of pleasant people coming to see me! Nobody comes now. Why, I wonder?"

But if the "crowds of pleasant people" who had been assiduous at the Rue du Bac when it was a centre of amusement ceased to frequent the now lonely salon, this way of the world was not imitated by the few real friends

who were sincerely attached to Madame Mohl. Their faithful devotion made a fine contrast to the desertion by the pleasure-seeking crowd. Amongst these faithful ones were Madame and Made-moiselle Tourguenieff,¹ whose long-proved affection drew closer to her in her hour of need; M. and Madame d'Abbadie, who were her near neighbors; and Mignet. But no one was more devotedly kind than M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the friend of a lifetime. After M. Mohl's death, M. St. Hilaire gave up his beloved studies, his whole time for six months, to perform the onerous duties of executor to his friend. Madame Mohl grew so used to having him continually at her beck and call, always at hand to advise, to cheer her, and to manage her business, that when his duties as Minister for Foreign Affairs forcibly put an end to this pleasant state of things the poor old soul was indignant, and resented it as a cruel wrong and a faithless desertion. When M. St. Hilaire's name was mentioned, she would say petulantly, "I never see him. He never cared for me; it was only for M. Mohl that he cared. I know that now."

But the moment the deserter was set free from the bondage of state affairs he went at once to the Rue du Bac. Madame Mohl gave a scream of delight when she beheld him, and fell upon his neck, in her impulsive, childlike way. "So you have come back! Why did you give me up? What did I do to vex you?" M. St. Hilaire was equally touched by her reproaches and by her joyful welcome. He tried to make her understand that he had not been in fault, and that he had now come to resume the old and pleasant intercourse which had been inevitably interrupted by public duties. She was pacified, but nailed him at once by a promise to dine with her every Friday, so long as he did not take to being state minister again. M.

¹ Widow and daughter of the political economist, — not the novelist.

St. Hilaire kept this weekly engagement to the last. He declares that in doing so he had no merit of self-sacrifice; that Madame Mohl's conversation was as interesting, as clever, as it had been in her younger days. The loss of her memory and her delusion about her money affairs were very distressing; but with this exception, she was the same bright, amusing hostess as ever. Within the last year of her life she became possessed by the idea that she had lost everything; that she would not be able to meet the next quarter's rent, and would be obliged to leave her present abode. M. St. Hilaire, who knew how utterly devoid of foundation this fear was, would advise her to go to her man of business, assuring her that he would find the necessary money. When her mind was set at rest on this score, she would chat away as pleasantly as possible on every subject that was started.

Physically she remained as active as a young girl, and would run up and down stairs, with her burden of ninety years, as if she had been nineteen. A few months before her death, Mrs. Milner Gibson called to inquire for her. Being herself ailing at the time, she could not climb the steep stairs, but sent up her card. Madame Mohl, hearing that her old friend was waiting in the carriage for an answer, ran down as she was, and jumped in beside her, and began to talk about M. Mohl and to weep over him, as if she had lost him only a month before.

The friends who surrounded her to the last relate how bitterly she continued to mourn for her husband. They used to find her of an evening sitting by the fire, with the tongs in her hand, fidgeting with the logs, building and unbuilding them, and looking the picture of loneliness and desolation. She would at once begin to talk of "Mr. Mohl," and pour out her recollections of all that he had been to her; telling over and over the same tale of his entire de-

votion to her, his cleverness in managing their property, his fidelity to old friends, his goodness, his wonderful learning, etc. As she rambled on, the big tears would trickle down her wrinkled face, and the little gray curls would quiver with the emotion that shook her.

Up to within a short time of her death, she was often heard to say that she had never known an hour's *ennui* in her life; poignant grief she had experienced more than once, but *ennui* never. Such an assertion sounds almost incredible from any human being, no matter how exceptionally bright his circumstances and opportunities may have been; but, discounting it, as one must do all Madame Mohl's sweeping statements, it was perhaps as true of her as it could be of any one. She had a very happy temperament: she was content to take the world as she found it, and she found it a very pleasant place, full of *gens d'esprit*; she was content with herself, her position, her fortune, all the share in life that was allotted to her. There was a spirit of unworldliness, — though it may sound paradoxical, — negative unworldliness, that preserved her from the irritation and restlessness that positive worldliness breeds. She did not care a dry straw for a multitude of things, the want of or the longing for which keeps worldly minded persons in a state of chronic disquiet and discontent.

Her standard was low enough to be reached without strain or discomfort. It makes all the difference, having a convenient standard. Pleasing one's self and other people, without reference to a high ideal that involves sacrifice, makes the way very easy and smooth. Madame Mohl said that she had always striven to please, feeling that "*au fond il n'y a que cela.*" She had succeeded, and had reaped a rich crop from the seed carefully sown through, say, three quarters of a century. She had been widely, extraordinarily popular, and had "pleased" more people than most of

her generation; but when the power of pleasing no longer existed, there was nothing to replace it, nothing to fall back on, and the life that had been so brilliant and full of interesting, pleasant excitement was setting in solitude, weariness, and gloom. Ennui, that she had kept at bay throughout, overtook her at the close, when she had lost the power of coping with it.

She knew that the end was not far off, and she saw the night closing in upon her apparently without fear. She said more than once to a friend whose courage had stood her in good stead at another crisis only less momentous, "I feel greatly humbled before God when I look back on my life, and see how much better I might have been and how much more I might have done." Her friend's assurance that this sense of being an unprofitable servant and her sorrow for having done so little were the best atonement she could make used to console her, and she would renew the self-accusation to hear the words of encouragement repeated.

M. St. Hilaire continued faithful to his weekly engagement. On Friday, the 11th of May, he dined with Madame Mohl *en tête-à-tête* for the last time. "Never," he said to me, "did I see her more agreeable; her talk was as original, as *piquante*, as entertaining, as I ever remembered it." She had begun, as usual, by telling him of her utter destitution, and her terror of being short of money for the quarter's rent; but when he had set her mind at rest on this point, she was quite content, like a child, and entered into conversation on a variety of subjects, talking of old times and memories in common, and on all of these things she was as clear as a bell. After dinner she seemed tired, and lay down on the sofa. When the tray was brought in, she asked M. St. Hilaire to make the tea. "I thought this a bad sign," her old friend says, reverting

with pathetic humor to this incident of their last evening together. It was the first time, in all their long years of intimacy, that he had ever known her to allow any one to interfere in the tea-making. He said that it was too great a responsibility; that he would pour in the water, but that he could not undertake to put in the tea. She laughed, and repeated a remark that he had often heard before; that is, that his not drinking tea was the only flaw she had ever discovered in his character. He went away before midnight, leaving her in very good spirits.

The next day she had a kind of fit. The servant ran down for Madame d'Abbadie, who came at once. Mademoiselle Tourgouneff was sent for later. These two faithful friends watched by her to the last.

It was wonderful to see how, with the shades of death closing round her, her esprit retained its quickness. The doctor had ordered her to be rubbed with some calming lotion, and Madame d'Abbadie was doing this with the utmost gentleness; but the old lady cried out, and told the doctor she had been shaken to pieces. On her friend's affectionately protesting that she had made her hand so light that it could not have hurt an infant, Madame Mohl retorted, with a faint flash of the old spirit, "Oh, yes, so you think; but then, other people's skin is so tough!" (*la peau d'autrui est si dure!*) Her favorite, the big Persian cat, jumped up on the bed. She stroked him, and said, "He is so *distingué*. His wife is not the least *distingué*, but he does not see it; he is like many other husbands in that."

Madame d'Abbadie prayed beside her, and the dying woman joined with fervor and entire consciousness in all she said. Before sundown she passed away. It was the 15th of May, 1883. They laid her to rest between Fauriel and Julius Mohl.

Kathleen O'Meara.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

1685-1885.

HARDLY one month after the birth of Handel, his twin star rose, of equal lustre and importance. John Sebastian Bach was born on the 21st of March, 1685, in Eisenach, Thuringia, under the shadow of the Wartburg, that renowned old mediæval castle, where the Minne-singers held their contests, and where Luther lived concealed. The writer cherishes a pleasant memory of hours spent in Handel's birthplace, Halle, nearly a quarter of a century ago, in delightful converse with that genial lover and interpreter of both Bach and Handel, Robert Franz. Taking reluctant leave of him in the evening, escorted by him through the quaint old market-place by moonlight, we halted a few minutes under the Handel statue by the old church; when Franz, after leading us to the most striking points of view, exclaimed, "Great, great! but Bach was greater, *nicht wahr?*" Could our corner of the musical world to-day commemorate one birthday and neglect the other?

The Bach family form a whole Milky Way, covering a space of many degrees on the celestial globe of music. From old Veit Bach, the baker and miller of Presburg, in Hungary, who was driven forth by the religious troubles in the sixteenth century to find shelter in Thuringia, and who solaced himself with his lute amid the clatter of his mill, transmitting the same taste to his two sons, and they to their descendants, there were six generations of them who devoted themselves to music, and in each generation two or three stars, at least, of magnitude. At one time every post of cantor, organist, or town musician, in all Thuringia, was occupied by some scion of that stock. They were simple, frugal,

industrious, contented people, who had no ambition beyond a useful, happy, and God-serving life. This they valued too much to risk its peace and sweetness in pursuit of greater fortune. To show what a race they were, and what musicians, it is enough to state that of the 890 large octavo pages of the first half of Spitta's monumental work on Bach about one fifth is devoted to an account of his ancestors and an appreciation of their compositions. These were in the most learned contrapuntal style of the period, and probably furnished the richest and the best material from which both Handel and the young Sebastian drew nourishment. This simply pious family, whose whole lives were spent in the musical service of the Protestant faith, were no ascetic Puritans or monks, but hearty, happy, social, loving friends and neighbors, full of strong common sense, not afraid to enjoy themselves, living lives too full of usefulness to be in any danger of excess. Wit and humor played like sunshine on their homely walls. Once a year all branches of their kinship met at the house of one of them, and held a patriarchal festival for several days, when their entertainments were all musical. The first thing always was to sing together Lutheran chorals, and some larger piece composed by one of them. And then they would have laughter enough in keeping up the musical game of "quodlibets," — extempore songs, all sung together, each to its own words, but so ingeniously contrived as to make up a sort of harmony. Child-like simplicity, manlike energy, clear-headedness, and *savoir-faire* sum up the family character, whose highest type was John Sebastian. In him, if ever, "the child was father of the man."

Our business here is with Bach's genius, his wonderful art, and the wonderful amount of his inimitable work. We have no room for biography. The personal incidents of interest are few, and now easily accessible. No better Life, for a short one, can be found than the wise and pithy monograph by Forkel, of which the old translation ought to be republished. Then we have the discreet and conscientious Life by Bitter, a distinguished Prussian minister of finance (Berlin, 1865); the two ponderous volumes by Spitta (1873-80), which have been translated in England; and shorter popular works, like the abridgment of Bitter by Miss Kay-Shuttleworth, and the article in Grove's Dictionary.

In all of these one may read (we just recall a few particulars, for better, understanding of the mature man and artist) how John Sebastian, an orphan at the age of ten, was put under the care of an older brother, an organist, for his first lessons on the clavichord; how he soon outran the lessons, milk for babes, and craved more solid meat, knowing of such in a manuscript book of his brother's, full of things by the best masters of the day (Frohberger, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, etc.), which book was forbidden him; how he abstracted it from the cupboard, and copied it by moonlight in his little room, — six months' labor lost, because the cruel brother found him out and confiscated the hard-earned treasure; and yet not lost, for such a lad naturally learned much in copying (the story is a parallel to that of the little Handel's secret garret practice); how, left destitute by the brother's death, he became a choir-boy at a gymnasium, — a resource which failed him with the change of voice, which contracted an uncanny way of *singing double*, that is, in octaves; how he kept on learning all there was to learn in his great art, — harmony and fugue and counterpoint, of course, and especially the most sublime of instruments, the or-

gan, that Gothic temple of harmony, of whose inexhaustible secrets he was to be the principal interpreter to men, and whose peculiar genius answered to his own and breathed through all his works; how he, too, made his pilgrimage to Hamburg, several years before Handel, — not enticed by the opera siren, but rather to hear Reinken play the organ; and how, fed as by ravens in the wilderness, the poor boy repeated those visits from time to time (sad tales, indeed, are related of his poverty and hardships); how he went to Zell, to hear the prince's band of Frenchmen, for the French style was deemed the height of excellence at that time, when Voltaire set the taste in literature at the court of the great Frederick. It is said that Bach's earlier compositions were not free from the frippery and affectations of French ornament. The influence of Couperin is visible in the works for clavichord. So Zelter, Goethe's correspondent, says, and adds, "The endeavor to make one's self as agreeable as others gives rise to that which does not last. All that is foreign to him, however, we can take away like a thick scum, and the bright liquid lies immediately below it."

We may not linger over his experiences as organist, on a fabulously meagre salary, at Arnstadt (1703), where he helped compile the Freilighausen Hymn-Book, arranging or composing some three hundred of the tunes himself; and where he offended the congregation by his "extraordinary variations" of the chorals, and still more by his prolonged absence at Lübeck, whither he went, like Handel, to hear the famous Buxtehude, — not, like Handel, to be fêted and received with honor, but in his poverty remaining there three months, an unpresentable and secret listener, returning with increase of knowledge.

Skipping all details of his short stay as organist at Mühlhausen, and in a larger sphere at Weimar, where he wrote some of his cantatas; and of his life at

Cöthen (1717-20), during which time, on one of his journeys with Prince Leopold, he composed the first part of the immortal *Wohltemperirte Clavier*, "at a place where he was driven, by low spirits, *ennui*, and absence of any kind of musical instruments, to resort to this kind of pastime," we find him at the age of thirty-two without an equal, and a few years later (1723) settled down to his life work in Leipzig, as cantor and director of music in the famous Thomas-Schule, as well as in three churches. There he lived and labored, seldom leaving the old town, except when he ran over to Dresden to hear the opera conducted by his friend Hasse, who had married Handel's famous singer, the Faustina, and once when Frederick the Great managed to get a famous visit from him. There he wrought, on mighty tasks intent, until, like Handel, he grew blind, and died in poverty, on July 30, 1750, in his sixty-sixth year, nearly nine years before Handel, having outlived most of the twenty children he had had by his two wives. Leipzig was the scene of the great bulk of his noblest work. It is to Leipzig, to its Thomas School and Thomas Church, that music-loving travelers in Germany will long continue to make pilgrimages. He is commonly called the Leipzig Bach, or "old Bach," to distinguish him from his second son, Carl Philip Emanuel, the Hamburg or Berlin Bach, the bridge between that old polyphonic school and the free school of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, who, nevertheless, were rooted in the same deep, fertile soil.

A simple, modest, upright, most laborious, genial, spiritual life was that of John Sebastian Bach! Absorbed in his unworldly art, he heartily and quietly fulfilled all the relations of life. He was an excellent father, friend, and citizen. All sought him and relied on him. His hospitality, even to humbler fellow artists, was without stint or ostentation; his house was always full. He was

known and trusted as a solid character, as one who neither courted observation nor shrank from it; who *was* what he seemed; who had the real virtue in him, and did to a certainty what he attempted. If he was a mystery to others, it was not because the waters were not clear, but because they were so deep. His modesty was proverbial. When asked how he acquired such mastery over his art, he would reply, "I was compelled to be industrious." He was just to other composers, and forbore to criticise works which to him were trifling. To his pupils, however, he always expressed his real opinion; for to them he felt himself bound to tell the unvarnished truth. Playing in a quartet, he liked to take the tenor part, the least conspicuous, because it placed him in the middle of the harmony, and left him free to listen to the other parts. He cared not for publicity or fame, but stayed contentedly at home, thinking it not worth while to go out of his way for wealth or honors, when he might have had both. A humble competence he easily commanded, — not in his later years, alas! Here he contrasts with Handel, whom he otherwise resembles in his healthy strength of mind and character. He had the highest respect for Handel's genius; but these two great artists — neighbors when Handel was at home in Halle — never met, although they and their friends tried hard to bring about a meeting. Nor can they have had much mutual influence in their music (not much was published then), although here and there Handel, in choruses like "And with his stripes," in the Messiah, and "They loathed to drink," in Israel, strongly suggests Bach.

Bach's exuberant creative impulse was swayed and tempered by the calmest wisdom. If ever there was in art a sage, a wise man, it was he. He loved that art too well to envy others. His admiration of other great composers and performers was unfeignedly appre-

ciative. He would watch the progress of a piece as the naturalist does the growth of a new plant. Listening to a fugue, with one of his oldest sons beside him, he always, so soon as he heard the theme, told what the composer probably would or ought to bring in next; and when the composition was a good one, it would so come to pass, and he would rejoice, and jog his son with his elbow to make him too remark it. This was no chuckling over his own acuteness, but joy over the beautiful working out in art of the divine laws of nature.

Many anecdotes illustrate his wonderful perceptive as well as his intuitive faculties. He had the keenest, quickest, surest comprehension of relations. He grasped a multitude of particulars at a glance, and seemed to look things into unity and order. He solved any musical problem at first sight; could overlook the fullest score, and translate it on the harpsichord; could set the several parts side by side, and play them together; could look at a new music hall, and say, In such a corner you will hear an echo. He could have been a great mathematician; his intellectual was equal to his moral greatness.

What such a man was born to do, what he most heartily and thoroughly and splendidly did do, can hardly yet be estimated, and only by patient study of the vast mass of his incomparable works. They were barely recognized and rapidly forgotten in his own day, and for at least a century, until Mendelssohn revived his *Matthew Passion*. From the enthusiasm caused by that revival sprang (in 1850) that nobly patriotic and art-loving *Bach-Gesellschaft* for the publication, mostly for the first time, in yearly volumes, of all his works in sumptuous style; a labor of love and piety, by which money is not made nor sought, the volumes being furnished at actual cost to the subscribers, who are counted as members of the publishing society.

Thirty thick volumes are a solid fact already. They contain one hundred and fifty of the cantatas, besides the passions, masses, organ, violin, piano compositions, and much more. How few, alas, are competent to read them, still less to perform them! — and largely for the very reason that the scores of Handel need a Franz to fill them out to the measure of their original intention.

Of course, in this brief article, only the merest hints of a true estimate of the works, or of the art and genius they illustrate, of this the greatest musician, and surely one of the greatest men, who ever lived, can be imagined possible. Let us modestly begin just where we find ourselves relatively to the strange phenomenon, — with the popular, ignorant, narrow, false idea and prejudice concerning it. To us here in America — and in how many places elsewhere! — Bach has been only a name and a bugbear, except in the imagination and the love of here and there a knot of reverent, earnest, sympathetic, easily accepting listeners and readers, until within the last two decades. All that our people knew of him before consisted of some of his organ fugues and some of the forty-eight preludes and fugues of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*; and these enjoyed a very limited acquaintance. The common cry was, “Scientific music!” A maker of endless fugues, — all learned, mathematical, perplexing, dry, with no “tune” we can follow, or disentangle from the curious and cunning web! Now think a moment. “Scientific music!” Scientific art! The idea is absurd: it cannot even be called an idea; it is inconceivable. Science is wholly abstract; music, art, is wholly concrete, — more than that, alive. Science would have to bear the sole responsibility of any music which it undertook to make; and would it, after all, be music? A music of science could not be a music of genius, art, or heart; for science of itself is not creative. It may

discern, declare the laws which must not be broken, and so contribute to the criticism of all art; but it cannot create the thing it criticises. Can science invent new and beautiful and infinitely varied and original ideas? It searches into the roots and principles of nature, of the human organism, and of the human mind and heart. But are great poems copied out of law books? Is the literature of ages dug out of grammars? What scientist, as such, though he should give the longest life to it, could create a rose, or paint a Madonna, or ever hope to bring about a miracle like the Passion-Music, like the Messiah, the Fifth Symphony, Fidelio? All this talk about "scientific music" is but senseless, idle cant. Mathematics never made a fugue; though pedantry and uninspired, imitative, so to say Chinese, drudgery doubtless had a hand in the manufacture of thousands of them in their day.

Lack of acquaintance with his works is the only excuse for the mistaken impression that Bach wrote fugues exclusively or principally. No, he is not all fugue. The larger portion of his greater works is without fugue, "strict fugue," though full of it as *implied* in all great composition; for you feel its presence as a latent principle of form, the secret of artistic unity, even in sonatas, symphonies, etc., of Mozart and Beethoven, though the latter surely does not rank among great fuguists. Bach, to be sure, is great in fugue, and is as truly inspired, imaginative, poetic, even emotional, in that as in the freer forms of art. To have composed only those great organ fugues and that marvelous school for pianists, the Well-Tempered Clavichord, were glory enough for one man. Fugue and canon lay at the root of all the musical training of his day. They all made fugues, almost as easily as they talked or breathed. How happens it that whole wildernesses of such have vanished out of sight and thought, while those of Bach and Handel live to de-

light both ear and soul? Simply because fugues, in their way, may be works of genius; may show inspiration, meaning, beauty, feeling, quite as well as freer compositions; and may even gain expression by their very limitation. Fugue lurks *incognito* in all contrapuntal, polyphonic writing, where the voices which compose the harmony move each with an individual melody of its own. Where Counterpoint sits down to work, Fugue looks over her shoulder.

What, then, is a fugue? What but the unfolding of a musical germ, the development of a musical thought according to its innate law? It is a theme echoed back and reflected from all quarters, until it becomes all-pervading, ever changing, ever one. One pregnant bit or snatch of melody wakes all the echoes, all the Amens, through the realm of sound. So in a dark night the moon puts out one little point of light, one finger as it were, and instantly the clouds are luminous, and every streamlet glimmers, and every polished leaf and every gilded spire telegraphs the arrival of the light above. Nature is full of fugue. Through all her phenomena there is this tendency of many to one end, this endless chase of lines converging, this confession of relationship. The growth of the plant is fugue. The ocean surf, wave upon wave, rolling in upon the shore, and swallowed back; the ranks of grain running in waves before the wind, each losing itself in the whole, are fugues. Perhaps the clearest type is flame, which is a spiral ascent of innumerable little fiery tongues, all tending to one point. The theme is uttered by one voice; another and another takes it up, its predecessors improvising fit accompaniment, till all are swept along in mingled, mutual, swift pursuit, possessed all with one spirit; or, if episodes occur, the same theme reappears in new keys, inversions, imitations, and contractions, with ever-varied, heightened fascination. As a form of art, it is most

like Gothic architecture; for there, too, innumerable details of form, arches, clustered columns, spires, human figures, animals, fruits and flowers, and all intricacies of ornament, both lovely and grotesque, seem striving upward, and the whole mass looks light and seems to float aloft. You cannot convince yourself that it is still; seemingly, it never *is*, but evermore *becoming*. Such is the fugue-like mystery and miracle of form. This is the true organ style of music: no mere *tunes* that stale by repetition; no loose stringing together of purposeless and idle passages. Bach, or Handel, or their compeers (some of whom, but for those two, would still be accounted great), when they sat down at the keyboard, chose a pregnant theme (not every one can get as far as that), and then developed it, unraveled the seemingly simple knot into a long series of admirable inferences; traversing a vast variety, yet always sure to bring you round into the theme again. The soulful artist, trained in such manly exercise, is in little danger of composing superficially. How like the germ of an oak in spring warmth will each spontaneous little motive open out and blossom in his hands! And even when he is not composing fugues, how all he writes betrays a secret intimate relationship to the fugue principle in the vital unity and the expressive logic of the whole! Think of a Beethoven symphony, sonata, or concerto even, from that point of view. Bach's grandest and profoundest work, the Matthew Passion, has not a fugue in all its choruses, with one very brief exception.

But what Bach always did have when he wrote in parts, what he and all his compeers cultivated as the sovereign art, was *polyphony*; that is to say, expressive or melodic counterpoint, — the art of vitalizing, individualizing, every one of the parts or voices, and letting them weave themselves together in four-part, six-part, eight-part, harmony, so that, while each pursues its own melodic

way, they blend in one beautiful and rich result.

And now, having disposed of these old bugbears, or at least put in our plea against their further standing in court, we are somewhat more prepared and free to begin with Bach where he began, and that is with the Choral.

Hanslick, the Vienna critic, has spoken of Bach, and Eccard and Heinrich Schuetz (or Sagittarius), a century before him, as three "sounding pillars of Protestantism." They were to the Lutheran Church in Germany what Palestrina, Gabrieli, Lotti, and the rest were to the Church of Rome. Bach's was a profoundly pious nature. The music he conceived and wrote welled up from his inmost life and soul in ceaseless prayer and holy love and aspiration. It is the revelation of a very deep, sincere, heartfelt religion. His whole art and genius were employed in the self-forgetting service of his Maker and the Lutheran faith, taking the form especially of a personal discipleship and love for Christ. If he wrote anything besides sacred music, it was either innocent and childlike recreation, or a confession of his faith in art on its own account; for with him art was but the corresponding other side of his religion.

In the new, or Protestant, communion music soon became a vital part of all religious service, quite as much as it had been in the Catholic. But now for the first time the common people began to worship for themselves, and take an active share in the service, instead of having it all done for them sacerdotally. They lifted up their voices all together, in their sacred melodies, in unison, with no accompaniment, no harmony. The hymns, born of the pious fervor of the Reformation, full of simple, tender, sad-sweet poetry, were wedded to tunes, or choral melodies, of kindred poetry and fervor; some of them cherished from the old traditions, but far the greater number,

of mostly unknown authorship, springing up out of the spirit of the times, — a tuneful efflorescence of the religious enthusiasm of Luther and his followers. These chorals were the people's sacred melody, or plain-song; the insurrection of Nature against conventional, pedantic, dry, and priest-droned music in the church, as the *Volkslied*, the songs of the Troubadours, and finally the opera were Nature setting herself up outside the sanctuary. That was at once the sweetest, gravest, simplest, of all singing. It sang not of what is personal and fleeting, like the ballads, madrigals, and operas, but of the underlying, universal, deep religious feeling. It allowed the whole congregation to sing, now in solemn, long-drawn notes, now in smooth and limpid melody, borrowed sometimes from the finer secular airs, which had sprung up like wild-flowers among the hills and by the wayside. It was all in unison; and yet, when multitudes were gathered, the vast uprolling cloud of sound, swelled by so great a mass of voices, saluting the ear from different distances, and swallowing up its own echoes and reflections, did have somewhat the effect of harmony, and a suggestion even of the fugue, just as a cloud, taking the sun at different angles, displays all the colors of the rainbow. A Bach, listening to such mighty volume of sound, could scarcely help hearing tenor and alto and bass, and even imagining florid interwoven melodies clothed in their own spontaneous accompaniment, with fugues in endless chase through the whole labyrinth of thrilling and seductive tone vibrations. Bach's genius was essentially popular, notwithstanding he is called mystical. Between the music of authority, the conventional, dry music of the old church, and the free, secular recitative and love *cantabile* of the opera, he stood on this Protestant middle-ground, the choral of the people. Out of this he evolved all his wondrous art.

Hundreds of these choral tunes Bach harmonized in four parts, bringing out their latent possibilities with a skill never equaled. He did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship. He let the congregation sing on in its old way. He did not even allow these works to be printed. They were *occasional* productions: partly as exercises for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the Thomas School, to be used on their various private anniversaries, New Year festivals, etc.; but mostly as refreshing interludes in his elaborate compositions, his motets, cantatas, passions. For the nearly four hundred known gems of this sort he found the tunes partly in himself; partly among the tunes which owe their origin to Luther and his musical friends and sympathizers; in the Huguenot and Calvinistic psalters; in the hymns of the Bohemian brethren; and even far back in the primitive Gregorian *cantus fermus*, — selecting, as no one was more competent to do, upon the principle of the "survival of the fittest." These chorals differ intrinsically from the common run of our New England psalm-tunes. They are a much more pregnant kind of melody; there is more in them; they are not commonplace ditties, manufactured by the thousand for the market. Each has a soul in it; and it is for a sympathetic soul and genius like Bach to woo forth its beautiful confession. Moving in close tonic intervals, they admit, indeed necessitate, a much richer variety of harmony, within their few bars, than modern tunes in wider, or harmonic, intervals, which get along with a mere ding-dong alternation of tonic, dominant, and subdominant. Whoever would learn much in little of the inmost heart and secret of true four-part setting, let him have by him always, near his pianoforte or organ, the chorals harmonized by Bach. He will find them good, too, for the spirit; he will find in them that "true nepenthe for a careworn soul," which

Dr. Holmes tells us the good governor, "in the dreadful war-time, on one of the days of anguish and terror," sought in a lecture by Emerson, "in listening to that flow of thought, calm and clear as the diamond drops that distill from a mountain rock." What various meaning Bach's different settings lent to the same choral! How he would set it in a wholly new light, win from its face a new expression, always in correspondence with the words, so different in the several stanzas of a hymn!

To see now how he used the choral for material, or subject matter, in his greater works; how it developed in his hands, as by a natural evolution, we must turn to (1) his *Choral-Vorspiele*, or organ preludes, in each of which a choral melody is given out line by line, framed in poetic counterpoint, with mus- ing and imaginative interludes between the lines, — priceless treasures, these, in the repertory of a true organist; (2) the exhaustless fund of beauty and of inspiration he has left us in those three hundred and eighty or more wonderful cantatas for church service, each of the magnitude of half an oratorio, and all conceived and executed in the noblest and sincerest style to which the art of music had attained. The list includes not only the cantatas he composed in Leipzig for all the Sundays and church festivals during five years, mostly in the first part of his life there, but also not a few, like "Ich hatte viel Bekümmer- niss," which he had written earlier, in Weimar and elsewhere.

While Handel was bringing out Italian operas in London, Bach was engaged in this more humble, unexciting, pious, obscure service; putting all the resources of his art and genius, week by week, into these master works, each sung but once, then laid upon the shelf, to slumber for a century and a half, until they should be rescued from dust and oblivion, to reappear within these last few years in those grand volumes of the

Bach-Gesellschaft. They were done in the inspired routine of every day, as a matter of course, just to enrich the service, with no eye beyond that either to reward or fame, — not so much as it takes to move one nowadays to make an anthem or a psalm-tune. In simple quantity or mass, as well as in weight of purest gold, these cantatas amount to more than the combined operas and oratorios of Handel.

There is no room here to enter into a description of the contents of a single one of these cantatas. They consist, as a general rule, with more or less modification, of an orchestral introduction, sometimes amounting to an overture; a great chorus, four or eight part, frequently developed from the choral upon which the whole is founded, to fill the hearers with the spirit of the text for the day; recitatives and arias for various voices; sometimes more choruses; and finally the choral harmonized in four parts, with elaborate accompaniment. A perfect unity of tone and feeling reigns throughout. The counterpoint in all those choruses, sometimes *fugato* if not fugued, but always polyphonic, is matchless in the expressive interweaving of the voices, both the instrumental and the human; but the latter always dominates, creating, as it were, or waking up their own, companion sprites, winning all nature to their mood, clothing their sensitive, chaste melody with all the tender drapery that strings and reeds and flutes, or all the rougher mail that brass can lend. This is not only art; it is imagination in the highest sense. The beauty and variety of musical ideas, the felicity of invention and expression, are simply inexhaustible. It is not true, as some have charged, that Bach places the voice precisely on a level with the accompaniment, — makes it only one more among many instruments. Theirs is a light borrowed from the voice; they move with it in its orbit, each with a motion of its own. Is the voice only one

more instrument? What is the flower but one more metamorphosis of the leaf?

The arias for solo voices are of the most melodious, tender, heart-felt, and poetic that can be imagined; often singularly graphic, lighting up an image in the words, bringing out a hidden meaning as by a divining rod of genius, and causing unsuspected springs to gush up at our feet. And the recitative, often cantabile, is the most expressive, characteristic, human, far from conventional or commonplace, yet free from uncouth intervals such as occur in Wagner, that any master, not excepting Handel or Mozart, ever put into his dramatic monologue or dialogue. Witness his *Passion Music*, both the *St. John* and the *Matthew*. The cantatas offer countless examples of the same. One obstacle to a wider recognition of such music lies in the barbarous texts, the pietistic doggerel, which Bach had to accept from the prosaic pious poetasters of his day, the Picanders and the like, of whom we have more than enough in the *Passion*. Of course we do not mean the sweet old hymns brought home to us by many of the chorals, as by carrier-doves. He had not the poets Handel had; no Miltons, Drydens, who could "build the lofty rhyme" for him. He makes the utmost of his texts, illuminating the intention they so helplessly fall short of by his own transcendent setting, just as he translates the cruel and perplexing dogmas into the sweeter, deeper, and more human creed of music, — music, the true type of *at-one-ment*.

Something should be said here of his instrumentation, slender by the standard of full modern orchestras, but telling and significant in every part, showing a most effective economy of forces, and sensitively delicate and sympathetic in the accompaniment of tender and ethereal passages of song. Turn to the *Passion Music*, and see how exquisitely he can make a pair of flutes, or an oboe, with a few strings, supply the silvery cloud

to an angelic aria, or a soft quartet of violins shed heavenly halo round the head of Jesus when he speaks. For trumpet splendors in most thrilling and awakening choruses, turn to the *Magnificat*, to the opening joyful exhortation of the *Christmas Oratorio*, to these cantatas, to the soaring, circling, flaming *Sanctus* in his *B-minor Mass*. But his orchestral means were stinted. He was constantly pleading with the town council to grant appropriations for the minimum number of instrumentalists for fit performance of the music which he had to furnish for three churches. He tells them that eighteen to twenty instruments are necessary to a full musical service, to wit: two or three first and two or three second violins, two first and two second violas, two 'cellos, one bass, two or three oboes, one or two bassoons, three trumpets, one drum, and for some pieces two flutes. He needed at least thirty-six singers and from fifty-four to sixty players. But the whole number of alumni at the Thomas School was fifty-five; besides whom he was granted the assistance of four town-pipers, three violinists, and an apprentice. It is impossible to think of Bach as other than a happy, hearty, and contented man; yet under these restrictions he did chafe. It seems that even his productive life in Leipzig had its thorns, and that, what with poor appreciation and poor pay (his funeral, a mean one, was not even attended by the musical societies!), there was a tragic side to it. Had he so wrought and died but yesterday in New York, would it perhaps have been the same? But Bach lived *inside* the wonders of his own creation, dull and common to the many on the outside, like the stained windows of the great cathedrals; reminding one of Goethe's parable, if we translate "poems" into music: —

Poems are colored window-glasses!

Look into the church from the market square:
Nothing but gloom and darkness there!

Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so:
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and within we'll go!
Now round the holy chapel gaze;
'Tis all one many-colored blaze:
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you, — 't is a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized,
With hearts exalted and surprised!

The Christmas Oratorio, with its trumpet-toned opening chorus, "Christians, be joyful," its most exquisite of pastoral symphonies, its lovely Cradle Song, etc., is properly a series of six cantatas for the first three days of the Christmas festival, for New Year and the Sunday after, and for the feast of the Epiphany. Adding to the cantata form the gospel narrative recited by the tenor, the dramatic dialogue of real characters, not allegorical abstractions, and those swift, excited, vivid little choruses called *turbæ*, we have the grandest and sublimest works of Bach, his settings of the Passion (three of them are lost) according to St. John, and, greatest of all, greatest of all oratorios or any sacred compositions in whatever form, the Matthew Passion. Marx makes bold to call it "the fifth gospel," so deep is its impression on the soul, it so brings home to every heart the image and the spirit of the Son of Man. Passion music, now an exclusively Protestant possession, owes its origin to the Catholic church as far back as the twelfth century, at least. Luther adapted it to the reformed service, sung by the congregation in unison. Schuetz, in 1665, and Sebastiani enriched it with polyphonic harmony. Then in Hamburg, to the poor text of Brockes, Keiser, Matheson, Telemann, young Handel, tried their hands at it. Finally it opened out into the full and "wonderful passion-flower" of Bach, as Hanslick calls it. It is too great a work for more than this mere reference in these few pages. Fortunately, it has at last reached our shore, and has begun to make its deep impression upon listening

crowds, especially when the two parts of the entire work have been given in two performances on one day (Good Friday). Again, mere mention only can be made of the great things he composed to Latin texts: his masses, and especially the greatest ever written, not excepting that of Beethoven, the Mass in B-minor, and the grandest of all Magnificats.

Bach was not always serious. Outside the sacred precincts his genius overflowed sometimes in works of frolic fancy, if not comic humor, like the secular cantata, *Strife between Phœbus and Pan*, in which the cloven-footed deity is drolly manifest in song; and, in a smaller way, the *Shepherds' Cantata* and the *Coffee Cantata*, a pleasant, mild take-off of the rage for coffee-drinking at that time in France and Germany. He also wrote numerous birthday and wedding cantatas, full of picturesque allusion in the music, like the one that opens with a vivid imitation, both in the instruments and voices, of the motion of the water, "*Schleicht, spielende Welle*." He had not played at quodlibets for nothing in his boyhood.

His purely instrumental compositions, of which he has left a great variety, are of the same sterling and enduring quality with his vocal works. His organ preludes and fugues, Choral-Vorspiele, trios (for two manuals and pedal), toccatas, fantasias, pastorals, passacaglia, etc., stand at the head of all the organ music ever written. In his sonatas, fugues, and, above all, the incomparable Chaconne, for violin alone, he seems to anticipate nearly all the best modern effects known to violinists: they all sound fresh and new to-day; in our own Music Hall a great popular audience has been betrayed into enthusiastic plaudits by a Bach fugue for solo violin. Fascinating and poetic sonatas he has written, too, for flutes and other wind instruments. His pianoforte works, both great and small, are almost innumer-

able. His concertos for two, three, four pianos, with string quartet accompaniment, are quite a sure attraction both in chamber and orchestral concerts. The "French" and the "English Suites" and the Partitas figure more and more frequently in the programmes of pianists who respect their art. They do not spoil the relish of Beethoven, but they introduce him well. Nor can Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, set them, in spite of their antique cut, at naught. The host of little pieces, all in two, or three, or four part polyphony, were written simply as exercises for his pupils, yet they are charming bits of music, at once naive and simple, subtle and refined. But the wonder-work of all, the most precious *vade-mecum* of pianists, the Well-Tempered Clavichord, though written for instruction and for lifelong practice, is a casket of rare gems, "of purest ray serene." Every great composer or interpreter of true pianoforte music has found strengthening meat and drink in its double circuit of twenty-four fugues and preludes in all the major and minor keys. In quickening influence this one book may almost weigh against the Beethoven sonatas. Should we have had Cramer's Etudes but for that example, or those of Moscheles, or Stephen Heller? One testimony is of such value here that we are tempted to translate a few sentences from one of Ferdinand Hiller's Letters to an Anonymous Lady (Cologne, 1877): —

"The most *immortal* work of musical art, or rather the one work of a great composer that will live the longest, seems to me, every time I think of it, to be Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. . . . Rich melodic invention is combined with soundest, strongest harmony, growing out of the most organic polyphony. The short pieces which the work contains show the greatest variety of invention and mood, and a perfection of form which has not its equal. Of a genuine instrumental nature, the lim-

pid fluency of the figures is completely adapted to the peculiarity of the instrument. One may be ever so long familiar with the character, the motives and progressions, of all the pieces, and still the infinite art which pervades the whole tone-tissue, and which had become a second nature with the composer, will never lose its charm, — nay, one will always keep discovering new wonders in it. And with what geniality the carrying out of the multifariously interwoven melodies is accommodated to the possibilities of our ten fingers! In no note are the cramping fetters felt which the hands impose on the free movement of the several parts. There is no second work which offers to the student such a union of the richest, most substantial music with the means for technical development; it might be called the pianist's Bible! That it will ever be surpassed in its way is not probable; the history of art will hardly have a second John Sebastian Bach to point to.

. . . "It is the lot of many most extraordinary works of art and intellect to be known by only few, and only by their working on those few to operate in wider circles. To how many men of culture are the creations of a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Spinoza, more than famous names! Yet what an incalculable influence their works are exercising day by day! So, not only Mendelssohn and Schumann, but Beethoven also, owe an extraordinary debt to the Well-Tempered Clavichord. My own master, Hummel, of whom at first sight one would least expect it, placed this, and no other work, before him every time when, in his later years, he wished to practice as pianist and to strengthen himself musically. And how many prominent men might be named who have built themselves up on it!

"It is not easy to give account of the impression of these pieces, even if one plays them over and over again, as I have done, all through my life. Their

effect seems rather to resemble that of the higher plastic works than that usually ascribed to significant tone-poems: *repose of soul amid all their wealth of harmony; exaltation of spirit, without nervous excitement; grateful satisfaction in sounds, without common sensual charm.* One feels himself drawn to contemplation, — almost inclined to surrender himself to a certain mystical brooding; yes, I might say one feels himself morally more pure." (The same effect, observe, which we have already remarked in speaking of the tranquilizing influence of the chorals!)

If we were called on to select, out of the whole Walhalla of inspired composers, the completest representative of the true musical life and character, we should have to name Sebastian Bach. No human being ever lived more absolutely in the element of music. It was his religion; the entire surrender of his heart and soul, and all his energies and genius, with a child's simplicity and with a saint's devotion, in a perpetual service, to the worship of the Most High. Glowing with deep and tender feeling, illumined from within and full of holy *Innigkeit*, rich in imagination and invention, exhaustless in thick-coming shapes of fancy and in beautiful ideas, all developing into the most interesting complex webs of polyphonic harmony as if instinctively, and often flowering out into the finest *fioriture* and delicate vine-like tendrils of embellishment as exquisite as that of any Chopin, his music, when we look back over it as now published, seems to have risen a perpetual incense from his soul. If there were not such heart and fervor in it, would it be worth the while to crown it, from the intellectual standpoint? But it is quite as remarkable for its impersonality as for its sincere emotional expression. In a certain sense it is a transcendental music. The finite loses itself here in the infinite, the individual in the all. It is

common to apply to those thoughts which come of purely *thinking*, which deal with principles rather than with facts, the term *abstract*. So, if we look only at the intellectual side of it, at its artistic, subtle, complex evolution, we might call Bach's abstract music. Through him Harmony herself reveals her secrets. Not to give vent merely to his private feelings, not to serve an outward purpose, not to win money or renown, not to illustrate any words or programme, was much of this deathless music written. There is nothing in it that could have taken the form of painting or of poetry as well. It is music pure and simple, from itself, and by itself, and for itself. In making it he was

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

In Bach we see how great a mind and character find sphere enough in the mere world of music; how consistent such devotion is with every solid moral quality. His whole soul was absorbed in the most fascinating of the arts of the beautiful, yet, all the while, what self-possession, what calm wisdom and serenity! To those who think that the musician must be a creature of impulse and excitement, a dreamy, moody, egotistical enthusiast, wholly at the mercy of the tempter, who salutes him in this siren's voice, robbing him of reason and of self-control as the condition of her favors; to those who think it ludicrous to seek a model of a manly and true life in a musician, we commend the music and the life of Bach, — a name never mentioned without reverence among his countrymen, a sort of German Homer. He never mistook his calling, and had no misgivings. He fulfilled it with as much sobriety and earnestness of purpose, with a courage as unflinching, a cheerfulness as beautiful, and with as much unconscious dignity, as any prophet, bard, or hero. He was incapable of superficiality. No taint of what is morbid or weakly sentimental can be found

on any page of all his works. Of him preëminently, and of all true sons of harmony, it may be said that their life, their thoughts, their duty, their devotion, their communion, is in music, and they are strangers in an unideal world. To borrow a simile from Jean Paul, "his spirit was let down into this nether element, inclosed in this diving-bell of the flesh, like a fisher of pearls; and when he had gathered enough the bell was drawn up, and he is now in a sphere where all is harmony and never-ending praise."

We have been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Bach, as well as of Handel. Handel may be regarded as already popular among English-speaking friends of music. But the jubilant occasion loses its significance at once, unless it shall become the starting-point of a new impulse, greatly needed, to a more constant, intimate acquaintance with the more practicable works of Bach. What without affectation might be called a Bach revival, a Bach culture, could but have an elevating, wholesome, steadying influence, in this day of multifarious and distracting novelties which lead the incipient taste for music helplessly astray. We cannot expect musicians to compose again in just the style and school of Bach and Handel. Nevertheless, to know them well, to hear them often, and to love them is to keep the most divine ideal of the art forever burning in Art's sacred temple. That will be our best protection from the superficiality, the dissipation, the vainglory, of new things which astonish and intoxicate far more than they edify and strengthen. Where we may end in music no one can foretell; but it does matter much where we begin. Rising generations of music-lovers have to beware of brilliant fashions of the day. In literature there have been times when callow students have begun their reading just when Byron, Bulwer,

or some Zola even, chanced to be in the ascendant, before knowing Milton, Scott, or Hawthorne. How will it be in music with the youth whose first enthusiasm is for Wagner, ere he has ever worshipped at the shrine of Bach and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert? Love Bach first, and Wagner will not harm you, while he may teach you something. As a pertinent conclusion, therefore, summing up the moral of this lesson, we will cite the following passage from a letter written by Mendelssohn to the committee of the Lower Rhine Festival of 1838, accepting the conductorship:—

"The more successful the previous Cologne Festival was with regard to the arrangement of the pieces, especially in Handel's work with the organ, the more important it seems to me to have at least *one* piece in the programme by which this year's festival may be distinguished from others, and by means of which *progress* may, as far as possible, be manifested. For this purpose I consider it absolutely necessary to have the name of Sebastian Bach in the programme, if only for one short piece; for it is certainly high time that at these festivals, on which the name of Handel has shed such lustre, another immortal master, who is in no one point inferior to any master, and in many points superior to all, should no longer be forgotten. The same scruples which exist in opposition to this must also have existed in former years with regard to the works of Handel; and you are all grateful now to those who, disregarding these obstacles, revealed to you such treasures of sublimity and elevation."

"Progress!" Yes, that is the kind of progress in our musical enjoyment, culture, and appreciation which it most behooves us also to resume with a new energy to-day. Nothing else can place the future of our music on so sound and solid a foundation.

J. S. Dwight.

PAN.

I'LL seek him yet: in some warm nook
 He lies asleep beside the brook,
 Drugged by the spicy gales that pass;
 His pipe beside him on the grass
 Lies but half trimmed, — just as it fell
 When Sleep cast o'er him her soft spell.
 I'll seek him yet: he does not hear
 The bee that drones beside his ear,
 Half buried in the nectared gloom
 Of some sweet-burdened, purple bloom.
 Above him droop the cooling leaves;
 His shaggy bosom falls and heaves,
 In his deep slumber's quietness;
 He will not hear me, though I press,
 Through woven bough and vine and flower,
 Quite into his sleep-charm'd bower.
 Ah me, how soundly he hath slept!
 How well the mossy wood hath kept
 Its secret old! The poppi'd gales,
 Blown softly by, have told no tales
 Of sleeping Pan, while far astray
 His white flock goes this many a day.
 I'll seek him yet: somewhere he lies
 Well screened from peering human eyes;
 And though his hoof-marks, as I know,
 From mortal sight passed long ago,
 Still I will tread the sylvan aisles
 And sunny meadows, miles and miles;
 I'll follow hard the dragon-fly,
 As down the stream he circles by;
 I'll track the wild bee from its home
 To that fair place whence it hath come,
 Where, hoarding still their honeyed store,
 Bloom such rare flowers as starred of yore
 The shining slopes of Arcady.
 So I will seek him yet; ah me!
 Though human foot hath never trod
 The leafy lair where lies the god,
 Who knows but by some happy chance
 I yet may rouse him from his trance!

James B. Kenyon.

A MARSH ISLAND.

XV.

SUNDAY evening was apt to be given to social advantages at the Marsh Island. The farmhouse had been for many years a favorite gathering-place of the few neighbors, and in the old days the Owens' tall clock had served as a frequent and formal excuse for the appearance of various sociable acquaintances. A clock of such high rank must necessarily rule all timekeepers of lesser degree by the autocratic sway of its leisurely pendulum; and once in a while somebody would still ask, with noticeable humility, for the right time, or set the hands of a cumbersome silver watch, by way of tribute, in the clock-room.

The elder Owens, Israel and Martha, with Temperance Kipp, returned tired and dispirited from their day's devotions, but a comfortable early supper had refreshed them; and Doris had seemed so entirely like herself that when Dick Dale came strolling up from the garden with his cigar, and heard the sound of voices, he joined the cheerful company without a moment's reflection. A luxuriant growth of petunias, still unhurt by frost, had made the old garden deliciously fragrant, and in the dim light he could see the flowers' pale faces glimmering at his feet. He picked one which gained his special attention, and gave it to Doris as he entered the room. A heavy dew was falling outside, and the company, for almost the first time that autumn, had forsaken the broad side-door step altogether. When Dick had first come to the farm his presence had been a serious hindrance to the undisturbed flow of mild discussion and neighborhood news, but now, after a slight pause and cordial greeting, he was allowed to seat himself by one of the windows without note or comment. Old

Mrs. Bennet, the last arrival, was still out of breath, and presently explained to the new-comer that she always used to walk the distance between her house and this in ten minutes, easy; but now she had to hurry along, in order to accurately compare the difference of the clocks.

Temperance Kipp regarded Mr. Dale with keen eyes. She had taken up the neglected championship of Dan Lester with more decision than before, since she had seen his disheartened face that morning in church. He looked thinner than usual, and altogether was very appealing to her tender heart. Even the news of his increase of fortune had not made him light-hearted, though his mother had exchanged a confiding and pleased glance with her old friend, as she sat in one of the side pews, not very far away.

Dale watched Temperance herself with uncommon pleasure that evening. He had always liked her face, which had a great deal of sympathy and wise understanding in it; for the first time he recognized a resemblance, which had always baffled and puzzled his memory, to Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More. He was a little amused and surprised at this; he would have liked Bradish to see her, as she sat in a high-backed rocking-chair. Bradish was very fond of the Holbein. "Ah, well, I must be getting back to town soon," the young man assured himself, and then moved his own chair a little, as if he wished to hear what was being said of the morning's sermon, but in reality to command a better view of Doris. He was not infrequently bored by the theological disputes of Israel Owen and his neighbor Churchill, who was a received authority on some questions, being a deacon of the first parish. This controversy was evi-

dently almost over with. "Speakin' about the Lord knowin' them that are his," said Israel Owen, in an unsteady voice, "it makes a good text to enlarge upon for a minister; but when you come to put it right home, deacon, there's precious few for him to know. Folks ain't so common that bears him any great likeness that he can make friends of. Plenty of us is growing towards him, and kind of stirring about some; but it's a mercy, as I view it, that we've got another life to continue the upward way. If we can only git started whilst we're here, that's about all we can do, most on us."

The deacon grumbled something, which might be an assent, and might not. His own preference was for more inflexible condemnations and harsher definitions of the condition of fallen man; but somehow he never could bring his arguments to bear when Owen took this tone. "I don't wonder, when I look about me, that folks ain't better," the old man concluded; "the 'stonishment to me is that they ain't wuss. When you take in what folks have inherited down from generation to generation, and how some are weak in body and some in mind, 't is a wonder a good many is so decent behaved as they be."

But the deacon did not like to think of the practical achievements of himself and his brethren, — the abstractions and distinctions of certain doctrines were a much better liked subject; and he was relieved when a tall figure appeared in the doorway, and Dan Lester looked in, with a touch of defiance on his face.

"Come in, come in, Dan!" said the farmer. "Where've you kept yourself these weeks past? I did n't know but you was put out about something. Did n't overdo, haying, did ye? I've hardly seen ye since. Doris, git Dan a seat. We've got consider'ble of a meetin' here, but there's chairs enough. Step out to the entry, Doris, or fetch one right in from the kitchen."

Doris had risen at the guest's approach, and they stood together in the room for one awkward minute, with the rest of the people watching them. It takes little time for such a neighborhood to scent out the smallest excitement, and the curiosity to know if there were anything between Doris and Dan of an unpleasant nature, or any prospect of a love affair between her and Dale, had led two or three of the guests to pay this evening visit.

Dick Dale had sometimes been vastly entertained by such a Sunday evening gathering. He liked the quaint talk and picturesque expression of the elder people, and had more than once wished that he were a writer, and could profit by the specimens of a fast-disappearing dialect. This night, however, there was a strange influence of excitement and expectancy. He was inclined to resent Dan Lester's coming to the farm in that self-sufficient way, after his late treatment of Doris. He knew well enough that she had been grieved by it. Dear Doris, what a shame it would be to let her waste herself among such unappreciative people! He should like to hear what some of his acquaintances would say if they saw her, — and this irate admirer proposed to himself to go out-of-doors again, yet lingered, because it might appear that he was unfriendly to his rival.

"They always came to our funerals," Mrs. Bennet was saying, in a reproachful, low voice to the other women, "but they kind of hung off about it, too, and did n't step right to the front and jine in at such a time, as the Maxwells did, and others. 'Tain't what I call being related to folks."

"They ain't folks; they're nothin' but a pack o' images," proclaimed Temperance Kipp, in a tone that admitted no contradiction.

Dick laughed at this; the other listeners turned their heads to look at him half suspiciously, yet with great good humor. Presently, seeing that the full

moon must be near its rising, he left his seat by the window, and went out. He did not notice the appealing glance of Mrs. Owen; in fact, there was no trace of any such feeling in Dale's heart as that of being driven off the field. He was simply doing his own pleasure, and leaving the good souls to theirs. A minute afterward there was a shout of laughter from the clock-room which made him wince. One naturally thinks one's self the injured subject of mirth at such a moment. Then, as he turned, he saw two figures come out of the doorway, Doris and Dan Lester, who had sat just inside, and who were also tempted to stroll out into the soft night air. As Dick looked and listened, the old farmer and his crony moved their chairs into the square side-entry, and the women passed to and fro in the clock-room, as if they were drawing nearer together for a season of gossip.

The great willows made huge masses of darkness against the starlit sky; the lights in the house cast a network of long shadows before their rays. Dick Dale leaned upon the garden fence, and watched the yellow harvest moon as it rose above the misty shrouding of the earth. The outline of the hill looked hard and more distant than the moon itself. He could hear a faint sound of the sea and an occasional laugh from the house. By and by Doris and Dan came back again. The grass had been wet the way they went, but indeed they seemed indifferent to their surroundings, and went walking to and fro, while the resentful spectator kept his chosen station. He thought that anybody might see him who looked that way, being as conscious of his own presence in the landscape as if it had been broad daylight.

Even Doris, who knew every outlook so well, did not see that any one stood this side of the withered sunflowers. She wondered once or twice which way Mr. Dale had gone; but since his lameness

was cured he had often been out until late in the evening, and let himself into the house after every one else was asleep. He was a revelation to her in many ways, with his knowledge of books and his love for nature. She felt a sense of wider liberty with Mr. Dale than with any one else she knew, and believed in the possible treasures of experience and knowledge that lay far beyond the horizon that she was able to discover.

To-night Dan Lester was very gentle, almost pathetic, but strangely compelling. She did not stop to question his right to call her to account, neither did she answer him when he humbly condemned his own wrong-doing of the day before. As he came into the room, earlier, her heart gave a great bound of relief and affection. Now, as he spoke with eager impatience, as he stood close beside her, and she could just see his familiar features and mark his height against the dim western sky, she would have been thankful to find a way of escape. Yes, he loved her; there was no doubt about the truth of his faithful kindness to her, or his endless care and tenderness,—she knew that without his telling it so tempestuously. She wished he would cease his entreaties. She could not speak in reply; she felt dumb before her inevitable fate when Dan told her of her father's favor toward him, weeks ago, as they were on the south marsh together, one August morning.

The lover's story did not touch her, after all; it seemed quite outside her heart, and could not find a way in. Doris grew more and more weighed down with a sense of this grave business. She felt a strange impulse to throw herself into poor Dan's brotherly arms, and beg him to defend her, as if this distress had come from any one but himself. A vision of Dick Dale's boyish face, with the strange, sweet look it had worn for an instant that day, came to her mind, and gave her a fancied courage and protection. She turned away from Dan with

a sigh and feeling of reprieve. "Don't think hard of me, Dan; there's time enough," she faltered, and then hated herself for so heartless a wording. "I must go in. No, don't keep me, Dan. I do think everything of you. I always have" — and the girl's heart felt as if it would break with sorrow and despair. Strange to say, she did not think of Dick Dale any more, but of Dan himself instead. She wondered if he would speak again. Her heart softened, and though he had gone away a step or two she felt as if he were drawing her toward him through the darkness.

Then a thin figure appeared beside them, and hesitated, as if reluctant to intrude. "I guess you two had kind of dry scratchin', coming up the crick this mornin'," said Jim Fales, by way of pleasantry; "tide was pretty low when I see you. I set out to cross over and tell you to land on the pint where the big pitch-pine is; it ain't much further to walk, when the ma'sh is dry;" and he hurried on, being later than was his wont, and anxious to report to his employer.

Doris could not say a word. Dan Lester muttered something under his breath, and strode away. The girl looked after him, took a few steps as if she meant to follow him; then she stood still. "Oh, Dan, Dan!" she whispered, almost aloud. "He is so quick; what made me let him go!" But as love and pride fought together in her perplexed mind, the footsteps were gone out of hearing, down the long road, the long, long road, into the dreary darkness.

Later, the moon was round and bright in the sky; the cheerful sound of voices grew louder, and the guests were making ready to depart. "I guess the young folks is philanderin' off somewhere," said Mrs. Bennet, as she stood on the doorstep. Doris met her bravely, but she was not good at dissembling, and lingered in the shadow outside the door. Dan had gone home, she told the waiting

audience; he had to be off early in the morning, as they knew. But Temperance grumbled that he might have said good-night, coming as seldom as he had lately. She looked narrowly at Doris's pale face, and resolved to have a talk with her before they slept. As for Doris's mother, she began to wonder if the girl had been foolish or hasty. Dan would be well off now; and after all, Doris would never like any place so well as the farm, — the love for it was born in her. Dan had treated Mrs. Owen very civilly as he came in, but he was resenting her smiling salutation of the morning more than ever at that moment, if she had only known it.

Later still, Dick Dale appeared. The night was growing very damp and chilly, he told his friends. He wondered what Lester had said and what Doris had said, but Doris was nowhere to be seen. The farmer was fastening the doors and windows. "We used to leave everything open in warm weather," he said, "but times have changed since the war. Good-night, my lad!" And so that day was ended.

XVI.

Next morning the farmhouse seemed quite unlike the scene of an excitement of any sort. The walls kept many a secret already, and the old homestead concerned itself only in providing a shelter and resting-place for its children. Mrs. Owen was singing one of yesterday's psalm-tunes in a high, energetic voice, and sometimes Temperance might be heard also, in a more subdued key, grumbling out some unattractive refrain of an air she did not know very well. Out-of-doors the apple-picking had begun. The farmer had always looked forward to Jim Fales's superior usefulness at this season. Jim was at this moment near the top of the high fall-sweetening tree, and, apparently impatient with his charge of hand-picking the fruit, shuffled

it into his basket with all the haste possible. As he pushed his way, head and shoulders, through the topmost branches, his eyes beheld Mr. Dale at the spinning-room window near by, and the friends exchanged as cordial and ceremonious greetings as if they had not parted from each other at the breakfast table three quarters of an hour before.

"See here," said Jim confidentially, after having carefully surveyed the world beneath him, "was it you was talking to Doris, as I come in the yard last night?"

"No," said Richard Dale gravely. "No, it was not I," he repeated, gazing with much interest at his questioner's countenance, which suddenly looked like a clock-face that has lost its hands.

"I thought I'd ask. I had some misgivin's before the words had left my mouth," the youth explained, and all at once drew back within the green boughs and was lost to sight. Presently, with much difficulty, he transferred the clumsy ladder to a tree still closer to the window, and climbed it with an empty basket, as if the path of duty led that way, and no other. Dick was inclined to resent this; the brilliant color of the fruit had delighted his eyes, and there was little of it left, at any rate. He felt a sudden pang as Jim rustled about among the leaves, and hated him as he selected a fair apple and began to devour it with evident satisfaction. "I think there ain't no such crispy ones on the place as them," he announced. "Have one?" and he twisted another from the tree, and gave it a leisurely toss at the window, where Dick barely succeeded in catching it. The invasion of his favorite outlook made him impatient. He put the apple on the windowsill, and took up his book again, as if he did not mean to be interrupted. This harvesting hinted at the spoiling of his beloved surroundings. Somehow, there had been so slight and amiable a change in the landscape and the weather itself

that Dick had not been led to think of an end of his pleasant arrangements and his sunshine holiday. He sighed, as if he were obliged to go back to a veritable treadmill, and presently looked out of the window again. The green old apple-tree, with its flecks of red fruit, had been a very lovely thing to look at against the blue and white September skies, and when he first discovered the spinning-room the apples were but half grown.

Jim had been on the alert to catch the least sign of renewed attention, and said softly, leaning toward his listener, "I had it right over about seeing you an' Doris out in the boat yisterday forenoon. Dan Lester must have been fit to swear. He can't abide that anybody should look at Doris but him. We roughed him fearful one day down on the ma'sh, when we was getting the salt-hay in."

"He's a good fellow, is n't he?" asked Dale, as carelessly as possible.

"First-rate," replied Jim, with another survey of the immediate neighborhood. "Folks has wondered a good deal that him an' Doris is so slow about gettin' things settled; but land! folks must have something to work over in their minds. I don't expect she sets half so much by him as he does by her, any way," he added confidentially. Jim Fales admired the new resident of the Marsh Island with all his heart. Dale had been very friendly with the young fellow, and seemed, to one person at least, quite the hero; but now he felt that there was danger of disloyalty if this conversation were allowed to go on. His desire to hear all that Jim was more than ready to say was promptly quenched, as he gave a careless nod to the Romeo at his balcony, and retreated to the opposite side of the room. He had been told nothing yet that he was surprised to hear, but an undefined dread arose lest there should be some evident recognition of his own personal interest in the tale.

Somehow, Dick was not inclined toward painting; his interest in that once-absorbing avocation had been dwindling, of late. No wonder; he had never done so many good bits in the same length of time before. The sketch of Doris did not seem so necessary and inevitable as it had once, for Doris herself claimed the better part of his thoughts. Doris as she had looked at him yesterday under the great beech-tree was never to be forgotten, and a strange thrill went over him at the remembrance. She was very sweet and silent and busy that morning, and the temptation came to him to win this little kingdom of the world and the glory of it. He must take Doris away from her own world, — that would be the trouble; he certainly was possessed of no gifts or qualifications for tilling the soil. He smiled as he whispered to himself,

“His highest plot
To plant the bergamot,”

and wondered if, with all his experience and a half weariness and impatience of the fashionable world, he should make the worst sort of country gentleman. His imagination flew quickly about the old farm. Delightful as it was, it might be made infinitely more attractive. Dick almost loved Doris's father, but he was not so pleased with the thought of her mother, though this was followed with a quick self-reproach. He could not disguise the fact that there was a tinge of unreality over all these uncharacteristic visions of himself. He must go away soon, and leave Doris to her true lover. She had looked very troubled once or twice that day. After all, he did not believe in making himself miserable; but at that moment the thought of Dan Lester's triumph made Dick amazingly angry. Why should such a beautiful creature as Doris be degraded into an ordinary country housekeeper, and lose the better sort of love and favor and true knowledge of life? It must not be; the young man's heart beat fast with a new

inspiration. If Doris loved him and he loved her, they would face the future together, and his face grew pale as he stood still in the little studio, looking straight forward, but seeing nothing for a moment; then the radiant bubble had burst, and all that was left was the same vexation of spirit and uncertainty as before.

“James,” old Mr. Owen was saying under the window, “I thought you had better pick those fall-sweetings first.”

“They was covered with dew, sir,” responded the defendant. “There ain't but a few of these, and then I'm going back to finish. The sun strikes here earlier,” and Jim began a self-satisfied whistling, as he let a slender, unburdened branch rustle back into place.

Dick spent a miserable, wandering day. He felt unpardonably thrown off his track, and as if he must not allow such weakness and foolishness. He might have made a fool of himself on a good many occasions, but, thank Heaven, he had always behaved like a man, and not, as now, like a silly woman. It was difficult even to announce his determination to go back to town that week, and this distressed knight strayed about the familiar places of the farm as if he were bidding them farewell. It was an afternoon to be laughed at heartily some day, — he knew himself well enough to be sure of that; but a sigh followed this reflection, which was more than likely to be repeated.

XVII.

Later in the day Dick came through the clock-room, and stopped a moment to look for a book. There was a noise of strange voices outside, and just as he reached the outer door some one knocked hurriedly, — a fumbling, unaccustomed sort of knock. It must be confessed that he recognized with something like

a shock the familiar figure on the broad doorstep.

"For pity's sake, Richard, how came you here?" exclaimed this unexpected guest, forgetting for the moment her evidently exciting errand, as she gazed at her nephew in complete astonishment. "I believe I never was so thankful to see you," she went on, without waiting for any explanation. "We have lost our way, though I was sure that I knew the right turn. You see this is a new coachman" (tone nearly inaudible, but more spirited). "Johnson became so unreliable that I had to dismiss him, after fourteen years' service. I believe we have broken the bolts of the victoria" (louder), "and I was really in despair; I have already walked quite a long distance. Do find somebody to look at the carriage and see if it will be safe to drive home; we have promised to dine with the Chaunceys this evening. You surely remember Mrs. Farley? Allow me to present my nephew, Mr. Dale. I have n't the slightest idea how he happens to be here, but I really never was so glad to see him in my life."

The very buttons of the new coachman's new coat were surprising to Mr. Richard Dale, but for such emergencies as this he was more than equal. He bowed smilingly to Mrs. Farley, and helped her to alight, and then inspected the damaged vehicle under the guidance of Johnson's successor. "That's a very simple affair," this useful nephew said, with charming reassurance. "Mr. Owen is sure to be able to put it right in a few minutes. You must go into the house and rest yourselves, and I will take the carriage up the yard."

"He seems entirely at home," meditated Mrs. Winchester, as she gave a sigh of relief and turned toward her friend. Mrs. Farley had become somewhat impatient with the needless excitement and fears of her companion, who had been behaving as if they were

wrecked among cannibals. She had known real disasters herself, but Mrs. Winchester was so used to a luxurious routine of life that she was quite helpless in anything that approached the nature of an accident. She was accustomed to the opportune appearance of her gentlemen friends, and it was only a repetition of the usual state of affairs that Dick should open the farmhouse door for her when she was overwhelmed with anxiety at finding herself belated on a strange road, a dozen miles from home.

"I could have made the carriage all right, sir," said the new servant, as soon as they were out of the ladies' hearing. He evidently thought it best to forestall reproach for his want of resource. "Mrs. Winchester kept telling me the roads, though I knew we were all the time getting too far from home, please, sir. And she screeched with fright when I was getting down from the box. I had a bit of stout cord, too. I am with her only a month, sir, or I'd know every road within reach."

Dick nodded indulgently, and the new retainer held himself in his most upright and stiffly effective position as they approached hospitable Mr. Owen, who was quite unconscious of the town-like splendor of this appearance, and wondering Jim Fales, who was nearly overcome with awe and delight.

As for Mrs. Owen, she had promptly come forward to welcome the strangers, after first having watched them through the kitchen blinds, with a temporary loss of self-confidence. The ladies were much pleased with the simple hospitality and friendliness of her greeting, and presently were invited to leave the sitting-room, where they had established themselves, and accompany their hostess to the best parlor. They had been delighted with the clock-room; but the parlor, which had been refurnished by good Mrs. Owen according to her own mistaken lights, had always been shunned

by Dick with ill-concealed abhorrence, and was now more than ever damp and close, and pervaded with the odor of its woolen carpet and haircloth upholstery. The blinds were opened, and the fading light of day entered somewhat doubtfully. Mrs. Winchester grew more and more puzzled. What could Dick mean by being here, evidently quite familiar with the household, and never letting her know of his whereabouts?

There was a light step in the hall outside; somebody pushed back a chair which had been moved out of its place; then a young woman stood, surprised, at the best room door.

Mrs. Farley, who was ready at conversation, and a most sympathetic soul, had been describing their wanderings and distress to her new acquaintance. Now she noticed a new look of interest in her auditor's pleasant face, and Mrs. Owen, without waiting for a pause in the narrative, said, with motherly pride, "Come in, Doris, do. This is Mr. Dale's aunt, and—I didn't catch the other lady's name? They met with an accident, and lost their way beside. Yes, I'm sure it was confusing," she added encouragingly to Mrs. Farley, who showed no desire to continue, and just then met Mrs. Winchester's confidential and most meaning glance and gesture with an amused smile.

Doris hesitated on the threshold; she was never awkward, but who would not have quailed now? She had not heard the visitors enter, but the next instant she had taken her place beside them, and was even busy with thought for their comfort. The room displeased her strangely; these guests dismayed her. "Wouldn't you like to go up to the room Mr. Dale has used for his studio?" she asked, with sudden self-reliance. "I am sure he will want to show you his pictures."

The ladies rose with alacrity; and presently Dick turned from a consultation with Mr. Owen and the coachman

to see them coming up the yard. "That was very clever of Doris," he said to himself gratefully, and nodded to them as they disappeared. Mrs. Owen was of the party, and almost directly the delinquent nephew's ears caught the sound of delighted exclamations. Then he saw Doris come down the steep outer stairway of the spinning-room, looking preoccupied, and go quickly by, stopping to confer with Temperance, whose head emerged from one of the kitchen windows.

In a few minutes he saw the fair daughter of the house returning with a white-covered tray of fruit and cakes. These dear, good people! this lovely Doris! He was, after all, glad when his part of the work was done, and he could join the pleased and pacified company.

"This is very kind of you, to make my shipwrecked friends so comfortable, Mrs. Owen," he said. Dick's aunt thought he had never been so handsome. Doris looked at him, and felt as if he were again a stranger. She had needed only this hint and visible evidence of his previous life and associations to disengage herself, as it were, from a sense of entire familiarity.

"You will have the moon to light you home, if you wait," Dick was saying. "I do not think that you need hurry away. I have told the coachman a much shorter road back. He seems an excellent fellow. I wonder that you risked your life so long with Johnson."

"You should have followed the short road yourself long ago, Dick," said Mrs. Winchester. "But I will not scold you, after seeing these sketches. You never began to do anything so charming. I dare say that I am quite faithless about the new man," she went on, "but since I have found you I mean to lay claim to you. We cannot possibly get home before evening: the horses are very slow; you know that you always make fun of them. Dick, you really must go

back with us, and I will send you over as early as you like in the morning."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and insistence of Mrs. Winchester's plea, and her nephew consented, though without enthusiasm. Perhaps it was just as well, after all, and a little later he found himself spinning along the east road on the box of the victoria. The maligned horses were much excited at their unusual delay, and more than anxious for their supper. Mrs. Winchester's thoughts were busy now with hopes of reaching home in time for her evening engagement, all other perplexities having been dispersed.

"Do you think they would let me have butter, another year?" she asked once, with sudden eagerness; but Dick was sure that he did not know, and she concluded, from his evident lack of interest, that the butter might not be entirely to his taste. "I dare say they would not care to bring it so far," Mrs. Winchester announced magnanimously. In spite of the sketches, she could not help thinking that the young girl's undeniable good looks had something to do with Dick's going into retreat in such a determined fashion.

The western sky was clear and shining after the sunset, and there was already a glow of coming moonlight in the east as the belated victoria trundled homeward. The lamps were lit in one wayside farmhouse after another, the shadows were gathering faster and faster in the fields, and some tracts of woodland were dark as night and cold as late October when they drove under the overarching boughs. The two ladies were very warm and comfortable in their wraps; they leaned back against their cushions, and talked together in low voices about the house and the people they had just left. They were pleased with their adventure, now that all danger was past, and it seemed a great joke that Dick should have been discovered and drawn from his hiding-

place. Mrs. Farley kindly took the young man's part, and spoke of his work with admiration, but his aunt amused herself with little jokes at his expense; therefore Dick himself was conscious of a great liking for Mrs. Farley, who was an old friend of his mother's, and had lived in China for many years. Dick assured himself, with sudden satisfaction, that it would not be such a bad thing to go to the East Indies. Bradish and he had often talked about it. Nothing could give Bradish a better chance; it was exactly in his line.

Mrs. Winchester, after a long pause, repeated an accusation about Dick's love for peaches. He had stolen some once which had been procured at vast expense for a dinner party, and he was an altogether unamiable nephew as he turned half-way round to wave a deprecatory hand at his accuser. Aunt Susan was a kind-hearted creature, and was considered very clever by her friends. Dick was obliged to confess that he had heard her talk charmingly to other people; but somehow she usually treated him like a schoolboy, and they were not apt to enjoy each other. Why need she hunt up all those silly old stories of his infancy every time they found themselves together? He wrapped the thin lap-rug about his knees, and settled himself into his place, as if he did not wish to be spoken to again. It was strange how entirely out of sympathy he was with this change of scene.

The victoria was driven into its own avenue, after a while. The lights were bright in the great house, and the alarmed maids came hurrying out to hear what had happened. Dick was recognized with surprise, and as the coachman turned the horses away from the door one or two comrades appeared from behind the hedge, and walked beside him, asking eager questions.

"We lost our way, — that was all," said the mistress, in an amiable, clear

voice, to the little audience. "Luckily we found Mr. Dale, who has been sketching, and he brought us home. We must have some tea up-stairs directly, and Mr. Dale will have supper presently in the dining-room. Dear me, how late we shall be!" and Mrs. Winchester and her guest quickly ascended the long staircase. It seemed a pity that their allegiance to society did not permit any comfort or rest at that moment. A great fire was leaping and crackling in the wide hall fireplace, and the chairs near by looked most inviting. Dick chose the largest, and pulled it close to the hearth; he heard a scurrying to and fro up-stairs, the doors were opened and shut many times, and his aunt once recalled a loitering maid impatiently to add further directions about his own supper. She had been annoyed because he had disobeyed her command to bring his evening clothes, and had reprimanded him sharply as they were driving homeward. "I am not in any mood for squiring to-night," he told himself, and smiled to think what joy they would have presently in relating their adventure to their friends.

The ladies came rustling down; the cocoons of the victoria were transformed into moth-like creatures of sober splendors and soft raiment. Here and there they glittered and shone, and Dick examined them with sudden interest. There was a thinness and poverty about the dress of those women at the farm, compared with this richness and stateliness. Doris Owen would be beautiful in such quiet tints; the simplicity of true elegance would suit her exactly.

"I am admiring you both immensely," the young man said. "I have been quite unused to such magnificence, you know."

"How charming it was at the farm!" and Mrs. Farley smiled at him in a most sympathetic fashion. "I shall so often remember the spinning-room and

the clock-room, and all the rest of it. What a pretty idea to make that your studio! But you ought to have kept the spinning-wheels, and asked the rustic maidens to come and whir them while you painted."

"I am certain that the peaches won the day," interrupted Mrs. Winchester, with conscious unconsciousness and a good deal of emphasis. "It was all very picturesque, but I can't imagine your being contented there for a month or more, unless you happened to see your favorite fruit in a green state, and determined to wait and enjoy it. But I am heartily pleased about the sketches. I can see every one now! I can't forgive myself for leaving that delightful bit where the two little white sails are following each other through the green marsh. I dare say you will throw it away upon one of your cronies, when you go back to town."

"It shall be yours from this moment," Dick responded gallantly, while they made little bows at each other. The aunt was very fond of him; and indeed he returned her unselfish affection, after his own fashion.

The ladies deplored the impossibility of staying at home, and waited impatiently for things they had forgotten; finally they went out into the moonlight. "I should never think of going at this late hour," said the hostess, "but they will be so anxious to know what has become of us. I have a feeling that we shall make ourselves very interesting, my dear. They would be disappointed not to see you!"

Mrs. Farley gave her shoulders a little shrug. She did not think these neighbors very amusing, and she was curious to know more about Mr. Dick Dale. She wished that she had ventured to act her own pleasure, and send a regret to her entertainers.

As for Dick, his ears had caught the sound of the sea, as he stood in the doorway watching the ladies drive away.

He lighted a cigar, and went across the grounds to a small summer-house, that looked ghostly and felt damp; and here he sat at the edge of the high cliff, and saw the familiar country, sea and shore. The moon was high in the sky; could it be possible that he saw it only last night as it rose above the marshes? That seemed like a year ago. The small fire of the cigar went out, and the world instantly grew large and exceedingly cold; then Dick gave a great shiver, and went back to the house. The servant who met him looked displeased; they had been looking for him everywhere, and his supper was waiting. He had seldom enjoyed a supper more than he did this, but once or twice he looked up, and was obliged to recognize the fact that he had expected to see Doris opposite him, as usual. In the morning he would ask his aunt's advice upon the subject of a proper gift for Mrs. Owen. But that night he made a selection of new books, and marched up to his own room in excellent season. He well knew his aunt's love for a bit of midnight gossip, and he was not sure of his answers for some simple questions which she would be sure to ask. He wondered what was going on at the farmhouse; his thoughts kept flying in that direction, and this once familiar life became a little strange and constraining.

As he might have known, the Owens were taking great pleasure in talking over the surprising events of the afternoon. Doris alone had not much to say. Temperance was considerably displeased because one of the guests had offered her money, just as they were ready to begin their homeward drive. She had refused it indignantly, with the information that she had done nothing to earn it, and a wise suspicion of such unnecessary patronage.

"I suppose that was her way of showing gratitude," said Doris, with a sigh. "I dare say such people find enough who are ready to take pay for

everything. They were very pleasant, I'm sure."

The farmer looked at his daughter, as he sat reading close by the lamp. This was the day for the Semi-Weekly Tribune, and he was deeply interested in a political argument, but he did not go on with it directly. Doris was very pale to-night. Something had evidently gone wrong with her, and he accused himself of being neglectful and thoughtless. They had not been so much together as usual this fall. Doris was grown into a woman now. The truth flashed upon him that she was no longer the childish creature he had loved and fondly wished to keep beside him. Dan Lester had behaved strangely, but he was a high-strung fellow, and might have had some foolish notions about young Dale. He would stop and have a word with Dan to-morrow, when he must go through Sussex. Perhaps he would take Doris herself along, and this thought gave Israel Owen great pleasure. Dan was the best fellow in the world, and seemed like a son already. There was no need for his tinkering away at a trade, if he and the little girl made it up. Dan had uncommon good sense about farming, and he should have his way, — he should have his way. A sudden remembrance of the little flag came to the farmer's mind. The colors of it were faded now: May was long ago. The family never had gathered round the evening light, in all these years, that the father had not sadly, and as if for the first time, missed his son. To-night they had established themselves in the wide kitchen, after supper was over. The clock-room was a trifle damp, and for some reason or other a little cheerless.

Mrs. Owen was still revolving the news of Dan Lester's good fortune in her mind, and viewing it in all aspects. She had been longing to ask Temperance certain questions, and she wondered if Dan himself had said anything to Doris the evening before; but she was not yet

ready to throw her long-cherished opposition and objection to the four winds. As if she were afraid of being even suspected of these thoughts, she hastened to talk about the afternoon's guests again. "I'm real glad it was so that they saw the parlor," she said once, in a gratified tone.

XVIII.

Mr. Dale was just reflecting that he should soon be very sleepy indeed, and that he had not been awake so late for several weeks, when a sound was heard outside his door, followed by a light knocking.

"Come in!" he said reluctantly, and then almost laughed aloud at the innocence and good-nature of his aunt's expression. "I might have known she would not let me off so easily," he said to himself, and rose from his comfortable arm-chair without a word, as Mrs. Winchester entered, though he looked as if he were ready to be informed of so unseasonable an errand.

"I knew that you could n't be asleep," declared Mrs. Winchester, resuming her beaming expression, which had been abandoned temporarily at the sight of the flaring candles. Dick really was as much care as when he was ten years old and her orphan ward. "I thought you must be reading when I saw the bright light, as I came up the avenue. The Chaunceys were really quite hurt because you did n't make your appearance. Dinner was later than usual, — at any rate, only the soup had been served; and Will Chauncey was detained in town, so that there was an empty seat for you next Kate Dent. She is here for a week, it seems. I always thought her extremely handsome and attractive. You have n't seen her since she returned from abroad, have you?"

"I believe not," answered Dick patiently.

"I see that you have the Village on the Cliff. Was there ever anything so charming and full of color!" pursued the little lady, after a short pause. She was comfortably settled in a low chair, and was taking a careful survey of her nephew. Really, his clothes were much the worse for wear; he looked not unlike a farmer, himself. "I have been telling everybody what a lovely face that old Mr. Owen has," she continued enthusiastically. "I wish you were fond of figure-sketching. I should like a portrait of him immensely; just a suggestion of all but his eyes, you know, — in charcoal, perhaps."

"All but his eyes," repeated Dick cynically. "I think" —

"Oh, you know what I mean," she laughed. "Don't be superior, Dick, if you have such a misfortune as a stupid old aunt. I meant, of course, that his eyes are so fine I cared most for that part of his likeness. He has such a pathetic expression at times. A most sincere, kindly old man. He seems very fond of you. What did he mean by telling me that you bore a welcome resemblance?"

"He thought, when I first went there, that I was like his only son, who was killed in the war," answered Dick, in a more sympathetic tone than he had used before. "I supposed he had forgotten about that."

"And the old handmaiden, too. Charity did they call her? No, Temperance! She has an interesting, blighted sort of face. She was very indignant because I offered her some money. I suppose it was rude of me, but one gets so used to that way of expressing gratitude in this mercenary world."

"You must wait until you die to pay your debts to your friends gracefully," announced the host of the occasion, beginning to pace up and down the room. It was a familiar sign of his impatience, but Mrs. Winchester did not mean to be dismissed so soon.

"I never thought of that," she said, apparently much pleased. "Yes, we can give money to whom we like, — it is the way we do the thing;" whereupon Dick came and stood before his aunt, and regarded her benignantly.

"Do scold me," he said. "I know you are tired to death, aunt Susy, but you must do your duty by me before you sleep. I must be off early to-morrow. I have set my heart upon making a few sketches over at Sussex."

"I have always wished that somebody would do that very thing. To me it is the most charmingly picturesque little place. But, Richard, you must surely give me a few days before I go back to town; you used to like to stay with me. And this year, of all others, while Nelly and the children are away, and I have missed them so much, I do think you should not have forgotten me."

"You always have such a houseful of people," grumbled Dick. "Yes, I suppose I can come for next week; or you may put me down for all next summer, if you like that better. Don't be foolish, aunt Susan. You always have laughed at me, but you never must let me make you sorry," and he laid his finger gently on her little lace cap and soft gray hair, and then turned away quickly, and walked over to the window. "What bright moonlight!" he said. "Do go to bed, aunt. Be friendly, and take yourself off now. You have no idea how early I had my breakfast."

"Dick," said the little woman, raising herself to her full height and coming to stand before him, — "Dick, my dear, I begin to think you had better let me have your traps brought here to-morrow or next day. I don't quite like your staying there any more. They're good people and ever so fond of you; but for their sakes, and that nice girl's sake especially, I hate to have you run into any sort of danger. I think it has been a great thing for you in many ways, and a

charming experience on the whole; but believe me, you had better come away. I really should be hurt if you did n't come to me, now that I have told the Chaunceys that you have been hiding yourself so near me for weeks and weeks. If you were a girl yourself, I should feel differently; but with your good looks and your fortune, and your way of making everybody like you, I think it is all a great risk."

Dick tried to laugh at this determined charge, but at that moment he felt as a girl might truly feel, not like a man. "I am all right, thank you, dear old lady," he said. "Doris has a lover already, if that is what you mean. Perhaps you think that Temperance is setting her nets."

"Good old soul!" responded Mrs. Winchester, with some spirit. "I won't have you make such low jokes, Dick."

"I like her, myself," answered the young man, angrily. "I like every one of them at the island. If I ever amount to anything, I shall thank those sincere, simple people for setting me the example of following my duty and working hard and steadily. I wish sometimes that I had n't two cents in the world. I never was so happy in my life as I have been there; nobody ever asked whether I was rich or poor. You have to be put into an honest place like that to know anything of yourself. You can't think how tired and sick I am of the kind of life I have somehow drifted into."

"I have always felt that you were capable of better things," agreed aunt Susan, much moved by the gloomy eagerness of her nephew. "But now that you have had your lesson you must profit by it; you would waste yourself even more if you stayed long on that farm. Think of your opportunities! I dare say you have found time for thought, and I congratulate you; but what are you going to do with your new energy? Dick, dear, I have been a sort of mother to

you. I have loved you, and tried to make up for the loss of your own mother. Now don't be foolish and sentimental, and fall in love with that pretty girl. You're spasmodic; you're led by your enthusiasms. I think she is really charming to look at, but she is not a fit wife for you."

"Aunt Susan," and the listener to these exhortations faced about suddenly from the window, "Doris Owen is the most beautiful woman I ever knew. She's capable of anything. She is not inferior. She may lack certain experiences, but she is equal to meeting them. She is a fit wife for any man."

"Oh dear, dear!" groaned aunt Susan at this incomprehensible nephew, "is it as bad as that?"

"Bad as what?" said Dick, ready to fight for his rights. "Come, this is too late a council; we never should have fallen to discussing such things by daylight."

"You must tell me all about it. How far have you really gone?" persisted the troubled woman.

"Gone?" exclaimed Dick Dale. "I have done nothing at all. If you mean to ask whether I have asked Doris Owen to be my wife, I certainly have not. And nobody but you should drive me to the wall in this fashion, and question me as if I were a schoolboy."

Mrs. Winchester asks to be forgiven. She trusts Dick, and tells him so. She has never been ashamed of him yet. All these things she says in a matter-of-fact tone, and then bids him good-night, and goes away. Dick does not kiss her, after his old fashion, though she wishes he would, as she lets go his strong hand

and looks at him an instant before she flits away from the door, stepping softly along the hall in her light little shoes. A moment after it is too late, Dick is sorry he did not give her the kiss, and then he considers the propriety of his last statement. He liked, after all, to be treated in exactly this way; it was the only bit of home life that seemed to be always his own. He was invariably called to account by his aunt Susan, and as a general thing took his catechising meekly, as became the nephew whom a kind fate had put under Mrs. Winchester's charge through his early years. The time of boyish marauding, of shirking lessons and abusing clothes and tormenting servants, was happily over with, but his misdemeanors were only transferred to more dangerous quarters. Poor Dick! he felt very young and very willful now; it was only city life and association that made him look upon himself as the Methuselah of society.

The sea was dashing against the low cliffs, not far away. He listened to the sound of it until he fell asleep. The waves were calling and waiting, and calling again, louder than before. The great sea was farther away from the Marsh Island, and there the cry of it seemed more distant and dull; here there was an insistence, a mercilessness, in its voice. The limitless deep was like a personification of his own future. There was a great pain in such a consciousness of great possibilities and miserable achievements. Was Mrs. Winchester wrong or right? Her horizons might indeed be contracted, but her directions were as true as the compass.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

THE writer of these pages has observed that the first question usually asked in relation to Mr. Cross's long-expected biography is whether the reader has not been disappointed in it. The inquirer is apt to be disappointed if the question is answered in the negative. It may as well be said, therefore, at the threshold of the following remarks, that such is not the feeling with which this particular reader laid down the book. The general feeling touching the work will depend very much on what has been looked for: there was probably, in advance, a considerable belief that we were to be treated to "revelations." I know not, exactly, why it should have been, but certain it is that the announcement of a biography of George Eliot has been construed more or less as a promise that we were to be admitted behind the scenes, as it were, of her life. No such result has taken place. We look at the drama from the point of view usually allotted to the public, and the curtain is lowered whenever it suits the biographer. The most "intimate" pages in the book are those in which the great novelist notes her derangements of health and depression of spirits. This history, to my sense, is quite as interesting as it might have been; that is, it is of the deepest interest, and can miss nothing that is characteristic or involved in the subject, except, perhaps, a few more examples of the *vis comica* which made half the fortune of Adam Bede and Silas Marner. There is little that is absent that it would have been in Mr. Cross's power to give us. George Eliot's letters and journals are only a partial expression of her spirit, but they are evidently as full an expression as it was capable of giving itself when she was not wound up to the epic pitch. They do not explain her novels; they reflect in a sin-

gularly limited degree the process of growth of these great works; but it must be added that even a superficial acquaintance with the author was sufficient to assure one that her rich and complicated mind did not overflow in idle confidences. It was benignant and receptive in the highest degree, and nothing could have been more gracious than the manner of its intercourse; but it was deeply reserved, and very far from egotistical, and nothing could have been less easy or agreeable to it, I surmise, than to attempt to tell people how, for instance, the plot of *Romola* got itself constructed, or the character of Grandcourt got itself observed. There are critics who refuse to the delineator of this gentleman the title of a genius; who say that she had only a great talent, overloaded with a great store of knowledge. The label, the epithet, matters little, but it is certain that George Eliot had this characteristic of the mind *possessed*; that the creations which brought her renown were of the incalculable kind, shaped themselves in mystery, in some intellectual back shop or secret crucible, and were as little as possible implied in the aspect of her life. There is nothing more singular or striking in Mr. Cross's volumes than the absence of any indication, up to the time the *Scenes from Clerical Life* were published, that Miss Evans was a likely person to have written them; unless it be the absence of any indication, after they were published, that the deeply-studious, concentrated, home-keeping Mrs. Lewes was a likely person to have produced their successes. I know very well that there is no such thing, in general, as the air of the novelist, which it behooves those who practice this art to put on, so that they may be recognized in public places; but there is such a thing as the air of the

sage, the scholar, the philosopher, the votary of abstractions and of the lore of the ages, and in this pale but rich Life that is the face that is presented.

The plan on which it is composed is, so far as I know, without precedent, but it is a plan that could have occurred only to an "outsider" in literature, if I may venture to apply this term to one who has executed a literary task with such tact and success. The regular *littérateur*, hampered by tradition, would, I think, have lacked the boldness, the artless artfulness, of conjoining in the same text selected morsels of letters and journals, so as to form a continuous and multifarious *talk*, on the writer's part, punctuated only by marginal names and dates and divisions into chapters. There is something a little violent in the system, in spite of our feeling that it has been applied with a gentle hand; but it was probably the best that Mr. Cross could have adopted, and it served especially well his purpose of appearing only as an arranger, or rather of not appearing at all. The modesty, the good taste, the self-effacement, of the editorial element in the book are, in a word, complete, and the clearness and care of arrangement, the accuracy of reference, leave nothing to be desired. The form Mr. Cross has chosen, or invented, becomes, in the application, highly agreeable, and his rule of omission (for we have, almost always, only parts and passages of letters) has not prevented his volumes from being as copious as we could wish. George Eliot was not a great letter-writer, either in quantity or quality; she had neither the spirit, the leisure, nor the lightness of mind to conjure with the epistolary pen, and after her union with George Henry Lewes her disposition to play with it was farther restricted by his quick activity in her service. Letter-writing was part of the trouble he saved her; in this, as in other ways, he interposed between the world and his sensi-

tive companion. The difference is striking between her habits in this respect and those of Madame George Sand, whose correspondence has lately been collected into six closely printed volumes, which testify afresh to her extraordinary energy and facility. Madame Sand, however, indefatigable producer as she was, was not a woman of study; she lived from day to day, from hand to mouth (intellectually), as it were, and had no general plan of life and culture. Her English compeer took work more seriously, and distilled her very substance into the things she gave the world. There was, therefore, so much the less of it left for her casual writing.

It was not till Marian Evans was past thirty, indeed, that she became an author by profession, and it may accordingly be supposed that her early letters are those which take us most into her confidence. This is true of those written when she was on the threshold of womanhood, which form a very full expression of her feelings at the time. The drawback here is that the feelings themselves are rather wanting in interest — one may almost say in amiability. At the age of twenty Marian Evans was a deeply religious young woman, whose faith took the form of a narrow evangelicism. Religious, in a manner, she remained to the end of her life, in spite of her adoption of a scientific explanation of things; but in the year 1839 she thought it ungodly to go to concerts and to read novels. She writes to her former governess that she can "only sigh" when she hears of the "marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly transacted;" expresses enjoyment of Hannah More's letters ("the contemplation of so blessed a character as hers is very salutary"); wishes that she "might be more useful in her own obscure and lowly station" ("I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground"), that she "might seek to be sanctified wholly." These first

fragments of her correspondence, first glimpses of her mind, are very curious; they have nothing in common with the later ones but the deep seriousness of the tone. Serious, of course, George Eliot continued to be to the end; the sense of moral responsibility, of the sadness and difficulty of life, was the most inveterate part of her nature. But the provincial strain in the letters from which I have quoted is very marked: they reflect a meagreness and grayness of outward circumstance; have a tinge as of Dissent in a small English town, where there are brick chapels in back streets. This was only a moment in her development; but there is something touching in the contrast between such a state of mind and that of the woman before whom, at middle age, all the culture of the world unrolled itself, and towards whom fame and fortune and an activity which at the earlier period she would have thought very profane pressed with rapidity. In 1839, as I have said, she thought very meanly of the art in which she was to attain such distinction. "I venture to believe that the same causes which exist in my own breast to render novels and romances pernicious have their counterpart in every fellow creature. . . . The weapons of Christian warfare were never sharpened at the forge of romance." The style of these pietistic utterances is singularly strenuous and heavy; the light and familiar are absent from them, and I think it is not too much to say that they show scarcely a single premonitory ray of the genius which had *Silas Marner* in reserve. This dryness was only a phase, indeed; it was speedily dispelled by more abundant showers of mental experience. Premonitory rays are still absent, however, after her first asceticism passes away — a change apparently coincident with her removal from the country to the pleasant old town of Coventry, where all American pilgrims to midland shrines go to-day to look at the "three tall spires" commemorated in

Tennyson's *Godiva*. After the evangelical note began to fade, it was still the desire for faith (a faith which could reconcile human affection with some of the unamiable truths of science), still the religious idea, that colored her thought; not the love of human life as a spectacle, nor the desire to do something in art. It must be remembered, though, that during these years, if she were not stimulating prophecy in any definite form, she was inhaling those impressions which were to make her first books so full of the delightful midland quality, the air of old-fashioned provincialism. The first piece of literary work she attempted (and she brought it to the best conclusion) was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, which she began in 1844, when she was not yet twenty-five years of age; a task which indicates not only the persistence of her religious preoccupations, as well as the higher form they took, but the fact that, with the limited facilities afforded by her life at that time, she had mastered one of the most difficult of foreign languages and the vocabulary of a German exegetist. In 1841 she thought it wrong to encourage novels, but in 1847 she confesses to reading George Sand with great delight. There is no exhibition in Mr. Cross's pages of the steps by which she passed over to a position of tolerant skepticism: but the details of the process are after all of minor importance; the essential fact is that the change was predetermined by the nature of her mind.

The great event of her life was, of course, her acquaintance with George Henry Lewes. I say "of course," because this relation had an importance even more controlling than the publication and success of her first attempt at fiction, inasmuch as it was in consequence of Mr. Lewes's friendly urgency that she wrote the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. She met him for the first time in London, in the autumn of 1851; but it

was not till the summer of 1854 that the connection with him began (it was marked to the world by their going to spend together several months in Germany, where he was bent on researches for his *Life of Goethe*) which was to become so much closer than many formal marriages, and to last till his death in 1878. The episode of Miss Evans's life in London during these three years was already tolerably well known. She had become by this time a professional literary woman, and had regular work as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*, to which she gave her most conscientious attention. Her accomplishments now were wide. She was a linguist, a copious reader, an earnest student of history and philosophy. She wrote much for the *Westminster*, as well as solicited articles from others, and several of her contributions are contained in the volume of essays published after her death, — essays of which it is fair to say that they give but a faint intimation of her latent powers. George Henry Lewes was a versatile, hard-working journalist, with a tendency, apparently, of the drifting sort; and after having been made acquainted with each other by Mr. Herbert Spencer the pair commingled their sympathies and their work. Her letters, at this season, contain constant mention of Lewes (one allusion to the effect that he "has quite won my regard, after having had a good deal of my vituperation"); she takes an interest in his health, and corrects his proofs for him when he is absent. It was impossible for Mr. Lewes to marry, as he had a wife living, from whom he was separated. He had also three children, of whom the care did not devolve upon their mother. The union Miss Evans formed with him was a deliberate step, of which she accepted all the consequences. These consequences were excellent, so far as the world is at liberty to judge, save in an important particular. This particular is the fact that her

false position, as we may call it, produced upon George Eliot's life a certain effect of sequestration, which was not favorable to social freedom, and which excited on the part of her companion a certain protecting, sheltering, fostering, precautionary attitude, — the assumption that they lived in special, in abnormal conditions. It would be too much to say that George Eliot had not the courage of the situation she had embraced, but she had, at least, not the indifference; she was unable, in the premises, to be sufficiently superficial. Her deep, strenuous, much-considering mind, of which the leading mark is the capacity for a sort of luminous brooding, fed upon the idea of her irregularity with an intensity which doubtless only her magnificent intellectual activity and Lewes's brilliancy and ingenuity kept from being morbid. The fault of most of her work is the absence of spontaneity, the excess of reflection; and by her action in 1854 (which seemed, superficially, to be of the sort usually termed reckless) she committed herself to being nothing if not reflective, to cultivating a kind of compensatory earnestness. Her earnestness, her refined conscience, her exalted sense of responsibility, were colored by her peculiar position; they committed her to a plan of life, of study, in which the accidental, the unexpected, were too little allowed for, and this is what I mean by speaking of her sequestration. If her relations with the world had been easier, in a word, her books would have been less difficult. Mr. Cross, very justly, merely touches upon this question of her forming a tie which was deprived of the sanction of the law; but he gives a portion of a letter written to Mrs. Bray more than a year after it had begun, which sufficiently indicates the serenity of her resolution. Repentance, of course, she never had, — the success of her experiment was too rare and complete for that; and I do not mean that her attitude was ever for

a moment apologetic. On the contrary, it was only too superabundantly confirmatory. Her effort was to pitch her life ever in the key of the superior wisdom that made her say to Mrs. Bray, in the letter of September, 1855, "That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral I can only understand when I remember how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion." I need not attempt to project the light of criticism on this particular case of conscience; there remains ever, in the mutual relations of respectable men and women, an element which is for themselves alone to consider. One reflection, however, forces itself upon the mind: if the connection had not taken place, we should have lost the spectacle and influence of one of the most complete and tender unions presented to us in the history of literature. There has been much talk about George Eliot's "example," which is not to be deprecated so long as it is remembered that in speaking of the example of a woman of such rare nobleness of mind we can only mean example for good. Exemplary indeed, in her long connection with George Henry Lewes, were her sympathy, appreciation, affection, constancy.

She was thirty-seven years old when the *Scenes from Clerical Life* were published, but this work opened wide for her the door of success, and fame and fortune came to her rapidly. Her union with Lewes had been a union of poverty: there is a sentence in her journal, of the year 1856, which speaks of their ascending certain cliffs called the Tors, at Ilfracombe, "only twice; for a tax of 3*d.* per head was demanded for this luxury, and we could not afford a sixpenny walk very frequently." The incentive to writing *Amos Barton* seems to have been mainly pecuniary. There was an urgent need to make money, and it ap-

pears to have been agreed between the pair that there was at least no harm in the lady's trying her hand at a story. Lewes professed a belief that she would really do something in this line, while she, more skeptical, reserved her judgment till after the test. The *Scenes from Clerical Life* were therefore pre-eminently an empirical work of fiction. With the sending of the first episode to the late Mr. John Blackwood for approval, there opened a relation between publisher and author which lasted to the end, and which was probably more genial and unclouded than any in the annals of literature, as well as almost unprecedentedly lucrative to both parties. This first book of George Eliot's has little of the usual air of a first book, none of the crudity of an early attempt; it was not the work of a youthful person, and one sees that the material had been long in her mind. The ripeness, the pathos, a sort of considered quality, are as striking to-day as when *Amos Barton* and *Janet's Repentance* were published, and enable us to understand that people should have asked themselves with surprise, at that time, who it was, in the midst of them, that had been taking notes so long and so wisely without giving a sign. *Adam Bede*, written rapidly, appeared in 1859, and George Eliot found herself a consummate novelist without having suspected it. The book was an immense, a brilliant success, and from this moment the author's life took its definite and final direction. She accepted the great obligations which to her mind belonged to a person who had the ear of the public, and her whole effort thenceforth was highly to respond to them, — to respond to them by teaching, by vivid moral illustration, and even by direct exhortation. It is striking that from the first her conception of the novelist's task is never in the least as the game of art. The most interesting passage in Mr. Cross's volumes is, to my sense, a simple sentence in a short entry

in her journal in the year 1859, just after she had finished the first volume of *The Mill on the Floss* (the original title of which, by the way, had been *Sister Maggie*): "We have just finished reading aloud *Père Goriot*, a hateful book." That Balzac's masterpiece should have elicited from her only this remark, at a time, too, when her mind might have been opened to it by her own activity of composition, is significant of so many things that the few words are, in the whole *Life*, those I should have been most sorry to lose. Of course they are not all George Eliot would have had to say about Balzac, if some other occasion than a simple jotting in a diary had presented itself. Still, what even a jotting may *not* have said after a first perusal of *Le Père Goriot* is eloquent; it illuminates the author's general attitude with regard to the novel, which, for her, was not primarily a picture of life, capable of deriving a high value from its form, but a moralized fable, the last word of a philosophy endeavoring to teach by example.

This is a very noble and defensible view, and one must speak respectfully of any theory of work which would produce such fruit as *Romola* and *Middlemarch*. But it testifies to that side of George Eliot's nature which was weakest — the absence of free æsthetic life (I venture this remark in the face of a passage quoted from one of her letters in Mr. Cross's third volume); it gives the hand, as it were, to several other instances that may be found in the same pages. "My function is that of the *æsthetic*, not the doctrinal teacher; the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge." That is the passage referred to in my parenthetic allusion, and it is a good general description of the manner in which George

Eliot may be said to have acted on her generation; but the "artistic mind," the possession of which it implies, existed in her with limitations remarkable in a writer whose imagination was so rich. We feel in her, always, that she proceeds from the abstract to the concrete; that her figures and situations are evolved, as the phrase is, from her moral consciousness, and are only indirectly the products of observations. They are deeply studied and elaborately justified, but they are not *seen* in the irresponsible plastic way. The world was, first and foremost, for George Eliot, the moral, the intellectual world; the personal spectacle came after; and lovingly, humanly, as she regarded it, we constantly feel that she cares for the things she finds in it only so far as they are types. The philosophic door is always open, on her stage, and we are aware that the somewhat cooling draught of ethical purpose draws across it. This constitutes half the beauty of her work; the constant reference to ideas may be an excellent source of one kind of reality — for, after all, the secret of seeing a thing well is not necessarily that you see nothing else. Her preoccupation with the universe helped to make her characters strike you as also belonging to it; it raised the roof, widened the area, of her æsthetic structure. Nothing is finer, in her genius, than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special case; without this, indeed, we should not have heard of her as a novelist, for the passion of the special case is surely the basis of the storyteller's art. All the same, that little sign of all that Balzac failed to suggest to her showed at what perils the special case got itself considered. Such dangers increased as her activity proceeded, and many judges perhaps hold that in her ultimate work, in *Middlemarch* and *Deronda* (especially the latter), it ceased to be considered at all. Such critics assure us that *Gwendolen* and *Grand-*

court, Deronda and Myra, are not concrete images, but disembodied types, pale abstractions, signs and symbols of a "great lesson." I give up Deronda and Myra to the objector, but Grandcourt and Gwendolen seem to me to have a kind of superior reality; to be, in a high degree, what one demands of a figure in a novel, planted on their legs and complete.

The truth is, perception and reflection, at the outset, divided George Eliot's great talent between them; but, as time went on, circumstances led the latter to develop itself at the expense of the former — one of these circumstances being apparently the influence of George Henry Lewes. Lewes was interested in science, in cosmic problems; and though his companion, thanks to the original bent of her versatile, powerful mind, needed no impulse from without to turn herself to speculation, yet the contagion of his studies pushed her further than she would otherwise have gone in the direction of *scientific* observation, which is but another form of what I have called reflection. Her early novels are full of natural as distinguished from systematic observation, though even in them it is less the dominant will, I think, than the love of the "moral," the reaction of thought in the face of the human comedy. They had observation sufficient, at any rate, to make their fortune, and it may well be said that that is enough for any novel. In *Silas Marner*, in *Adam Bede*, the quality seems gilded by a sort of autumn haze, an afternoon light, of meditation, which mitigates the sharpness of portraiture. I doubt very much whether the author herself had a clear vision, for instance, of the marriage of Dinah Morris to Adam, or of the rescue of Hetty from the scaffold at the eleventh hour. The reason of this may be, indeed, that her perception was a perception of nature much more than of art, and that these particular incidents do not belong to na-

ture (to my sense, at least); by which I do not mean that they belong to a very happy art. I cite them, on the contrary, as an evidence of artistic weakness; they are a very good example of the view in which a story must have marriages and rescues in the nick of time as a matter of course. I must add, in fairness to George Eliot, that the marriage of the nun-like Dinah, which shocks the reader, who sees in it a base concession, was a *trouvaille* of Lewes's, and is a small sign of that same faulty judgment in literary things which led him to throw his influence on the side of her writing verse — verse which is *all* reflection, with direct, vivifying vision remarkably absent.

It is a part of this same limitation of the pleasure she was capable of taking in the fact of representation for itself that the various journals and notes of her visits to the Continent are, though by no means destitute of the tempered enjoyment of foreign sights, which was as near as she ever came to rapture, singularly vague in expression on the subject of the general and particular spectacle — the life and manners, the works of art. She enumerates diligently all the pictures and statues she sees, and the way she does so is a proof of her active, earnest intellectual habits; but it is rarely apparent that they have, as the phrase is, said much to her, or that what they have said is one of their deeper secrets. She is capable of writing, after coming out of the great chapel of San Lorenzo, in Florence, that "the world-famous statues of Michael Angelo on the tombs . . . remained to us as affected and exaggerated in the original as in copies and casts." That sentence startles one, on the part of the author of *Romola*, and that Mr. Cross should have printed it is a commendable proof of his impartiality.

It was in *Romola*, precisely, that the equilibrium I spoke of just now was lost, and that reflection began to weigh down

the scale. *Romola* is preëminently a study of the human conscience in an historical setting which is studied almost as much, and few passages in Mr. Cross's volumes are more interesting than those relating to the production of this magnificent romance. George Eliot took all her work with a noble seriousness, but into none of it did she throw herself with more passion. It drained from her as much as she gave to it, and none of her writing ploughed into her, to use her biographer's expression, so deeply. She told him that she began it as a young woman, and finished it as an old one. More than any of her novels, it was evolved, as I have said, from her moral consciousness — a moral consciousness encircled by a prodigious amount of literary research. Her literary ideal was at all times of the highest, but in the preparation of *Romola* it placed her under a control absolutely religious. She read innumerable books, some of them bearing only remotely on her subject, and consulted without stint contemporary records and documents. She neglected nothing that would enable her to live, intellectually, in the period she had undertaken to describe. We know, for the most part, I think, the result. *Romola* is on the whole the finest thing she wrote, but its defects are almost on the scale of its beauties. The great defect is that, except in the person of Tito Melema, it does not seem positively to live. It is overladen with learning, it smells of the lamp, it tastes just perceptibly of pedantry. In spite of its incomplete animation, however, it assuredly will survive in men's remembrance, for the finest pages in it belong to the finest part of our literature. It is on the whole a failure, but such a failure as only a great talent can produce; and one may say of it that there are many great "hits" far less interesting than such a mistake. A twentieth part of the erudition would have sufficed, would have given us the feeling and color of the

time, if there had been more of the breath of the Florentine streets, more of the faculty of optical evocation, a greater saturation of the senses with the elements of the adorable little city. The difficulty with the book, for the most part, is that it is not Italian; it has always seemed to me the most Germanic of the author's productions. I cannot imagine a German writing (in the way of a novel) anything half so good; but if I could imagine it, I should suppose *Romola* to be very much the sort of picture he would achieve — the sort of medium through which he would show us how, by the Arno-side, the fifteenth century came to an end. One of the sources of interest in the book is that, more than any of its companions, it indicates how much George Eliot proceeded by reflection and research; how little important, comparatively, she thought that same breath of the streets. It carries to a maximum the in-door quality.

The most definite impression produced, perhaps, by Mr. Cross's volumes (by the second and third) is that of simple success — success which had been the result of no external accidents (unless her union with Lewes be so denominated), but was involved in the very faculties nature had given her. All the elements of an eventual happy fortune met in her constitution. The great foundation, to begin with, was there — the magnificent mind, vigorous, luminous, and eminently sane. To her intellectual vigor, her immense facility, her exemption from cerebral lassitude, her letters and journals bear the most copious testimony. Her daily stint of arduous reading and writing was of the largest. Her *ability*, as one may express it in the most general way, was astonishing, and it belonged to every season of her long and fruitful career. Her passion for study encountered no impediment, but was able to make everything feed and support it. The extent and variety of her knowledge is by it-

self a *résumé* of an existence which triumphed wherever it wished. Add to this an immense special talent, which, as soon as it tries its wings, is found to be capable of the highest, longest flights, and brings back great material rewards. George Eliot of course had drawbacks and difficulties, physical infirmities, constant liabilities to headache, dyspepsia, and other illness, to deep depression, to despair about her work; but these jolts of the chariot were small in proportion to the impetus acquired, and were hardly greater than was necessary for reminding her of the secret of all ambitious workers in the field of art — that effort, effort, always effort, is the only key of success. Her great furtherance was that, intensely intellectual being as she was, the life of affection and emotion was also widely open to her. She had all the initiation of knowledge and none of its dryness, all the advantages of judgment and all the luxuries of feeling. She had an imagination which enabled her to sit at home with book and pen, and yet enter into the life of other generations; project herself into Warwickshire ale-houses and Florentine symposia, reconstitute conditions utterly different from her own. Toward the end she triumphed over the great impossible; she reconciled the greatest sensibility with the highest serenity. She succeeded in guarding her pursuits from intrusion; in carrying out her habits; in sacrificing her work as little as possible; in leading, in the midst of a society united in conspiracies to interrupt and demoralize, an independent, strenuously personal life. People who had the honor of penetrating into the sequestered precinct of the Priory — the house in London, in which she lived from 1863 to 1880 — remember well a kind of sanctity in the place, an atmosphere of stillness and concentration, something that suggested a literary temple.

It was part of the good fortune of which I speak that in Mr. Lewes she

had found the most devoted of caretakers, the most jealous of ministers, a companion through whom all business was transacted. The one drawback of this relation was that, considering what she attempted, it limited her experience too much to itself, but for the rest it helped her in a hundred ways; it saved her nerves, it fortified her privacy, it protected her leisure, it diminished the friction of living. His admiration of her work was of the largest, though not always, I think, truly discriminating, and he surrounded her with a sort of temperate zone of independence — independence of everything except him and her own standards. Nervous, sensitive, delicate in every way in which genius is delicate (except, indeed, that she had a robust reason), it was a great thing for her to have accident made rare and exposure mitigated; and to this result Lewes, as the administrator of her fame, admirably contributed. He filtered the stream, and gave her only the clearer water. The accident of reading reviews of one's productions, especially when they are bad, is, for the artist of our day, one of the most frequent; and Mr. Lewes, by keeping these things out of her way, enabled her to achieve what was perhaps the highest form of her success — an inaccessibility to the newspaper. "It is remarkable to me," she writes in 1876, "that I have entirely lost my *personal* melancholy. I often, of course, have melancholy thoughts about the destinies of my fellow creatures, but I am never in that *mood* of sadness which used to be my frequent visitant even in the midst of external happiness." Her later years, colored by this accumulated wisdom, when she had taken her final form before the world, and had come to be regarded more and more as a teacher and philosopher, are full of suggestion to the critic, but I have exhausted my limited space. There is a certain coldness in them, perhaps — the coldness that results from most

of one's opinions being formed, one's mind made up, on many great subjects; from the degree, in a word, to which "culture" had taken the place of the more primitive processes of experience.

"Ah, les livres, ils nous débordent, ils nous étouffent — nous périssons par les livres!" That cry of a distinguished French novelist (there is no harm in mentioning M. Alphonse Daudet), which fell upon the ear of the present writer some time ago, represents as little as possible the emotion of George Eliot, confronted with literatures and sciences. M. Alphonse Daudet went on to say that, to his mind, the personal impression, the effort of direct observation, was the most precious source of information for the novelist; that nothing could take its place; that the effect of books was constantly to check and pervert this effort; that a second-hand, third-hand, tenth-hand, impression was constantly tending to substitute itself for a fresh perception; that we were ending by seeing everything through literature instead of through our own senses; and that, in short, literature was rapidly killing literature. This view has immense truth on its side, but the case would be too simple if, on one side or the other, there were only one way of finding out. The effort of the novelist is to find out, to know, or at least to see and no one, in the nature of things, can afford to be less indifferent to side-lights. Books are themselves, unfortunately, an expression of human passions. George Eliot had no doubts, at any rate; if impressionism, before she laid down her pen, had already begun to be talked about, it would have made no difference with her — she would have had no desire to pass for an impressionist.

There is one question we cannot help asking ourselves as we close this record of her life; it is impossible not to let our imagination wander in the direction of what turn her mind or her fortune might have taken if she had

never met George Henry Lewes, or never cast her lot with his. It is safe to say that, in one way or another, in the long run, her novels would have got themselves written, and it is possible they would have been more natural, as one may call it, more familiarly and casually human. Would her development have been less systematic, more irresponsible, more personal, and should we have had more of Adam Bede and Silas Marner, and less of *Romola* and *Middlemarch*? The question, after all, cannot be answered, and I do not push it, being myself very grateful for *Middlemarch* and *Romola*. It is as George Eliot does actually present herself that we must judge her — a condition that will not prevent her from striking us as one of the noblest, most beautiful minds of our time. This impression bears the reader company throughout these letters and notes. It is impossible not to feel, as we close them, that she was an admirable being. They are less brilliant, less entertaining, than we might have hoped; they contain fewer "good things," and have even a certain grayness of tone, something measured and subdued, as of a person talking without ever raising her voice. But there rises from them a kind of fragrance of moral elevation; a love of justice, truth, and light; a large, generous way of looking at things; and a constant effort to hold high the torch in the dusky spaces of man's conscience. That is how we see her during the latter years of her life: frail, delicate, shivering a little, much fatigued and considerably spent, but still meditating on what could be acquired and imparted; still living, in the intelligence, a freer, larger life than probably had ever been the portion of any woman. To her own sex her memory, her example, will remain of the highest value; those of them for whom the "development" of woman is the hope of the future ought to erect a monument to George Eliot. She helped on the cause more than any

one, in proving how few limitations are of necessity implied in the feminine organism. She went so far that such a distance seems enough, and in her effort she sacrificed no tenderness, no grace. There is much talk to-day about things being "open to women;" but George Eliot showed that there is nothing that is closed. If we criticise her novels, we must remember that her nature came first and her work afterwards, and that it is not remarkable that they should not

resemble the productions, say, of Alexander Dumas. What is remarkable, extraordinary — and the process remains inscrutable and mysterious — is that this quiet, anxious, sedentary, serious, invalidical English lady, without animal spirits, without adventures, without extravagance, assumption, or bravado, should have made us believe that nothing in the world was alien to her; should have produced such rich, deep, masterly pictures of the multifold life of man.

Henry James.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

VII.

A RECORD OF ANTIPATHIES.

IN thinking the whole matter over, Dr. Butts felt convinced that, with care and patience and watching his opportunity, he should get at the secret, which so far had yielded nothing but a single word. It might be asked why he was so anxious to learn what, from all appearances, the young stranger was unwilling to explain. He may have been to some extent infected by the general curiosity of the persons around him, in which good Mrs. Butts shared, and which she had helped to intensify by revealing the word dropped by Paolo. But this was not really his chief motive. He could not look upon this young man, living a life of unwholesome solitude, without a natural desire to do all that his science and his knowledge of human nature could help him to do towards bringing him into healthy relations with the world about him. Still, he would not intrude upon him in any way. He would only make certain general investigations, which might prove serviceable in case circumstances should give him the right to counsel the young man as

to his course of life. The first thing to be done was to study systematically the whole subject of antipathies. Then, if any further occasion offered itself, he would be ready to take advantage of it. The resources of the Public Library of the place and his own private collection were put in requisition to furnish him the singular and widely scattered facts of which he was in search.

It is not every reader who will care to follow Dr. Butts in his study of the natural history of antipathies. The stories told about them are, however, very curious; and if some of them may be questioned, there is no doubt that many of the strangest are true, and consequently take away from the improbability of others which we are disposed to doubt.

But in the first place, what do we mean by an antipathy? It is an aversion to some object, which may vary in degree from mere dislike to mortal horror. What the cause of this aversion is we cannot say. It acts sometimes through the senses, sometimes through the imagination, sometimes through an unknown channel. The relations which exist between the human being and all that surrounds him vary in consequence

of some adjustment peculiar to each individual. The brute fact is expressed in the phrase "One man's meat is another man's poison."

In studying the history of antipathies the doctor began with those referable to the sense of taste, which are among the most common. In any collection of a hundred persons there will be found those who cannot make use of certain articles of food generally acceptable. This may be from the disgust they occasion or the effects they have been found to produce. Every one knows individuals who cannot venture on honey, or cheese, or veal, with impunity. Carlyle, for example, complains of having veal set before him, — a meat he could not endure. There is a whole family connection in New England, and that a very famous one, to many of whose members, in different generations, all the products of the dairy are the subjects of a congenital antipathy. Montaigne says there are persons who dread the smell of apples more than they would dread being exposed to a fire of musketry. The readers of the charming story "A Week in a French Country-House," will remember poor Monsieur Jacques's piteous cry in the night: "Ursula, art thou asleep? Oh, Ursula, thou sleepest, but I cannot close my eyes. Dearest Ursula, there is such a dreadful smell! Oh, Ursula, it is such a smell! I do so wish thou couldst smell it! Good-night, my angel! — Dearest! I have found them! . . . They are apples!" The smell of roses, of peonies, of lilies, has been known to cause faintness. The sight of various objects has had singular effects on some persons. A boar's head was a favorite dish at the table of great people in Marshal d'Albret's time; yet he used to faint at the sight of one. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who faint at the sight of blood. One of the most inveterately pugnacious of Dr. Butts's college-mates confessed that he had this infirmity. Stranger

and far more awkward than this is the case mentioned in an ancient collection, where the subject of the antipathy fainted at the sight of any object of a red color. There are sounds, also, which have strange effects on some individuals. Among the obnoxious noises are the crumpling of silk stuffs, the sound of sweeping, the croaking of frogs. The effects in different cases have been spasms, a sense of strangling, profuse sweating, — all showing a profound disturbance of the nervous system.

All these effects were produced by impressions on the organs of sense, seemingly by direct agency on certain nerve centres. But there is another series of cases in which the imagination plays a larger part in the phenomena. Two notable examples are afforded in the lives of two very distinguished personages. Peter the Great was frightened, when an infant, by falling from a bridge into the water. Long afterward, when he had reached manhood, this hardy and resolute man was so affected by the sound of wheels rattling over a bridge that he had to discipline himself by listening to the sound, in spite of his dread of it, in order to overcome his antipathy. The story told by Abbé Boileau of Pascal is very similar to that related of Peter. As he was driving in his coach and four over the bridge of Neuilly, his horses took fright and ran away, and the leaders broke from their harness and sprang into the river, leaving the wheel-horses and the carriage on the bridge. Ever after this fright it is said that Pascal had the terrifying sense that he was just on the edge of an abyss, ready to fall over.

What strange early impression was it which led a certain lady always to shriek aloud if she ventured to enter a church, as it is recorded? The old and simple way of accounting for it would be the scriptural one, that it was an unclean spirit who dwelt in her, and who, when she entered the holy place and brought

her spiritual tenant into the presence of the sacred symbols, "cried with a loud voice, and came out of" her. A very singular case, which has never been recorded, and which the reader may accept as authentic, is the following: At the head of the doctor's front stairs stood, and still stands, a tall clock, of early date and stately presence. A middle-aged visitor, noticing it as he entered the front door, remarked that he should feel a great unwillingness to pass that clock. He could not go near one of those tall timepieces without a profound agitation, which he dreaded to undergo. This very singular idiosyncrasy he attributed to a fright when he was an infant in the arms of his nurse. She was standing near one of those tall clocks, when the cord which supported one of its heavy leaden weights broke, and the weight came crashing down to the bottom of the case. Some effect must have been produced upon the pulpy nerve centres from which they never recovered. Why should not this happen, when we know that a sudden mental shock may be the cause of insanity? The doctor remembered the verse of *The Ancient Mariner*:—

"I moved my lips ; the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.
I took the oars ; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro."

This is only poetry, it is true, but the poet borrowed the description from nature, and the records of our asylums could furnish many cases where insanity was caused by a sudden fright.

More than this, hardly a year passes that we do not read of some person, a child commonly, killed outright by terror, — *scared to death*, literally. Sad cases they often are, in which, nothing but a surprise being intended, the shock has instantly arrested the movements on which life depends. If a mere instan-

aneous impression can produce effects like these, such an impression might of course be followed by consequences less fatal or formidable, but yet serious in their nature. If here and there a person is killed, as if by lightning, by a sudden startling sight or sound, there must be more numerous cases in which a terrible shock is produced by similar apparently insignificant causes, — a shock which falls short of overthrowing the reason and does not destroy life, yet leaves a lasting effect upon the subject of it.

This point, then, was settled in the mind of Dr. Butts, namely, that, as a violent emotion caused by a sudden shock can kill or craze a human being, there is no perversion of the faculties, no prejudice, no change of taste or temper, no eccentricity, no antipathy, which such a cause may not rationally account for. He would not be surprised, he said to himself, to find that some early alarm, like that which was experienced by Peter the Great or that which happened to Pascal, had broken some spring in this young man's nature, or so changed its mode of action as to account for the exceptional remoteness of his way of life. But how could any conceivable antipathy be so comprehensive as to keep a young man aloof from all the world, and make a hermit of him? He did not hate the human race; that was clear enough. He treated Paolo with great kindness, and the Italian was evidently much attached to him. He had talked naturally and pleasantly with the young man he had helped out of his dangerous situation when his boat was upset. Dr. Butts heard that he had once made a short visit to this young man, at his rooms in the University. It was not misanthropy, therefore, which kept him solitary. What could be broad enough to cover the facts of the case? Nothing that the doctor could think of, unless it were some color, the sight of which acted on him as it did on the in-

dividual before mentioned, who could not look at anything red without fainting. Suppose this were a case of the same antipathy. How very careful it would make the subject of it as to where he went and with whom he consorted! Time and patience would be pretty sure to bring out new developments, and physicians, of all men in the world, know how to wait as well as how to labor.

Such were some of the crude facts as Dr. Butts found them in books or gathered them from his own experience. He soon discovered that the story had got about the village that Maurice Kirkwood was the victim of an "antipathy," whatever that word might mean in the vocabulary of the people of the place. If he suspected the channel through which it had reached the little community, and, spreading from that centre, the country round, he did not see fit to make out of his suspicions a domestic *casus belli*. Paolo might have mentioned it to others as well as to himself. Maurice might have told some friend, who had divulged it. But to accuse Mrs. Butts, good Mrs. Butts, of petit treason in telling one of her husband's professional secrets was too serious a matter to be thought of. He would be a little more careful, he promised himself, the next time, at any rate; for he had to concede, in spite of every wish to be charitable in his judgment, that it was among the possibilities that the worthy lady had forgotten the rule that a doctor's patients must put their tongues out, and a doctor's wife must keep her tongue in.

VIII.

THE PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

The Secretary of this association was getting somewhat tired of the office, and the office was getting somewhat tired of him. It occurred to the members of the Society that a little fresh blood in-

fused into it might stir up the general vitality of the organization. The woman suffragists saw no reason why the place of Secretary need as a matter of course be filled by a person of the male sex. They agitated, they made domiciliary visits, they wrote notes to influential citizens, and finally announced as their candidate the young lady who had won and worn the school name of "The Terror," who was elected. She was just the person for the place: wide awake, with all her wits about her, full of every kind of knowledge, and, above all, strong on points of order and details of management, so that she could prompt the presiding officer, which is often the most essential duty of a Secretary. The President, the worthy rector, was good at plain sailing in the track of the common moralities and proprieties, but was liable to get muddled if anything came up requiring swift decision and off-hand speech. The Terror had schooled herself in the debating societies of the Institute, and would set up the President, when he was floored by an awkward question, as easily as if he were a nine-pin which had been bowled over.

It has been already mentioned that the Pansophian Society received communications from time to time from writers outside of its own organization. Of late these had been becoming more frequent. Many of them were sent in anonymously, and as there were numerous visitors to the village, and two institutions not far removed from it, both full of ambitious and intelligent young persons, it was often impossible to trace the papers to their authors. The new Secretary was alive with curiosity, and as sagacious a little body as one might find if in want of a detective. She could make a pretty shrewd guess whether a paper was written by a young or old person, by one of her own sex or the other, by an experienced hand or a novice.

Among the anonymous papers she received was one which exercised her cu-

riosity to an extraordinary degree. She felt a strong suspicion that "the Sachem," as the boat-crews used to call him, "the Recluse," "the Night-Hawk," "the Sphinx," as others named him, must be the author of it. It appeared to her the production of a young person of a reflective, poetical turn of mind. It was not a woman's way of writing; at least, so thought the Secretary. The writer had travelled much; had resided in Italy, among other places. But so had many of the summer visitors and residents of Arrowhead Village. The handwriting was not decisive; it had some points of resemblance with the pencilled orders for books which Maurice sent to the Library, but there were certain differences, intentional or accidental, which weakened this evidence. There was an undertone in the essay which was in keeping with the mode of life of the solitary stranger. It might be disappointment, melancholy, or only the dreamy sadness of a young person who sees the future he is to climb, not as a smooth ascent, but as overhanging him like a cliff, ready to crush him, with all his hopes and prospects. This interpretation may have been too imaginative, but here is the paper, and the reader can form his own opinion:—

MY THREE COMPANIONS.

"I have been from my youth upwards a wanderer. I do not mean constantly flitting from one place to another, for my residence has often been fixed for considerable periods. From time to time I have put down in a note-book the impressions made upon me by the scenes through which I have passed. I have long hesitated whether to let any of my notes appear before the public. My fear has been that they were too subjective, to use the metaphysician's term,—that I have seen myself reflected in Nature, and not the true aspects of Nature as she was meant to be understood. One who should visit the Harz

Mountains would see — might see, rather — his own colossal image shape itself on the morning mist. But if in every mist that rises from the meadows, in every cloud that hangs upon the mountain, he always finds his own reflection, we cannot accept him as an interpreter of the landscape.

"There must be many persons present at the meetings of the Society to which this paper is offered who have had experiences like that of its author. They have visited the same localities, they have had many of the same thoughts and feelings. Many, I have no doubt. Not all,—no, not all. Others have sought the companionship of Nature; I have been driven to it. Much of my life has been passed in that communion. These pages record some of the intimacies I have formed with her under some of her various manifestations.

"I have lived on the shore of the great ocean, where its waves broke wild-est and its voice rose loudest.

"I have passed whole seasons on the banks of mighty and famous rivers.

"I have dwelt on the margin of a tranquil lake, and floated through many a long, long summer day on its clear waters.

"I have learned the 'various language' of Nature, of which poetry has spoken,—at least, I have learned some words and phrases of it. I will translate some of these as I best may into common speech.

"The OCEAN says to the dweller on its shores:—

"'You are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth. Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as

I saw the dark faces of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a living creature left his footprints there. This horseshoe-crab I fling at your feet is of older lineage than your Adam, — unless, perhaps, you count your Adam as one of his descendants. What feeling have I for you? Not scorn, — not hatred, — not love, — not loathing, — No! — indifference, — blank indifference to you and your affairs: that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh yes, I will lap your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle. Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harmless? But hark! The wind is rising, and the wind and I are rough playmates! What do you say to my voice now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my great billows crash against them? Is not my anger terrible as I dash your argosy, your thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crack an eggshell? No, not anger; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference, — that is all. Out of me all things arose; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me; I change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses: I look on the white face of my dead mistress, whom I follow as the bridegroom follows the bier of her who has changed her nuptial raiment for the shroud.

“Ye whose thoughts are of eternity, come dwell at my side. Continents and isles grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline, and perish, to give

way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go. Look on me! “Time writes no wrinkle” on my forehead. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language: the winds taught me their vowels; the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence. Have you a grief that gnaws at your heart-strings? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priest of fardarting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness.’

“To him who loves the pages of human history, who listens to the voices of the world about him, who frequents the market and the thoroughfare, who lives in the study of time and its accidents rather than in the deeper emotions, in abstract speculation and spiritual contemplation, the RIVER addresses itself as his natural companion.

“Come live with me. I am active, cheerful, communicative, a natural talker and story-teller. I am not noisy, like the ocean, except occasionally when I am rudely interrupted, or when I stumble and get a fall. When I am silent you can still have pleasure in watching my changing features. My idlest babble, when I am toying with the trifles that fall in my way, if not very full of meaning, is at least musical. I am not a dangerous friend, like the ocean; no highway is absolutely safe, but my nature is harmless, and the storms that strew the beaches with wrecks cast no ruins upon my flowery borders. Abide with me, and you shall not die of thirst, like the forlorn wretches left to the mer-

cies of the pitiless salt waves. Trust yourself to me, and I will carry you far on your journey, if we are travelling to the same point of the compass. If I sometimes run riot and overflow your meadows, I leave fertility behind me when I withdraw to my natural channel. Walk by my side toward the place of my destination. I will keep pace with you, and you shall feel my presence with you as that of a self-conscious being like yourself. You will find it hard to be miserable in my company; I drain you of ill-conditioned thoughts as I carry away the refuse of your dwelling and its grounds.'

"But to him whom the ocean chills and crushes with its sullen indifference, and the river disturbs with its never-pausing and never-ending story, the silent LAKE shall be a refuge and a place of rest for his soul.

"'Vex not yourself with thoughts too vast for your limited faculties,' it says; 'yield not yourself to the babblings of the running stream. Leave the ocean, which cares nothing for you or any living thing that walks the solid earth; leave the river, too busy with its own errand, too talkative about its own affairs, and find peace with me, whose smile will cheer you, whose whisper will soothe you. Come to me when the morning sun blazes across my bosom like a golden baldric; come to me in the still midnight, when I hold the inverted firmament like a cup brimming with jewels, nor spill one star of all the constellations that float in my ebon goblet. Do you know the charm of melancholy? Where will you find a sympathy like mine in your hours of sadness? Does the ocean share your grief? Does the river listen to your sighs? The salt wave that called to you from under last month's full moon to-day is dashing on the rocks of Labrador; the stream that ran by you pure and sparkling has swallowed the poisonous refuse of a great

city, and is creeping to its grave in the wide cemetery that buries all things in its tomb of liquid crystal. It is true that my waters exhale and are renewed from one season to another; but are your features the same, absolutely the same, from year to year? We both change, but we know each other through all changes. Am I not mirrored in those eyes of yours? And does not Nature plant me as an eye to behold her beauties while she is dressed in the glories of leaf and flower, and draw the icy lid over my shining surface when she stands naked and ashamed in the poverty of winter?'

"I have had strange experiences and sad thoughts in the course of a life not very long, but with a record which much longer lives could not match in incident. Oftentimes the temptation has come over me with dangerous urgency to try a change of existence, if such change is a part of human destiny, — to seek rest, if that is what we gain by laying down the burden of life. I have asked who would be the friend to whom I should appeal for the last service I should have to call for. Ocean was there, all ready, asking no questions, answering none. What strange voyages, downward through its glaucous depths, upwards to its boiling and frothing surface, wafted by tides, driven by tempests, disparted by rude agencies; one remnant whitening on the sands of a northern beach, one perhaps built into the circle of a coral reef in the Pacific, one settling to the floor of the vast laboratory where continents are built, to emerge in far-off ages! What strange companions for my pall-bearers! Unwieldy sea-monsters, the stories of which are counted fables by the spectacled collectors who think their catalogues have exhausted nature; naked-eyed creatures, staring, glaring, nightmare-like spectres of the ghastly-green abysses; pulpy islands, with life in gelatinous immensity, —

what a company of hungry heirs at every ocean funeral! No! No! Ocean claims great multitudes, but does not invite the solitary who would fain be rid of himself.

"Shall I seek a deeper slumber at the bottom of the lake I love than I have ever found when drifting idly over its surface? No, again. I do not want the sweet, clear waters to know me in the disgrace of nature, when life, the faithful body-servant, has ceased caring for me. That must not be. The mirror which has pictured me so often shall never know me as an unwelcome object.

"If I must ask the all-subduing element to be my last friend, and lead me out of my prison, it shall be the busy, whispering, not unfriendly, pleasantly companionable river.

"But Ocean and River and Lake have certain relations to the periods of human life which they who are choosing their places of abode should consider. Let the child play upon the seashore. The wide horizon gives his imagination room to grow in, untrammelled. That background of mystery, without which life is a poor mechanical arrangement, is shaped and colored, so far as it can have outline, or any hue but shadow, on a vast canvas, the contemplation of which enlarges and enriches the sphere of consciousness. The mighty ocean is not too huge to symbolize the aspirations and ambitions of the yet untried soul of the adolescent.

"The time will come when his indefinite mental horizon has found a solid limit, which shuts his prospect in narrower bounds than he would have thought could content him in the years of undefined possibilities. Then he will find the river a more natural intimate than the ocean. It is individual, which the ocean, with all its gulfs and inlets and multitudinous shores, hardly seems to be. It does not love you very dearly, and will not miss you much when

you disappear from its margin; but it means well to you, bids you good-morning with its coming waves, and good-evening with those which are leaving. It will lead your thoughts pleasantly away, upwards to its source, downwards to the stream to which it is tributary, or the wide waters in which it is to lose itself. A river, by choice, to live by in middle age.

"In hours of melancholy reflection, in those last years of life which have little left but tender memories, the still companionship of the lake, embosomed in woods, sheltered, fed by sweet mountain brooks and hidden springs, commends itself to the wearied and saddened spirit. I am not thinking of those great inland seas, which have many of the features and much of the danger that belong to the ocean, but of those "ponds," as our countrymen used to call them until they were rechristened by summer visitors; beautiful sheets of water from a hundred to a few thousand acres in extent, scattered like raindrops over the map of our Northern sovereignties. The loneliness of contemplative old age finds its natural home in the near neighborhood of one of these tranquil basins.

"Nature does not always plant her poets where they belong, but if we look carefully their affinities betray themselves. The youth will carry his Byron to the rock which overlooks the ocean the poet loved so well. The man of maturer years will remember that the sonorous couplets of Pope which ring in his ears were written on the banks of the Thames. The old man, as he nods over the solemn verse of Wordsworth, will recognize the affinity between the singer and the calm sheet that lay before him as he wrote,—the stainless and sleepy Windermere.

"The dwellers by Cedar Lake may find it an amusement to compare their own feelings with those of one who has lived by the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, by the Nile and the Tiber, by

Lake Leman and by one of the fairest sheets of water that our own North America embosoms in its forests."

Miss Lurida Vincent, Secretary of the Pansophian Society, read this paper, and pondered long upon it. She was thinking very seriously of studying medicine, and had been for some time in frequent communication with Dr. Butts, under whose direction she had begun reading certain treatises, which added to such knowledge of the laws of life in health and in disease as she had brought with her from the Corinna Institute. Naturally enough, she carried the anonymous paper to the doctor, to get his opinion about it, and compare it with her own. They both agreed that it was probably, they would not say certainly, the work of the solitary visitor. There was room for doubt, for there were visitors who might well have travelled to all the places mentioned, and resided long enough on the shores of the waters the writer spoke of to have had all the experiences mentioned in the paper. The Terror remembered a young lady, a former schoolmate, who belonged to one of those nomadic families common in this generation, the heads of which, especially the female heads, can never be easy where they are, but keep going between America and Europe, like so many pith-balls in the electrical experiment, alternately attracted and repelled, never in contented equilibrium. Every few years they pull their families up by the roots, and by the time they have begun to take hold a little with their radicles in the spots to which they have been successively transplanted up they come again, so that they never get a tap-root anywhere. The Terror suspected the daughter of one of these families of sending certain anonymous articles of not dissimilar character to the one she had just received. But she knew the style of composition common among the young girls, and she could hardly

believe that it was one of them who had sent this paper. Could a brother of this young lady have written it? Possibly; she knew nothing more than that the young lady had a brother, then a student at the University. All the chances were that Mr. Maurice Kirkwood was the author. So thought Lurida, and so thought Dr. Butts.

Whatever faults there were in this essay, it interested them both. There was nothing which gave the least reason to suspect insanity on the part of the writer, whoever he or she might be. There were references to suicide, it is true, but they were of a purely speculative nature, and did not look to any practical purpose in that direction. Besides, if the stranger were the author of the paper, he certainly would not choose a sheet of water like Cedar Lake to perform the last offices for him, in case he seriously meditated taking unceremonious leave of life and its accidents. He could find a river easily enough, to say nothing of other methods of effecting his purpose; but he had committed himself as to the impropriety of selecting a lake, so they need not be anxious about the white canoe and its occupant, as they watched it skimming the surface of the deep waters.

The holder of the Portfolio would never have ventured to come before the public if he had not counted among his resources certain papers belonging to the records of the Pansophian Society, which he can make free use of, either for the illustration of the narrative, or for a diversion during those intervals in which the flow of events is languid, or even ceases for the time to manifest any progress. The reader can hardly have failed to notice that the old Anchor Tavern had become the focal point where a good deal of mental activity converged. There were the village people, including a number of cultivated families; there were the visitors, among them many ac-

complished and widely travelled persons; there was the University, with its learned teachers and aspiring young men; there was the Corinna Institute, with its eager, ambitious, hungry-souled young women, crowding on, class after class coming forward on the broad stream of liberal culture, and rounding the point which, once passed, the boundless possibilities of womanhood opened before them. All this furnished material enough and to spare for the records and the archives of the society.

The new Secretary infused fresh life into the meetings. It may be remembered that the girls had said of her, when she was *The Terror*, that "she knew everything and did n't believe anything." That was just the kind of person for a secretary of such an association. Properly interpreted, the saying meant that she knew a great deal, and wanted to know a great deal more, and was consequently always on the lookout for information; that she believed nothing without sufficient proof that it was true, and therefore was perpetually asking for evidence where others took assertions on trust.

It was astonishing to see what one little creature like *The Terror* could accomplish in the course of a single season. She found out what each member could do and wanted to do. She wrote to the outside visitors whom she suspected of capacity, and urged them to speak at the meetings, or send written papers to be read. As an official, with the printed title at the head of her notes, *PANSOPHIAN SOCIETY*, she was a privileged personage. She begged the young persons who had travelled to tell something of their experiences. She had contemplated getting up a discussion on the woman's rights question, but being a wary little body, and knowing that the debate would become a dispute and divide the members into two hostile camps, she deferred this project indefinitely. It would be time enough after

she had her team well in hand, she said to herself, — had felt their mouths and tried their paces. This expression, as she used it in her thoughts, seems rather foreign to her habits, but there was room in her large brain for a wide range of illustrations and an ample vocabulary. She could not do much with her own muscles, but she had known the passionate delight of being whirled furiously over the road behind four scampering horses, in a rocking stage-coach, and thought of herself in the Secretary's chair as not unlike the driver on his box. A few weeks of rest had allowed her nervous energy to store itself up, and the same powers which had distanced competition in the classes of her school had of necessity to expend themselves in vigorous action in her new office.

Her appeals had their effect. A number of papers were very soon sent in; some with names, some anonymously. She looked these papers over, and marked those which she thought would be worth reading and listening to at the meetings. One of them has just been presented to the reader. As to the authorship of the following one there were many conjectures. A well-known writer, who had spent some weeks at Arrowhead Village, was generally suspected of being its author. Some, however, questioned whether it was not the work of a new hand, who wrote, not from experience, but from his or her ideas of the condition to which a story-teller, a novelist, must in all probability be sooner or later reduced. The reader must judge for himself whether this first paper is the work of an old hand or a novice.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A NOVELIST.

"I have written a frightful number of stories, — forty or more, I think. Let me see. For twelve years two novels a year regularly: that makes twenty-four. In three different years I have written three stories annually: that makes thir-

ty-three. In five years one a year, — thirty-eight. That is all, isn't it? Yes. Thirty-eight, not forty. I wish I could make them all into one composite story, as Mr. Galton does his faces.

"Hero — heroine — mamma — papa — uncle — sister, and so on. Love — obstacles — misery — tears — despair — glimmer of hope — unexpected solution of difficulties — happy finale.

"Landscape for background according to season. Plants of each month got up from botanical calendars.

"I should like much to see the composite novel. Why not apply Mr. Galton's process, and get thirty-eight stories all in one? All the Yankees would resolve into one Yankee, all the P — West Britons — into one Patrick, etc., — what a saving of time it would be!

"I got along pretty well with my first few stories. I had some characters around me which, a little disguised, answered well enough. There was the minister of the parish, and there was an old schoolmaster: either of them served very satisfactorily for grandfathers and old uncles. All I had to do was to shift some of their leading peculiarities, keeping the rest. The old minister wore knee-breeches. I clapped them on to the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster carried a tall gold-headed cane. I put this in the minister's hands. So with other things, — I shifted them round, and got a set of characters who, taken together, reproduced the chief persons of the village where I lived, but did not copy any individual exactly. Thus it went on for a while; but by and by my stock company began to be rather too familiarly known, in spite of their change of costume, and at last some altogether too sagacious person published what he called a 'key' to several of my earlier stories, in which I found the names of a number of neighbors attached to aliases of my own invention. All the 'types,' as he called them, represented by these personages of my story had come to

be recognized, each as standing for one and the same individual of my acquaintance. It had been of no use to change the costume. Even changing the sex did no good. I had a famous old gossip in one of my tales, — a much-babbling Widow Sertingly. 'Sho!' they all said, 'that's old Deacon Spinner, the same he told about in that other story of his, — only the deacon's got on a petticoat and a mob-cap, — but it's the same old sixpence.' So I said to myself, I must have some new characters. I had no trouble with young characters; they are all pretty much alike, — dark-haired or light-haired, with the outfits belonging to their complexion, respectively. I had an old great-aunt, who was a tip-top eccentric. I had never seen anything just like her in books. So I said, I will have you, old lady, in one of my stories; and, sure enough, I fitted her out with a first-rate odd-sounding name, which I got from the directory, and sent her forth to the world, disguised, as I supposed, beyond the possibility of recognition. The book sold well, and the eccentric personage was voted a novelty. A few weeks after it was published a lawyer called upon me, as the agent of the person in the directory, whose family name I had used, as he maintained, to his and all his relatives' great damage, wrong, loss, grief, shame, and irreparable injury, for which the sum of blank thousand dollars would be a modest compensation. The story made the book sell, but not enough to pay blank thousand dollars. In the mean time a cousin of mine had sniffed out the resemblance between the character in my book and our great-aunt. We were rivals in her good graces. 'Cousin Pansie' spoke to her of my book and the trouble it was bringing on me, — she was so sorry about it! She liked my story, — only those personalities, you know. 'What personalities?' says old granny-aunt. 'Why, auntie, dear, they do say that he has brought in everybody we know, — did n't anybody

tell you about — well, — I suppose you ought to know it, — did n't anybody tell you you were made fun of in that novel?' Somebody — no matter who — happened to hear all this, and told me. She said granny-aunt's withered old face had two red spots come to it, as if she had been painting her cheeks from a pink saucer. No, she said, not a pink saucer, but as if they were two coals of fire. She sent out and got the book, and made her (the somebody that I was speaking of) read it to her. When she had heard as much as she could stand, — for 'Cousin Pansie' explained passages to her, — *explained*, you know, — she sent for her lawyer, and that same somebody had to be a witness to a new will she had drawn up. It was not to my advantage. 'Cousin Pansie' got the corner lot where the grocery is, and pretty much everything else. She left me a legacy. What do you think it was? An old set of my own books, that looked as if it had been bought out of a bankrupt circulating library!

"After that I grew more careful. I studied my disguises much more diligently. But after all, what could I do? Here I was, writing stories for my living and my reputation. I made a pretty sum enough, and worked hard enough to earn it. No tale, no money. Then every story that went from my workshop had to come up to the standard of my reputation, and there was a set of critics, — there is a set of critics now and everywhere, — that watch as narrowly for the decline of a man's reputation as ever a village half drowned out by an inundation watched for the falling of the waters. The fame I had won, such as it was, seemed to attend me, — not going before me in the shape of a woman with a trumpet, but rather following me like one of Actæon's hounds, his throat open, ready to pull me down and tear me. What a fierce enemy is that which bays behind us in the voice of our proudest bygone achievement!

"But, as I said above, what could I do? I must write novels, and I must have characters. 'Then why not invent them?' asks some novice. Oh, yes! Invent them! You can invent a human being that in certain aspects of humanity will answer every purpose for which your invention was intended. A basket of straw, an old coat and pair of breeches, a hat which has been soaked, sat upon, stuffed a broken window, and had a brood of chickens raised in it, — these elements, duly adjusted to each other, will represent humanity so truthfully that the crows will avoid the corn-field when your scarecrow displays his personality. Do you think you can make your heroes and heroines — nay, even your scrappy supernumeraries — out of refuse material, as you made your scarecrow? You can't do it. You must study living people and reproduce them. And whom do you know so well as your friends? You will show up your friends, then, one after another. When your friends give out, who is left for you? Why, nobody but your own family, of course. When you have used up your family, there is nothing left for you but to write your autobiography.

"After my experience with my grand-aunt, I became more cautious, very naturally. I kept traits of character, but I mixed ages as well as sexes. In this way I continued to use up a large amount of material, which looked as if it were as dangerous as dynamite to meddle with. Who would have expected to meet my maternal uncle in the guise of a schoolboy? Yet I managed to decant his characteristics as nicely as the old gentleman would have decanted a bottle of Juno Madeira through that long siphon which he always used when the most sacred vintages were summoned from their crypts to render an account of themselves on his hospitable board. It was a nice business, I confess, but I did it, and I drink cheerfully to that

good uncle's memory in a glass of wine from his own cellar, which, with many other more important tokens of his good will, I call my own since his lamented demise.

"I succeeded so well with my uncle that I thought I would try a course of cousins. I had enough of them to furnish out a whole gallery of portraits. There was cousin 'Creeshy,' as we called her; Lucretia, more correctly. She was a cripple. Her left lower limb had had something happen to it, and she walked with a crutch. Her patience under her trial was very pathetic and picturesque, so to speak, — I mean adapted to the tender parts of a story; nothing could work up better in a melting paragraph. But I could not, of course, describe her particular infirmity; that would point her out at once. I thought of shifting the lameness to the *right* lower limb, but even that would be seen through. So I gave the young woman that stood for her in my story a lame *elbow*, and put her arm in a sling, and made her such a model of uncomplaining endurance that my grandmother cried over her as if her poor old heart would break. She cried very easily, my grandmother; in fact, she had such a gift for tears that I availed myself of it, and if you remember old Judy, in my novel "*Honi Soit*" (Honey Sweet, the booksellers called it), — old Judy, the black nurse, — that was my grandmother. She had various other peculiarities, which I brought out one by one, and saddled on to different characters. You see she was a perfect mine of singularities and idiosyncrasies. After I had used her up pretty well, I came down upon my poor relations. They were perfectly fair game; what better use could I put them to? I studied them up very carefully, and as there were a good many of them I helped myself freely. They lasted me, with occasional intermissions, I should say, three or four years. I had to be very careful with my poor relations, —

they were as touchy as they could be; and as I felt bound to send a copy of my novel, whatever it might be, to each one of them, — there were as many as a dozen, — I took care to mix their characteristic features, so that, though each might suspect I meant the other, no one should think I meant him or her. I got through all my relations at last except my father and mother. I had treated my brothers and sisters pretty fairly, all except Elisha and Joanna. The truth is they both had lots of odd ways, — family traits, I suppose, — but were just different enough from each other to figure separately in two different stories. These two novels made me some little trouble; for Elisha said he felt sure that I meant Joanna in one of them, and quarrelled with me about it; and Joanna vowed and declared that Elnathan, in the other, stood for brother 'Lisha, and that it was a real mean thing to make fun of folks' own flesh and blood, and treated me to one of her cries. She was n't handsome when she cried, poor, dear Joanna; in fact, that was one of the personal traits I had made use of in the story that Elisha found fault with.

"So as there was nobody left but my father and mother, you see for yourself I had no choice. There was one great advantage in dealing with them, — I knew them so thoroughly. One naturally feels a certain delicacy in handling from a purely artistic point of view persons who have been so near to him. One's mother, for instance: suppose some of her little ways were so peculiar that the accurate delineation of them would furnish amusement to great numbers of readers; it would not be without hesitation that a writer of delicate sensibility would draw her portrait, with all its whimsicalities, so plainly that it should be generally recognized. One's father is commonly of tougher fibre than one's mother, and one would not feel the same scruples, perhaps, in using him

professionally as material in a novel; still, while you are employing him as *bait*,—you see I am honest and plain-spoken, for your characters *are* baits to catch readers with,—I would follow kind Izaak Walton's humane counsel about the frog you are fastening to your fish-hook: fix him artistically, as he directs, but in so doing 'use him as though you loved him.'

"I have at length shown up, in one form and another, all my townsmen who have anything effective in their bodily or mental make-up, all my friends, all my relatives; that is, all my blood relatives. It has occurred to me that I might open a new field in the family connection of my father-in-law and mother-in-law. We have been thinking of paying them a visit, and I shall have an admirable opportunity of studying them and their relatives and visitors. I have long wanted a good chance for getting acquainted with the social sphere several grades below that to which I am accustomed, and I have no doubt that I shall find matter for half a dozen new stories among those connections of mine. Besides, they live in a Western city, and

one does n't mind much how he cuts up the people of places he does n't himself live in. I suppose there is not really so much difference in people's feelings, whether they live in Bangor or Omaha, but one's nerves can't be expected to stretch across the continent. It is all a matter of greater or less distance. I read this morning that a Chinese fleet was sunk, but I did n't think half so much about it as I did about losing my sleeve button, confound it! People have accused me of want of feeling; they misunderstand the artist-nature,—that is all. I obey that implicitly; I am sorry if people don't like my descriptions, but I have done my best. I have pulled to pieces all the persons I am acquainted with, and put them together again in my characters. The quills I write with come from live geese, I would have you know. I expect to get some first-rate pluckings from those people I was speaking of, and I mean to begin my thirty-ninth novel as soon as I have got through my visit."

Here the Portfolio closes for the present month.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HER EXPLANATION.

So you have wondered at me,—guessed in vain

What the real woman is you know so well?

I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell

Once made your friend there, with his fine disdain

Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain

(But could not) see me always, as befell

His dream to see me, plucking asphodel,

In saffron robes, on some celestial plain.

All that I was he marred and flung away

In quest of what I was not, could not be,—

Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone.

Still he may search; but I have had my day,

And now the Past is all the part for me

That this world's empty stage has left to play.

E. R. Sill.

A BIRD-LOVER'S APRIL.

It began on the 29th of March; in the afternoon of which day, despite the authority of the almanac and the banter of my acquaintances (March was March to them, and it was nothing more), I shook off the city's dust from my feet, and went into summer quarters. The roads were comparatively dry; the snow was entirely gone, except a patch or two in the shadow of thick pines under the northerly side of a hill; and all tokens seemed to promise an early spring. So much I learned before the hastening twilight cut short my first brief turn out-of-doors. In the morning would be time enough to discover what birds had already reported themselves at my station.

Unknown to me, however, our national weather bureau had announced a snow-storm, and in the morning I drew aside the curtains to look out upon a world all in white, with a cold, high wind blowing and snow falling fast. "The worst Sunday of the winter," the natives said. The "summer boarder" went to church, of course. To have done otherwise might have been taken for a confession of weakness; as if weather of this sort were more than he had bargained for. The villagers, lacking any such spur to right conduct, for the most part stayed at home; feeling it not unpleasant, I dare say, some of them, to have a natural inclination providentially confirmed, even at the cost of an hour's exercise with the shovel. The bravest parishioner of all, and the sweetest singer, — the song sparrow by name, — was not in the meeting-house, but by the roadside. What if the wind did blow, and the mercury stand at fifteen or twenty degrees below the freezing

point? In cold as in heat "the mind is its own place."

Three days after this came a second storm, one of the heaviest snow-falls of the year. The robins were reduced to picking up seeds in the asparagus bed. The bluebirds appeared to be trying to glean something from the bark of trees, clinging rather awkwardly to the trunk meanwhile. (They are given to this, more or less, at all times, and it possibly has some connection with their half-woodpeckerish habit of nestling in holes.) Some of the snow-birds were doing likewise; I noticed one traveling up a trunk, — which inclined a good deal, to be sure, — exploring the cran-nies right and left, like any creeper. Half a dozen or more phœbes were in the edge of a wood; and they too seemed to have found out that, if worst came to worst, the tree-boles would yield a pittance for their relief. They often hovered against them, pecking hastily at the bark, and one at least was struggling for a foothold on the perpendicular surface. Most of the time, however, they went skimming over the snow and the brook, in the regular flycatcher style. The chickadees were put to little or no inconvenience, since what was a desperate makeshift to the others was to them only an every-day affair. It would take a long storm to bury their granary.¹ After the titmice, the fox-colored sparrows had perhaps the best of it. Looking out places where the snow had collected least, at the foot of a tree or on the edge of water, these adepts at scratching speedily turned up earth enough to checker the white with very considerable patches of brown. While walking I continually disturbed song

¹ In the titmouse's cosmological system trees occupy a highly important place, we may be sure; while the purpose of their tall, upright method of

growth no doubt receives a very simple and logical (and correspondingly lucid) explanation.

sparrows, fox sparrows, tree sparrows, and snow-birds feeding in the road; and when I sat in my room I was advised of the approach of carriages by seeing these "pensioners upon the traveler's track" scurry past the window in advance of them.

It is pleasant to observe how naturally birds flock together in hard times,—precisely as men do, and doubtless for similar reasons. The edge of the wood, just mentioned, was populous with them: robins, bluebirds, chickadees, fox sparrows, snow-birds, song sparrows, tree sparrows, phœbes, a golden-winged woodpecker, and a rusty blackbird. The last, noticeable for his conspicuous light-colored eye-ring, had somehow become separated from his fellows, and remained for several days about this spot entirely alone. I liked to watch his aquatic performances; they might almost have been those of the American dipper himself, I thought. He made nothing of putting his head and neck clean under water, like a duck, and sometimes waded the brook when the current was so strong that he was compelled every now and then to stop and brace himself against it, lest he should be carried off his feet.

It is clear that birds, sharing the frailty of some who are better than many sparrows, are often wanting in patience. As spring draws near they cannot wait for its coming. What it has been the fashion to call their unerring instinct is after all infallible only as a certain great public functionary is,—in theory; and their mistaken haste is too frequently nothing but a hurrying to their death. But I saw no evidence that this particular storm was attended with any fatal consequences. The snow completely disappeared within a day or two; and even while it lasted the song sparrows, fox sparrows, and linnets could be heard singing with all cheerfulness. On the coldest day, when the mercury settled to within twelve degrees of zero,

I observed that the song sparrows, as they fed in the road, had a trick of crouching till their feathers all but touched the ground, so protecting their legs against the biting wind.

The first indications of mating were noticed on the 5th, the parties being two pairs of bluebirds. One of the females was rebuffing her suitor rather petulantly, but when he flew away she lost no time in following. Shall I be accused of slander if I suggest that possibly her *No* meant nothing worse than *Ask me again*? I trust not; she was only a bluebird, remember. Three days later I came upon two couples engaged in house-hunting. In this business the female takes the lead, with a silent, abstracted air, as if the matter were one of absorbing interest; while her mate follows her about somewhat impatiently, and with a good deal of talk, which is plainly intended to hasten the decision. "Come, come," he says; "the season is short, and we can't waste the whole of it in getting ready." I never could discover that his eloquence produced much effect, however. Her ladyship will have her own way; as indeed she ought to have, good soul, considering that she is to have the discomfort and the hazard. In one case I was puzzled by the fact that there seemed to be two females to one of the opposite sex. It really looked as if the fellow proposed to set up housekeeping with whichever should first find a house to her mind. But this is slander, and I hasten to take it back. No doubt I misinterpreted his behavior; for it is true—with sorrow I confess it—that I am as yet but imperfectly at home in the Sialian dialect.

For the first fortnight my note-book is full of the fox-colored sparrows. It was worth while to have come into the country ahead of time, as city people reckon, to get my fill of this Northern songster's music. Morning and night, wherever I walked, and even if I re-

mained in-doors, I was certain to hear the loud and beautiful strain; to which I listened with the more attention because the birds, I knew, would soon be off for their native fields, beyond the boundaries of the United States.

It is astonishing how gloriously birds may sing, and yet pass unregarded. We read of nightingales and skylarks with a self-satisfied thrill of second-hand enthusiasm, and meanwhile our native songsters, even the best of them, are piping unheeded at our very doors. There may have been half a dozen of the town's people who noticed the presence of these fox sparrows, but I think it doubtful; and yet the birds, the largest, handsomest, and most musical of all our many sparrows, were, as I say, abundant everywhere, and in full voice.

One afternoon I stood still while a fox sparrow and a song sparrow sang alternately on either side of me, both exceptionally good vocalists, and each doing his best. The songs were of about equal length, and as far as theme was concerned were not a little alike; but the fox sparrow's tone was both louder and more mellow than the other's, while his notes were longer, — more sustained, — and his voice was "carried" from one pitch to another. On the whole, I had no hesitation about giving him the palm; but I am bound to say that his rival was a worthy competitor. In some respects, indeed, the latter was the more interesting singer of the two. His opening measure of three *pips* was succeeded by a trill of quite peculiar brilliancy and perfection; and when the other bird had ceased he suddenly took a lower perch, and began to rehearse an altogether different tune in a voice not more than half as loud as what he had been using; after which, as if to cap the climax, he several times followed the tune with a detached phrase or two in a still fainter voice. This last was pretty certainly an improvised cadenza, such a thing as

I do not remember ever to have heard before from *Melospiza melodia*.

The song of the fox sparrow has at times an almost thrush-like quality; and the bird himself, as he flies up in front of you, might easily be mistaken for some member of that noble family. Once, indeed, when I saw him eating burning-bush berries in a Boston garden, I was half ready to believe that I had before my eyes a living example of the development of one species out of another, — a finch already well on his way to become a thrush. Most often, however, his voice puts me in mind of the cardinal grosbeak's; his voice, and perhaps still more his cadence, and especially his practice of the *portamento*.

The 11th of the month was sunny, and the next morning I came back from my accustomed rounds under a sense of bereavement: the fox sparrows were gone. Where yesterday there had been hundreds of them, now I could find only two silent stragglers. They had been well scattered over the township, — here a flock and there a flock; but in some way — I should be glad to have anybody tell me how — the word had passed from company to company that after sundown Friday night all hands would set out once more on their northward journey. There was one man, at least, who missed them, and in the comparative silence which followed their departure appreciated anew how much they had contributed to fill the wet and chilly April days with music and good cheer.

The snow-birds tarried longer, but from this date became less and less abundant. For the first third of the month they had been as numerous, I calculated, as all other species put together. On one occasion I saw a large company of them chasing an albino, the latter dashing wildly round a pine-tree, with the whole flock in furious pursuit. They drove him off, across an impassable morass, before I could get close enough really to see him, but I presumed

him to be of their own kind. As far as I could make out he was entirely white. For the moment it lasted, it was an exciting scene; and I was especially gratified to notice with what extreme heartiness and unanimity the birds discountenanced their wayward brother's heterodoxy. I agreed with them that one who cannot be content to dress like other people ought not to be allowed to live with them. The world is large, — let him go to Rhode Island!

On the evening of the 6th, just at dusk, I had started up the road for a lazy after-dinner saunter, when I was brought to a sudden halt by what on the instant I took for the cry of a night-hawk. But no night-hawk could be here thus early in the season, and, listening further, I perceived that the bird, if bird it was, was on the ground, or, at any rate, not far from it. Then it flashed upon me that this was the note of the woodcock, which I had that very day startled upon this same hillside. Now, then, for another sight of his famous aerial courtship act! So, scrambling down the embankment, and clambering over the stone-wall, I pushed up the hill through bushes and briars, till, having come as near the bird as I dared, I crouched, and awaited further developments. I had not long to wait, for after a few *yaks*, at intervals of perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds, the fellow took to wing, and went soaring in a circle above me; calling hurriedly *click*, *click*, *click*, with a break now and then, as if for breath-taking. All this he repeated several times; but unfortunately it was too dark for me to see him, except as he crossed a narrow illuminated strip of sky just above the horizon line. I judged that he mounted to a very considerable height, and dropped invariably into the exact spot from which he had started. For a week or two I listened every night for a repetition of the *yak*; but I heard nothing more of it for a month. Then it came to my ears again,

this time from a field between the road and a swamp. Watching my opportunity, while the bird was in the air, I hastened across the field, and stationed myself against a small cedar. He was still *clicking* high overhead, but soon alighted silently within twenty feet of where I was standing, and commenced to "bleat," prefacing each *yak* with a fainter syllable which I had never before been near enough to detect. Presently he started once more on his skyward journey. Up he went, in a large spiral, "higher still and higher," till the cedar cut off my view for an instant, after which I could not again get my eye upon him. Whether he saw me or not I cannot tell, but he dropped to the ground some rods away, and did not make another ascension, although he continued to call irregularly, and appeared to be walking about the field. Perhaps by this time the fair one for whose benefit all this parade was intended had come out of the swamp to meet and reward her admirer.

Hoping for a repetition of the same programme on the following night, I invited a friend from the city to witness it with me; one who, less fortunate than the "forest seer," had never "heard the woodcock's evening hymn," notwithstanding his knowledge of birds is a thousand-fold more than mine, as all students of American ornithology would unhesitatingly avouch were I to mention his name. We waited till dark; but though *Philohela* was there, and sounded his *yak* two or three times, — just enough to excite our hopes, — yet for some reason he kept to *terra firma*. Perhaps he was aware of our presence, and disdained to exhibit himself in the rôle of a wooer under our profane and curious gaze; or possibly, as my more scientific (and less sentimental) companion suggested, the light breeze may have been counted unfavorable for such high-flying exploits.

After all, our matter-of-fact world is

surprisingly full of romance. Who would have expected to find this heavy-bodied, long-billed, gross-looking, bull-headed bird singing at heaven's gate? He a "scorner of the ground"? Verily, love worketh wonders! And perhaps it is really true that the outward semblance is sometimes deceptive. To be candid, however, I must end with confessing that, after listening to the woodcock's "hymn" a good many times, first and last, I cannot help thinking that it takes an imaginative ear to discover anything properly to be called a song in its monotonous *click, click*, even at its fastest and loudest.

While I was enjoying the farewell *matinée* of the fox-colored sparrows on the 11th, suddenly there ran into the chorus the fine silver thread of the winter wren's tune. Here was pleasure unexpected. It is down in all the books, I believe, that this bird does not sing while on his travels; and certainly I had myself never heard him do such a thing before. But there is always something new under the sun.

"Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measur'd
The Amazon's huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?"

I was all ear, of course, standing motionless while the delicious music came again and again out of a tangle of underbrush behind a dilapidated stone-wall, — a spot for all the world congenial to this tiny recluse, whose whole life, we may say, is one long game of hide-and-seek. Altogether the song was repeated twenty times at least, and to my thinking I had never heard it given with greater brilliancy and fervor. The darling little minstrel! he will never know how grateful I felt. I even forgave him when he sang thrice from a living bush, albeit in so doing he spoiled a sentence which I had already committed to "the permanency of print." Birds of all kinds will play such tricks upon us; but whether the fault be chargeable to fickleness

or a mischievous spirit on their part, rather than to undue haste on the part of us their reporters, is a matter about which I am perhaps not sufficiently disinterested to judge. In this instance, however, it was reasonably certain that the singer did not show himself intentionally; for unless the whole tenor of his life belies him, the winter wren's motto is, Little birds should be heard, and not seen.

Two days afterward I was favored again in like manner. But not by the same bird, I think; unless my hearing was at fault (the singer was further away than before), this one's tune was in places somewhat broken and hesitating, — as if he were practicing a lesson not yet fully learned.

I felt under a double obligation to these two specimens of *Anorthura troglodytes hiemalis*: first for their music itself; and then for the support which it gave to a pet theory of mine, that all our singing birds will yet be found to sing more or less regularly in the course of the vernal migration.

Within another forty-eight hours this same theory received a farther confirmation. I was standing under an apple-tree, watching a pair of titmice who were hollowing out a stub for a nest, when my ear caught a novel song not far away. Of course I made towards it; but the bird flew off, across the road and into the woods. My hour was up, and I reluctantly started homeward, but had hardly done so before the song was repeated. This was more than human nature could bear, and, turning back upon the run, I got into the woods just in time to see two birds chasing each other round a tree, both uttering the very notes which had so roused my curiosity. Then away they went; but as I was again bewailing my evil luck, one of them returned, and flew into the oak, directly over my head, and as he did so fell to calling anew, *Sue, suky, suky*. A single glance upward revealed that

this was another of the silent migrants, — a brown creeper! Only once before had I heard from him anything beside his customary lisping *zee, zee*; and even on that occasion (in June and in New Hampshire) the song bore no resemblance to his present effort. I have written it down as it sounded at the moment, *Sue, suky, suky*, — five notes, the first longer than the others, and all of them brusque, loud, and musical, though with something of a warbler quality.¹

It surprised me to find how the migratory movement lagged for the first half of the month. A pair of white-breasted swallows flew over my head while I was attending to the winter wren on the 11th, and on the 14th appeared the first pine-creeping warblers, — welcome for their own sakes, and doubly so as the forerunners of a numerous and splendid company; but aside from these two, I saw no evidence that a single new species arrived at my station for the entire fortnight.

Robins sang sparingly from the beginning, and became perceptibly more musical on the 8th, with signs of mating and jealousy; but the real robin carnival did not open till the morning of the 14th. Then the change was wonderful. Some of the birds were flying this way and that, high in air, two or three together; others chased each other about nearer the ground; some were screaming, some hissing, and more singing. So sudden was the outbreak and so great the commotion that I was persuaded there must have been an arrival of females in the night.

¹ Still further to corroborate my "pet theory," I may say now in a foot-note, what I hope some time to say with more detail, that before the end of the following month the hermit thrushes, the olive-backed thrushes, and the gray-cheeked thrushes all sang for me in my Melrose woods.

Let me explain, also, that when I call the brown creeper a silent migrant I am not unaware that others beside myself, and more than myself, have heard him sing while traveling. Mr. William Brewster, as quoted by Dr. Brewer in the History

I have heard it objected against these thrushes, whose extreme commonness renders them less highly esteemed than they would otherwise be, that they begin to sing too early in the morning. But I am not myself prepared to second the criticism. They are not often heard, I think, until the eastern sky begins to flush, and it is not quite certain to my mind that they are wrong in assuming that daylight makes daytime. I have questioned before now whether our own custom of sitting up for five or six hours after sunset, and then lying abed two or three hours after sunrise, may not have come down to us from times when there were still people in the world who loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil; and whether, after all, in this as in some other respects, we might not wisely take pattern of the fowls of the air.

Individually, the phœbes were almost as noisy as the robins, but of course their numbers were far less. They are models of perseverance. Were their voice equal to the nightingale's they could hardly be more assiduous and enthusiastic in its use. As a general thing they are content to repeat the simple *Phæbe, Phæbe* (there are moods in the experience of all of us, I hope, when the repetition of a name is by itself music sufficient), but it is not uncommon for this to be heightened to *Phæbe, O Phæbe*; and now and then you will hear some fellow calling excitedly, *Phæbe, Phæbe-be-be-be-be*, — a comical sort of stuttering, in which the difficulty is not in getting hold of the first syllable, but in letting go the last one.

of North American Birds, has been exceptionally fortunate in this regard. But my expression is correct as far as the rule is concerned; and the latest word upon the subject which has come under my eye is this from Mr. E. P. Bicknell's Study of the Singing of our Birds, in The Auk for April, 1884: "Some feeble notes, suggestive of those of *Regulus satrapa*, are this bird's usual utterance during its visit. Its song I have never heard."

On the 15th I witnessed a certain other performance of theirs, — one that I had seen two or three times the season previous, and for which I had been on the lookout from the first day of the month. I heard a series of *chips*, which might have been the cries of a chicken, but which, it appeared did proceed from a phoebe, who, as I looked up, was just in the act of quitting his perch on the ridge-pole of a barn. He rose for perhaps thirty feet, not spirally, but in a zigzag course, — like a horse climbing a hill with a heavy load, — all the time calling *chip, chip, chip*. Then he went round and round in a small circle, with a kind of hovering action of the wings, vociferating hurriedly, *Phæbe, Phæbe, Phæbe*; after which he shot down into the top of a tree, and with a lively flirt of his tail took up again the same eloquent theme. During the next few weeks I several times found this bird similarly engaged. And it is worthy of remark that, of the four flycatchers which regularly pass the summer with us, three may be said to be in the *habit* of singing in the air, while the fourth (the wood pewee) does the same thing, only with less frequency. It is curious, also, on the other hand, that not one of our eight common New England thrushes, as far as I have ever seen or heard, shows the least tendency toward any such state of lyrical exaltation. Yet the thrushes are song birds *par excellence*, while the phoebe, the least flycatcher, and the king-bird are not supposed to be able to sing at all. The latter have the soul of music in them, at any rate; and why should it not be true of birds, as it is of human poets and would-be poets, that sensibility and faculty are not always found together? Perhaps those who have nothing but the sensibility have, after all, the better half of the blessing.

The golden-winged woodpeckers shouted comparatively little before the middle of the month, and I heard nothing

of their tender *wick-a-wick* until the 22d. After that they were noisy enough. With all their power of lungs, however, they not only are not singers; they do not aspire to be. They belong to the tribe of Jubal. Hearing somebody drumming on tin, I peeped over the wall, and saw one of these pigeon woodpeckers hammering an old tin pan lying in the middle of the pasture. Rather small sport, I thought, for so large a bird. But that was a matter of opinion, merely, and evidently the performer himself had no such scruples. He may even have considered that his ability to play on this instrument of the tinsmith's went far to put him on an equality with some who boast themselves the only tool-using animals. True, the pan was battered and rusty; but it was resonant, for all that, and day after day he pleased himself with beating *reveille* upon it. One morning I found him sitting in a tree, screaming lustily in response to another bird in an adjacent field. After a while, waxing ardent, he dropped to the ground, and, stationing himself before his drum, proceeded to answer each cry of his rival with a vigorous rubadub, varying the programme with an occasional halloo. How long this would have lasted there is no telling, but he caught sight of me, skulking behind a tree-trunk, and flew back to his lofty perch, where he was still shouting when I came away. It was observable that, even in his greatest excitement, he paused once in a while to dress his feathers. At first I was inclined to take this as betraying a want of earnestness; but further reflection led me to a different conclusion. For I imagine that the human lover, no matter how consuming his passion, is seldom carried so far beyond himself as not to be able to spare now and then a thought to the parting of his hair and the tie of his cravat.

Seeing the great delight which this woodpecker took in his precious tin pan,

it seemed to me not at all improbable that he had selected his summer residence with a view to being near it, just as I had chosen mine for its convenience of access to the woods on the one hand, and to the city on the other. I shall watch with interest to see whether he returns to the same pasture another year.

A few field sparrows and chippers showed themselves punctually on the 15th; but they were only scouts, and the great body of their followers were more than a week behind them. I saw no bay-winged buntings until the 22d, although it is likely enough they had been here for some days before that. By a lucky chance, my very first bird was a peculiarly accomplished musician: he altered his tune at nearly every repetition of it, sang it sometimes loudly and then softly, and once in a while added cadenza-like phrases. It lost nothing by being heard on a bright, frosty morning, when the edges of the pools were filmed with ice.

Only three species of warblers appeared during the month: the pine-creeping warblers, already spoken of, who were trilling on the 15th; the yellow-rumped, who came on the 23d; and the yellow red-polls, who followed the next morning. The black-throated greens were mysteriously tardy, and the black-and-white creepers waited for May-day.

A single brown thrush was leading the chorus on the 29th. "A great singer," my note-book says: "not so altogether faultless as some, but with a large voice and style, adapted to a great part;" and then is added, "I thought this morning of Titians, as I listened to him!" — a bit of impromptu musical criticism, which, under cover of the saving quotation marks, may stand for what it is worth.

Not long after leaving him I ran upon two hermit thrushes (one had been seen on the 25th), flitting about the woods

like ghosts. I whistled softly to the first, and he condescended to answer with a low *chuck*, after which I could get nothing more out of him. This demure taciturnity is very curious and characteristic, and to me very engaging. The fellow will neither skulk nor run, but hops upon some low branch, and looks at you, — behaving not a little as if you were the specimen and he the student! And in such a matter, as far as I can see, every bird has a right to his own opinion.

The hermits were not yet in tune; and without forgetting the fox-colored sparrows and the linnets, the song sparrows and the bay-wings, the winter wrens and the brown thrush, I am almost ready to declare that the best music of the month came from the smallest of all the month's birds, the ruby-crowned kinglets. Their spring season is always short with us, and unhappily it was this year shorter even than usual, my dates being April 23d and May 5th. But we must be thankful for a little, when the little is of such a quality. Once I descried two of them in the topmost branches of a clump of tall maples. For a long time they fed in silence; then they began to chase each other about through the trees, in graceful evolutions (I can imagine nothing more graceful), and soon one, and then the other, broke out into song. "Infinite riches in a little room," my note-book says, again; and truly the song is marvelous, — a prolonged and varied warble, introduced and often broken into, with delightful effect, by a wrennish chatter. For fluency, smoothness, and ease, and especially for purity and sweetness of tune, I have never heard any bird-song that seemed to me more nearly perfect. If the dainty creature would bear confinement, — on which point I know nothing, — he would make an ideal parlor songster; for his voice, while round and full, — in contrast with the goldfinch's, for example, — is yet, even at its loudest, of a wonder-

ful softness and delicacy. Nevertheless, I trust that nobody will ever cage him. Better far go out-of-doors, and drink in the exquisite sounds as they drop from the thick of some tall pine, while you catch now and then a glimpse of the tiny author, flitting busily from branch to branch, warbling at his work; or, as you may oftener do, look and listen to your heart's content, while he explores some low cedar or a cluster of roadside birches, too innocent and happy to heed your presence. So you will carry home not the song only, but "the river and sky."

But if the kinglets were individually the best singers, I must still affirm that the goldfinches gave the best concert. It was on a sunny afternoon, — the 27th, — and in a small grove of tall pitch-pines. How many birds there were I could form little estimate, but when fifteen flew away for a minute or two the chorus was not perceptibly diminished. All were singing, twittering, and calling together; some of them directly over my head, the rest scattered throughout the wood. No one voice predominated in the least; all sang softly, and with an indescribable tenderness and beauty. Any who do not know how sweet the goldfinch's note is may get some conception of the effect of such a concert if they will imagine fifty canaries thus engaged out-of-doors. I declared then that I had never heard anything so enchanting, and I am not certain even now that I was over-enthusiastic.

A pine-creeping warbler, I remember, broke in upon the choir two or three times with his loud, precise trill. Foolish bird! His is a pretty song by itself, but set in contrast with music so full of imagination and poetry, it sounded painfully abrupt and prosaic.

I discovered the first signs of nest-building on the 13th, while investigating the question of a bird's ambidexterity. It happened that I had just been watching a chickadee, as he picked

chip after chip from a dead branch, and held them fast with one claw, while he broke them in pieces with his beak; and walking away, it occurred to me to ask whether or not he could probably use both feet equally well for such a purpose. Accordingly, seeing another go into an apple-tree, I drew near to take his testimony on that point. But when I came to look for him he was nowhere in sight, and pretty soon it appeared that he was at work in the end of an upright stub, which he had evidently but just begun to hollow out, as the tip of his tail still protruded over the edge. A bird-lover's curiosity can always adapt itself to circumstances, and in this case it was no hardship to postpone the settlement of my newly raised inquiry, while I observed the pretty labors of my little architect. These proved to be by no means inconsiderable, lasting nearly or quite three weeks. The birds were still bringing away chips on the 30th, when their cavity was about eleven inches deep; but it is to be said that, as far as I could find out, they never worked in the afternoon or on rainy days.

Their demeanor toward each other all this time was beautiful to see; no effusive display of affection, but every appearance of a perfect mutual understanding and contentment. And their treatment of me was no less appropriate and delightful, — a happy combination of freedom and dignified reserve. I took it for an extremely neat compliment to myself, as well as incontestable evidence of unusual powers of discrimination on their part.

On my second visit the female sounded a call as I approached the tree, and I looked to see her mate take some notice of it; but he kept straight on with what he was doing. Not long after she spoke again, however; and now it was amusing to see the fellow all at once stand still on the top of the stub, looking up and around, as much as to say, "What

is it, my dear? I see nothing." Apparently it *was* nothing, and he went head first into the hole again. Pretty soon, while he was inside, I stepped up against the trunk. His mate continued silent, and after what seemed a long time he came out, flew to an adjacent twig, dropped his load, and returned. This he did over and over (the end of the stub was perhaps ten feet above my head), and once he let fall a beakful of chips plump in my face. They were light, and I did not resent the liberty.

Two mornings later I found him at his task again, toiling in good earnest. In and out he went, taking care to bring away the shavings at every trip, as before, and generally sounding a note or two (keeping the tally, perhaps) before he dropped them. For the fifteen minutes or so that I remained, his mate was perched in another branch of the same tree, not once shifting her position, and doing nothing whatever except to preen her feathers a little. She paid no attention to her husband, nor did he to her. It was a revelation to me that a chickadee could possibly sit still so long.

Eight days after this they were both at work, spelling each other, and then going off in company for a brief turn at feeding.

So far they had never manifested the least annoyance at my espionage; but the next morning, as I stood against the tree, one of them seemed slightly disturbed, and flew from twig to twig about my head, looking at me from all directions with his shining black eyes. The reconnoissance was satisfactory, however; everything went on as before, and several times the chips rattled down upon my stiff Derby hat. The hole was

getting deep, it was plain; I could hear the little carpenter hammering at the bottom, and then scrambling up the walls on his way out. One of the pair brought a black tidbit from a neighboring pine, and offered it to the other as he emerged into daylight. He took it from her bill, said *chit*, — chickadese for *thank you*, — and hastened back into the mine.

Finally, on the 27th, after watching their operations a while from the ground, I swung myself into the tree, and took a seat with them. To my delight, the work proceeded without interruption. Neither bird made any outcry, although one of them hopped around me, just out of reach, with evident curiosity. He must have thought me a queer specimen. When I drew my overcoat up after me and put it on, they flew away; but within a minute or two they were both back again, working as merrily as ever, and taking no pains not to litter me with their rubbish. Once the female (I took it to be she from her smaller size, not from this piece of shiftlessness) dropped her load without quitting the stub, a thing I had not seen either of them do before. Twice one brought the other something to eat. At last the male took another turn at investigating my character, and it began to look as if he would end with alighting on my hat. This time, too, I am proud to say, the verdict was favorable.

Their confidence was not misplaced, and unless all signs failed they reared a full brood of tits. May their tribe increase! Of birds so innocent and unobtrusive, so graceful, so merry-hearted, and so musical, the world can never have too many.

Bradford Torrey.

HENRY JAMES.

THIS volume in memory of the late Henry James¹ consists of an attempt at an outline of his system of thought, composed chiefly of selections from his own writings and a brief autobiographical sketch, to which is added the important work entitled *Spiritual Creation*. This essay, constituting the main part of the book, and extending through fifteen chapters, is yet left unfinished. It is the last work of the author, and repeats in another form the thought to which he had given for his own age so deep and passionate expression. The autobiographic sketch is written with the briefest incident and circumstance, and apparently to present through his own experience of life a spiritual conviction of that which forms the common and universal life of man.

In the august presence of the truth which he recognizes so gratefully and so devoutly, he counts the incident and circumstance of his own life as nothing, the subjects of trivial record; as if they were, in the daily and common ways of men, but "the dust that rises up and is lightly laid again." But the dates given in this brief sketch are of value, since they connect him with the age to whose deepest thought he gave so clear interpretation, and they associate him, as he would say, with the latitudes in which he lived. It is singular, however, that, while so closely related to the best thought and work of his age, he discloses no relation with any contemporary writer. And his vision was so intent upon the one thought of that life which for him lay at the foundation of human life and human society that he regarded the external incident and circumstance of his own age as slightly as

those of his own life. There was, beneath them all, the revelation of a divine life, and their process was but the continuous incarnation and redemption of man; it was the process of a spiritual creation.

The memoir contains no letters which might further illustrate his thought and work, although his correspondence was extensive, and bore always the impress of his rare genius; in fact, his most important books were written in the form of letters to a friend. His note-books, also, should furnish much of interest, if we may judge by the brief extracts which he gave in his reminiscences of Carlyle and his allusions to Emerson. Their use may invade no privacy; and indeed, in the large human quality which his writings always had, there is no writer where the merely private concern of life is so completely effaced. Thus, again, there is no more that is strictly autobiographic in the paper which is so entitled than may be found scattered through all his volumes.

He has a unique position in literature. He wrote no history, no verse, no essays on nature, or conduct, or art, or life, and no treatise on philosophy; but the slight references which incidentally appear indicate a various learning which was lightly borne, and a rare use of words, and a refined critical culture, and beneath all a sympathy with the common life of man so profound that it must have had a ground deeper than any mere individual relation. His prose sometimes recalls, in its glow of color and richness of expression and in its eloquence, the prose of the old writers in the greater periods of English literature. His style has a singular freshness and a homely beauty of phrase and illustration, so that it suggests not faintly the freshness of the style in poetry of Chaucer; it is genu-

¹ *The Literary Remains of Henry James*. Edited by WILLIAM JAMES. J. R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

ine, with no trace of an insincere pedantry of thought or formality of expression, and the pulses of life seem to run and to beat fully and freely through its periods. It is never affected by any conventionalism, and it is delayed by no skepticism. It seems naturally to avoid a scholastic dress, and even the terms and phrases of the schools, when he uses them, are often turned around, as if the stream which is so fresh and strong would mark its own confines and trace the free line of its own banks. Thus the words "consciousness" and "personality," and in some instances "nature," are used in a way which is an inversion of their common use. But one comes soon to ascertain their special significance, and then they do not interfere with the clear apprehension of the thought and purpose of the writer.

He was no mystic and no seer, as he has sometimes been represented; he was drawn away to no dim and shadowy confines of thought, and held no vague vision of the future, to avert, by its splendor, his gaze from this earth. He might associate with those who had seen visions and dreamt dreams, but for him the common life of man had itself been glorified by the divine presence, and it was in the lowliness of humanity that there had come the revelation of the splendor of God. He was still less the founder or expositor of an institution. For him, the ritualistic and the institutional man belonged simply to the provisional and typical conditions of life. They might stand in the way if they assumed to themselves an exclusive distinction in the divine life, which was alone the foundation of the life of humanity. They became then as in some mask; as the pale and shadowy figures of the past, which lingered behind the stage-lights of the theatre when the full light of day had come, and kept the accompaniment of the drums and instruments of the orchestra when the full music of humanity filled, for those

who would but hear it, all the streets and ways of the city.

This sometimes may have led him to identify real and organic movements of history with the mere forms of an institution. Thus he wrote in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, many years ago, that a characteristic of the age was an indifference to lapsed nationalities. But the characteristic of the age was to be the rise of a deeper and unitary national life in the very countries from which he wrote, — in Italy and Germany. Yet this process has been itself an evidence of the truth which he most clearly recognized of a spiritual creation, and in its democratic and social form is the recognition of the deeper and divine life of humanity.

He was not and could not be an isolated thinker, separated from the spirit that was working in his own age. His conception of creation as a continuous process was not very far away from that of Edwards; his representation of the relation of the Creator and the creature, and of the nothingness of the creature apart from the Creator, recalls the thought of Hegel; his apprehension of the Incarnation as continuous was that of Rothe; and his statement of the human consciousness and its relation to the formative life of human society has a very beautiful expression in a recent work of Thomas Hill Green on the *Witness of God*. He was strictly a theologian; but while a correspondence may be traced between his thought and that of these writers, he has given a far deeper conception of the reality and fullness of the divine Incarnation as the foundation of the life of man. It is a life which is limited by no sanctimonies, for it is a universal life, and its realization is in the redeemed life of human society. This was the ground of his deep humility. He says of it, "I feel such a mental impotence in regard to the ineffable theme, such a sense of silent and amazed and abashed truth in

relation to it, that, say what I may, I can hardly feel sure of having said anything to the purpose. I confess, for my part, that this truth of the spiritual creation, or of God's natural humanity, is in itself so grand and unexpected as utterly to beggar my imagination at the start." It is the conviction that God has taken upon himself this worn and broken and bedraggled life of man on this earth, and borne it with the Infinite patience to the fulfillment of its divine destiny. He has given a clearer and fuller interpretation of the correlation and correspondence of nature and society; his unfinished work closes with the inquiry, "Whose image, then, is nature, after all?" But he has said before, in the same work, "There is but one nature, then, and that is human nature, — so named from God's true creature, man; for mineral, vegetable, and animal are God's creatures only as involved in man, and without him could have no possible cause of existence." He has lifted the conception of human society above that of a merely physical relation, in physical conditions, to that of a divine and human relation, in which it is moulded and formed through the realization of the divine love. Thus he has given the strongest expression to the inseparable connection between theology and sociology. There are in recent literature, in the works of Spencer and Maudsley, representations of society as a physical organism; but the facts which are the evidence of its spiritual and ethical relations are far more obvious, and it becomes strange to him that men will not see them. For it is not through the exclusive recognition of any merely physical phenomena, nor by the application of any abstract schemes or theories, that human society is constituted, but in the recognition and realization of its redemptive life. In the significant phrase which forms the title of perhaps his most important work, society is the redeemed form of man. He

says, "The sum of all I have been alleging is that we, as a community, are fully launched at length upon that metaphysic sea of being whose mystic waters float the sapphire walls of the new Jerusalem, metropolis of earth and heaven. It is not a city built of stone nor of any material rubbish, since it has no need of sun or moon to enlighten it; but its foundations are laid in the eternal wants and passions of the human heart, sympathetic with God's infinitude, and its walls are the laws of man's deathless intelligence, subjecting all things to his allegiance. Neither is it a city into which shall ever enter anything that defileth, nor anything that is contrary to nature, nor yet anything that produceth a lie; for it is the city of God coming down to men out of the stainless heavens, and therefore full of pure, unmixed blessing to human life, and there shall be no more curse." The relations of human society are not to be settled by any adjustment of property nor use and division of land, important as these are, but in the recognition of a life in which all the suffering and trial of the world is reconciled in the coming of a divine and an eternal order. It is true that this may not be counted as yet fully attained. He says himself, "There are, it must be admitted, too many fierce and avaricious natures among us, to whom the state no longer exists as the symbol or representative of an outward order in human life, and at the same time does not begin to reveal itself as the symbol or representative of a much more constraining inward order; and all these necessarily look upon their fellow-men as delivered over to their use, to be fleeced *ad libitum*."

In the intense expression which he has given to a single truth, that of the divine Incarnation and Redemption, he sometimes seems to have a restricted conception of forms and phases of life, which so fully engage the thoughts of men. He thus seems sometimes unjust

to the ethical drama and its distinctions in its portrayal of life, and yet when we hear a play of Shakespeare, we do not regard it as a finality; it is itself only the representation of an incident or form of experience in the common life of man. He seems, again, unjust to the uses and necessity of an institutional order; but it is only in the recognition of the law that institutions are for man, and not man for institutions. He seems, again, unjust to physical research, with its labor and large results; but it must be conceded that while Darwin may detect no beneficent end in the tendencies of physical nature, yet he recognizes a beneficent end in the acquisition of that knowledge, to which he devoted his life so patiently and so laboriously, in its gradual gain to the evolution of human society and the subjection of the world to man.

It has been a subject of speculation whether the position which he has maintained might not have been affirmed apart from Christianity. But this is not the conception which he allows. It is the revelation of the divine Incarnation which seems often to him the only reality. He himself says, "I hold the Christian facts to be authentic, because I see them to be needful ultimates or exponents of otherwise undiscoverable and inconceivable spiritual truth. Indeed, I hold the life, death, and ascension of Jesus Christ to be the only facts of human history which are not in themselves illusory or fallacious, because

they alone base a new creation in man, to which every fibre of his nature, starved and revolted by the actual creation, eagerly responds."

Browning, in his last work, has given us, after testing the experience and traversing the field of a various and subtle philosophy, the conclusion of his own thought:—

"Let throngs press thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful
face!
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should
souls have place."

But this recognition of the world seems merely abstract, only the recital of certain particulars in comparison with that profound conception which on almost every page is the centre and ground of James's thought.

But the interpretation of his thought must be found in his own works. That they will be read more widely in the future we do not doubt. He gave to the truth which he recognized an unceasing devotion. The words would be more just of no other artist, that he toiled,

"gaining, as he gave,
The Life he imaged."

It was said by a public journalist, in reporting the announcement of his death, "No one who had known him could read it without tears." It was a long life, whose devotion was checked by no indifference, and whose faith was itself a record, to remain among the best treasures of memory.

WOODBERRY'S POE.

MR. WOODBERRY¹ has done for Poe the greatest service which one man can

¹ *Edgar Allan Poe*. By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

render another. He has told the truth about him. It is doubtful if Poe would have relished the service, for he rarely told the truth about himself, and at first sight the laborious task which this latest

biographer has finished seems a cruel one. Nevertheless, even though Poe's imaginary character were gone forever, we repeat that no better service could be done the man than that the facts of his life should be correctly given. Not literature alone, but humanity also, is served by a pitiless accuracy of statement; and this can be secured only when the biographer has an eye single to this end. We think it clear, from the whole tone of Mr. Woodberry's work, that he set out on his task with no partiality for his subject, and completed it with no unkindly feeling toward the man whom he had so steadily pursued through all the windings and turnings of his melancholy career.

Poe has suffered at the hands of biased biographers, but he has been his own worst enemy; and therefore it is that any one who should put that enemy to rout might justly be called Poe's best friend. Mr. Woodberry has patiently examined not only the material which was accessible to previous biographers, but much which his industry and the kindness of others have made his own. He has shown a lawyer-like acumen in threading the mazes of a confused and contradictory career, and has enabled the student of Poe and his writings to construct a consistent and intelligible whole. It is possible now, as it has not been before, to rest one's conception of this singular being upon a solid foundation of fact.

This is the peculiar value of the latest contribution to the Poe literature. The separate discoveries which Mr. Woodberry has made may not seem to the casual reader very important. Even the most considerable, that of Poe's army life, will not appear to him indicative of any serious disclosure of character. The value, however, is in the sureness of step by which one passes to each successive grade of development in Poe's life, in the confidence with which one surveys the accumulation of minute

facts, and in the gradual unveiling of the unhappy man's figure by his own words and acts.

Mr. Woodberry's critical estimate of Poe's work is less satisfactory rather by what he omits to say than by what he says. The method which he applied to the discovery of the facts of the life is indeed used with excellent skill in stating the external history of the writings, and the account given of Poe's economy and double use of his printed material is in itself a commentary on the poet's character. The few pages in which he sums up Poe's qualities as a poet, and his explanation of the mood in which *Ula-lume* was written, make us wish that he had dwelt at more length and with more specific criticism upon the few poems which constitute Poe's passport to immortality, and we could have better spared the minute examination of the pseudo-philosophy exploited in *Eureka*.

The judgment of Poe's critical faculty is scarcely so sound as that of his poetic power. Too much credit is given to Poe for independence, and perhaps too little for that insight which he really had, and which atones for much of his prejudice and personal feeling. Poe's independence was an Ishmaelite sort of freedom. It was not the result of a fearless conviction, but of a lawless nature. At one time he would characterize Hawthorne as one whose mind was original in all points; at another dismiss him as not original, but only peculiar. He would praise by the column some female writer whose name has been absolutely forgotten, and he would parade cheap learning with an ostentation which seemed to deceive even himself. The defect of his poetry was the defect of his criticism. In each case a great endowment had been so encrusted with artificiality that there was little chance for healthy truth to find its way through. The power of the one was the power of the other. The occasional hours when Poe saw clearly, and was lifted by his

imagination out of the miserable net in which he had involved himself, were luminous, and the poems which he then wrote, the criticisms which he offered, were of exceeding value. The difficulty is that in the confused mass of Poe's criticism the good is so mingled with the bad as to discourage one from attempting to appropriate it. His criticism has a certain historical interest, and is of worth in helping to determine Poe's individuality; but it can scarcely be regarded as a contribution to literature, and it may be doubted if it exercised any very potent influence upon the writers or readers of his time. It was too willful, in the main, to have a very stringent effect.

Mr. Woodberry will be called by some a hard judge for the final estimate which he passes upon Poe. His estimate is doubtless the outcome of that long and familiar acquaintance with his subject which the writing of such a book compelled. It is also partly due to the

slightly unsympathetic mood which is betrayed throughout the work. We do not find this a very grave defect. It has answered the purpose of giving a cold and dispassionate survey of a life which has been almost as hardly treated by friend as by foe. Nor is the reader at the mercy of the biographer. On the contrary, he has been supplied most carefully with all the facts, and the slight tinge of contempt with which they are colored only provokes one to a more generous, certainly to a more compassionate, estimate. It is impossible to avoid the pathos of the situation, as one follows the fortunes of Poe and his wife. His steadfastness to her means an immense amount in any summary of his character; his loneliness, as he drifts through the clouds of a world in which he always seems to be fighting unreal figures, comes to affect one with a fine pity, and to make one forget all the lessons of Poe's life except that of a mournful charity.

A POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

If there be any matter in which a journal of literature may have an honest zeal, it is in the presentation of the history of literature; and no books excite our critical jealousy so quickly as manuals of literature, especially where they profess to cover both England and America, and are offered as guides to the young student. The author of the book before us¹ is encouraged in her undertaking by the fact that "English literature has been assuming a more prominent place in the curricula of schools and colleges" during the past few years. That is the very reason why

we have been reading her book. The plan of the work is something between a hand-book and an encyclopædia, and we will let the author describe it, for her statement carries with it some sensible criticism. "Literature," she says, "is not a science, whose leading principles can be systematically exhibited within a moderate compass, and of which a complete elementary knowledge can be imparted within a limited time. English literature, even in its most restricted sense, covers a vast field through which, properly speaking, there is no short cut. Compendiums of English lit-

¹ *A Popular Manual of English Literature.* Containing outlines of the literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States of

America; with historical, scientific, and art notes. By MAUDE GILLETTE PHILLIPS. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1885.

erature describe the field of labor instead of placing it before the student for personal examination, and hence, by converting the study into a mere exercise of the memory, fail to accomplish the most advantageous result. The only road to a competent knowledge of English literature is that of *personal investigation*, not only among its masterpieces, but also among the critical reviews and biographical essays pertaining to them and their authors, which are scattered here and there over the whole field of literature, — a labor requiring study so extensive as to be impracticable to the ordinary student. To make this road of investigation accessible, as far as possible, to the student, even during the limited time devoted to the study in the usual courses of instruction, the following volume attempts, by presenting within the limits of a convenient manual a carefully collected mass of facts and information respecting the representative English authors from varied and reliable sources, together with celebrated and characteristic passages referring to them and their writings, quoted from the works of the keenest critics of Europe and America.”

As an illustration of the method pursued, the treatment of Wordsworth will serve for an example. It should be premised that the subject occurs in a division of the book entitled *Age of Revolution*, which is dated 1784–1837. The introduction deals in a general way with the characteristics of the age in poetry, fiction, philosophy, journalism, and criticism; a survey is made of the contemporary literature of the rest of Christendom; and then follow monographs of Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron. First there is an account of the portraits of Wordsworth; then there is De Quincey's portraiture from his *Literary Reminiscences*, and a reference to Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Brinley, for further details. Four pages of comment contain scraps of prose and verse from

a variety of authors. A *Topical Study of Wordsworth's Life* is prepared by the author, which, under various headings, and with more or less quotation from the poet himself and from other writers, considers in chronological order the main facts of a biography. Similar sections are given under the title *Wordsworth's Homes*, *Wordsworth's Friends*, *Wordsworth's Personal Character*, *Wordsworth's Literary Career*, consisting for the most part of excerpts from contemporaries or later critics. A *Chronological Table of Wordsworth's works*, with dates of publication, is given, under four periods. Then follows a series of *Studies*, comprising *Lyrical Ballads*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Intimations of Immortality*, and *The Excursion*. The author's method in these studies is to make a preliminary statement of her own, with criticisms from other sources dovetailed in; to copy a number of familiar quotations, and then selections from various criticisms. She gives up, to be sure, when she attacks the ode *Intimations of Immortality*, contenting herself with remarking, “This poem is one of the grandest in the English language, and one that no thoughtful reader can study without ever-increasing reverence and awe. It has been justly characterized by Ralph Waldo Emerson as the ‘high-water mark of English thought in the nineteenth century,’” — and then she prints an extract from the poem, forty or fifty lines long.

Now it is not to be gainsaid that the author has been very industrious; has collected a great mass of material, and has arranged it in a methodical fashion. We suspect, moreover, that she would cheerfully acknowledge her indebtedness to the commentators on literature, and would disclaim any title to having made a philosophical study herself of this vast subject. Even when there are no quotation marks, one feels that the author is merely decanting out of her little glass what she has poured in from the bigger

vessels that she has gathered about herself. We give her credit, too, for general accuracy as regards names and dates and all the apparatus which she has so diligently accumulated. But is there any evidence of qualification for her task beyond patience, industry, and a methodical mind? And are these sufficient for one who essays to act as a guide in so vast a study as that of English literature?

The first qualification in a person undertaking such a task is insight, the second is good taste, the third is a power of philosophic combination and discrimination. These are the higher attributes, and patience, industry, and method are those subsidiary virtues which a historian of English literature will find essential rather to the completion of his work than to the conception of it.

Let us test the author of this book on these points by a few instances; and we will take her on ground with which she ought to be familiar, — the literature of her own country. According to her plan, this is merely illustrative of English literature, and is passed over swiftly. All the more reason is there for the flash of light needed to guide the hurrying student. The first paragraph relating to the United States is as follows: "American literature in the Colonial period had been almost exclusively theological, consisting of tracts and sermons by such writers as Roger Williams, John Cotton, Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather; which, though displaying considerable learning and acuteness, are of no interest to the general reader of the present day. During the Revolutionary era oratorical eloquence had burst forth in the patriotic speeches of Patrick Henry and James Otis; Benjamin Franklin had produced his noble essays on moral, scientific, and philosophical subjects; and there had flourished a few satirical versifiers. But it was not till the struggles for existence and independence were over that ethical and rhetorical literature in the United States attained full

development, or that didactic and romantic compositions were produced to any extent."

This is commonplace to the last degree. Half the number of words given to Edwards's *Freedom of the Will* and Franklin's *Autobiography* would have been worth more to the student, and the barest reference to the reasons for the peculiar character of early American literature might have given a hint for a clearer understanding of the relation subsisting between American and English literature. So also the paragraph devoted to Cooper does not give the slightest intimation of his distinctive contribution to literature. When the author reaches the Victorian age, and undertakes to summarize American literature, she indulges in such criticism as "Bryant is generally regarded as the finest type of American poets," speaks of Mr. Howells as a disciple of Mr. James, tucks Emerson in at the end of a miscellaneous list of poets, calls Trowbridge's *Coupon Bonds* a popular poem, makes Parkman one of the lesser historians, and winds up her statement of poetry with the hollow words, "Of late years poetry has been somewhat declining, and American critics anxiously await the advent of some new poetic genius."

These random passages indicate the weakness of this new guide to literature. There is a hopeless attempt at ranking everybody and everything. Dante's *Divina Commedia* is a work which "ranks second only to Homer's *Iliad*." Four lines from Chaucer are quoted as "some of the choicest in all Chaucer's works." Literature is minutely divided into periods, and all the various forms culminate at some time or other. One gets the impression that intellectualism is constantly coming to a head, like a boil. This mechanical conception of the subject which is always looking for rounded divisions, and attempts to formulate the products of the intellect, is the pervading one, and the very fullness with

which the plan is carried out tends to confirm in the student a habit of thought regarding literature which is destructive of a really close acquaintance with great work.

Our objection to the method followed goes farther. We quite agree with the author that a mere description of the field cannot take the place of investigation; but the trouble with her plan is that it gives the student too much material in a fragmentary way, and is quite as prejudicial to real investigation. The fault to be found with those hand-books which attempt to give a view of literature by means of extracts is only a little greater than the objection which we are raising against this hand-book. Knowledge about authors is not to be had by means of extracts, and it is unfair to the criticism itself to take it out of its context. Mr. Stedman, for example, has made a conscientious, connected, and sustained study of Tennyson in his *Victorian Poets*. Miss or Mrs. Phillips snips out a passage here and there, and fits it

into her mosaic of criticism. But criticism is not made up of *obiter dicta*, and a student of Tennyson would do much more who sat down to his poet with such a guide as Genung for *In Memoriam* than if he attempted to digest the very mixed banquet set before him in this volume.

In short, this work tends to increase a superficial mode of studying English literature. It makes such a show of omniscience that the ingenuous student fancies an application to it will make him a master of the subject. He gets a smattering of knowledge; he is not in the hands of a wise guide, he is not put in the way of a really continuous and evolutionary study, and he is not given in each section such a survey as will serve him if he wishes to know some one subject thoroughly. Stopford Brooke's little hand-book is of more real value than this *omnium gatherum*. It sets one to thinking. This does his thinking for him, and makes him a sort of literary capon.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is early summer when those vegetable imitations of flying *orthoptera*, the winged seeds of the red maple, are sent abroad by the parent tree. With these my dooryard is sometimes so thickly strewn as to suggest by their ripe color that autumn has joined hands with spring, and summer has been dropped from the seasons' dance. Not so very long after this fall of seeds, little trees start up everywhere about the yards and the borders of the streets. Any one who sympathizes with the masses and an overcrowded population must pity these younglings of the maple tribe, which, with the whole wide earth around them, obtain so little room and opportunity for

life. Out of the hundreds that spring up in early summer, perhaps not one sees the autumn. Whether their life has been in vain is a fit question for the sentimentalist to decide. One such tender tree I remember, which died young, either because the gods loved it, or because they sought to punish the pride I had in its possession. My Roof-Tree I called it. I do not think there was another such in the whole village, — for I took some pains to look at my neighbors' roofs, to see whether the same honor had been bestowed upon them.

It was one morning after a plentiful rain, when the shingles of the roof showed a pleasing mossiness, that I dis-

covered a maple seedling growing from a crevice close to the eaves-trough. It had already passed its first infancy, the plumule had unfolded, and a pair of jaunty, delicately notched leaves balanced each other on the stem. It leaned forward slightly, and seemed to nod a good-morning, or an assurance that it had the house and its inmates under faithful watch and ward, as became the character of a good roof-tree. Afterwards, no day of its brief life passed but some agreeable speculation was suggested by this half-span sapling. It even hinted that one might have a hanging garden as remarkable in its way as the hanging gardens of Babylon. Tree-culture on one's own roof would be a taking novelty. The eaves-trough, — might it not be turned to account as a river, upon whose rich alluvial banks various kinds of quick tropical growths might be induced to take up their residence? At night, too, I could not help noticing the attitude of quiet ecstasy which my little roof-tree maintained, outlined as it was against the moonlit sky. More than once I suspected that Hop and Drop, and Sib and Tib, and the rest of that ilk, were tripping it featly under those two fairy leaves, while mortals slept none the less soundly. Jack's bean-stalk shrunk into total insignificance beside this tree of the roof, by which one's fancies could so easily climb into heaven. But alas for my airy expectations! Under the good shade of the tree which produced it, the seedling flourished for a time; but when the fiercer heats of summer came on, the two brave leaves were crisped brown, the stem withered away, and soon nothing remained of my roof-tree. True, it was no great shelter, yet for some reason I could ill afford to spare it.

—The recent marriages of two of our countrywomen — one to a prince of the house of Colonna, and the other to the Comte de Fitzjames — lead one to review the list of American women who have

wedded foreigners of rank, real or imagined. Of course in these late instances there can be no uncertainty; the one is too modern and the other too ancient for any mistakes. Few princely families, however, are so well known as the Colonnas and the remnant of the Stewarts. One is sometimes at a loss to divine the glamour in names which, even if provided with more than one "handle," are neither historical nor famous. It is fair to our young countrywomen to suppose that their first motive in marrying is love, and in some cases romantic notions suggest love. Those notions have gone out of fashion, yet many a girl in her secret heart still cherishes a vision of a lover, with dark eyes and mustache, who sings or rides, who is a soldier, who has a pretty Christian name or a fine title. The attraction of the last often rests on the belief that noble blood possesses good and generous qualities, which only reach perfection by long transmission; there are proverbs to that effect and heraldic mottoes which proclaim it. We respect an illusion like this as much as the dream of love in a cottage, if there be an American girl alive who still dreams of that. But to provide as far as possible against disappointment, our young ladies would do well to be certain that their titled suitors really inherit their name and its moral entail.

To begin with, good lineage does not always go with rank, and there are plenty of titles in England which have as little connection with it as Lord Chancellor or Lord Mayor. Burke's *Vicissitudes of Noble Families* relates the loss of station and final extinction which have overtaken some of the finest breeds that came to England with William the Conqueror, and the transfer of their titles to very inferior stock. The ups and downs of the line of Percy are a lesson; for although we may believe with Galton and others that hereditary merit comes through the mother, the chivalric quality seems impaired when it passes

to the distaff under the name of Smithson. Prince Dolgourouki's little book on the noble families of Russia contains curious facts about bedizened patronymics ending in *off* and *iev*, not to be found in the Velvet Book, or among the companions of Rurik. The haughty old Tartar frequently suppresses the genealogy of an upstart prince by saying that he respects himself and his readers too much to refer to the origin of *this* family. Polish nobility is the most fallacious order in Europe. In a nation consisting of but two castes, the noble and the serf, in which everybody not sprung from the former is descended from the latter, the possessor of the most heroic name may be a coarse, illiterate, indigent peasant, or the highest title may rightfully belong to a gentleman who lives by his wits. Moreover, a country which, for over a century, has had no autonomy, no court, no centres of society, no entity in short, cannot give vouchers for the legitimacy of her children or of their pretensions.

Italian and Spanish rank is often accepted as a guarantee of good blood, because in those countries a father generally transmits his title to all his sons. But although nowhere is a claim to high extraction so severely tested as among Spanish grandees, even at the fountain-head of blue blood, the appellation of prince, duke, marquis, etc., is bestowed at the royal pleasure on men whose family names are not more distinguished than Brown, Jones, or Robinson. In Italy the papacy has been the great mint of titles. A Pope's immediate forbears might have been fishermen or swineherds, yet his sons and nephews almost invariably become princes, with fortunes to maintain their rank; political reasons would induce the patrician families of Rome and Venice, or even the reigning houses of other countries, to form matrimonial alliances with them, and thus establish them on a footing of apparent equality. But it was not nec-

essary to be a pontiff's kinsman to receive a title from him; in recent times, a certain Pope, after making a little journey through the province in which he was born, ennobled every family in his own district.

France is the country into which hitherto our young ladies have most frequently married, so that the antiquity of her nobility is specially interesting to us. In the first place, strictly speaking, there is no longer such a class in France, but as titles are still in use they have their value. The French themselves have long been concerned in this matter. The *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy*, a spurious autobiography, but composed of authentic documents, gives a catalogue of the old French families extant at the time of the Revolution, by which it can be seen that several of the most ancient had already died out. The Revolution, besides exterminating some of the remaining ones, passed its bloody hand over all patents of nobility, and abolished titles of every sort; the further to humble those who owned them, and take away their very identity, sometimes after the confiscation of property the former owners were compelled to keep the name of an estate, and drop a family name more illustrious than any rank,—as though the son of Prince Doria should be forced to call himself Valmontone, without a title, and forbidden to use the name of Doria. There was wholesale destruction of the archives and monuments recording the titles and pedigrees of ancient lines, sometimes intentionally, though more often accidentally, when the castles, religious houses, or town halls in which they were kept were burned or razed. Napoleon, on making himself Emperor, created an aristocracy to reflect his pomp, and distributed the nicknames of prince and duke among men of the most plebeian origin and surname. The old French titles were not renewed or recognized. Such of their representatives as had

fought for their country under Napoleon were not rewarded by being reinstated in their hereditary rank; a different and usually lower title was conferred upon them, that they too might recollect that they owed everything to the new Cæsar.

At the Restoration, although the old nobility was allowed to resume its former designations, policy did not admit of doing away with Napoleon's hierarchy. The Dukes of Bassano, Piacenza, etc., retained their stage names and properties, and when their less eminent comrades obtained the favor of Louis XVIII., or married some daughter of a feudal race, the sham titles of the First Empire were exchanged for genuine ones, and the offspring of these unions gave themselves the airs of descendants of crusaders. Bourbons and Orleans alike continued to create new nobles; Louis Philippe, the citizen king, condescended to make an Englishman Duc de Stackpole.

The long expatriation of the surviving *émigrés*, or of their children, favored all sorts of impostures. The Tichborne case has shown how easy it would be to maintain a false claim if nobody had an interest in disputing it; and there are stories of more than one clever servant who appropriated the papers and personal effects of a master who had died obscurely in exile, returned to France after a quarter of a century's absence, personated him, and received his possessions and titles. This fraud was successfully perpetrated by the footman of an old lady of quality, who had died abroad. The impudent varlet came back disguised as a woman, under his late mistress's name, and obtained from the government a pension and a lodging at Versailles, which in those days was an asylum for persons of good position, as Hampton Court and Kensington Palace now are. The parchments of so many families having perished, and the government heralds' offices having been

abolished, made it difficult to establish or disprove a claim. The rage for rank, which seems inherent in human nature, prompted people to grab at a title wherever they could lay hands upon one: a man who had no nearer claim to being a count than his great aunt's having been a countess wore his honors with angry contempt of those whose coronets had come brand new from the king. Then the Second Empire arose, with a new crop of dignitaries, so that a man was termed a noble of yesterday or the day before yesterday, according as he owed his rank to the first or second of the preceding dynasties. One of Louis Philippe's batch, on hearing of Louis Napoleon's latest novelty, exclaimed, "Why, then I belong to the *ancienne noblesse*!"

It is easy to fancy the confusion that ensued. Even the claim to gentle birth lost its significance; people who had not the luck or wit to obtain a title adopted the prefix *de*, called in France the *particule nobiliaire*, and generally accepted as a sign of good blood. Sometimes it was taken merely for identification by men of mark with common surnames, who adopted the name of their native town, like the great lawyer Michel de Bourges, or the sculptor David d'Angers. But more often the introduction of a *de*, or *d* with an apostrophe, if the surname began with a vowel, was an assumption of gentility.

The doubts which rest on these and similar pretensions are older than the Revolution. As early as the Valois kings, titles were conferred in recognition of military service; this honorable recompense of merit, which gave lustre to rank, was soon extended to persons who advanced money in time of war or other public need. By degrees, according privileges of nobility became an indirect mode of replenishing the royal exchequer through a tax paid on the assumption of a title, and ruined noblemen were not slow in resorting to the

same expedient for bettering their affairs. These last bartered not their estates only, but their titles, which, even if they could not legally be borne by the purchaser, could pass to his grandson; but this formality was commuted on the payment of a sum to the crown. Several French kings attempted to check the base growth which was supplanting the finest genealogical trees of the kingdom: edicts were issued by Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to establish all existing titles by compelling the possessors to prove their claims, *finés* being imposed for usurpation. But the abuse had already gone too far, and had taken root in custom; it soon sprang up in new directions. The nobles propagated it by intermarriage with the daughters of rich and often most ignoble commoners, a proceeding which they insolently termed *manuring* their lands; after a few generations the inheritance would occasionally slip over to collateral branches on the female side, carrying title and pedigree with it. Ancestors who had fought under Henri IV., or bowed before Louis XIV., must sometimes have turned in their graves at the posterity foisted upon them. At last came the Revolution with its axe, and more than one foolish head paid the penalty for having worn a borrowed coronet. Thus flourished the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Empire, with their successive batches of fictitious princes and dukes, counts and grafts of old titles on new stocks, until the sower could not have separated the tares from the wheat. The most notorious instance of our times was Louis Napoleon's granting the splendid name of Montmorenci, which had lately become extinct, to a person whom nothing could justify in bearing it. This imposition was resisted, and resented by duels and blackballing; but the new owner has held fast to his ill-gotten distinction, although not long ago he was obliged to defend it by a letter in the

Figaro, a quasi-comic, quasi-religious newspaper of immense circulation in France.

But the opposition is dying out, and an undisputed title or patronymic soon becomes as hard to contest as an established right of way. After a few decades hardly anybody outside of France will remember that the Montmorencis are interlopers. In France itself, the families who rightfully bear the old names and wear the old crests, and not a few of those who strut in borrowed plumes, will always know whose claims are genuine and whose spurious, and the new-comers are the sharper to repel intruders. So our young ladies, before committing themselves, should be careful to ascertain whether they are to accept the name and style of an aristocrat or of an upstart. They may be sure that a fraudulent title will not give them the place in foreign society which belongs to a real one. Even the modest particule *nobiliaire*, if arbitrarily prefixed, sounds as absurdly as O'Robinson, McJones, or ap-Brown would to Irish, Scotch, or Welsh ears. It is safer to marry men who have made their own name and position: a lady whose husband is called simply M. Waddington or M. Alexandre Ribot finds her place ready for her. But if our girls desire merely to *style* themselves marchioness or countess, like the servants in high life below stairs, or to use a coronet upon their note-paper, the fac-simile of a tinsel one answers such purposes.

— M. Jean Gigoux, the painter, lithographer, and illustrator, has recently published a volume of *souvenirs* entitled *Causeries sur les Artistes de Mon Temps*. It is one of the most gossip and interesting books of reminiscences that have been written in this century, so rich in memoirs and recollections of all kinds. For the information of the reader, and in order to complete the lacuna which the author's modesty has caused him to leave in his volume, it may be said that

M. Jean Gigoux is a veteran, who was born at Besançon in 1809, came to Paris in 1827, and has remained there ever since, in close relations of friendship with all the literary, artistic, and political celebrities of the times. He first became famous as a lithographer: his illustration of *Gil Blas*, consisting of six hundred vignettes, has made the edition of 1835 famous in the annals of bibliophilism; his large historical paintings, the Death of Leonardo, the Good Samaritan, Antony and Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium, the Capture of Ghent, etc., figure with honor in the museums of the Luxembourg, of Versailles, and of his native town of Besançon, while still vaster compositions adorn different churches in Paris. In the way of official recompenses M. Gigoux has achieved all that ambition can desire; and the esteem in which he has been held by his contemporaries will doubtless be ratified by posterity.

M. Gigoux was very intimate with Eugène Delacroix, the mighty colorist. No one, he tells us, was more familiar with the antique and a more conscientious student from nature than Delacroix. He was not a tranquil artist; he was always seeking that which no master can teach, and which is yet the most striking thing in a picture, namely, life. He wanted life everywhere and at any price, — in the landscape, in the sky, around his figures. All the rest was, in his eyes, secondary. He used to work with furious energy; dashing in a patch of light here and there, trying to render the plashing of water, the movement of horses, the scintillation of light on armor, — “*l'impression, encore. l'impression, toujours l'impression!*” Then, finally, when the picture was exhibited, the public and the critics cried out, “What a daub! Why, it is not finished! The shading is not graduated!” Delacroix's sketches were often clumsy; but if he could devote a little time to them, his drawings became charming. M. Gigoux

is the happy possessor of three hundred examples, — figures from life, as finished as the finest miniatures, and many drawings from the terra-cotta figurines of Tanagra. One day, while looking over the collection in the author's studio, M. Bonnat said that these drawings were, in his opinion, as fine as those of the greatest of the great masters. And yet, the morning of the opening of the Salon, Delacroix was obliged to announce to his friend Gigoux that the jury of the Salon had refused each one of the seventeen pictures which he had sent in! All these seventeen canvases have since appeared in public auctions, and the prices paid for them have varied between 40,000 and 45,000 fr.!

Here is an anecdote which shows that the life of literary men in the reign of Napoleon III. was not altogether a blissful career. Théophile Gautier told Gigoux one morning, as they were going off to breakfast in the country, that he had received the visit of a gentleman, who had said to him, “I know you are now writing an article on the *début* of Mlle. X. I hope that, whatever your opinion of her may be, you will speak favorably of her; in the contrary case, the pension on the civil list which you at present enjoy will be withdrawn.”

Of M. Thiers, whose collection, bequeathed by will to the Louvre, is now the laughing-stock of the *habitués* of the museum and the despair of the curators, M. Jean Gigoux has several anecdotes to tell. The two were frequently neighbors at the auction sales at the Hôtel Drouot. About 1858, M. Thiers became a passionate collector of prints, for which he used to pay the wildest prices at the Hôtel Drouot. This went on for some time, but M. Thiers never was able to appreciate the differences between proofs and “states,” and finally he sold out his collection at a considerable loss. Then he conceived a new mania, — that of having made at Florence water-color copies from the old masters.

At the present moment these ridiculous works are hung up on the walls of two rooms in the Louvre, much to the disgust of the curators and of the public. In vain M. Gigoux sought to dissuade M. Thiers from carrying out this idea, telling him that necessarily the novices charged with making the copies did not see what was in the originals. "These beautiful works were made by great men, and he who copies them does not see them; he looks at them, it is true, but, I repeat, he does not see them." "That is sufficient," replied M. Thiers crossly; "they are good enough for me."

As a lithographer, M. Jean Gigoux could not fail to lament in his *Causeries* the disappearance of his art. He asks justly why the masterpieces of lithography are not yet represented in the Louvre. "The lithographs of Raffet and those of Français after Rousseau, for instance, are, I venture to affirm, superior to the etchings of Ruysdaël and of the ancients. Certainly, it is impossible for this fine art to be entirely lost; it is too important for painters. Why was it not known in the time of Raphael, of Titian, or of Correggio, or of Jean Van Eyck! Those beautiful drawings on stone reproducing the work of all these great men would be inestimable."

Corot, Troyon, Fromentin, Jules Jacquemart, Bosio, Ingres, Courbet, Pradier, Gavarni, Daumier, etc.,—all the famous names of the century come under M. Gigoux's notice in the course of his chatty volume, and he always has some new anecdote to give of the famous men and immortal artists who were all more or less his friends and comrades.

—There seems to be a strong tendency in modern art to turn to the Orient for instruction and inspiration. A genius for wonderfully delicate and exquisite architectural forms and a passionate love of color, joined with an unerring taste in its use, are among the most striking characteristics of the Persian and Arabian workman, and we do well simply

to stand and learn of him. Yes, we must even humble ourselves still more, and acknowledge that this is not the first time that the dying art of the West has received new life from the East. Long ago, when Western art, as represented in the Roman centres of civilization, was growing stiff and dry, the lucky removal of the Emperor to Constantinople brought about the perfection of the dome and the development of mosaic decoration.

The Persians' power of expression was not confined to the arts of painting and sculpture, however. In their literature also we find the same love of vivid coloring, the same subtlety and suggestiveness, and the same wonderful genius for form. So when Constantine threw wide open the doors of the Orient, it was not the new art alone which came over to Italy, with

"Manna and dates and dainties every one,

From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon,"

but also all the glow and warmth of Eastern legends and songs. The tales of Boccaccio, the sonnets of Petrarch, the Jerusalem of Tasso, the Divine Comedy of Dante, will all bear witness to the debt of Italian literature to that of Persia.

To these great Italian sources we can trace back much of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Indirectly, therefore, English literature, also, is indebted to the Orient. During the classical revival in England, however, we find little, if any, of the daring fancy and epigrammatic wit of Persia and Arabia. It is not till the romantic renaissance in the days of Byron; Shelley, and Keats that the debt is renewed, and the "balance of trade" has been in favor of the East ever since. In America, too, we have a noble example of the influence of Persian culture. It has been well said that Mr. Emerson had a Persian head on Yankee shoulders. His philosophy shows a quickness of insight, a power of condensation, an aptness of illustra-

tion, which is essentially Persian; indeed, we know that he himself acknowledged his deep gratitude to Oriental thinkers.

There is one lesson in the arts, however, which the English race do not seem to have learned of Persian teachers, and that is the skillful handling of poetical form. We have imitated all the elaborate contortions of the troubadours and of the wandering singers of Provençal; we have written sonnets, and rondeaus, and villanelles, and ballades, but we have never thought of turning to Persia for poetical forms. Yet is it not likely that a people who had such a perfect taste in architectural proportions should have had an equally fine taste in poetry?

This question occurred to our cousins, the Germans, nearly three quarters of a century ago, and they have answered it very satisfactorily. They discovered that the favorite form in Persian poetry was the so-called *ghazel*, which may be described briefly as follows:—

The poem may be written in any metre, and may be anywhere from four to sixteen or seventeen lines long. The first couplet is rhymed; then comes an unrhymed line; next a line rhyming with the first couplet, then another unrhymed line; next another line rhyming with the first couplet, then another unrhymed line; and so on, every alternate line after the first couplet being unrhymed, and only one rhyme being used throughout. This form, when short, is used for apothegms; when long, for drinking and love songs; and a more melodious poem than a properly written *ghazel* it is impossible to find.

The Germans claim that they have completely mastered the *ghazel*, and identified it with their poetry. A few instances will show that they are fully justified in their claim. It would take a more skillful hand than mine to translate them into English. The first, an instance of the shorter form, in which a

single thought is expressed, is by von Platen; the second, a love-song, by Leuthold; and the third, a *ghazel* on the *ghazel*, by Rückert.

I.

Im Wasser wogt die Lilie, die blanke, hin und her,
Doch irr'st du, Freund, sobald du sagst, sie
schwanke hin und her;
Es wurzelt ja so fest ihr Fuss im tiefen Meeresgrund;
Ihr Haupt nur wiegt ein lieblicher Gedanke hin und her.

II.

Es sehnet sich mein Herze bang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Drum trägt mich meiner Leier Klang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Ist meine Liebe vor der Welt und auch vor dir Vergehn,
Nicht widerstehn kann ich dem Drang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Du bist so kalt, — lieb'st du mich nicht, so bin ich Hass doch werth,
Dein Hass vielleicht schwächt meinen Hang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!
Doch nein! sei gnädig, lass mir noch den Wahn, du seist mir gut!
Die sich auf Liedes Flügeln schwang, o süsse Frau, zu dir!

III.

Am meisten lieb' ich ein Ghasel
Ein morgenländisch rein Ghasel.
Mein liebster Dichter ist Hafiz; —
Vor Allem schön ist sein Ghasel.
Wie bilderreich und üppig ist
Sein Liebes- und sein Wein-Ghasel!
— Du klag'st, dass du trotz aller Müh'
Zu Stande brächtest kein Ghasel;
Und ist so leicht doch, süßes Kind!
— Sieh, hier ist schon ein klein Ghasel!

These are the usual forms of the *ghazel*. It will be noticed that the rhymes in all these instances are complex, or, as they are called in German, long, rich rhymes. This is not required, but lends greatly to the musical effect.

There is another form, used both in Persian and in German, in which one long poem is made up of a series of *ghazels* of four lines each, a new rhyme beginning each *ghazel*. In this form the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, which is now so familiar to English readers through Mr. Fitzgerald's admirable translation and Mr. Vedder's beautiful drawings, was written. Mr. Fitzgerald

has been wonderfully successful in retaining the original versification. Recall any of those delicious verses which hold their place so tenaciously in the memory : —

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows?"

"And some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest!"

"A Book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"

There are other variations, too, but as they are German inventions, not to be found in Persian poetry, we may pass them by.

The first German who attempted to nationalize the *ghazel* was Goethe, in his West-Eastern Divan; but he rarely succeeds in carrying it beyond four or five lines, and even in this short space often introduces unwarrantable variations. Still, here, as in so many other fields, it is to Goethe's first fruitful suggestion that we owe the splendid final result in the masterpieces of Friedrich Rückert, who made the greatest and most successful use of this beautiful form, and thoroughly incorporated it into German poetry. Yet, strange to say, few great poets have followed his example; we may count them on the fingers of one hand. Immediately after Rückert, as a master of the *ghazel*, comes von Platen; his successor was the brilliant Heinrich Leuthold, of melancholy memory.

There is another Persian, or rather

Arabian, form, called the *makame*, of which, I am sorry to say, I have not sufficient knowledge to speak with any authority; and, if I had, I am sure there would be enough to fill another paper on that subject alone.

The very name is tempting: *makame* means market-place; hence a tale told in a market-place. What an Eastern picture of gay booths, red-fezzed Turks and white-robed Egyptians, gray donkeys and brown camels, it brings before our inward eye! But with this unsubstantial pageant I have thus far had to rest content. I only know that the matter of this form of poem may be epic, or parable, or even pun; in any case the utmost splendor of language must be used. The principal artist in the *makame* form was the Arabian singer Alchariri (1054-1122), who wrote a long story called The Wanderings of Abu Seid. Abu Seid is a sort of Till Eulenspiegel, or Falstaff, whose many vices and trickeries we excuse on account of their frank cleverness and exquisite good humor. The *makame* was introduced into German by Rückert.

The only modern German poet who uses the *makame* with skill and musical effect is Leopold Jacoby, a socialistic writer, who was exiled from Germany on account of the radical opinions expressed in his work, *Es Werde Licht*.

The first attempt that has been made thus far to engraft these Persian forms on English literature is the translation of the *Rubáiyát*, before mentioned, and it is sincerely to be desired that the *ghazel* and the *makame* may tempt the study of our rising young English and American singers at least equally with the French forms revived so successfully by Dobson and Lang.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Government. Congressional Government, by Woodrow Wilson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a small volume of studies, devoted to the actual working of our government, as tested by experience, measured by the Constitution, and compared with representative government elsewhere. Mr. Wilson is a keen observer, a fair-minded critic, and so fresh and unhackneyed in his comments that any student of our history who once begins this interesting volume will read it to the end. — The Civil Service in the United States (Holt) is a hand-book of a very thorough-going character, which gives the fullest possible information as to the positions open to competitors and as to the requirements under the law. Examination papers are printed, and all the regulations. It is the first satisfactory exhibit of the civil service in its practical working. The compiler is John M. Comstock, Chairman of the U. S. Board of Examiners for the Customs Service in New York City. — The eighteenth of Questions of the Day, published for the New York Free Trade Club by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the Spanish Treaty opposed to tariff reform. The pamphlet is the report of a committee of inquiry appointed by the club. — A very useful serial has been begun by J. H. Hickcox, in Washington, of a monthly catalogue of United States' Publications. It gives the titles of publications of every description printed by order of Congress or of any of the Departments of Government during the month preceding the date of publication. — Mining Camps, a Study in American Frontier Government, by Charles Howard Shinn (Scribners): an interesting monograph, in which the author has not dispossessed himself of his humane interest because of his scientific purpose. The subject is an admirable one, and offers a capital opportunity to the student of realizing the older forms of social order. It is as if a naturalist should make a comparative study of a fossil and the living type of the same family. — G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first volume of their edition of The Works of Alexander Hamilton, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. Hamilton's complete writings have long been unprocurable in a convenient form, and this collection, beautifully printed and admirably edited, will find the warmest welcome. We shall hereafter have occasion to refer to the work. The present volume is enriched by a portrait of Hamilton, engraved for the first time from the original picture painted by Trumbull in 1792 for George Cabot, and now in the possession of Mr. Lodge. — A Directory of English History, edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling (Cassell), may have been suggested by Lossing's Dictionary of American History. However suggested, it is a commendable execution of a good plan. It is a hand-book arranged in alphabetical order, covering the chief facts and persons in English history. The articles are brief and well proportioned by their

importance. Thus Cromwell has five columns; the Crown has an interesting article three columns long; the Church of England is eight columns long, and is by Mr. Creighton; while such a subject as Hereward is contained in half a column. Among the contributors are Oscar Browning, J. F. Bass Mullinger, J. E. Thorold Rogers, and R. L. Poole, besides others whose names are not so well known in America. At the end of the more important articles are summaries of authorities, and altogether the work has the appearance of thoroughness and accuracy. — The N. Y. Historical Society publishes an address delivered before it on its seventy-ninth anniversary by John Jay. Mr. Jay's subject is the Peace Negotiations of 1782 and 1783, in which his grandfather bore so conspicuous a part. The more light is thrown upon the transaction, the more insidious appear the real character and dealings of Vergennes. — Italy, from the Fall of Napoleon I. in 1815 to the Death of Victor Emmanuel in 1878, by John Webb Probyn. (Cassell.) The period, embracing, as it does, the unification of the Italian states, is one of the most striking in modern times; and while it is yet too near to be treated with historic perspective, it is so interesting and so important that one is glad to have the story told concisely and clearly, as in this volume. — The Patriarchal Theory, based on the papers of the late John Ferguson McLennan, edited and completed by Donald McLennan (Macmillan), is not, as the reader might imagine, a restatement of Sir Henry Maine's views, but an inquiry into them, with the intent to show their instability. This involves a critical study of the patria potestas and agnation. The work is one which shows a keen mind and an impartial desire for truth, and the essay will help toward that most interesting of studies, the foundation of social order. — American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History, by John Fiske (Harpers): a tidy volume containing three lectures, which have also done service as magazine articles, namely, The Town-Meeting, The Federal Union, and Manifest Destiny. Mr. Fiske's luminous style makes his essays very readable; he is a capital generalizer from a few striking facts; he has made excellent use of the labors of special workers, and if he seems sometimes to reach his theories and find his facts afterwards, he writes in so frank and direct a manner that one is tempted to accept him as a guide, philosopher, and friend, in place of the possibly more learned Dr. Dryasdu. — Two recent numbers of Questions of the Day (Putnam's) add little to the profitable discussion of public affairs. Mr. F. W. Taussig's The History of the Present Tariff, 1860-1883, is an intelligible and brief account of the tariff as we know it, with little reference to its previous development. It is not a colorless history, for Dr. Taussig does not conceal his antagonism to the system of protection.

Mr. John Codman's treatment of The Mormon Problem is called a solution. He advises that the people should throw their weight in favor of that branch of the Mormon church which discards polygamy. — Ludlow's Concentric Chart of History (Funk & Wagnalls) is in form a fan of cardboard. It appears to be constructed upon the theory that a great deal more happened in the nineteenth than in the first century, for the centuries start from the handle and branch upward to the periphery. It is an ingenious piece of foolish wisdom. — The Statesman's Year Book for 1885 (Macmillan) is the twenty-second annual issue of this admirable manual. It is a statistical and historical annual of the states of the civilized world, and the editor, J. Scott Keltie, has evidently spared no pains in his work. We can tell him, however, if he wants minute corrections, that our late president spells his middle name with one *l*, and we do not call our members of the cabinet ministers, but secretaries. The compact presentation of statistics is well considered, and by a number of ingenious comparative tables, the editor shows the statistical contents of Christendom very effectively. — The fourth volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's History of the Christian Church (Scribners) is devoted to mediæval Christianity, embracing the period from Gregory I. to Gregory VII., A. D. 590-1073. The period covers, therefore, the impact of Christianity upon Mohammedanism, and the separation of the eastern and western churches. Dr. Schaff is more encyclopædic than philosophic in his method, and his book thus furnishes one with a large store of information upon any one given point, and is rather a book of reference than a book to be read.

Art. The three numbers of *L'Art* beginning the volume for 1885 (Macmillan) are notable for sustaining the high literary and artistic excellence which has always characterized the work. On opening a new number of *L'Art*, one turns to the etchings with the certainty of finding something gracious and rare in that line. The numbers under consideration contain several choice examples, among which are Jasinski's *La Bête à Bon Dieu*, after Alfred Steven's picture, and Émil Bulaud's portrait of Pope Innocent X., after Velasquez's famous canvas. The former etching has unusual qualities. The engravings on wood are admirable, though they lack something of the delicacy that belongs to the best American work in this sort. The chief feature of the letter-press, all of which is carefully prepared, is Otto Schulze's account of the Loge du Bigallo in the Via de' Calzaioli, at Florence. This delightful little *loggia*, by the way, furnishes the subject for a full-page engraving from a design by Henry Toussaint. — The last two numbers of *The Portfolio* (Macmillan) are particularly attractive, both in illustration and letter-press. As is the case with *L'Art*, the strongest artistic feature of *The Portfolio* lies in its etchings. A Street in Rouen, Christ Church Gateway in Canterbury, and the views of Windsor show exceedingly delicate work. The paper on George Moreland, by Walter Armstrong, and

the essay on Landseer, by F. G. Stephens, are pleasantly written.

Philosophy and Theology. The Rise of Intellectual Liberty from Thales to Copernicus, by F. M. Holland (Holt), is the vague title of a vaguely conceived book. Apparently, Mr. Holland's only conception of intellectual liberty is in individualism, which is to be free from restraint of any kind. The standpoint is that of a radical, but it does not appear that the author's philosophy goes beyond his own personal caprice. The book, however, is interesting as a reading of the history of thought, not from a central position held in common with a body of men, but from an extreme position on the outside of the circle. It does not follow that the person who has left behind the most traditions is necessarily the nearest to the goal of truth. — A Protestant Converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayer-Book (Catholic Publication Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) is a reprint of a narrative by Mrs. Fanny Maria Pittar of her religious experience, addressed in pity to poor Protestants; in pity, and also in some scorn. — *Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole*, by W. F. Warren (Houghton), is a most ingenious and learned speculation, in which the author brings to bear upon his theory a great array of testimony from ancient and modern sources, and from a great range of thought. Science, ethnic religions, philosophy, poetry, and traditions are all summoned to the witness-seat, and whatever may be the verdict, there is no doubt that the author of this theory has a most remarkable cloud of witnesses. Some people may think they and he are in a cloud, but Dr. Warren indulges in no vague statements. He knows what he has set out to prove. — *Ha-Tapuah: The Apple. A treatise on the immortality of the soul*, by Aristotle, the Stagyrte. Translated from the Hebrew, with notes and aphorisms, by Rev. Dr. Isidor Kalisch (The American Hebrew, New York). One is disposed to think this little book has been on a long journey: written originally by Aristotle in Greek, translated anonymously into Arabic, rendered thence into Hebrew, and now brought into English. It appears, however, on its journey to have acquired some parasitic growths, for we hesitate to believe that Aristotle referred to the patriarch Abraham. — *The Religion of Philosophy, or The Unification of Knowledge: a comparison of the chief philosophical and religious systems of the world, made with a view to reducing the categories of thought, or the most general terms of existence, to a single principle, thereby establishing a true conception of God*, by Raymond S. Perrin. (Putnams.) The author aims to dethrone God as a personal existence and reinstate Him as a principle. He wishes to establish a philosophical religion in the place of Christianity; but the prime error which vitiates his ultimate logic lies in his conception of Christianity as a religion. It should be said that he is inspired by no mean motive, and he has written in serious alarm at the apparent failure of our political morality.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — JUNE, 1885. — No. CCCXXXII.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

IX.

THE SOCIETY AND ITS NEW SECRETARY.

THERE is no use in trying to hurry the natural course of events, in a narrative like this. June passed away, and July, and August had come, and as yet the enigma which had completely puzzled Arrowhead Village and its visitors remained unsolved. The white canoe still wandered over the lake, alone, ghostly, always avoiding the near approach of the boats which seemed to be coming in its direction. Now and then a circumstance would happen which helped to keep inquiry alive. Good horsemanship was not so common among the young men of the place and its neighborhood that Maurice's accomplishment in that way could be overlooked. If there was a wicked horse or a wild colt whose owner was afraid of him, he would be commended to Maurice's attention. Paolo would lead him to his master with all due precaution, — for he had no idea of risking his neck on the back of any ill-conditioned beast, — and Maurice would fasten on his long spurs, spring into the saddle, and very speedily teach the creature good behavior. There soon got about a story that he was what the fresh-water fisherman called "one o' them whisperers." It is a common

legend enough, coming from the Old World, but known in American horse-talking circles, that some persons will whisper certain words in a horse's ear which will tame him if he is as wild and furious as ever Cruiser was. All this added to the mystery which surrounded the young man. A single improbable or absurd story amounts to very little, but when half a dozen such stories are told about the same individual or the same event, they begin to produce the effect of credible evidence. If the year had been 1692 and the place had been Salem Village, Maurice Kirkwood would have run the risk of being treated like the Reverend George Burroughs.

Miss Lurida Vincent's curiosity had been intensely excited with reference to the young man of whom so many stories were told. She had pretty nearly convinced herself that he was the author of the paper on Ocean, Lake, and River, which had been read at one of the meetings of the Pansophian Society. She was very desirous of meeting him, if it were possible. It seemed as if she might, as Secretary of the Society, request the coöperation of any of the visitors, without impropriety. So, after much deliberation, she wrote a careful note, of which the following is an exact copy. Her hand was bold, almost masculine, a curious contrast to that of Euthymia, which was delicately feminine.

Pansophian Society.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, August 3, 18—.

MAURICE KIRKWOOD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, — You have received, I trust, a card of invitation to the meetings of our Society, but I think we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing you at any of them. We have supposed that we might be indebted to you for a paper read at the last meeting, and listened to with much interest. As it was anonymous, we do not wish to be inquisitive respecting its authorship; but we desire to say that any papers kindly sent us by the temporary residents of our village will be welcome, and if adapted to the wants of our Association will be read at one of its meetings or printed in its records, or perhaps both read and printed. May we not hope for your presence at the meeting, which is to take place next Wednesday evening?

Respectfully yours,

LURIDA VINCENT,

Secretary of the Pansophian Society.

To this note the Secretary received the following reply:—

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, August 4, 18—.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT,

Secretary of the Pansophian Society.

DEAR MISS VINCENT, — I have received the ticket you refer to, and desire to express my acknowledgments for the polite attention. I regret that I have not been and I fear shall not be able to attend the meetings of the Society; but if any subject occurs to me on which I feel an inclination to write, it will give me pleasure to send a paper, to be disposed of as the Society may see fit.

Very respectfully yours,

MAURICE KIRKWOOD.

“He says nothing about the authorship of the paper that was read the other evening,” the Secretary said to herself. “No matter, — he wrote it, —

there is no mistaking his handwriting. We know something about him, now, at any rate. But why does n't he come to our meetings? What has his *antipathy* to do with his staying away? I must find out what his secret is, and I *will*. I don't believe it's harder than it was to solve that prize problem which puzzled so many teachers, or than beating Crakowitz, the great chess-player.”

To this enigma, then, The Terror determined to bend all the faculties which had excited the admiration and sometimes the amazement of those who knew her in her school-days. It was a very delicate piece of business; for though Lurida was an intrepid woman's rights advocate, and believed she was entitled to do almost everything that men dared to, she knew very well there were certain limits which a young woman like herself must not pass.

In the mean time Maurice had received a visit from the young student at the University, — the same whom he had rescued from his dangerous predicament in the lake. With him had called one of the teachers, — an instructor in modern languages, a native of Italy. Maurice and the instructor exchanged a few words in Italian. The young man spoke it with the ease which implied long familiarity with its use.

After they left, the instructor asked many curious questions about him, — who he was, how long he had been in the village, whether anything was known of his history, — all these inquiries with an eagerness which implied some special and peculiar reason for the interest they evinced.

“I feel satisfied,” the instructor said, “that I have met that young man in my own country. It was a number of years ago, and of course he has altered in appearance a good deal; but there is a look about him of — what shall I call it? — apprehension, — as if he were fearing the approach of something or somebody. I think it is the way a man would look

that was haunted; you know what I mean, — followed by a spirit or ghost. He does not suggest the idea of a murderer, — very far from it; but if he did, I should think he was every minute in fear of seeing the murdered man's spirit."

The student was curious, in his turn, to know all the instructor could recall. He had seen him in Rome, he thought, at the Fountain of Trevi, where so many strangers go before leaving the city. The youth was in the company of a man who looked like a priest. He could not mistake that peculiar expression of countenance, but that was all he now remembered about his appearance. His attention had been called to this young man by seeing that some of the bystanders were pointing at him, and noticing that they were whispering with each other as if with reference to him. He should say that the youth was at that time fifteen or sixteen years old, and the time was about ten years ago.

After all, this evidence was of little or no value. Suppose the youth were Maurice; what then? We know that he had been in Italy, and had been there a good while, — or at least we infer so much from his familiarity with the language, and are confirmed in the belief by his having an Italian servant, whom he probably brought from Italy when he returned. If he wrote the paper which was read the other evening, that settles it, for the writer says he had lived by the Tiber. We must put this scrap of evidence furnished by the Professor with the other scraps; it may turn out of some consequence, sooner or later. It is like a piece of a dissected map; it means almost nothing by itself, but when we find the pieces it joins with we may discover a very important meaning in it.

In a small, concentrated community like that which centred in and immediately around Arrowhead Village, every day must have its local gossip as well as its general news. The newspaper tells

the small community what is going on in the great world, and the busy tongues of male and female, especially the latter, fill in with the occurrences and comments of the ever-stirring microcosm. The fact that the Italian teacher had, or thought he had, seen Maurice ten years before was circulated and made the most of, — turned over and over like a cake, until it was thoroughly done on both sides and all through. It was a very small cake, but better than nothing. Miss Vincent heard this story, as others did, and talked about it with her friend, Miss Tower. Here was one more fact to help along.

The two young ladies who had recently graduated at the Corinna Institute remained, as they had always been, intimate friends. They were the natural complements of each other. Euthymia represented a complete, symmetrical womanhood. Her outward presence was only an index of a large, wholesome, affluent life. She could not help being courageous, with such a firm organization. She could not help being generous, cheerful, active. She had been told often enough that she was fair to look upon. She knew that she was called The Wonder by the schoolmates who were dazzled by her singular accomplishments, but she did not overvalue them. She rather tended to depreciate her own gifts, in comparison with those of her friend, Miss Lurida Vincent. The two agreed all the better for differing as they did. The octave makes a perfect chord, when shorter intervals jar more or less on the ear. Each admired the other with a heartiness which, if they had been less unlike, would have been impossible.

It was a pleasant thing to observe their dependence on each other. The Terror of the schoolroom was the oracle in her relations with her friend. All the freedom of movement which The Wonder showed in her bodily exercises The Terror manifested in the world of

thought. She would fling open a book, and decide in a swift glance whether it had any message for her. Her teachers had compared her way of reading to the taking of an instantaneous photograph. When she took up the first book on Physiology which Dr. Butts handed her, it seemed to him that if she only opened at any place, and gave one look, her mind drank its meaning up, as a moist sponge absorbs water. "What can I do with such a creature as this?" he said to himself. "There is only one way to deal with her, — treat her as one treats a silkworm: give it its mulberry leaf, and it will spin its own cocoon. Give her the books, and she will spin her own web of knowledge."

"Do you really think of studying medicine?" said Dr. Butts to her.

"I have n't made up my mind about that," she answered, "but I want to know a little more about this terrible machinery of life and death we are all tangled in. I know something about it, but not enough. I find some very strange beliefs among the women I meet with, and I want to be able to silence them when they attempt to proselyte me to their whims and fancies. Besides, I want to know everything."

"They tell me you do, already," said Dr. Butts.

"I am the most ignorant little wretch that draws the breath of life!" exclaimed The Terror.

The doctor smiled. He knew what it meant. She had reached that stage of education in which the vast domain of the unknown opens its illimitable expanse before the eyes of the student. We never know the extent of darkness until it is partially illuminated.

"You did not leave the Institute with the reputation of being the most ignorant young lady that ever graduated there," said the doctor. "They tell me you got the highest marks of any pupil on their record since the school was founded."

"What a grand thing it was to be the biggest fish in our small aquarium, to be sure!" answered The Terror. "He was six inches long, the monster, — a little too big for bait to catch a pickerel with! What did you hand me that schoolbook for? Did you think I did n't know anything about the human body?"

"You said you were such an ignorant creature I thought I would try you with an easy book, by way of introduction."

The Terror was not confused by her apparent self-contradiction.

"I meant what I said, and I mean what I say. When I talk about my ignorance, I don't measure myself with schoolgirls, doctor. I don't measure myself with my teachers, either. You must talk to me as if I were a man, a grown man, if you mean to teach me anything. Where is your hat, doctor? Let me try it on."

The doctor handed her his wide-awake. The Terror's hair was not naturally abundant, like Euthymia's, and she kept it cut rather short. Her head used to get very hot when she studied hard. She tried to put it on.

"Do you see that?" she said. "I couldn't wear it, — it would squeeze my eyes out of my head. The books told me that women's brains were smaller than men's, perhaps they are, — most of them, — I never measured a great many. But when they try to settle what women are good for, by phrenology, I like to have them put their tape round my head. I don't believe in their nonsense, for all that. You might as well tell me that if one horse weighs more than another horse, he is worth more, — a cart-horse that weighs twelve hundred pounds better than Eclipse, that may have weighed a thousand. Give me a list of the best books you can think of, and turn me loose in your library. I can find what I want, if you have it; and what I don't find there I will get at

the Public Library. I shall want to ask you a question now and then."

The doctor looked at her with a kind of admiration, but thoughtfully, as if he feared she was thinking of a task too formidable for her slight constitutional resource.

She returned, instinctively, to the apparent contradiction in her statements about herself.

"I am not a fool, if I am ignorant. Yes, doctor, I sail on a wide sea of ignorance, but I have taken soundings of some of its shallows and some of its depths. Your profession deals with the facts of life that interest me most just now, and I want to know something of it. Perhaps I may find it a calling such as would suit me."

"Do you seriously think of becoming a practitioner of medicine?" said the doctor.

"Certainly, I seriously think of it as a possibility, but I want to know something more about it first. Perhaps I sha'n't believe in medicine enough to practise it. Perhaps I sha'n't like it well enough. No matter about that. I wish to study some of your best books on some of the subjects that most interest me. I know about bones and muscles and all that, and about digestion and respiration and such things. I want to study up the nervous system, and learn all about it. I am of the nervous temperament myself, and perhaps that is the reason. I want to read about insanity and all that relates to it."

A curious expression flitted across the doctor's features as *The Terror* said this.

"Nervous system. Insanity. She has headaches, I know, — all those large-headed, hard-thinking girls do, as a matter of course; but what has set her off about insanity and the nervous system? I wonder if any of her family are subject to mental disorder. Bright people very often have crazy relations. Perhaps some of her friends are in that

way. I wonder whether" — the doctor did not speak any of these thoughts, and in fact hardly shaped his "whether," for *The Terror* interrupted his train of reflection, or rather struck into it in a way which startled him.

"Where is the first volume of this *Medical Cyclopædia*?" she asked, looking at its empty place on the shelf.

"On my table," the doctor answered. "I have been consulting it."

Lurida flung it open, in her eager way, and turned the pages rapidly until she came to the one she wanted. The doctor cast his eye on the heading of the page, and saw the large letters A N T.

"I thought so," he said to himself. "We shall know everything there is in the books about antipathies now, if we never did before. She has a special object in studying the nervous system, just as I suspected. I think she does not care to mention it at this time; but if she finds out anything of interest she will tell me, if she does anybody. Perhaps she does not mean to tell anybody. It is a rather delicate business, — a young girl studying the natural history of a young man. Not quite so safe as botany or palæontology!"

Lurida, lately *The Terror*, now Miss Vincent, had her own plans, and chose to keep them to herself, for the present, at least. Her hands were full enough, it might seem, without undertaking the solution of the great Arrowhead Village enigma. But she was in the most perfect training, so far as her intelligence was concerned; and the summer rest had restored her bodily vigor, so that her brain was like an over-charged battery which will find conductors somewhere to carry off its crowded energy.

At this time Arrowhead Village was enjoying the most successful season it had ever known. The Pansophian Society flourished to an extraordinary degree under the fostering care of the new Secretary. The rector was a good figure-head as President, but the Secretary

was the life of the Society. Communications came in abundantly: some from the village and its neighborhood, some from the University and the Institute, some from distant and unknown sources. The new Secretary was very busy with the work of examining these papers. After a forenoon so employed, the carpet of her room looked like a barn floor after a husking-match. A glance at the manuscripts strewed about, or lying in heaps, would have frightened any young writer away from the thought of authorship as a business. If the candidate for that fearful calling had seen the process of selection and elimination, he would have felt still more desperately. A paper of twenty pages would come in, with an underscored request to *please read through carefully*. That request alone is commonly sufficient to condemn any paper, and prevent its having any chance of a hearing; but the Secretary was not hardened enough yet for that kind of martial law in dealing with manuscripts. The looker-on might have seen her take up the paper, cast one flashing glance at its title, read the first sentence and the last, dip at a venture into two or three pages, and decide as swiftly as the lightning calculator would, add up a column of figures what was to be its destination. If rejected, it went into the heap on the left; if approved, it was laid apart, to be submitted to the Committee for their judgment. The foolish writers who insist on one's reading through their manuscript poems and stories ought to know how fatal the request is to their prospects. It provokes the reader, to begin with. The reading of manuscript is frightful work, at the best; the reading of worthless manuscript, — and most of that which one is requested to *read through* is worthless, — would add to the terrors of Tartarus, if any infernal deity were ingenious enough to suggest it as a punishment.

If a paper was rejected by the Secretary, it did not come before the Commit-

tee, but was returned to the author, if he sent for it, which he commonly did. Its natural course was to try for admission into some one of the popular magazines: into "The Sifter," the most fastidious of them all; if that declined it, into "The Second Best;" and if *that* returned it, into "The Omnivorous." If it was refused admittance at the doors of all the magazines, it might at length find shelter in the corner of a newspaper, where a good deal of very readable verse is to be met with nowadays, some of which has been, no doubt, presented to the Pansophian Society, but was not considered up to its standard.

X.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

There was a recent accession to the transient population of the village which gave rise to some speculation. The new-comer was a young fellow, rather careless in his exterior, but apparently as much at home as if he owned Arrowhead Village and everything in it. He commonly had a cigar in his mouth, carried a pocket pistol, of the non-explosive sort, and a stick with a bulldog's head for its knob; wore a soft hat, a coarse check suit, a little baggy, and gaiter-boots which had been half-soled, — a Bohemian-looking personage, altogether.

This individual began making explorations in every direction. He was very curious about the place and all the people in it. He was especially interested in the Pansophian Society, about which he made all sorts of inquiries. This led him to form a summer acquaintance with the Secretary, who was pleased to give him whatever information he asked for; being proud of the Society, as she had a right to be, and knowing more about it than anybody else.

The visitor could not have been long

in the village without hearing something of Maurice Kirkwood, and the stories, true and false, connected with his name. He questioned everybody who could tell him anything about Maurice, and set down the answers in a little note-book he always had with him.

All this naturally excited the curiosity of the village about this new visitor. Among the rest, Miss Vincent, not wanting in an attribute thought to belong more especially to her sex, became somewhat interested to know more exactly who this inquiring, note-taking personage, who seemed to be everywhere and to know everybody, might himself be. Meeting him at the Public Library at a fortunate moment, when there was nobody but the old Librarian, who was hard of hearing, to interfere with their conversation, the little Secretary had a chance to try to find out something about him.

"This is a very remarkable library for a small village to possess," he remarked to Miss Lurida.

"It is, indeed," she said. "Have you found it well furnished with the books you most want?"

"Oh, yes, — books enough. I don't care so much for the books as I do for the Newspapers. I like a Review well enough, — it tells you all there is in a book; but a good abstract of the Review in a Newspaper saves a fellow the trouble of reading it."

"You find the papers you want, here, I hope," said the young lady.

"Oh, I get along pretty well. It's my off-time, and I don't do much reading or writing. Who is the city correspondent of this place?"

"I don't think we have any one who writes regularly. Now and then, there is a letter, with the gossip of the place in it, or an account of some of the doings at our Society. The city papers are always glad to get the reports of our meetings, and to know what is going on in the village."

"I suppose you write about the Society to the papers, as you are the Secretary."

This was a point-blank shot. She meant to question the young man about his business, and here she was on the witness-stand. She ducked her head, and let the question go over her.

"Oh, there are plenty of members who are willing enough to write, — especially to give an account of their own papers. I think they like to have me put in the applause, when they get any. I do that sometimes." (How much more, she did not say.)

"I have seen some very well written articles, which, from what they tell me of the Secretary, I should have thought she might have written herself."

He looked her straight in the eyes.

"I have transmitted some good papers," she said, without winking, or swallowing, or changing color, — precious little color she had to change; her brain wanted all the blood it could borrow or steal, and more too. "You spoke of Newspapers," she said, without any change of tone or manner: "do you not frequently write for them yourself?"

"I should think I did," answered the young man. "I am a regular correspondent of 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'"

"The regular correspondent from where?"

"Where! Oh, anywhere, — the place does not make much difference. I have been writing chiefly from Naples and St. Petersburg, and now and then from Constantinople."

"How long since your return to this country, may I ask?"

"My return? I have never been out of this country. I travel with a gazetteer and some guide-books. It is the cheapest way, and you can get the facts much better from them than by trusting your own observation. I have made the tour of Europe by the help of them and

the newspapers. But of late I have taken to interviewing. I find that a very pleasant specialty. It is about as good sport as trout-tickling, and much the same kind of business. I should like to send the Society an account of one of my interviews. Don't you think they would like to hear it?"

"I have no doubt they would. Send it to me, and I will look it over; and if the Committee approve it, we will have it at the next meeting. You know everything has to be examined and voted on by the Committee," said the cautious Secretary.

"Very well,—I will risk it. After it is read, if it *is* read, please send it back to me, as I want to sell it to 'The Sifter,' or 'The Second Best,' or some of the paying magazines."

This is the paper, which was read at the next meeting of the Pansophian Society.

"I was ordered by the editor of the newspaper to which I am attached, 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor,' to make a visit to a certain well-known writer, and obtain all the particulars I could concerning him and all that related to him. I have interviewed a good many politicians, who I thought rather liked the process; but I had never tried any of these literary people, and I was not quite sure how this one would feel about it. I said as much to the chief, but he pooh-poohed my scruples. 'It is n't our business whether they like it or not,' said he; 'the public wants it, and what the public wants it's bound to have, and we are bound to furnish it. Don't be afraid of your man; he's used to it,—he's been pumped often enough to take it easy, and what you've got to do is to pump him dry. You need n't be modest,—ask him what you like; he is n't bound to answer, you know.'

"As he lived in a rather nice quarter of the town, I smarted myself up a lit-

tle, put on a fresh collar and cuffs, and got a five-cent shine on my best high-lows. I said to myself, as I was walking towards the house where he lived, that I would keep very shady for a while, and pass for a visitor from a distance; one of those 'admiring strangers,' who call in to pay their respects, to get an autograph, and go home and say that they have met the distinguished So and So, which gives *them* a certain distinction in the village circle to which they belong.

"My man, the celebrated writer, received me in what was evidently his reception-room. I observed that he managed to get the light full on my face, while his own was in the shade. I had meant to have *his* face in the light, but he knew the localities, and had arranged things so as to give him that advantage. It was like two frigates manœuvring,—each trying to get to windward of the other. I never take out my notebook until I and my man have got engaged in artless and earnest conversation,—always about himself and his works, of course, if he is an author.

"I began by saying that he must receive a good many callers. Those who had read his books were naturally curious to see the writer of them.

"He assented, emphatically, to this statement. He had, he said, a *great* many callers.

"I remarked that there was a quality in his books which made his readers feel as if they knew him personally, and caused them to cherish a certain attachment to him.

"He smiled, as if pleased. He was himself disposed to think so, he said. In fact, a great many persons, strangers writing to him, had told him so.

"My dear sir, I said, there is nothing wonderful in the fact you mention. You reach a responsive chord in many human breasts.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Everybody feels as if he, and especially she (his eyes sparkled), were your blood relation. Do they not name their children after you very frequently?

"He blushed perceptibly. 'Sometimes,' he answered. 'I hope they will all turn out well.'

"I am afraid I am taking up too much of your time, I said.

"No, not at all,' he replied. 'Come up into my library; it is warmer and pleasanter there.'

"I felt confident that I had him by the right handle then; for an author's library, which is commonly his working-room, is, like a lady's boudoir, a sacred apartment.

"So we went upstairs, and again he got me with the daylight on *my* face, when I wanted it on *his*.

"You have a fine library, I remarked. There were books all round the room, and one of those whirligig square book-cases. I saw *in front* a Bible and a Concordance, Shakespeare and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's book, and other classical works and books of grave aspect. I contrived to give it a turn, and on the side next the wall I got a glimpse of Barnum's Rhyming Dictionary, and several Dictionaries of Quotations and cheap compends of knowledge. Always *twirl* one of those revolving book-cases when you visit a scholar's library. That is the way to find out what books he does n't want you to see, which of course are the ones you particularly wish to see.

"Some may call all this impertinent and inquisitive. What do you suppose is an interviewer's business? Did you ever see an oyster opened? Yes? Well, an interviewer's business is the same thing. His man is his oyster, which he, not with sword, but with pencil and note-book, must open. Mark how the oysterman's thin blade insinuates itself, — how gently at first, how strenuously when once fairly between the shells!

"And here, I said, you write your books, — those books which have car-

ried your name to all parts of the world, and will convey it down to posterity! Is this the desk at which you write? And is this the pen you write with?

"It is the desk and the very pen,' he replied.

"He was pleased with my questions and my way of putting them. I took up the pen as reverentially as if it had been made of the feather which the angel I used to read about in Young's Night Thoughts ought to have dropped, and did n't.

"Would you kindly write your autograph in my note-book, *with that pen*? I asked him. Yes, he would, with great pleasure.

"So I got out my note-book.

"It was a spick and span new one, bought on purpose for this interview. I admire your book-cases, said I. Can you tell me just how high they are?

"They are about eight feet, with the cornice.'

"I should like to have some like those, if I ever get rich enough, said I. Eight feet, — eight feet, *with the cornice*. I must put that down.

"So I got out my pencil.

"I sat there with my pencil and note-book in my hand, all ready, but not using them as yet.

"I have heard it said, I observed, that you began writing poems at a very early age. Is it taking too great a liberty to ask how early you began to write in verse?

"He was getting interested, as people are apt to be when they are themselves the subjects of conversation.

"Very early, — I hardly know how early. I can say truly, as Louise Colet said,

'*Je fis mes premiers vers sans savoir les écrire.*'

"I am not a very good French scholar, said I; perhaps you will be kind enough to translate that line for me.

"Certainly. With pleasure. *I made my first verses without knowing how to write them.*'

"How interesting! But I never heard of Louise Colet. Who was she?"

"My man was pleased to give me a piece of literary information.

"Louise the lioness! Never heard of her? You have heard of Alphonse Karr?"

"Why, — yes, — more or less. To tell the truth, I am not very well up in French literature. What had he to do with your lioness?"

"A good deal. He satirized her, and she waited at his door with a case-knife in her hand, intending to stick him with it. By and by he came down, smoking a cigarette, and was met by this woman flourishing her case-knife. He took it from her, after getting a cut in his dressing-gown, put it in his pocket, and went on with his cigarette. He keeps it with an inscription: —

*Donné à Alphonse Karr
Par Madame Louise Colet . . .
Dans le dos.*

Lively little female!"

"I could n't help thinking that I should n't have cared to interview the lively little female. He was evidently tickled with the interest I appeared to take in the story he told me. That made him feel amiably disposed toward me.

"I began with very general questions, but by degrees I got at everything about his family history and the small events of his boyhood. Some of the points touched upon were delicate, but I put a good bold face on my most audacious questions, and so I wormed out a great deal that was new concerning my subject. He had been written about considerably, and the public would n't have been satisfied without some new facts; and these I meant to have, and I got. No matter about many of them now, but here are some questions and answers that may be thought worth reading or listening to: —

"How do you enjoy being what they call 'a celebrity,' or a celebrated man?"

"So far as one's vanity is concerned it is well enough. But self-love is a cup without any bottom, and you might pour the Great Lakes all through it, and never fill it up. It breeds an appetite for more of the same kind. It tends to make the celebrity a mere lump of egotism. It generates a craving for high-seasoned personalities which is in danger of becoming slavery, like that following the abuse of alcohol, or opium, or tobacco. Think of a man's having every day, by every post, letters that tell him he is this and that and the other, with epithets and endearments, one tenth part of which would have made him blush red hot before he began to be what you call a celebrity!"

"Are there not some special inconveniences connected with what is called celebrity?"

"I should think so! Suppose you were obliged every day of your life to stand and shake hands, as the President of the United States has to after his inauguration: how do you think your hand would feel after a few months' practice of that exercise? Suppose you had given you thirty-five millions of money a year, in hundred-dollar coupons, on condition that you cut them all off yourself in the usual manner: how do you think you should like the look of a pair of scissors at the end of a year, in which you had worked ten hours a day every day but Sunday, cutting off a hundred coupons an hour, and found you had not finished your task, after all? You have addressed me as what you are pleased to call "a literary celebrity." I won't dispute with you as to whether or not I deserve that title. I will take it for granted I am what you call me, and give you some few hints of my experience.

"You know there was formed a while ago an Association of Authors for Self-Protection. It meant well, and it was hoped that something would come of it in the way of relieving that oppressed

class, but I am sorry to say that it has not effected its purpose.'

"I suspected he had a hand in drawing up the Constitution and Laws of that Association. Yes, I said, an admirable Association it was, and as much needed as the one for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I am sorry to hear that it has not proved effectual in putting a stop to the abuse of a deserving class of men. It ought to have done it; it was well conceived, and its public manifesto was a masterpiece. (I saw by his expression that he *was* its author.)

"I see I can trust you,' he said. 'I will unbosom myself freely of some of the grievances attaching to the position of the individual to whom you have applied the term "Literary Celebrity."

"He is supposed to be a millionaire, in virtue of the immense sales of his books, all the money from which, it is taken for granted, goes into his pocket. Consequently, all subscription papers are handed to him for his signature, and every needy stranger who has heard his name comes to him for assistance.

"He is expected to subscribe for all periodicals, and is goaded by receiving blank formulæ, which, with their promises to pay, he is expected to fill up.

"He receives two or three books daily, with requests to read and give his opinion about each of them, which opinion, if it has a word which can be used as an advertisement, he will find quoted in all the newspapers.

"He receives thick masses of manuscript, prose and verse, which he is called upon to examine and pronounce on their merits; these manuscripts having almost invariably been rejected by the editors to whom they have been sent, and having as a rule no literary value whatever.

"He is expected to sign petitions, to contribute to journals, to write for fairs, to attend celebrations, to make after-dinner speeches, to send money for ob-

jects he does not believe in to places he never heard of.

"He is called on to keep up correspondences with unknown admirers, who begin by saying they have no claim upon his time, and then appropriate it by writing page after page, if of the male sex; and sheet after sheet, if of the other.

"If a poet, it is taken for granted that he can sit down at any moment and spin off any number of verses on any subject which may be suggested to him; such as congratulations to the writer's great-grandmother on her reaching her hundredth year, an elegy on an infant aged six weeks, an ode for the Fourth of July in a Western township not to be found in Lippincott's last edition, perhaps a valentine for some bucolic lover who believes that wooing in rhyme is the way to win the object of his affections.'

"Is n't it so? I asked the Celebrity.

"I would bet on the prose lover. She will show the verses to him, and they will both have a good laugh over them.'

"I have only reported a small part of the conversation I had with the Literary Celebrity. He was so much taken up with his pleasing self-contemplation, as I made him air his opinions and feelings and spread his characteristics as his laundress spreads and airs his linen on the clothes-line, that I don't believe it ever occurred to him that he had been in the hands of an interviewer until he found himself exposed to the wind and sunshine in full dimensions in the columns of 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'

After the reading of this paper, much curiosity was shown as to who the person spoken of as the "Literary Celebrity" might be. Among the various suppositions the startling idea was suggested that he was neither more nor less than the unexplained personage known

in the village as Maurice Kirkwood. Why should that be his real name? Why should not he be the Celebrity, who had taken this name and fled to this retreat to escape from the persecutions of kind friends, who were pricking him and stabbing him nigh to death with their daggers of sugar candy?

The Secretary of the Pansophian Society determined to question the Interviewer the next time she met him at the Library, which happened soon after the meeting when his paper was read.

"I do not know," she said, in the course of a conversation in which she had spoken warmly of his contribution to the literary entertainment of the Society, "that you mentioned the name of the Literary Celebrity whom you interviewed so successfully."

"I did not mention him, Miss Vincent," he answered, "nor do I think it worth while to name him. He might not care to have the whole story told of how he was handled so as to make him communicative. Besides, if I did, it would bring him a new batch of sympathetic letters, regretting that he was bothered by those horrid correspondents, full of indignation at the bores who presumed to intrude upon him with their pages of trash, all the writers of which would expect answers to their letters of condolence."

The Secretary asked the Interviewer if he knew the young gentleman who called himself Maurice Kirkwood.

"What," he answered, — "the man that paddles a birch canoe, and rides all the wild horses of the neighborhood? No, I don't know him, but I have met him once or twice, out walking. A mighty shy fellow, they tell me. Do you know anything particular about him?"

"Not much. None of us do, but we should like to. The story is that he has a queer antipathy to something or to somebody, nobody knows what or whom."

"To newspaper correspondents, perhaps," said the Interviewer. "What made you ask me about him? You did n't think he was my 'Literary Celebrity,' did you?"

"I did not know. I thought he might be. Why don't you interview this mysterious personage? He would make a good sensation for your paper, I should think."

"Why, what is there to be interviewed in him? Is there any story of crime, or anything else to spice a column or so, or even a few paragraphs, with? If there is, I am willing to handle him professionally."

"I told you he has what they call an antipathy. I don't know how much wiser you are for that piece of information."

"An antipathy! Why, so have I an antipathy. I hate a spider, and as for a naked caterpillar, — I believe I should go into a fit if I had to touch one. I know I turn pale at the sight of some of those great green caterpillars that come down from the elm-trees in August and early autumn."

"Afraid of them?" asked the young lady.

"Afraid? What should I be afraid of? They can't bite or sting. I can't give any reason. All I know is that when I come across one of these creatures in my path I jump to one side, and cry out, — sometimes using very improper words. The fact is, they make me crazy for the moment."

"I understand what you mean," said Miss Vincent. "I used to have the same feeling about spiders, but I was ashamed of it, and kept a little menagerie of spiders until I had got over the feeling; that is, pretty much got over it, for I don't love the creatures very dearly, though I don't scream when I see one."

"What did you tell me, Miss Vincent, was this fellow's particular antipathy?"

"That is just the question. I told you that we don't know and we can't

guess what it is. The people here are tired out with trying to discover some good reason for the young man's keeping out of the way of everybody, as he does. They say he is odd or crazy, and they don't seem to be able to tell which. It would make the old ladies of the village sleep a great deal sounder, — yes, and some of the young ladies, too, — if they could find out what this Mr. Kirkwood has got into his head, that he never comes near any of the people here."

"I think *I* can find out," said the Interviewer, whose professional ambition was beginning to be excited. "I never came across anybody yet that I could n't get something out of. I am going to stay here a week or two, and before I go I will find out the secret, if there is any, of this Mr. Maurice Kirkwood."

We must leave the Interviewer to his contrivances until they present us with some kind of result, either in the shape of success or failure.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

WHEN the Autobiography of Anthony Trollope was published, a little more than a year ago, there was no part of that candid, good-humored, and engaging narrative which attracted more attention than the account given of the strict system of artificial industry which had enabled the lamented novelist to do such a mass of excellent work in the brief season of his manly prime. We all know now what a discouraging youth he had, how late his first success was won, and how lightly touched, either by the weakness or the dullness of age, his writing was, when the end came; in-somuch that to those who specially relished Mr. Trollope's easy and happy faculty for realistic story-telling that end seemed wofully premature, albeit he lacked but a few years, when suddenly summoned from labor, of his allotted threescore and ten. A great deal was said at that time, by professional and by amateur critics, both for and against the theory that the process of novel-making, like more material branches of manufacture, may be lightened and accelerated, without being too much vulgarized, by the invention of a species of labor-saving intellectual machinery. The votaries of inspiration

and the victims of their own moods flouted the notion, of course, and maintained that work of the highest order never had been done in that mechanical fashion, and never would be. Others, again, conscious perhaps of the languid and wasteful employment even of inferior powers, and only too well aware that there could be no question in their own case of a divine afflatus, repeated the delusive apothegm that "genius is patience" (which Mr. Trollope himself has translated into the homely vernacular, "It's dogged as does it"), and wondered if their own difficulty of production were not chiefly moral, after all.

Personally, we were, and are, of those who regard with very respectful admiration the faculty for steady labor and unflagging invention; the "staying power" in a novelist; what the French call the *longue haleine*. It seems to us to furnish the best possible proof of mental robustness; and we find it admirable also for its exact suitableness, not to the taste only, but to the lighter literary requirements of a democratic and busy generation. It is a power tending less to the glory of its possessor, may be, than if the same amount were concentrated on a few ambitious and widely

separated undertakings; but capable, if conscientiously employed, of conveying far more of the proper pleasure and refreshment of romance to an enormously greater number of people. It is no more identical with artistic ability than patience is identical with genius; yet it is a most desirable complement of the higher gift, like the alloy which makes practicable the circulation of the precious metals among the masses of mankind. It is the kind of power which one instinctively associates with a masculine physique, — with steadiness of nerve, and toughness of fibre, and insensibility to fatigue, both mental and physical; yet one of the most conspicuous illustrations of it in our own day, offering a singular parallel to Mr. Trollope's case in some respects, and in others even more remarkable, is furnished by a woman, the very turn of whose genius is essentially feminine, — by Mrs. Oliphant, whose life-work, already long, but, happily, not yet complete, it is proposed briefly to review.

It is close upon forty years since this prolific writer,¹ to whom an entire generation has been indebted for so much wholesome delight, began her literary career by the publication of sundry quiet but clever sketches of Scottish life and character. Some Passages in the Life of Mistress Margaret Maitland

¹ Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland (1849); Mirkland, a Tale of Scottish Life; Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans (1851); Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme (1852); Harry Muir; Katie Stewart (1853); Magdalene Hepburn, a Story of the Reformation (1854); Lilliesleaf (1855); Zaidee, a Romance (1856); The Days of My Life; The Athelings (1857); Sundays; The Laird of Norlaw; Orphans (1858); Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays (1859); Lucy Crofton (1860); The House on the Moor (1861); The Last of the Mortimers; The Life of Edward Irving (1862); The Chronicles of Carlingford; Salem Chapel; Miss Marjoribanks; The Rector and Doctor's Family; The Perpetual Curate; Heart and Cross (1863); Agnes (1866); Madonna Mary (1867); The Brownlows (1868); Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.; The Minister's Wife (1869); John, a Love Story; Three Brothers (1870); Squire Arden; Francis of Assisi (1871); At his Gates; Ombra; Memoir of Count

of Sunnyside was followed by Harry Muir, The Laird of Norlaw, Adam Graeme of Mossgray, and a few others, all redolent of the author's ancestral soil, — for Mrs. Oliphant, though born in the north of England, is nothing if not Scotch, — and presenting with a good deal of skill and pathos, although with nothing like the power which she afterwards revealed, certain types of character with which her youth had been familiar. A little later, but still before the days of George Eliot's Scenes from Clerical Life, the readers of Blackwood detected a new hand at the serials of *Maga*, — a light, pleasing, gently individualized touch, which gratified the sensibilities even of those pampered epicures in fiction, and whose results that vigilant and faithful forager, Littell, lost no time in appropriating and presenting to American readers. Of this second group of tales, comprising *The Athelings*, *The Quiet Heart*, and others, and which intervened, roughly speaking, between the Scotch sketches and the famous *Chronicles of Carlingford*, the most memorable, perhaps, was *Zaidee*. It was a highly romantic and sufficiently improbable tale, but it fascinated the reader most of all by the unmistakable dawn of that peculiar humor of Mrs. Oliphant's, of which hardly a gleam is discernible in the more serious early

Charles de Montalembert (1872); *Innocent*; *May* (1873); *A Rose in June*; *For Love and Life* (1874); *The Story of Valentine and his Brother*; *White-ladies* (1875); *The Curate in Charge*; *The Makers of Florence*; *Phœbe Junior* (1876); *A Son of the Soil*; *Young Musgrave*; *Carità*; *Mrs. Arthur* (1877); *Dress* (one of the *Art at Home* series); *The Primrose Path*; *A Chapter in the Annals of Fife* (1878); *Within the Precincts*; *He that Will Not when He May* (1879); *A Beleaguered City*; *Dante*, *Moliere*, *Cervantes* (3 vols. of the *Series of Foreign Classics for English Readers*); *The Greatest Heiress in England* (1880); *Harry Joscelyn* (1881); *In Trust*; *The Literary History of England at the End of the 18th and Beginning of the 19th Century*; *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* (1882); *Sheridan* (in the *English Men of Letters* series); *Hester*; *It was a Lover and his Lass* (1883); *The Ladies Lindores*; *Old Lady Mary*; *The Wizard's Son*; *Sir Tom* (1884); *Madam* (1885).

narratives. Here first she showed that charming power of half-sympathetic and wholly amiable raillery at the intellectual affectations of the passing day, which she has let play to such bright purpose since then over the *extases* of Ritualism, the ambitions of Dissent, and the conceits of *Æstheticism* in the *Carlingford Chronicles*, and, in *He that Will Not when He May*, over the sadder absurdity of certain socialistic chimæras. The period of *Zaidee* was that of Mr. Ruskin's most sublime and solemn ascendancy; when his code of doctrine was still supposed to have the integrity and indivisibility of a divine creed; when the audacity of critical examination and selection had hardly been thought of, and the more puzzling and inconsequent his deliverances appeared the deeper was held to be their mystical significance. Great, therefore, if a little guilty, was the sense of relaxation afforded even to the devout by the account in *Zaidee* of the grand new house builded by simple Mr. Burtonshaw, which was supplied, in deference to a recent recommendation of Mr. Ruskin's, with a species of richly sculptured spout, through which articles of food were "shunted" to the beggars, for whom comfortable seats had also been provided beneath the back porch,—a process which went on to the high satisfaction of all parties, until it was discovered that the family plate was rapidly disappearing by the same convenient channel. In *Zaidee*, which appeared in 1856, Mrs. Oliphant also entered fully into that singularly favorable field for the higher comedy afforded by contemporary society in England; and she speedily proved herself a mistress there. No one has shown a keener eye for the delicate lights and shadows of that picturesque social system than she,—a finer perception of its complicated personal relations, a more wistful respect for its traditions, or a clearer prevision of its perils. No novelwright of them

all, we think, has discovered there, and depicted to the life, so extensive a variety of the nobler and more endearing types of character. Not that she is at all prone to making her heroes and heroines perfect. Her forte lies rather in the analysis of mixed motives and the admission of inevitable inconsistencies. She pleads earnestly, almost passionately, at times, for the culprits whom she herself has created, and is perpetually making appeal, by implication if not directly, to the sentiment of common humanity in her reader. Mrs. Oliphant, in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, like Mr. Trollope in those of *Barssetshire*, annexed and made triumphantly her own a little province of English life, which she developed thoroughly and delightfully, in all its grades of rank and shades of opinion. Good and bad, *élite* and vulgar, clergy and laity, the denizens of the ideal provincial town of twenty years ago, and of the ideal county, are equally real to our imaginations, and considerably more so, we fancy, to those of us who attended their birth and watched their growth than the traces retained by memory of the phantasmagoria of indifferent men and women, who have passed in flesh and blood before our veritable eyes during the same period.

The parallel holds good again in this respect: that both writers attain, in their continued *Chronicles*, the full development of their power, find their happiest combination of character and circumstance, and produce work which can hardly fail, one would think, to be interesting for a considerable number of years to come. At the same time, the wonder is, in both cases, but especially in Mrs. Oliphant's, that from the time of the *Chronicles* onward, a period of nearly twenty-five years, she can have gone on writing at the rate of three or four good-sized volumes in a year,—having published thirty-four novels within that time, beside a large number of liter-

ary and historical sketches, — and have fallen so seldom, and upon the whole so slightly, below her highest level. It is a question in our mind whether George Eliot herself, putting forth at intervals of several years those few deeply-studied, highly-finished — and in some cases, let us acknowledge, over-studied and over-finished — romances of hers, has afforded a more striking example of possible feminine capacity.

Let us consider for a little, in this place, Mrs. Oliphant's studies of actual character. Her fame as a novelist has so far eclipsed, in the popular mind, her other claims to distinction as a writer that comparatively few of those who take their monthly installment of her un-failing novel with the same comfortable ingratitude with which they receive choice meals and good weather realize that she has also been signally successful in a graver, if not a higher, kind of literature. To be a good biographer is an exceedingly rare gift. To be a perfect biographer has been vouchsafed to not more than half a dozen individuals out of the entire human race. Mrs. Oliphant is not a perfect biographer, but in the midst of her other multifarious performances, which it is hardly possible to do more than catalogue in an article like this, she has told, with touching candor and discretion, the true story of two or three very memorable human lives. It is because her method as a biographer is so closely related to her method as a novelist, and throws so much light upon the latter, that we desire, before going more particularly into the merits of the great mass of readable fiction which she has produced, to dwell for a little upon her admirable memoirs of Edward Irving, St. Francis of Assisi, and Count Charles de Montalembert.

In grouping these names together, despite the immense and rather incongruous variety of associations which they connote, one immediately perceives the element which they have in common,

and fixes upon it, rightly no doubt, as that which gave Mrs. Oliphant so intimate a comprehension of them all. That element is an ardent piety, more or less tinged with mysticism, intense appreciation of the unseen, and constant familiarity with it. The latest and not the least interesting phase of Mrs. Oliphant's development as an imaginative writer — which we shall have occasion to remark later on — shows how prone she is to spiritualism in general; how eagerly concerned, not with the life that now is only, but with that which is to come. That a man should live with the spiritual world always vividly present to his consciousness, *in any form*, is enough to give her a sort of kinship with him, and afford her a clue to the intricacies of his nature; for the sum and substance of her method, in divining a human soul, is *imaginative sympathy*. She must be able to place herself in the centre of her subject, and identify herself with it, before she can establish its integrity and consistency, and follow its unfolding as this really took place from within. We are ourselves inclined to believe that this is the only sure and legitimate way of portraying human character. Certainly, it is akin to the method of the greatest portrait-painters in portraying the human face and form. That which proceeds upon the cold, mechanic principle of mere external observation, even the keenest and most scientific, may produce a likeness, indeed, but only the petrified and brutalized sort of likeness of which photography is capable. Doubtless the sympathetic method has its dangers, too, — the danger of degenerating into mere partisanship and intemperate enthusiasm. But sympathy regulated by judgment, sympathy first and judgment afterwards, is as surely the golden rule for the divination and representation of human character as love transcends knowledge in the scale of our common faculties. Nay, we may even venture, without irreverence, to point

out how high and sacred a sanction this interior method has for the Christian biographer, the central fact of whose belief is the assumption by Divinity itself of a lower nature, that the subject might never more doubt the sympathy of the sovereign, the creature that of his infinite Creator.

Such, at all events, has been the line followed by Mrs. Oliphant in tracing the history of three very eminent Christians; of three men as diverse as possible in character, circumstances, and traditions, but equally devoted to the service of Christian truth as they apprehended it. She has identified herself successively with the visionary monk of Assisi, and the visionary Dissenter of Annandale, and the chivalrous and fervent Catholic layman, — the *fils des croisés*, as the patrician Montalembert was proud to call himself, — and it would be difficult to say which of the three she has made most real to her readers. As a literary performance the life of St. Francis is inferior to the other two. It bears grievous marks of haste, like so much else which our indefatigable author has written; and it also bears marks, in parts, of a certain hesitation and constraint, inseparable, one would say, from the fact that she was writing the books for a Protestant Sunday library. But even here the steadily rising tide of her inexhaustible sympathy lifts her from her would-be rationalistic footing, and carries her high above the doctrinal difficulties of her undertaking; and the small volume, with its careless construction and its clap-trap illustrations, remains almost unique for the tenderness and reverence of its delineation by a non-Catholic hand of the most ultra-Catholic of all saintly lives.

In the case of Edward Irving, Mrs. Oliphant's natural feeling for her subject was as different as possible from the mixture of involuntary awe and inconsequent love with which she regarded the great monastic founder. Herself

a loyal Scot in race and a born Presbyterian, she knew by instinct, without even the trouble of imagination, the sources of that strange spirit, and all the conditions, both heroic and pathetic, of the bleak Lowland life into which it was born. The early struggles of Edward Irving; his piety and his ambition; the terrible test of his sudden and unparalleled London popularity, and that other test, no less terrible, of its sudden decline; the grotesque fanaticism which invaded his originally healthful mind, and disgraced him irremediably with the world polite; the tragedy of his expulsion from the fold of his fathers, and of his early death in uttermost humiliation and sadness, — into all these experiences his biographer could enter with scarce an effort; and, laying hold of the golden thread of sincerity which, though woefully overlaid at times, did undoubtedly run straight through all these racking spiritual vicissitudes, she burst, as one may say, into tears of indignant pity, and constituted herself the impassioned apologist of Edward Irving. Never, apparently, were the perils which attend the method of sympathy better exemplified; and yet the last result of this almost wrathful partisanship has certainly been to disengage and fix firmly in the mind of the generation which has succeeded to his own the innermost truth about the eccentric founder of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church. Forgotten, or well-nigh forgotten, for a time, amid the rush of subsequent events, Irving's early intimacy with Thomas and Jane Carlyle has caused the revival of his name and story, wherever have penetrated — and where have they not? — the memoirs of that remarkable pair. And there can be no doubt about it: now that the mist of controversy which involved the man's footsteps while he lived is cleared away, we know that the charitable conclusions of Mrs. Oliphant are more just than the cynical summary of that other woman, who, in her youth,

had loved and been loved by him, but who, among all her brilliant endowments, had certainly *not* the gift of sympathy. "If Irving had married *me*, there would have been no 'tongues.'"

But no haze of distance and unreality, or suffusion of too partial and personal a feeling, arises to blur the masterly outline which Mrs. Oliphant has drawn for us of the career of that great contemporary, who was neither a co-religionist nor a compatriot of her own, — Charles de Montalembert. She had become familiar with the man and his *milieu* while making her translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West. Her own powers were completely ripe at the moment when he passed away, and she brought to the estimation of his rare character and conspicuous course a thorough knowledge of the questions and the conflicts with which his name is identified, and an exquisite poise of judgment. Nothing is more puzzling in its nature and more baffling in its results, to the ordinary Protestant reader, than that last movement towards liberalism inside the Roman Catholic Church. How the three men whose names are associated with that short-lived publication which they so proudly called *The Future*, — how Lammenais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert could have been all that they were, and no more, — all so revolutionary, and two so reactionary; how, from the same point, and seemingly by the selfsame impulse, the two younger men should have been moved to a prostrate submission to the spiritual powers that be, the elder to incorrigible revolt; how the pair who yielded their convictions, and seemed to sacrifice their careers, should have held a certain place forever after as champions of freedom, while the one who risked all to maintain his own soul's independence lost his power and prestige from that moment, and sank swiftly into darkness, like a falling star, — all these curious and difficult questions, in-

volving so much that is obscure to the intelligence of an outsider in race and religion, and foreign to his prepossessions, are patiently and respectfully investigated by Mrs. Oliphant, are luminously discussed and virtually decided. The key to the puzzle is in her hands, the solution ready for her readers. Study must have gone for much, in the formation of the instructive and disinterested conclusions at which she arrives, but sympathy went for more. Let us quote, as illustrating her truly extraordinary power of putting herself in the place of one whose conclusions are erroneous to her, and whose action she more than half deplors, her account of the way in which Lacordaire received the rebuff of the Holy See, when the three associates in the publication of *L'Avenir* had gone with so simple a confidence to seek the papal sanction for their generous undertaking: —

"The steady, long-persistent purpose (of the Church) seized hold of his imagination, — he was overawed by it. After all, what were his own hot and sudden theories of a day, that he should come to vex with them the ear of this great Mother, intent to hear, over all the world, the marching of her sacred armies and the blessed footsteps of those who carry over mountain and desert the glad tidings of peace? He felt himself like a fretful child, thrusting its frivolous pains and troubles upon the mother, who is a queen, and whose mind is occupied with the affairs of a great kingdom. To such a child it is enough if the royal mother turns to him for a moment, lays her soothing hand upon his head, and passes on, without time to consider his complaints, to her own majestic business. He was half ashamed, half grieved, to have made his petty appeal, vexing her in the midst of her lofty cares. Before she had said a word in reply he had shrunk back, feeling his prayer out of place and untimely. To convert the world, to save souls, to

promote holiness and obedience to the love of God, — these were the real matters that filled her mind. Even an earthly mother, more nobly occupied, could not be expected to pronounce if this toy were good or not, if this game was or was not to be pursued. And what were all these varying affairs of the world, the poor illusions of political life, the excitements of the moment, but toys and games, in comparison with that vast and wise supervision of interests so much greater, to which day and night, through all vicissitudes of time, through revolution and quiet, through peace and war, she gave her high attention? Some such lofty ideal conception as this seized upon the mind of Lacordaire. When we consider that it was he who suggested the pilgrimage, it is easy to conceive what his rapid conviction of its inappropriateness must have cost him. He was startled, touched, awed, by his discovery. A mother, in such circumstances, may not always be guarded in her expressions, — may send the importunate child away hurriedly and even harshly, in her preoccupation: but that preoccupation is more than an excuse; it is a sublime and overwhelming answer to all possibilities of objection."

The same qualities which are so finely exemplified here give animation and interest to Mrs. Oliphant's *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, and of the literati of a century ago in England. They are inevitably present also in the little book on the *Makers of Florence*, Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, although the latter was much too hurriedly prepared, and is, upon the whole, the least accurate and satisfactory of her historical essays.

Now this interior method in the study of human character, this process of sympathetic divination, which has made Mrs. Oliphant at once so interesting and so just a biographer, is one of the two main elements of her success as a novelist. The other is an inex-

haustible sense of humor, — and humor, too, of a rare and delightful quality; never trite, still less rollicking, but fine and dry and debonair, — the humor which tickles quietly, curling the lip of the reader with an unconscious smile of gratification, while rarely moving him to positive laughter. Mrs. Oliphant is not exactly witty; and her personages never talk epigrams, — that is to say, her clever personages never do. Her fools, who are only less numerous and precious than Miss Austen's own, are involuntarily epigrammatic sometimes, as when Miss Dora Wentworth, the youngest and softest of the three old-maid sisters, who played so important a part in the fortunes of that distinguished family, learned, with pale dismay, that her strong-minded and overbearing elder had succumbed, for the first time within the memory of man, to the pitiful weakness of a nervous headache.

"‘I should n't wonder if it were the Wentworth complaint,’ said Miss Dora, with a sob of fright, to the increased indignation of the squire.

"‘I have already told you that the Wentworth complaint never attacks females,’ Mr. Wentworth said, emphatically, glad to employ what sounded like a contemptuous title for the inferior sex.

"‘Yes, oh yes!’ said Miss Dora, from whom an emergency so unexpected had taken all her little wits; ‘but then Leonora is — not — exactly what you would call a — female.’”

There is, in fact, a strong family likeness between Mrs. Oliphant's humor and Miss Austen's. They get the same sort of mildly malicious amusement out of the more obvious incongruities of life and character, have the same quick eye for the manifold *humors of situation*. There is nothing in *Pride and Prejudice*, or in *Emma*, more intrinsically delicious than the conception of the exuberant self-devotion of Lucilla Marjoribanks, the “object of whose life” it was

"to be a comfort to her dear papa," while that matter-of-fact gentleman dreaded above all things else, and stoutly resisted to the last gasp, her invasion of the comfortable and irresponsible bachelor existence into which he had lapsed during his widowerhood. Or than Phoebe Junior, — that type of the modern young person who has enjoyed "advantages," too broadly cultured and perfectly self-poised ever to be ashamed of her grandfather the buttermilk, — calmly and critically surveying in the mirror her own blooming cheeks, and studying to contrive an evening costume which should "throw her up and tone her down." Or than the consternation created in that same inimitable family circle of the Wentworths, when the *insouciant* reprobate Jack, after playing for some days, with great gusto, the part of repentant prodigal, delivered a graceful farewell address to the assembled conclave; informing them that, after the opportunity he had enjoyed of observing the checks and disappointments and general severity of discipline which they seemed to think profitable for the saints of the family, he had decided that his own best chance of enjoying any of their good things was to get back to his evil courses as fast as possible, — which, accordingly, he proposed to do.

Best of all, perhaps, is the scene in the Perpetual Curate, where an understanding is finally established between those two awkward and self-conscious elderly lovers, — the Fellow of All Souls and the helpless fine lady, — who had been drawn together, at first by a common sense of shame at their inferiority, in a desperate emergency, to the collected and efficient young scions of a more practical generation. We take space to quote the entire scene, which is brief and quite unique in its charm, amid the voluminous annals of courtship. The shy old lover had begun warily, by suggesting that he thought he might be able to get on very well in his

new parish, — if only he could have the lady there to help him.

"'You have just said that I could not manage,' said the mild woman, not without a little vigor of her own, 'and how then could I help you, Mr. Proctor? Lucy knows a great deal more about parish work than I do,' she went on, in a lower tone; and for one half second there awoke in the mind of the elder sister a kind of wistful envy of Lucy, who was young and knew how to *manage*, — a feeling which died in unspeakable remorse and compunction as soon as it had birth.

"'But Lucy would not have me,' said the late rector, 'and indeed I should not know what to do with her, if she would have me; but you, — it's a small parish, but it is a good living, — I should do all I could to make you comfortable. At least, we might *try*,' said Mr. Proctor, in his most insinuating tone. 'Don't you think we might *try*? At least, it would do' — he was going to say 'no harm,' but, on second thoughts rejected that form of expression. "At least, I should be very glad if you would," said the excellent man, with renewed confusion. 'It's a nice little rectory, with a pretty garden, and all that sort of thing; and — and I dare say there would be room for Lucy — Don't you think you would *try*?'

"As for Miss Wadehouse, she sat and listened to him until he began to falter, and then her composure gave way all at once. 'As for *trying*,' she gasped, in broken mouthfuls of speech, — 'that would never, never do, Mr. Proctor! It has to be done for good and all — if — if it is done at all,' sobbed the poor lady.

"'Then it *shall* be for good and all!' cried Mr. Proctor, with a sudden impulse of energy."

Here we have Mrs. Oliphant's humor at what may be called, for the lack of a nicer term, its broadest; but she is, if possible, even more delicately success-

ful in portraying that strange mixture of tragedy and comedy which attends so many of the complications of actual life, — griefs which have their absurd side, a mocking, tantalizing success, an ominous prosperity; that everlasting incongruity between individuals and their accidents, at which one is always uncertain alike, for one's self and for others, whether to laugh or cry. We have the contrast between the knightly soul and the sordid surroundings of the proud young minister of Salem Chapel. We have poor little Mrs. Vincent, meek, mild, and fragile, but of indomitable spirit; full of pious and tender frauds; trying in vain to screen with her tremulous old hands, from the prying eyes of a coarse "connection," the grim tragedy in which the fates of her innocent children had become involved; excusing the dark and dreadful preoccupation of her son on the ground that he had inherited her own bad temper! We have set over against the majestic and mortal sadness with which Gerald Wentworth abjured his faith and renounced his active career the futile flurry of his wife's inconsequent and silly lamentations. We have the hungry and bewildered eyes of Valentine's gypsy mother turning from one to the other of her twin offspring, — so intimately united, yet so immeasurably sundered, — from the lawless tramp upon the country roads to the curled darling of fortune and exultant captain of the Eton crew. We have the grand heroics of Paul Markham's theoretical communism in connection with the unguessed fate which is about to strip his young life of all the high privileges and beauteous refinements which he affects to despise. We have the nervous and forlorn amenities of the miserable wife in the Ladies Lindores (the brutal domestic tyrant is the only type of villain whom Mrs. Oliphant draws with real gusto); her irresponsible, yet in some sort shameless, transport of gratitude at the stroke

which frees her from her husband's merciless tyranny.

All these are strange and poignant situations, presenting no end of curious and touching aspects; impossible to be apprehended, even, still less invented, save by an exceedingly penetrating intelligence, a soul full of the keenest and most catholic compassion. If Mrs. Oliphant's constructive art were equal to her analytic power, she might rank with the few great dramatists of the world. As it is, the fabric of fact and incident, which she is so wonderfully competent to people with life and inform with varied emotion, is often of an extremely loose and shaky description. Her people spring into being by multitudes, — into breathing, beaming, suffering being. Her own ado is to find some plausible occasion for all their joy and sorrow, their growth and transformation and decline; in short, to make something adequate *happen* to her creatures. Now and then, as in the case of Zaidee, May, The Greatest Heiress in England, and that charming recent story *In Trust*, she contrives a tolerably compact little plot; but for the most part she is easily and blandly indifferent to any such obligation. Nothing could be more absurd than the slight apology for an intrigue afforded us both in the *Perpetual Curate* and in *Miss Marjoribanks*. We are not so much as told what became of Rosa Elsworthy, whose name was so preposterously connected with that of the irreproachable young clergyman; while we are flatly informed, at the very outset, what is to be the upshot of the disinterested career of that great usurper and most amiable of social reformers, Lucilla. And yet, none of all Mrs. Oliphant's novels, and very few, indeed, of the novels of recent times, will bear re-reading like these two. We speak from ample experience; for the hasty yet altogether delightful re-perusal, for which we have but now so gladly found excuse, must be at least our fourth, and we are

beginning to feel qualified to speak for posterity. Again we are reminded of Anthony Trollope, and the singular manner in which Mrs. Oliphant's achievement corresponds with his, and furnishes a sort of complement to it. The former will live, for a time at least, because he has left behind him so truthful a picture of the outer life of his generation, — its manners and customs and fashions of speech and attire; the latter, because she has delineated no less accurately its perplexed and difficult interior life. Once more, their faults of style are alike. Both have the diffuseness which comes of hurry, — Mrs. Oliphant, too often the extreme wordiness which comes of distracting hurry. The prolific are almost inevitably prolix. A true epigram takes almost as long in making as a true crystal, and the veriest beginner in composition soon gets a glimpse of the paradox that he who would be brief must take a great deal of time about it. The writer who is essentially an artist will take that time, and be mindful of his own possible glory. The writer who has other and warmer and perhaps wider ends in view does not vex his righteous soul concerning "form," but far more probably attains his end. It is he, at all events, who has the ear and the heart of the present public.

It remains to say a word concerning the latest and not the least poetic development of the vigorous and many-sided talent under discussion. Since 1879 Mrs. Oliphant has published, along with other things in her accustomed vein, some half dozen tales and sketches which may be described, collectively, as studies of the Unseen. The first of these, entitled *The Beleaguered City*, is altogether the most symmetrical and remarkable. It purports to be the attested narrative of the *maire* and sundry citizens of the town of Semur, in Haute Bretagne, of a singular series of events which at one time took place in

that municipality. These amounted to no less than the invasion of the town by the innumerable souls of all its departed citizens, and the expulsion in a body of the living, who remained encamped without the walls while the supernatural visitation continued. The event, which occurred at midsummer, was accompanied by a sudden diminution of warmth and sunshine, and a shortening of the daylight hours to less than their midwinter duration. To the awe-stricken watchers without the walls the city appeared enveloped in a dense cloud or fog, such as M. le Maire has understood occasionally smother the entire city of London. Nothing can surpass the verisimilitude with which this strange and powerful conception is wrought out. The energy of its first inspiration never flags. There is not an inconsistent occurrence and hardly a superfluous word in all the thrilling narrative. The French instinct in matters religious, so tender and genuine, though so alien to our own, and the French turn of thought as well as expression, are faultlessly preserved. The subdued and breathless story has just enough, and never too much, of telling and touching detail. Here, for once, the very style is perfect, in its directness and simplicity. It is Mrs. Oliphant's highest literary achievement; so high, indeed, that only in retrospect is it possible to regard it critically. It is a sacred poem in prose, and shakes the soul, at the first perusal, with almost the force of an actual revelation.

Either our author was unexpectedly stimulated by the strong sensation of surprise and admiration created by the *Beleaguered City*, or the powerful private impulse which produced that impressive sketch is not yet exhausted; for she has proceeded, since then, to make other studies in the same weird line, all of them apparently serious, and some exceedingly striking. She would seem to have been seized with overpowering

force by the conviction which, in one form or another, is persistently haunting so many of the more sensitive and visionary spirits of the day, that we are near some new revelation of that Unseen, which, if it exist at all, must needs exist at this present moment of time, just as truly as the visible system of material things which is about us, and must needs have, moreover, some perfectly definite, though as yet undiscovered, connection with and relation to that system.

What is the clue to this connection, the master-word of this solemn and importunate enigma?

If our loved and lost are living, what are they to one another and to us? Needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has not solved this piercing question, but she has the air of having made certain definite and, to her own mind, satisfactory steps toward such a solution. These are clearly enough expressed in the words of M. Lecamus, the only citizen of the Beleaguered City who remained inside among the dead, when the great body of the living evacuated it: "If you will take my word for it, they know pain as well as joy, M. le Maire, — *Those*, who are in Semur. They are not as gods, perfect and sufficing to themselves; nor are they all-knowing and all-wise, like the good God. They hope, like us, and desire, and are mistaken, but do no wrong. This is my opinion. I am no more than other men, that you should accept it without support, but I have lived among them, and this is what I think."

A further persuasion that the efforts of the dead to communicate with the living are made upon their own responsibility, without any commission, though without prohibition, from the higher powers, is foreshadowed in the farewell sigh of one of the last lingering shades, when the army of souls finally decamps from Semur: "We have failed! Must not all fail who are not *sent* of the Father?"

This notion, again, is further developed in the pathetic story of Old Lady Mary, whose agonized desire to return to earth and remedy a wrong done in mere heedlessness and vanity is granted, indeed, but to no purpose. She finds no effectual way of impressing her message upon the living, not even upon the one dear survivor most loyally devoted to her memory, and goes sadly and submissively back to heaven.

In the *Little Pilgrim*, on the other hand, an attempt is made to realize the adventures of a happy spirit, unvisited by any yearning to repass the barriers which have suddenly divided her from the land of the living. The reader is carried on for a little way, but the conception is overwrought. From an ecstasy of faith it becomes a mere excursion of fancy, and is the least successful, upon the whole, of the supernatural studies.

Finally, Mrs. Oliphant has made yet another experiment in the same ghostly direction, of late, in her extraordinary novel of *The Wizard's Son*, — a book which, in our opinion, comes so near to positive greatness that the sudden and amazing falling-off in the final chapters moves one to a species of exasperation. A very commonplace young Englishman falling heir to an ancient and ghost-encumbered inheritance in the Highlands of Scotland afforded a matchless opportunity for the calm and candid consideration of the relations between the canny and the uncanny, between the comforts of modern civilization and the venerable phenomena of second-sight. The story is accordingly conceived in a quaint spirit of equal hospitality to the two sets of influences; and it is most skillfully sustained up to the very last, being made to move smoothly and, so to speak, naturally along the narrow line between the plainly possible and the theoretically impossible. The human characters are as distinct as need be, — altogether such as ourselves, and visited only from time to time by the "blank misgivings

of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;" the *revenant* is entirely *comme il faut*. All goes weirdly and well up to the moment of the final catastrophe, which it would have been so easy, one would think, to manage with the same fine and faultless ambiguity. If only the haunted tower had been made to crumble without warning of its own inevitable decay, putting forever beyond the reach of investigation the mysteries which had pervaded it, the conclusion would have been perfectly consistent and credible, and the reaction in the reader's mind would probably have been toward wonder and faith. The lovers might still have been buried beneath the ruin, and then exhumed alive, if their merciful author absolutely would. But the antiquated and tawdry machinery of the secret chamber, the mystic lamp, the winking portrait, and the alchemist "properties" generally test our credulity too severely, and

make us more than half ashamed of the sincerity of our interest. Loch Houran tower is reduced once for all to the rank of the Castle of Udolpho.

It would be unfair, however, to close with a captious complaint this tolerably long and yet imperfect survey of the work of one of the ablest female writers of this or any time. The very fact that Mrs. Oliphant has shown herself capable, in mature age, of taking an entirely fresh departure, and starting anew the discussion of a question so intensely and everlastingly interesting to all her readers that her views must needs be met by every variety of opposition as well as every degree of assent, is proof in itself that the resources of her mental vitality are greater than even her most faithful admirers have imagined. Long may we continue, not merely to be entertained by the lighter exercises, but stimulated by the graver speculations, of this open, vigorous, and brilliant mind.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XI.

It is seldom, in this world at least, that a man who absents himself from church repents it with the fervor of regret which Amos James experienced when he heard of the unexpected proceedings at the Notch.

"Sech a rumpus — dad-burn my luck — I mought never git the chance ter see agin!" he declared, with a pious sense of deprivation. And he thought it had been a poor substitute to sit on the doorstep all the forenoon Sunday, "ez lonesome ez a b'ar in a hollow tree," because his heart was yet so raw and sensitive that he could not see Dorinda's pink sun-bonnet without a rush of painful emotion, or her face without

remembering how she looked when he talked of the rescue of Rick Tyler.

The "gang o' men" — actively described by his mother as "lopin' roun' the mill" — lingered long in conclave this morning. Perhaps their views had a more confident and sturdy effect from being propounded at the top of the voice, since the insistent whir of the busy old mill drowned all efforts in a lower tone; but it was very generally the opinion that Micajah Green had transcended all the license of his official character in making the arrest at the place and time he had selected.

"I knows," commented one of the disaffected, "ez it air the law o' Tennessee ez a arrest kin be made of a Sunday, ef so be it must. But 'pears like ter me

't war nuthin' in this worl' but malice an' meanness ez tuk ch'ice o' the minute the man hed stood up ter preach the Word ter arrest him. 'Cajah Green mus' hev tuk keerful heed o' time, — jes' got thar spang on the minute."

"He w-war n't p-p-preachin' the Word," stuttered Pete Cayce, antagonistically. "He hed jes' 'lowed he w-w-war n't fit ter preach it. No more war ne."

He had come down from the still to treat for meal for the mash. He was willing to wait, — nay, anxious, that he might bear his share in the conversation.

He tilted his chair back against the wall, and nodded his long, drab-tinted locks convincingly.

The water whirled around the wheel; the race foamed with prismatic bubbles, flashing opal-like in the sun; the vague lapsing of the calm depths in the pond was like some deep sigh, as of the fullness of happiness or reflective content, — not pain. The water falling over the dam babbled in a meditative undertone. All sounds were dominated by the whirl of the mill in its busy, industrial monody, and within naught else could be heard, save the strident voices pitched on the miller's key and roaring the gossip. Through the window could be seen the rocky banks opposite, their summits tufted with huckleberry and sassafras bushes and many a tangle of weeds; the dark shadow in the water below; the slope of the mountain rising above. A branch, too, of the low-spreading chestnut-oak, that hung above the roof of the mill, was visible, swaying close without; it cast a tempered shade over the long cobwebs depending from the rafters, whitened by the dust of the flour. The rough, undressed timbers within were of that mellow, rich tint, intermediate between yellow and brown, so restful to the eye. The floor was littered with bags of corn, on which some of the men lounged; others sat in the few chairs,

and Amos James leaned against the hopper.

"Waal, ez fur ez 'Cajah Green could know, he'd hev been a-preachin' then, an' argyfyin' his own righteousness; an' 'Cajah laid off ter kem a-steppin' in with his warrant ter prove him a liar an' convict him o' sinnin' agin the law 'fore his congregation."

"Pears like ter me ez pa'son war sorter forehanded," said Pete, captiously. "He hed proved hisself a liar 'fore the sher'ff got thar; saved 'Cajah the trouble."

"I hearn," said another man, "ez pa'son up-ed an' 'lowed ez he did n't b'lieve in the Lord, an' prophesied his own downfall an' his trial 'fore the sher'ff got thar."

"He d-d-did!" shouted Pete. "We never knowed much more arter 'Cajah an' the dep'ty kem 'n we did afore. Pa'son said they 'd gird him an' t-t-take him whar he did n't want ter g-go, — an' so they d-d-d-did."

"D-d-did what?" mockingly demanded Amos James, with unnecessary rancor, it might have seemed.

Pete's infirmity became more pronounced under this cavalier treatment. "T-t-take him w-w-w-whar he did n't w-w-w-want" — explosively — "ter go, ye fool, you!"

"Whar?"

"D'ye reckon he wanted ter go ter jail in Shaftesville?" demanded Pete, with scathing scorn. His sneering lip exposed his long, protruding teeth, and his hard-featured face was unusually repellent.

"Hev they tuk him ter jail, — the pa'son? — Pa'son Kelsey?" exclaimed Amos James, in a deeply serious tone. He looked fixedly at Pete, as if he might thus express more than he said in words. There was indignation in his black eyes, even reproach. He still leaned on the hopper, but there was nothing between the stones, for he had forgotten to pour in more corn, and the flurry and indus-

try of the unsentient old mill was like the bustle of many clever people, — a great stir about nothing. He wore his broad-brimmed white hat far back on his head. His black hair was sprinkled with flour and meal, and along the curves of his features the snowy flakes had congregated in thin lines, bringing out the olive tint of his complexion, and intensifying the sombre depths of his eyes.

Pete returned the allusion to his defective speech by a comment on the intentness of the miller's gaze.

"Ye look percisely like a ow-el, Amos, — percisely like a old horned ho-ho-hooter," he declared, with a laugh. "Ya-as," he continued, "they did take pa'son ter jail, bein' ez the jestice that the sher'ff tuk him afore — old Squair Prine, ye know — h-he could n't decide ez ter his g-guilt. The Squair air so oncertain in his mind, an' wavers so ez ter his knowledge, that I hev hearn ez ev'y day he counts his toes ter make sure he's got ten. So the old Squair h-hummed and h-h-hawed over the evidence, an' he 'l-lowed ter Pa'son K-Kelsey ez he could n't b'lieve nuthin' agin him right handy, ez he hed sot under his p-preachin' many a time an' profited by it; but thar war his cur'ous performin' 'bout'n the gaynder whilst Rick got off, an' he hed hearn ez pa'son turned his back on the Lord in a s'prisin' way. Then the Squair axed how he kem ter prophesy his own arrest ef he hed done nuthin' ter bring it on. The Squair 'lowed 't war a serious matter, a pen-tiary offense; an' he war n't cl'ar in his own mind; an' he up-ed an' down-ed, an' twisted an' turned, an' he did n't know *what* ter do: so the e-end war he jes' committed Pa'son Kelsey ter jail, ter await the action o' the g-g-g-gran' jury."

Pete gave this detail with some humor, wagging his head back and forth to imitate the magisterial treatment of the quandary, and putting up first one hand,

then the other, stretching out first one rough boot, then the other, to signify the various points of the dilemma.

Amos James did not laugh. He still gravely gazed at the narrator.

"Why n't he git bail?" he demanded gruffly.

"Waal, he did n't — 'kase he could n't. The old man, he fixed the bail without so much dilly-dallyin' an' jouncin' 'roun' in his mind ez ye mought expec'. He jes' put on his specs, an' polished his old bald noodle with his red h-h-handkercher, an' tuk a fraish chaw o' terbacco, an' put his nose in his book, an' tuk it out ter brag ez them crazy bugs in N-N-Nashvul sent him a book ev'y time they made a batch o' new laws, — pore, prideful old critter mus' hev been lyin'! — an' then he put his nose in his book agin, like he smelt the law an' trailed it by scent. 'T war n't more 'n haffen hour 'fore he tuk it out, an' say the least bail he could take war a thousand d-d-dollars fur the defendant, an' five hunderd fur each of his sureties, — like it hev been in ev'y sech case 'fore a jestice s-sence the Big Smoky Mountains war made."

Pete laughed, his great fore-teeth, his flexible lip, his long, bony face and tangled mane, giving him something of an equine aspect. His mood was unusually jocular; and indeed a man might experience some elation of spirit to be the only one of the "lopers round" at the mill who had been present at a trial of such significance. The close attention accorded his every word demonstrated the interest in the subject, and the guffaws which greeted his sketch of the familiar character of the old "Squair" was a flattering tribute to his skill as a *raconteur*. The peculiar antagonism of his disposition was manifested only in the delay and digressions by which he thwarted Amos James's eagerness to know why Parson Kelsey had not been admitted to bail. He could not accurately interpret the lowering indignation

of the miller's look, and he cared less for the threat it expressed. Cowardice was not predicable of one of the Cayce tribe. Perhaps it might have been agreeable for the community if the discordant Pete could have been more readily intimidated.

"Why n't pa'son gin the bail, then?" demanded Amos, again.

"He *did* gin it," returned Pete, perversely.

"Waal, then, how 'd the sher'ff take him ter jail?"

"Right down the county road, ez ye an' me an' the rest of us hyar in the Big Smoky hev worked on till sech c-c-cattle ez 'Cajah Green an' his buz-zardy dep'ty hain't got no sort'n c-chance o' breakin' thar necks over the rocks an' sech."

"Look a hyar, Pete Cayce, I'll fling ye bodaciously over that thar bluff!" exclaimed Amos James, darkly frowning.

A rat that had boldly run across the floor a number of times, its whiskers powdered white, its tail white also, and gayly frisking behind it, had ventured so close to the miller's motionless foot that when he stepped hastily forward it sprang into the air with a wonderfully human expression of fright; then, with a sprawling anatomy and a scuttling sound, it sped away to some dark corner, where it might meditate on the escaped danger and take heed of fool-hardiness.

"W-w-what would I be a-doin' of, Amos Jeemes, whilst ye war a-flingin' m-me over the b-b-bluff?" demanded Pete, pertinently.

"What ails ye, ter git tuk so suddint in yer temper, Amos?" asked another of the baffled listeners, who desired rather to promote peace and further the detail of Parson Kelsey's examination before the magistrate than to witness one of Pete Cayce's acrid contentions. "Amos jes' axed ye, Pete, why pa'son war n't admitted ter bail."

"H-h-he never none, now," said Pete.

"He axed w-w-why Pa'son Kelsey did n't g-gin bail. He did gin it, but 't-t war n't accepted."

"What fur?" demanded Amos, relapsing into interest in the subject, and leaning back against the hopper.

"Waal," said Pete, preferring, on the whole, the distinction of relating the proceedings before the magistrate to the more familiar diversion of bickering, "pa'son, he 'lowed he 'd gin his gran'dad an' his uncle ter go on his bond; an' the Squair, arter he hed stuck his nose into his book a couple o' times, an' did n't see nuthin' abolishin' gran'dads an' uncles, he tuk it out an' refraished it with a pinch o' snuff, an' 'lowed he 'd take gran'dad an' uncle on the bond. An' then up jumped Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith over yander ter the Settlemint,—him it war ez swore out the warrant,—an' demanded the Squair would hear his testimony agin it. That thar 'Cajah Green, he sick-ed him on, all the time. I seen Gid Fletcher storp suddint wunst, an' wall his eye 'round onsartin' at 'Cajah Green, ez ef ter make sure he war a-sayin' all right. An' 'Cajah Green, he batted his eye, ez much ez ter say, 'Go it, old hoss!' Sure ez ye air born them two fixed it up aforehand."

"I do *de*-spise that thar critter, 'Cajah Green!" exclaimed one of the men, who was sitting on a sack of corn in the middle of the floor. "He fairly makes the trigger o' my rifle itch! I hope he won't kem out ahead at the August election. The Big Smoky 'll hev ter git him beat somehow; we can't hev him aggrervatin' 'roun' hyar another two year."

The fore-legs of Pete Cayce's tilted chair came down with a thump. He leaned forward, and with a marked gesture offered his big horny paw to the man who sat on the bag of corn; they solemnly shook hands as on a compact.

Amos James still leaned against the empty hopper, listening with a face of angry gloom as Pete recommenced:—

"Waal, the Squair, he put his nose inter his book agin, an' then he 'lowed he'd hear Gid Fletcher's say-so. An' Gid, — waal, he'll be mighty good metal fur the devil's anvil; I feel it in my bones how Satan will rej'ice ter draw Gid Fletcher down small, — he got up an' 'lowed ez pa'son an' his uncle an' his gran'dad did n't wuth two thousand dollars. They hed what they hed all ter-gether, an' 't war n't enough, — 't war n't wuth more 'n a thousan', ef that. An' so the Squair, — waal, he looked toler'ble comical, a-nosin' in his book an' a-polishin' off the torp o' his head with his red handkercher, an' he war ez on-easy an' onsartain in his actions ez a man consortin' accidentally with a bumbly bee. He tried 'em all powerful in thar temper, bein' so gin over ter backin' an' fo'thin'; but ez be war the jestice they hed ter sot 'round an' look solemn an' respec'ful. An' at las' he said he could n't accept the bail, ez 't war insufficient. The dep'ty looked like he'd jump up an' down, an' crack his heels together; 'peared like he war glad fur true. An' the Squair, he 'lowed ez the rescue war a crime ez mought make a jestice keerful how he tuk insufficient bail. Ennybody ez would holp a man ter escape from cust'dy would jump his bond himself, though he war tol'ble keerful ter explain ter pa'son ez he never onder-took ter charge either on him, nuther. An' he hed ter bear in mind ez he oc'pied a m-m-mighty important place in the l-law, — though I can't see ez it air so mighty important ter h-h-hev ter say, 'I dunno; let the court decide.'"

Amos James remembered the hopper at last. He turned, and, as he lifted a bag and poured in the corn, he asked, his eyes on the golden stream of grain, —

"An' what did pa'son say when he fund it out?"

Pete Cayce laughed, his big teeth making the facetious demonstration peculiarly pronounced. He was looking out of the window, through the leafy

bough of the overspreading chestnut-oak, at the deep, transparent water in the pond. The dark, lustrous reflection of the sassafras and huckleberry bushes on the summit of the vertical rocky bank was like some mezzotinted landscape under glass. A frog on one of the ledges at the waterside was a picture of amphibious content; sometimes his mouth opened and shut quickly, with an expression, if not beautiful, implying satisfaction. Pete lazily caught up a stick which he had been whittling. The slight missile flew through the air, catching the light as it went. Its aim was accurate, and the next moment the monotony of the placid surface was broken by the elastically widening circles above the spot where the frog jumped in.

"The pa'son," he said languidly, having satisfactorily concluded this exploit, — "at fust it looked like the c-critter could n't make it out, — he 'peared toler'ble peaked an' white-faced, but the way he behaved ter the sher'ff 'minds me o' the tales the old men tell 'bout'n Hangin' Maw an' Bloody Feller, an' them t'other wild Injuns that useter aggrivate the white folks in the Big Smoky, — proud an' straight, an' lookin' at 'Cajah Green ez ef he war jes' the dirt under his feet. Waal, pa'son 'lowed, calm an' quiet, ez I'd be skin-nin' a deer or suthin', ez he'd rather be obligated ter his own f-folks fur that holp, but ez that could n't be he'd git bail from others. 'T war n't m-much matter jes' till he could 'pear 'fore the court, fur nuthin' could be easier 'n ter prove ez he hed n't rescued Rick Tyler, nor never gin offense agin the law. An' he turned round ez s-s-sure an' quiet ter Pa'son Tobin, who hed kem along ter see what mought be a-doin', an' sez he, 'B-Brother Jake Tobin, you-uns an' some o' the c-church folks, I know, will be 'sponsible fur the bail.' An' ef ye'll b'lieve me, Brother Jake Tobin, he got up slanch-wise, an' in sech a hurry the

cheer fell over ahint him; an' sez he, 'Naw, brother, — I will call ye brother,' — like that war powerful 'commodatin', — 'I kin not sot my p-people ter do sech, arter yer words yistiddy. We kin lose no money by ye, — the church air pore an' the cause air n-needy. I kin only pray fur the devil ter l-loose his holt on ye, f-fur I perceive the devil in ye.' Waal, sir," continued Pete, drawing a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and gnawing on it with tugging persistence, "Christian pefesser ez I be, I felt sorter 'shamed o' Brother J-Jake Tobin, — he looked s-s-sech a skerry h-half-liver, 'feard o' losin' money! Shucks! I could sca'cely keep my hands off'n him. He looked so — so cur'ous, I wanted ter — ter" — he remembered the reverence due to the cloth — "ter trip him up," he concluded, temperately. "An' then, ez he war a-whurlin' his fat sides around ter pick up the cheer, Pa'son K-Kelsey, — he hed t-turned plumb bleached, like a corpse, — he stood up an' sez, 'The Lord hev fursaken me!' An' Brother Jake Tobin humps around, with the cheer in his hand, an' sez, 'Naw, brother, naw, ye hev fursook the Lord!'"

"Waal," said the man on the bag of corn, gazing meditatively at the dusty floor and at a great yellow cur who had ventured within, as a shelter from the midday heat, and lay at ungainly length asleep near the door, "I dunno ez I kin blame Brother Jake Tobin. 'T would hev made a mighty scandal ter keep Pa'son Kelsey in the church, arter what he said agin the faith. We 'll hev ter turn him out; an' ez he air ter be turned out, I dunno ez the church members hev enny call ter go on his bond. He air none o' we-uns, nowadays."

"Leastwise none o' 'em war a-goin' t-ter do it," said Pete quietly. "They air all mindful o' Brother Jake Tobin's longest ear, ez kin hear a call from the church yander in Cade's Cove ev'y time he g-gits mad at 'em. But I tell ye,"

added Pete, restoring his plug of tobacco to his pocket, and chewing hard on the bit which his strong teeth had wrenched off, "it did 'pear ter me ez they mought hev stretched a p'int when I see the pa'son ridin' off with them two sneaking off'cers. He hed so nigh los' his senses with the notion he war a-goin' ter be jailed ez they hed ter hold him up in the saddle, else he'd hev been under the beastis's huffs in a minute."

"Why n't you-uns go on his bond?" asked Amos James, suddenly.

"Who?" shouted Pete in stentorian amaze, above the clamor of the old mill.

"You-uns, — the whole Cayce layout," reiterated Amos James.

His blood had risen to his face. All the instincts of justice within him revolted at the picture Pete had drawn, coarsely and crudely outlined, but touched with the vivid realities of nature. It was as a scene present before him: the falsely accused man borne away, crushed with shame, while the true criminal looked on with a lax conscience and an impersonal interest, and thriftily saved his observations to recount to his cronies at the mill. Amos James cared naught for the outraged majesty of the law. The rescue of the prisoner from its fierce talons seemed to him, instead, humane and beneficent. His sense of justice was touched only by the manifest cruelty when one man was forced to bear the consequences of another's act.

"You-uns mought hev done ez much," he said significantly.

"I reckon they would hev 'lowed ez we war n't wuth it," said Pete, quietly ruminant; "the still can't show up."

"Ye never tried it," said Amos.

"Waal, d-dad, he war n't thar, an' I could n't undertake ter speak fur the rest. An' I ain't beholden no ways ter Pa'son Kelsey. I hev no call ter b-b-bail him ez I knows on. I hev no hand in his bein' arrested an' sech."

"Hev no hand in his bein' arrested!" retorted Amos, scornfully.

Pete was staring stolidly at him, and the other men assumed an intent, inquiring attitude. Amos James felt suddenly that he had gone too far. He had no wish to fasten this stigma upon the Cayces; he had every reason to avoid it. He did not know how far he had been accounted a confidant in the intimacies of the cave when Rick Tyler had found a refuge there. He could not disregard the trust reposed in him. And yet he could not recall his words.

Pete's blank gaze changed to an amazed comprehension. He spoke out bluntly the thought in the other's mind.

"Ye air a-thinkin', Amos Jeemes, ez 't war we-uns ez cut Rick Tyler a-loose o' the sher'ff!" he exclaimed.

Amos, confronted with his own suspicion, listened with a guilty air.

"Ye air surely the b-b-b-biggest f-f-f-fool" — the words seemed very large with these additional consonants — "in the shadder o' the B-b-b-Big S-s-s-sm-Smoky M-m-Mountings!" Pete spread them out with all the magnifying facilities of his infirmity.

"Waal, then," said Amos, crestfallen, "who done it?"

"Why, P-Pa'son Kelsey, I reckon."

XII.

That memorable arrest in the Big Smoky was the last official act of the sheriff, except the surrender of his books and papers and taking his successor's receipt for the prisoners in the county jail. The defeat had its odious aspects. The race had been amazingly unequal. Had the ground tottered beneath him, as he stood in the grass-fringed streets of Shaftesville, and heard the rumors of the returns from the civil districts, he could hardly have experienced a sensation of insecurity commensurate with this, for all his moral supports were

threatened. His self-confidence, his arrogant affinity for authority, his pride, and his ambition keenly barbed the prescience of this abnormal flatness of failure. He was pierced by every careless glance; every casual word wounded him. He had a strange disturbing sense of a loss of identity. This anxious, brow-beaten, humiliated creature, — was this Micajah Green? He did not recognize himself; every throb within him had an alien impulse; he repudiated every cringing mental process. It was his first experience of the rigors of adversity: it did not quell him; he felt effaced.

He feebly sought to goad himself to answer the rough chaff of spurious sympathizers with his old bluff spirit; his retort was like the lisp of a child in defiance of the challenge of a bugle. He saw with faltering bewilderment how the interesting spectacle increased his audience; it resembled in some sort an experiment in vivisection, and where the writhings most suggested an appreciated anguish, each curious scientist most longed to thrust the scalpel.

The coroner held the election, as the sheriff himself was a candidate, and when the result became known the details excited increased comment. In the district of the county town he had a majority, but the unanimity against him in the outlying districts, especially in the Big Smoky and its widespread spurs and coves, was unprecedented in the annals of the county. He had hoped that the election of judge and attorney-general, taking place at the same time, might divert attention from the disastrous completeness of his failure. But their race involved no peculiar phase of popular interest, and the more important results were subordinated, so far as the county was concerned, to the spectacle of 'Cajah Green, "flabbergasted an' frustrated like never war seen." New elements of gossip were added now and then, vivaciously canvassed among the knots of men perched

on barrels in the stores, or congregated in the post-office, or sitting on the steps of the court-house, and were ruthlessly detailed to the ex-sheriff, whose starts of rage, unthinking relapses into official speech, jerks of convulsive surprise, prolonged the amusement beyond its natural span.

It ceased suddenly. The adjustment to a new line of thought and a future under altered conditions was facilitated by the inception of an immediate definite intention and a sentiment coequal with the passion of despair. The idlers of the town might not have been able to accurately define the moment when the drama of defeat, with which he had prodigally entertained them, lost its interest. But there was a moment that differed from all the others of the lazy August hours; the minimum of time charged with disproportionate importance. It might be likened to a symbol of chemistry, which though the simplest alphabetical character, is significant of the chiefest principle of life, — perhaps of death.

That moment the wind came freshly down from the mountains; the glare of the morning sun rested on the empty, sandy street of the village; the weeds and grass that obscured the curbing of the pavement were still overhung by a glittering gossamer net of dew. A yellow butterfly flitted over it, followed by another so like that it could not be distinguished from its aerial counterpart. The fragrance of new-mown hay somewhere in the rural metropolis was sweet on the air. A blue-bottle, inside the window of the store hard by, droned against the glass, and seemed in some sort an echo to the monotonous drawl of a man who had lately been up in the Big Smoky, and who had gleaned fresh points concerning the recent election.

"What did ye ever do ter the Cayces, 'Cajah, or what did Bluff Peake ever do fur 'em?" he asked, as preliminary to detailing that the Cayces had turned out and pervaded the Great Smoky

Mountains, electioneering against the incumbent. "They rid hyar an' they rid thar, — up in the mountings an' down in the coves; an' some do say thar war one o' 'em in ev'y votin'-place in all the mounting deestric's the day the 'lection kem off, jes' a-stiffenin' up the Peake men, an' a-beggin', an' a-prayin', an' a-wraslin' in argymint with them ez hed gin out they war a-goin' ter vote fur you-uns. Bluff Peake say they fairly 'lected him, though he 'lowed 't war n't fur love o' him. I wonder ye done ez well ez ye did, 'Cajah, though ye could n't hev done much wuss, sure enough. All o' 'em war out, from old Groundhog down ter Sol, when they war 'lectioneerin', an' the whiskey ez war drunk round the Settlemint an' sech war 'sprisin'. Some say old Groundhog furnished it free."

The ex-sheriff made no reply. There was a look in his eye that gave his long, lean head, deeply sunken at the temples, less the aspect of that of a whipped hound than it had worn of late. One might have augured that he was a dangerous brute. And after that, the conversation with the recent election as a theme flagged, and died out gradually.

It was only a few days before he had occasion to go up into the Great Smoky Mountains, on matters, he averred, connected with closing unsettled business of the office which he had held. As he jogged along, he moodily watched the distant mountains, growing ever nearer, and engirdled here and there with belts of white mists, above whose shining silver densities sometimes would tower a gigantic "bald," with a suspended, isolated effect, like some wonderful aerial regions unknown to geography, foreign to humanity. The supreme dignity of their presence was familiar to him. Their awful silence, like the unspeakable impressiveness of some overpowering thought, affected him not. The vastness of the earth which they suggested, beneath the immensities of the

sky, which leaned upon them, found no responsive largeness in his emotions. Those barren domes of an intense blue, tinged with purple where the bold rocks jutted out, flushed where the yellow sunshine languished to a blush; those heavily wooded slopes below the balds, sombre and rich in green and bronze and all darkling shades, — touched, too, here and there with a vivid crimson where the first fickle sumach flared; those coves in which shadows lurked and vague sentiments of color were abroad in visionary guise, in unexplained softness of grays and hardly realized blues, in dun browns and sedate yellows, vanishing before the plain prose of an approach, — he had reduced all this to a scale of miles, and the splendors of the landscape were not more seemly or suggestive than the colors of a map on the wall. It was a mental scale of miles, for the law decreeing a sufficiency of mile-posts seemed to weaken in the ruggedness of the advance, and when he was fairly among the coves and ravines they disappeared. He pushed his horse rather hard, as the time wore on, but sunset was on the mountains before he came upon the great silent company of dead trees towering above the Settlement in the reddening light, and tracing their undeciphered hieroglyphics across the valley beneath and the heights beyond. The ringing vibrations of the anvil were on the air; the measured alternations of the hand-hammer and the sledge resounded in a clear, metallic fugue; the flare from the forge fire streamed through the great door of the blacksmith's shop, giving fluctuating glimpses of the interior, but fainting and fading into impotent artificiality before the gold and scarlet fires ablaze in the western sky.

A wagon, broken down and upheld by a pole in lieu of one of the wheels, stood in front of the blacksmith's shop, and was evidently the reason of Gid Fletcher's industry at this late hour.

Its owner loitered desolately about; now looking, with the gloat of acquisition, at his purchases stowed away in the wagon, and now nervously at a little barefoot girl he had brought with him to behold the metropolitan glories of the Settlement. He occasionally asked her anxious questions. "Ain't you-uns 'most tired out, Euraliny?" he would say; or, "Don't ye feel wore in yer backbone, hevin' ter wait so long?" or, "Hed n't ye better lay down on the blanket in the wagin an' rest yer bones, bein' ez we-uns started 'fore daybreak?" But the sturdy Euralina shook her sun-bonnet, with her head in it, in emphatic negation at every suggestion, and sat upright on the board laid across the rough, springless wagon, looking about her gravely, with a stalwart determination to see all there was in the famed Settlement; thinking, perhaps, that her backbone would have leisure to humor its ails in the retirement of home. What an ideal traveler Euralina would be under a wider propitiousness of circumstance! And so the anxious parent could only stroll about as before, and contemplate his purchases, and pause at the door of the blacksmith's shop to say, "Ain't you-uns 'most done, Gid?" in a tone of harrowing insistence, for the fortieth time since the blacksmith's services were invoked.

Gid Fletcher looked up with a lowering brow as Micajah Green entered. The shadows of evening were dusky in the ill-lighted place; the fluctuations of the forge fire, now flaring, now fading, intensified the idea of gloom. The red-hot iron that the blacksmith held on the anvil threw its lurid reflection into his swarthy face and his eyes; his throat was bare; his athletic figure, girded out with his leather apron, demonstrated in its poses the picturesqueness of the simple craft; his sleeve was rolled tightly from his huge, corded hammer arm. His hand-hammer seemed endowed with some nice discriminating sense as it

tapped here and there with an imperative clink, and the great sledge in the striker's hands came crashing down to execute its sharp behests, while the flakes flew from the metal in jets of golden sparks.

A man is never so plastic to virtuous impulses as when he is doing well his chosen work. Labor was ordained to humanity as a curse; surely God repented him of the evil. What blessing has proved so beneficent!

The suggestions entering with the new-comer were at variance with this wholesome industrial mood. They recalled to the blacksmith his baffled avarice, his revenge, and the malice that had influenced his testimony at the committing trial. More than once, of late, while the anvil sang responsive to the hammer's sonorous clangor, and the sparks flew, emblazoning the twilight of the shop with arabesques of golden flakes, and the iron yielded like wax to fire and force, he had a sudden fear that he had not done well. True, he had sworn to nothing which he did not believe, either in the affidavit for the warrant or at the committing trial; but the widely chartered credulity of an angry man! He said to himself in extenuation that he would not have gone so far but for the sheriff.

He was not glad, with these recollections paramount, to see Micajah Green again. Some concession he made, however, to the dictates of hospitality.

"Hy 're, 'Cajah," he said, albeit gruffly, and the monotonous clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge went on as before.

Micajah Green's knowledge of life had not been wide, but there was space to evolve a cynical reflection that, being down in the world now, he must bite the dust, and he attributed this cavalier treatment to the perverse result of the election.

He had acquired something of the manner of bravado, from his recent ex-

perience as a defeated candidate, and he swaggered a little about the dirt floor of the shop; glancing at the forge fire, slumberously glowing, at the smoky hood above it, at the window opening upon the purpling mountains and the fading west. He even paused, and turned with his foot the clods of the cavity still yawning below the lowest log, where the escaped man had crawled through.

There was an altercation at this moment between the smith and his assistant; for the work was not so satisfactory as when Gid Fletcher's mind was exclusively bent upon it, and his striker officiated also as scapegoat, although that function was not specified as his duty in their agreement. Gid Fletcher had marked with furtive surprise and doubt every movement of the intruder, and this show of interest in the only trace of the escape by which was lost his rich reward roused his ire.

"Even the dogs hev quit that, 'Cajah," he said, enigmatically, as he caught up the iron for a new skene and thrust it into the fire, while the striker fell to at the bellows. The long sighing burst forth; the fire flared to redness, to a white heat, every vivid coal edged by a fan of yellow shimmer. The blacksmith's fine stalwart figure was thrown backward; his face was lined with sharp white lights; he was looking over his shoulder, and laughing silently, but with a sneer.

"The dogs?" said Micajah Green, amazed. He did not sneer.

"The dogs tuk ter cropin' in an' outer that thar hole fur five or six days arter Rick Tyler got away," Gid Fletcher explained. "'Peared ter be nosin' round fur him, too. I dunno what notion tuk 'em, but I never would abide 'em in the shop, an' so I jes' kep' that fur 'em," — he nodded at a leather strap hanging on the rod, — "an' larnt 'em ter stay out o' hyar. But even they hev gin it up now."

"I hain't gin it up, though," said Micajah Green, still turning the clods with his foot. "I'll be held responsible by the court fur the escape, I reckon, ef the gran' jury remembers ter indict me fur it, ez negligence. An' ef I kin lay my hands on Rick Tyler yit I'll be mighty glad ter feel of him."

The blacksmith, without changing his attitude, looked hard at his visitor for a moment. Something rang false in the speech. He could not have said what it was, but his moral sense detected it, as his practiced ear might have discovered by the sound a flaw in the metal under his hammer.

"Ye ain't kem up the Big Smoky a-huntin' fur Rick Tyler," he said at length.

"Naw," admitted Micajah Green; "it's jes' 'bout some onsettled business o' the county. But ef I war ter meet up with Rick in the road I would n't pass him by."

He said this with a satirical half laugh, still turning the clods with his foot, the vivid white light illuminating his figure and his face beneath his straw hat. The next moment the sighing bellows was silent, and Gid Fletcher and his striker had the red-hot metal between them on the anvil, and were once more forging that intricate metallic melody, with its singing echoes, that seemed to endow the little log cabin with a pulsing heart, that flowed from its surcharged chamber out into the gray night, to the deeply purple mountains, to the crescent golden moon, to the first few stars pulsating as if in rhythm to the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge, — forging this, and as its incident the durable skene which should enable Euralina and her parent to leave the Settlement shortly.

"I hopes ter git home 'fore daybreak, Gid," he said, desperately, standing in the door, and looking wistfully at the iron in process of transformation upon the anvil. He turned out again pres-

ently, and Micajah Green paused, leaning against the window, and looking doubtfully from time to time at the striker. This was an ungainly, heavy young mountaineer, with a shock of red hair, a thick neck, and unfinished features which seemed not to have been accounted worthy of more careful moulding. There was a look of humble pain in his face when the blacksmith angrily upbraided him. His perceptions were inefficient to accurately distribute blame; he was only receptive, poor fellow! and we all know that in every sense those who can only take, and cannot return, have little to hope from the world. He was evidently not worth fearing; and Micajah Green disregarded him as completely as the presence of the anvil.

"Talkin' 'bout Rick Tyler, did you-uns go sarchin' that night — the dep'ty's party — ter the still they say old man Cayce runs?"

"Naw," — Gid Fletcher paused, his hammer uplifted, the red glow of the iron on his reflective face and eyes; the striker, both hands upholding the poised sledge, waited in the dusky background, — "naw. We met up with Pete Cayce, an' he 'lowed ez he hed n't seen nor hearn o' Rick Tyler."

"Ef I hed been along I'd hev sarched the still, too."

The blacksmith stared in amaze.

"Pete Cayce's say-so war all I wanted," he declared; "an' I hed the two hunderd dollars ez I hed yearned, an' ye hed flunged away, a-hangin' on to it," he added.

"I hev a mind ter go thar now, whilst I be on the Big Smoky, an' talk ter the old man 'bout'n it," Green said meditatively. He had drawn out his clasp knife, and was whittling a piece of white oak which he had picked up from the ground. With the energy of his intention the slivers flew.

The blacksmith glanced in furtive surprise at his downcast face, but for a moment said nothing.

Then, "Hain't you-uns hearn how the Cayces turned out agin ye at the 'lection? Ef they did n't defeat ye, they made it an all-fired sight wuss. Ez fur ez I could hear, me an Tobe Grimes war the only men in the Big Smoky ez voted fur ye. I war plumb 'shamed o' it arterward. I hates ter be beat. I'm thinkin' they ain't a-hankerin' ter see ye down yander at the still."

The defeated candidate's face turned deeply scarlet pending this recital. But he said with an off-hand air, "I ain't a-keerin' fur that now; that's 'count o' an old grudge the Cayces hold agin me. All I want now is ter kem up with Rick Tyler, ef so be I kin, afore the gran' jury sits agin; an' I hev talked with ev'ybody on the mountings, mighty nigh, 'ceptin' it be the Cayces. Which fork o' the road is it ye take fur the still, — I furgit, — the lef' or the right?"

Gid Fletcher burst into a sudden laugh, almost as metallic, as inexpressive of any human emotion, as if it had issued from the anvil. His face flushed, not the reflection from the iron, which had cooled, but with his own angry red blood; his figure, visible in the sullen illumination of the dull forge fire, was tense and motionless.

"Ye never knew, 'Cajah Green!" he cried. "Ye don't take nare one o' the forks o' the road. Ye ain't a-goin' ter know, nuther, from me. I ain't a-hankerin' ter be fund dead in the road some mornin', with a big bullet in my skull-bone, an' nobody ter know how sech happened. Ef ye hev a mind ter spy out the Cayces fur the raiders, ye air on a powerful cold scent; thar ain't nobody on this mounting ez loves lead well enough ter tell whar old Groundhog holds forth. Them ez he wants ter know — knows 'thout bein' told. Ye ain't smart enough, 'Cajah Green, ter match yer meanness!"

It is difficult for a man, without the hope of deceiving, to maintain a deception, and it was with scant verisimilitude

that Micajah Green denied the detection of his clumsy ruse, and swore that he only wanted to come up with Rick Tyler. He went through the motions, however, while the blacksmith looked at him with uncovered teeth, and a demonstration that in a man might be described as a smile, but in a wildcat would be called a snarl. The fierce, surprised glare of the eyes added the complement of expression. Now and then he growled indignant interpolations: "Naw; ye 'lowed ez I'd tell ye, an' then somehow ye'd hev shifted it on me, an' them Cayces — five of 'em an' all thar kin — would hev riddled me with thar bullets till folks would n't hev knowed which war metal an' which war man."

Still Micajah Green maintained his feint of denial, and the blacksmith presently ceased to contradict.

It was Fletcher's privilege to entertain this visitor at the Settlement, and the behests of hospitality could hardly be subserved but by ignoring the disagreement that had arisen between them. Little, however, was said while the wagon axle and skene were in process of completion, and then adjusted to the vehicle by the light of a lantern. Jer'miah came over from the store, and presided after the manner of small boys, regarding each phase of the operation with an interest for which a questioner would have found no corresponding fullness of information, — a sort of spurious curiosity, satisfying the eye, but having no connection with the brain. Euralina, who was small for her sun-bonnet, stood a grotesque and top-heavy little figure in the forge door, — also a wide-eyed and impressed spectator. The blacksmith was a very good illustration of a rural Hercules, as he riveted his bolts, and lifted the body of the ponderous vehicle, and went lightly in and out of the forge. He did his work well and quickly too, for a mountaineer, and he had the artisan's satisfaction in his handicraft, as with his hammer still in his

hand, he watched the slow vehicle creak along the road between the cornfield and the woods, and disappear gradually from view. The wheels still sounded assertively on the air; the katydids' iteration rose in vibrant insistence; the long, vague, pervasive sighing of the woods added to the night its deep melancholy. The golden burnished blade of the new moon was half sheathed in invisibility behind a dark mountain's summit. The blacksmith's house was on the elevated slope beyond the forge, and as he turned on his porch and looked back he noted the one salient change in the landscape as seen from the higher level, — above the distant mountain summit the moon showed its glittering length, as if withdrawn from the scabbard. He glanced at it and shut the door.

Micajah Green had the best that the humble log cabin could afford, and no dearth of fair words as a relish to the primitive feast. It was only the next morning, when his foot was in the stirrup, that his host recurred to the theme of the evening before.

"Look a hyar, 'Cajah Green, you-uns jes' let old Groundhog Cayce be. Ye ain't a-goin' ter find out whar his still air a-workin', an' ef he war ter hear ez ye hed been 'quirin' 'round 'bout'n it 't would be ez much ez yer life air wuth."

Micajah Green renewed his hollow protestations, discredited as before, and the blacksmith, shading his eyes from the sun with his broad blackened right hand, watched him ride away. Even when he was out of sight Gid Fletcher stood for a time silently looking at the spot where horse and man had disappeared. Then he shook his head, and went into the forge.

"Zeke," he said to his humble striker, "ye air a fool, an' ye know it. But ye air a smart man ter that loon, fur the hell of it air he dunno he air a loon."

His warnings, however, had more effect than he realized. They served as

a check on Micajah Green's speech with the few men that he met, — all surly enough, however, to repel confidence, were there no other motive to withhold it. He saw in this another confirmation of the Cayces' enmity against him, and their activity in weakening his hold on the people. He began to think it hard that he should be thus at their mercy; that his office should be wrested from him; that they should impose unexampled indignities of defeat; that he should not dare to raise his hand against them, — nay, his voice, for even the reckless Gid Fletcher had cautions for so much as a word.

Some trifling errand which he had used for a pretext for his journey brought him several miles along the range, and when he was actually starting down the mountain, his vengeance still muzzled, his ingenuity at fault, his courage faltering, all the intention of his journey merged in its subterfuge, he found himself upon the road which led past the Cayces' house, and in many serpentine windings down the long, jagged slopes to the base. Noontide was near. The shadows were short. He heard the bees droning. The far-away mountains were of an exquisite ethereal azure, discrediting the opaque turquoise blue of the sky. The dark wooded coves had a clear distinctness of tone and definiteness of detail, despite the distance. The harmonies of color that filled the landscape culminated in a crimson sumach growing hard by in a corner of a rail fence. The little house was still. The muffled tread of his horse's hoofs in the deep, dry sand did not rouse the sleeping hounds under the porch. The vines clambering to its roof were full of tiny yellow gourds; he could see through the gaps Dorinda's spinning-wheel against the wall. A hazy curl of smoke wreathed upward from the chimney with a deliberate grace in the sunshine. He smelled the warm fragrance of the apples in the orchard at the rear,

stretching along the mountain side. The corn that Dorinda had ploughed on the steep slope was high, and waved above the staked and ridged fence. There were wild blue morning-glories among it, the blossoms still open here and there under a sheltering canopy of blades; and there were trumpet flowers, too, boldly facing the blazing sun with a beauty as ardent. He looked up at this still picture more than once, as he paused for his horse to drink at the wayside trough, and then he rode on down the mountain, speculating on his baffled mission.

He hardly knew how far he had gone when he heard loud voices in angry altercation. He could not give immediate attention, for he was in a rocky section of the road, so full of bowlders and sliding gravel and outcropping ledges that it was easy to divine that the overseer had a lenient interpretation of the idea of repair. Once his horse fell upon his knees, and after pulling the animal up, with an oath of irritation, he came suddenly, turning sharply around a jutting crag, upon another rider and a recalcitrant steed. This rider was a child, carried on the shoulders of a girl of twelve or so, who had a peculiarly wiry and alert appearance, with long legs, a precipitate and bounding action, a tousled mane, the forelock hanging in her wild, excited eyes. He recognized at once the filly-like Miranda Jane, before either caught a glimpse of him, and he heard enough of her remonstrance to acquaint him with Jacob's tyranny in insisting that his unshod steed should keep straight up the rocky "big road," as he ambitiously called it, in lieu of turning aside in the sandy by-ways of a cow-path.

The expedient flashed through Micaiah Green's mind in an instant. He drew up his horse. "I'll give ye a lift, bubby," he said; then, with a mighty effort at recollection, "Howdy, Mirandy Jane!" he cried, jubilantly. His

success in recalling the name affected him like an inspiration.

The girl had shied off, according to her custom, with a visible tremor, looking at him with big eyes and a quivering nostril, instantly accounting him a raider. As he called her name she stopped, and stared dubiously at him.

"How's granny," he asked familiarly, "an' D'rindy?"

"She's well," Miranda Jane returned, lumping them in the singular number.

Had he inquired for the men folks, she would have been alarmed. As it was, she began to be at ease. She could not remember him, it was true, but he was evidently a familiar of the family.

"Come, bubby," he said to Jacob, who had been peering over Miranda Jane's head, sharing her doubts, but sturdily repudiating her fears, "I'll gin ye a ride ter the trough."

Jacob held up his arms, he was swung to the pommel, and the *cortège* started, Miranda Jane nimbly following in the rear.

Such simple things Jacob said, elicited by the questions the craft of which he could not divine. Where had he been? He and Mirandy Jane had gone with the apples in the wagon, but the wagon had afterward been driven to the mill, and Mirandy Jane had been charged by D'rindy to "tote" him on the way home if he got tired, and Mirandy Jane wanted to tote him in the cow-path, 'mongst the briers. And where did he say he went with the apples? To the cave.

"To the cave!" exclaimed the querist, astonished.

"Over yander on the backbone," returned the guileless Jacob, reinforcing the information with a stubby forefinger, pointing toward the base of the mountain.

And here was the trough. And Miranda Jane and Jacob stood at the roadside to regretfully watch the big gray horse trot slowly away.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

THE tide flows up, the tide flows down:
The water brims the creek, and falls;
A cottage, weather-stained and brown,
Lifts at the brink its time-worn walls.

Beneath the lowly window-sill
A little bank of blossoms gay
The wandering airs with fragrance fill,
Sweeten the night and charm the day.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
From the low window's humble square
A woman in a faded gown,
With care-dimmed eyes and tangled hair,

Looks out across the smiling space
Where golden stars and suns unfold;
Blue larkspur, the pied pansy's face,
Nasturtium bells of scarlet bold, —

She sees them not, nor cares, nor knows.
A man's rough figure, noon and night
And morning, o'er the threshold goes, —
No sense has he for their delight.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
In that dull house a little maid
Lives lonely, under Fortune's frown,
A life unchildlike and afraid.

To her that tiny garden plot
Means heaven. She comes at eve to stand
'Mid mallow and forget-me-not
And marigolds on either hand.

They look at her with brilliant eyes,
Their scent is greeting and caress;
They spread their rich and glowing dyes
Her saddened soul to cheer and bless.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down:
Within, how base the life, and poor!
Without, what wealth and beauty crown
The humble flowers beside the door!

Celia Thaxter.

DIME MUSEUMS.

FROM A NATURALIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

ON the morning after my arrival on American soil, in order to deliver the opening course of the Lowell lectures in Boston, I set out to investigate the city, which was unknown to me except through the mediumship of a map. Starting from the Brunswick, I naturally gravitated into Washington Street, and worked my way slowly along, feeling every now and then as if I were in Paris, and strolling along the Boulevards. So strong was the resemblance that I scarcely started when I met an apparition.

Surely, I must be in Paris!

Has Time's dial receded twenty-five years? Is the Second Empire still in all its glory?

For here, stalking majestically along the street, and scarcely condescending to look to the right or left, is one of the Cent Gardes, resplendent in light blue tunic, plumed helmet, and silver bullion. Not only one of the Cent Gardes, but the tallest specimen of that gigantic corps that I ever beheld, as without his helmet he must have been at least seven feet high. Still, there was one detail of his uniform which I did not recognize as belonging to that of the Cent Gardes. Crossing his breast were two white belts, such as the British soldier used to wear when King Pipeclay reigned. As he drew nearer, words became visible upon his cross-belts, gradually resolving themselves into the name and address of a DIME MUSEUM. The man was evidently a professional giant, acting as an advertisement. Not in the least knowing what a Dime Museum might be, and indeed having very hazy ideas as to a "dime," I took the liberty of asking the giant for an explanation. He was very affable, as is usually the way with giants,

and the result was that I went to the exhibition of which he was a distinguished ornament.

It may, perhaps, smack of presumption for an Englishman to write an account of Dime Museums in an American publication. But in the first place, *The Atlantic* is largely read in England; and in the next place, the average American knows nothing of Dime Museums except by name. No one can traverse the principal streets without passing a Dime Museum, hearing unseen musicians in the glittering portico, and seeing the resplendently pictorial decorations which surround the entrance to the wonders within. After dark a Dime Museum would lose its self-respect if its façade were not lighted with as many electric lamps as would illumine an ordinary street. Then, the daily newspapers contain advertisements of Dime Museums, the type being of the most obtrusively conspicuous character, and sometimes occupying an entire page.

In England your genuine Londoner never visits the Tower, or ascends the Monument, or climbs into the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral; the resident in Oxford never explores the interiors of the colleges; and in America the Bostonian never goes to Bunker's Hill. On the same principle, the Americans, as a rule, know nothing of Dime Museums except the outside. They have a dim idea that such places are not quite respectable, and that they are impositions on the credulity of the public.

Now Dime Museums are perfectly respectable. It is of course impossible to exclude the rough or "rowdy" element from any place of public entertainment. But if a man should annoy the audience or any of the performers, he

would receive a stern warning to amend his behavior; and if he should repeat the offense, he would find himself suddenly ejected into the street. As to imposition, there certainly is a good deal of exaggeration, both in the pictorial advertisements without and the florid eloquence of the lecturer within. Nevertheless, there is usually something worth seeing, if one has an intelligent eye.

A Dime Museum is divided into two portions, quite independent of each other. One is a semi-theatre, in which are exhibited the usual variety entertainments, while the other is devoted to natural curiosities. It is only of the latter that I write.

Along the sides of the room is a platform about four feet high, and upon it are ranged the curiosities on exhibition. At stated intervals the lecturer of the establishment goes round the room, and delivers an oration upon each in succession. In some museums these lectures alone are well worth the dime. The orator's flights of eulogistic fancy, tempered with soul-rending pathos, are sometimes worthy of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz in his best days, while the wealth of historical illustrations with which the orations are embellished could not have been excelled, or even equaled, by that distinguished barrister. It almost takes one's breath away to hear the Seven Wonders of the World, Archimedes, Helen of Troy, Milton, Shakespeare, Euclid, Solon, Cleopatra, Pythagoras, Kosciusko, George Washington (of course), Alfred the Great, Abraham Lincoln, Grace Darling, and Joan of Arc all employed within a quarter of an hour as illustrative of the contents of a Dime Museum. But beneath all this froth there is always something substantial and worthy of a naturalist's attention.

To begin with human curiosities: ethnology is almost always well represented, and I have noted the various races of men that have been exhibited

in one Dime Museum within two months. There have been Zulus. These are not, as some of the journalists have wickedly insinuated, Irish immigrants, cunningly painted and made up like savages. They are genuine Zulus; and though we need not believe the lecturer's statement that they fought under Cetewayo at Isandhwalu, and displayed prodigies of valor in order to free their country from British rule (here George Washington and Lexington come in with great applause), there is no doubt that they would prove terrible enemies in battle. Looking at their leaps and bounds, and listening to their yells and whistles and the rattling of their assagais against their shields, no one can wonder that English cavalry horses were at first afraid to face them. Their skill and strength in throwing the assagai are astonishing. One of them drove five assagais into a circle only six inches in diameter. There seemed scarcely space for the last, but, with a triumphant shout, "this gentleman," as the lecturer called him, sent the weapon crashing among its predecessors.

There were Fijians, a man and a woman. Physically, this is one of the finest races of mankind, and the two were very good specimens of it. The man might have served as a model for a Hercules, so massive were the muscles of his arms and shoulders.

Slightly darker than Spaniards, the Fijians have, as a rule, aquiline noses, high foreheads, and well-cut features generally. The hair is the most remarkable characteristic of the race. Long, wavy, and stiff, it radiates from the head in all directions, so that the face seems quite small. In their own land the Fijians dye and torture their hair into an infinite variety of forms, even more eccentric than Parisian ladies' head-dresses in the reign of Louis XV. No man can dress his own hair, and there are only a few who are experienced in the art. Therefore, these examples

of the race are perforce obliged to allow their hair to grow as Nature made it, which is fortunate, from the naturalist's point of view.

It seems a pity that this fine race should perish, but it has been gradually dwindling away ever since the white man set his foot upon the island group of Viti, and before many years have elapsed the Fijians will have passed from the earth as completely as the Tasmanians. Before the white man visited them they were all cannibals, broken up into antagonistic tribes always at war with each other, so that no man held his life safe from one hour to another. Even in peace the details of their domestic life were such that no one would dare to print them. It is a benevolent dream to think that education can elevate any savage race to the level of the white man, and the Fijians must yield to the beneficently inexorable law which compels a lower race to give way to a higher. So, having this fact in my mind, I was very glad to see examples of this splendid but doomed race, and felt that I owed an obligation to the Dime Museum.

India was represented by a company of Nautch girls, whose long, straight hair, slight bodies, and delicate limbs afforded a bold contrast to the massive proportions of the Fijians.

As a sort of Indian offshoot, Ceylon sent representatives in a group of men, women, and children, whose placidly composed demeanor and power of sitting still and doing nothing appeared quite strange when opposed to the occasional laughter of the Fijians and the noisy restlessness of the Zulus. The Cingalese never laughed, but only smiled benignantly, exchanging a few low words at long intervals. One of them was quite a pretty little woman, with a childlike sweetness of aspect. She had a baby about two years old, — a most comical little boy, with his head closely shaven, except a tuft of black hair on the top.

Then there was the singularly interesting group of the Earthmen, a race of dwarfs inhabiting Central Africa, and so small that a full-grown man scarcely exceeds in height an ordinary English child six years of age. They are perfectly well formed, are yellow in color, have rather pleasing countenances, and their hair is close and woolly, like that of the Bosjesmans, whom they resemble in many respects.

Their pantomimic gestures were really wonderful. The chief among them, although of course he could not speak our language, gave a most vivid description of his journey to Europe. His first impressions of horses and carriages could not be mistaken for a moment, nor his picturing of railway traveling; the whistle and puffing of the engine, the rushing of trees past the windows, the plunge into a tunnel, and the stoppage at a station being told as clearly as if he had spoken the language of the audience. His best performance, however, was the description of the voyage. The unsteadiness of the deck, the whistle and shouts of the boatswain, and the sing-song of the sailors were reproduced with astonishing fidelity. Then he exhibited symptoms of uneasiness; staggered about the imaginary deck, clutching at imaginary ropes; and finally collapsed over a chest, in helpless apathy.

These tiny specimens of mankind are sufficiently interesting in themselves, but exhibitors can never be content without injuring by exaggeration the real value of their natural curiosities. I scarcely know whether indignation or amusement predominated, when I went to the Dime Museum in which the Earthmen were being exhibited. At the entrance was a very fair model of the empty white-ant hill, which serves as their usual habitation. Near it were two objects. One bore a label stating that it was the mantle by which the Earthmen disguise themselves when hunting the lion, while the other was described as

one of their weapons. Now the "mantle" was a "tappa," or bark-cloth robe, made in the South Sea Islands, and the "weapon" was part of a whale's rib.

Another example of an abnormal race was Krao, the little Burmese hairy girl, who was most absurdly advertised as the "Missing Link" between man and monkey.

As to the sensational accounts, and still more sensational lithographs and posters, which purport to describe her capture, parentage, and the habits of her kinsfolk, the reader is at liberty to believe as much as he likes. Still, Krao is interesting as a member of one of the hairy races that are found in several parts of the globe, especially in Asia; but there is nothing about her or them which shows any relationship to the monkey tribe. The only monkey-like characteristic which can be seized upon is that the hair of the fore-arm points upwards, and that of the upper-arm downwards.

Next may be taken examples of abnormal individuals, without any question of race. Of fat boys and women, living skeletons and bearded ladies, there is always a stock on hand. As to the last, they are generally liable to suspicion, as small-featured and heavily-bearded men have deceived the public by allowing their hair to grow, and making themselves up as women. But genuine specimens are not uncommon, and there was no doubt as to the individual whom I saw. I afterwards ascertained that she had been married for several years. Such ladies, unlike Rosalind and Celia, might very well swear by their beards, and be forsworn.

Next in order come those unfortunate individuals who have either been born without limbs, or have been accidentally bereft of them, and yet contrive to perform many tasks which are considered as the special province of the hands.

There are armless men and women who can write and even draw fairly with

the pen or pencil held in the mouth, while others can do the same with the toes. I do not look upon these persons as merely sights to amuse the curious, but as persons to be honored for their victory over untoward circumstances, which would have crushed those of less courage and perseverance.

At the Dime Museum to which our azure and silver giant belonged I saw a very remarkable young woman of twenty-two, or thereabouts. She had arms, but they were quite useless, and her hands were shriveled and turned inwards. So she had trained her feet and toes to do almost everything which can be accomplished by hands and fingers, and I only wish that I could write as well with my fingers as she did with her toes. I happened to be in the place during an intermission in the performances, and had an opportunity of watching her without appearing to do so.

Seated on a chair, she picked up a closed desk, opened it, and took out some writing-paper. Then she took a portable inkstand out of its compartment, held it with the toes of the left foot, and with those of the right unscrewed the top as rapidly as I could do with my fingers. Then, with the left foot, she took up a pen and placed it between the first and second toes of the right foot. She then tried the nib, dipped the pen in the ink, and began to write a letter. Not only could she write, but she could play the piano, with her feet! Toes cannot, of course, be made as long as fingers, however carefully they may be trained, and therefore their span of the keys is necessarily small. But Miss Sturgeon — for such is her name — played several airs, Silver Bells among them, with much taste.

While looking at this performance, I felt quite humiliated. Why have I allowed my toes to degenerate into mere vulgar instruments of locomotion, when they are capable of so much more? Their development as fingers does not pre-

clude their ordinary use, for I met Miss Sturgeon on her way to the Dime Museum, and she walked like any other young woman.

I am told that she is thoroughly well educated, is a graduate of one of the ladies' colleges, and receives pupils. But she can earn so much more by exhibiting her powers in public than by teaching that for the present she has chosen the former mode of living. To such persons the Dime Museum is a positive Providence.

Sometimes, instead of being mulcted of limbs, the abnormal individual is gifted with one limb, or more, in excess of the usual number. For example, a "Three-Legged Man" was exhibited during my stay in Boston, and was pictorially represented as possessing three symmetrical legs in a row, all the three being fashionably attired. Suspecting what the third leg might be, I went to see the man. As I had anticipated, he had a third leg, but it was useless, shriveled, and so small that it could be easily concealed. Physiologically considered, it is an interesting fact, but by no means an uncommon one, and I possess a work in which several similar cases are figured.

A much more striking example of abnormal humanity was the "Elastic-Skinned Man," a case which I believe to be unique. To all appearances, there was nothing to distinguish this rather good-looking man from any one whom you might encounter in the street. But his skin appeared to have no connection with the body, and to be as elastic as India rubber. He would pull his nose until it was seven or eight inches in length. He would seize the skin of his chest with both hands, draw it upwards, and veil his face with it. He would draw the skin of his knee forwards, twist it like a rope, and then tie it in a knot. This exhibition was not a very pleasing one, but, from a physiological point of view, it was most curious.

Another remarkable freak of nature

was seen in a girl of about twelve years of age whose knees were reversed, so that when she sat in a chair her toes could rest on her shoulders. She was perfectly formed in other respects. Ordinary walking was impossible, but she could scuttle over the ground and run upstairs with wonderful speed, going on all fours, after a fashion of her own.

Giants and dwarfs afford examples of the extremes of human dimensions. Chang, the Chinese giant, whom I knew well when he was a neighbor of mine, was lately at this Dime Museum, while "Major Nutt," the erst rival of General Tom Thumb, is permanently attached to it as keeper of a ticket office.

Abnormal animals may also be seen. An "Eight-Hoofed Horse" was advertised, and of course I went to see it, thinking that it might be a mere imposition. The proprietor kindly had it brought out of the stall for me, and I examined it carefully. It really had two hoofs on each foot, the inner hoof being rather smaller than the outer, and not quite reaching the ground.

To the physiologist this animal is of very great value. Perhaps the reader may not be aware that the horse of the present day is the last of a regularly ascending series of forms. The first horse which geologists have discovered was scarcely larger than a terrier dog, and had five toes on each foot. Then, throughout successive geological epochs, the animal became larger in size and the hoofs fewer in number, until the one-hoofed horse of the present day was developed. In this particular animal we have a singularly interesting instance of "throwing back" to an ancestry of almost incredibly remote date. This phenomenon of throwing back is familiar to the breeders of fancy rabbits. No matter how pure the breed of the parents may be, and how long their pedigrees, a young one will occasionally be born which is in all respects like the common brown rabbit of the fields.

Some animals become abnormal, not by the multiplication of existing organs, but by deprivation of normal characteristics. For example, a "Hen with a Human Face" was exhibited, and was pictorially represented as possessing a symmetrical female face, with human nose, lips, eyes, and forehead, and nicely parted hair. A single glance at the bird showed that its head and feet were unable to secrete horn, and that therefore it had neither beak nor claws. The total absence of the beak gave a curious aspect to the bird, and a very vivid imagination might trace a distant resemblance to the face of a battered Dutch doll.

Such imperfect birds are not uncommon; but as they cannot scratch up food for themselves, nor pick it up if found, they are as a rule killed as soon as hatched.

Physiology was relieved by optical and other illusions.

There was, for example, Dr. Lynn's "Thauma," which made such a sensation at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. There was also a very ingenious "Living Mermaid." The upper portion was enacted by a young girl, while the artificial tail was behind the scenes, worked by a hidden confederate, and reflected towards the audience by an arrangement of mirrors. Similar mirrors were employed in the "Talking Head," the "Three-Headed Nightingale," and cognate exhibitions. I was much amused to see the "Invisible Lady" of my early childhood resuscitated; and indeed this department of the Dime Museum very much reminded me of the extinct Adelaide Gallery and Polytechnic.

Fashion rules in Dime Museums as elsewhere. Two years ago there was a demand for white elephants. It soon died away, and I could find only two "stuffed skins" as relics; one was made of canvas, and the other was evidently the skin of a huge pig. Here would have been a splendid field for the late

Charles Waterton, who told the authorities of the British Museum that if they would give him the skins of two cows and a calf he would make a better elephant than any in their collection.

Just now there is a run upon tattooed men and women — I beg their pardon, "Princesses." The fashion was set a few years ago by a man who exhibited himself under the name of Captain Costentenus, and who was covered from head to foot with drawings of elephants, monkeys, cats, birds, snakes, and other living creatures, in blue, the intermediate spaces being variegated in red. He represented himself as being a Greek Albanian who was living in Chinese Tartary, and was thus tattooed as a punishment for rebellion against the Emperor! This ingenious story is illustrated by highly colored woodcuts, in which Costentenus is shown lying on his back, bound to a tree, while a South American maiden (in Chinese Tartary!) is kneeling gracefully beside him, and tattooing him with an arrow!

As I write, there are in Boston Dime Museums three tattooed persons, one man and two women. Judging from his decorations, the man seems to be patriotically pious. The front of his body is emblazoned with the Genius of America hovering over a spread eagle, while his arms and legs are covered with groups of American flags and similar designs. His entire back is occupied by a picture of the Crucifixion and the inscription "Mount Calvary"!

One of the women is a remarkable example of the tattooer's art. Patriotism is exemplified by spread eagles, the Genius of Liberty, and any number of American flags; sentiment is symbolized by sailors taking affectionate leave of the girls they are going to leave behind them; while art is perpetuated by Raphael's St. Michael, the Apollo Sauroctonus, and other well-known paintings and statues. Scarcely a square eighth of an inch of skin is unmarked, and the

result is that the tattooed portions look exactly as if they were clad in figured blue and red silk. Indeed, this woman appears much more fully clad than the conventional page of a theatre. She told me that the operation, which was performed with No. 12 needles fixed on handles, was exceedingly painful, especially near a bone. But she had no wish to magnify her sufferings for the sake of effect, and said that after a while the monotonous pricking induced drowsiness, and that she was half unconscious for a considerable portion of the time. She remarked that in America tattooing has one advantage, namely, that the mosquitoes will not touch the marked portions of the skin.

There are also exhibitors of out-of-the-way accomplishments. There is, for example, the "Champion Paper-Cutter

of America," who drapes his stall with ample lace-like curtains and wreaths cut out of white paper. There is the "Champion Whittler of America," who cuts long chains and a variety of elaborate designs out of solid wood, using only a penknife. There is a worker in filigree, who will take a coil of gilt wire, and with a small pair of round-nosed pliers will make you a bracelet, a brooch, a necklace, or other ornament to order, in a wonderfully short space of time.

All this, and much more, can be seen for a dime. You may go in when you like, and stay as long as you like. You are at liberty to ask questions, and if they be reasonable you will receive satisfactory answers. Those who want only amusement can find it, and those who wish for information can always obtain it.

J. G. Wood.

MODERN VANDALISM.

"THE feudal and monastic buildings of Europe, and still more the streets of her ancient cities, are vanishing like dreams; and it is difficult to imagine the mingled envy and contempt with which future generations will look back to us who still possessed such things, yet made no effort to preserve, and scarcely any to delineate, them."

Mr. Ruskin wrote this in 1870. During the fifteen years which have passed since then, despite much talk to the contrary, everything has been done to increase the odium which posterity is to throw upon us. In profession, we of to-day are all Crusaders, burning to defend the places made sacred by the picturesqueness or associations of the past. In deed, we are almost all Goths and Vandals, ruining them without mercy. While the men who are to come will judge us by our actions, we judge our-

selves by our words. Because the speech of a few is fair, we fancy that all must be right with the many. Because more is being said and written about art than ever has been before, we think that the feeling for it must be greater in like proportion. In a word, we mistake our sowing of good seed for the reaping of a fruitful harvest. Once in a while, however, we are reminded that all is not so well as it seems. In the United States, within the last ten years, art schools have been established by hundreds. But when it came to finding out what they accomplished, by an art competition instituted by Harper and Brothers, the result was shown to be just nothing. In England, benevolent men, strong in their own faith, think to refine the lower classes by the influence of art and by making their surroundings beautiful. But even as they put

up their mosaics in Whitechapel famous collections of paintings are allowed to be dispersed, and plans are prepared to destroy one of the most picturesque corners in London.

The fact is that the reverence for beauty, genuine enough with men like Mr. Ruskin, is superficial with the multitude, whose real worship is one of comfort. Whenever there is a struggle between the things of the past and those of the present, it is easy to predict which will survive; for in this case fitness is always measured by comfort. Perhaps, after all, when the buildings and cities in which people live are concerned, it is unreasonable to wish it to be otherwise. It may be, as Hawthorne says somewhere in the *Marble Faun*, in speaking of the gloom and chill and inconvenience of the stone palaces in Italian cities, that a dwelling-place should never be built to last longer than forty or fifty years. It is probably more important that a house should be healthy and clean and adapted to the physical well-being of men who are to spend their days in it than that it should give mental pleasure to those who merely look at it from without. Workingmen living in the ugly suburbs of London, or in the red brick monotony of Christian and Catharine streets in Philadelphia, which no man would go out of his way to look at, are doubtless better off than their fellows in Italian towns, though the latter may be settled in two or three large, damp rooms on the ground floor of old palaces which travelers come from afar to see. The few — a losing remnant in this case — overlook the wants of the people. Considering the subject dispassionately, we must admit that many of the changes which are fatal to mediæval beauty and quaintness are not wholly unnecessary or capricious. No one, while the memory of last summer's plague is still fresh, can deny, for example, that it is better to sacrifice the picturesqueness of some of the nar-

row, dirty streets of Naples than the health and lives of thousands of Neapolitans. The majority of business men in London do not question the wisdom of the removal of Temple Bar, which has made their going to and coming from the city seem so much easier. It must be added, however, that those whose occupations do not lead them cityward wonder what great good has been done by destroying an old landmark, declared to be an obstruction in the street, and then blocking up the way with a new, meaningless monument.

On the other hand, when this work of destruction does not add to the comfort of mankind, when nothing is gained and much is lost, it cannot be justified by the most impartial. Charitable as we may try to be in urging that the benefits brought about by modern progress should compensate somewhat for the dream-like vanishing of ancient cities, no excuse can be found for two deeds of vandalism now contemplated in London and Rome. Not long ago, the English papers announced that Staple's Inn, in the most ancient part of Holborn, had been sold, and that its old gables and green inclosure would disappear, to be replaced by a freight depot. This announcement had hardly been made when the Romans, as if to emulate the Londoners, and to show by other means than the mere sending of an expedition to Assab that they too are a great people, informed the reading public through their newspapers that the Santissimo Bambino, the pride of the Church of the Araceli, had been seen in its Christmas manger for the last time. For the greater part of that church, together with the monastery attached to it, already turned into barracks by the present government, must be pulled down in order to give space for the erection of a statue of Victor Emmanuel. That a new freight depot is a necessity in London is probably true, but that it is a necessity in that particular part of Hol-

born is much less certain. That another statue of Victor Emmanuel is an absolute need to Italians, however, even the most loyal among them could not without difficulty demonstrate. Staple's Inn, as it is, interferes with the comfort of no one. Indeed, its pretty shrubbery and great quiet add to that of fortunate individuals who have lodgings within its quadrangles. The Church of the Araceli, with its cold, carpetless stone floor and cushionless, rickety chairs, is, it must be admitted, not comfortable. But the monks to whom it belongs have abjured ease and luxury, and should not the laity who worship in it be glad to strengthen their prayers by the additional virtue of mortification of the flesh? There is positively no reason why these two buildings should be disturbed, but good ones why they should not. Both are closely associated with the past of the cities which so lightly accept their doom, and when they are gone it will seem as if we had also lost the many memories which cling to them. Two more of the few remaining links which connect the commonplace of the present age to what must ever be to us the romance of by-gone days will have been severed.

The Church of the Araceli, whose foundation dates back to the dark ages, is not very beautiful in itself. The long flight of marble steps which leads to its principal entrance is cracked and broken. The building is a great bare, unfinished pile of red brick. The front, which modern Italians would have improved according to their unlovely art standard had it not been for Overbeck, has no other decoration than an old fresco over the door, faded by the suns of many long afternoons into a square of mel-low gray. Within, the once fine pavement is as cracked and broken as the steps. Well-worn, dilapidated chairs are packed in the nave and in the aisles. Tawdry ornaments and artificial flowers in stiff, ungraceful masses are on the

altars. Here is a shrine surrounded with fearful and wonderful daubs, representing miracles wrought by prayers offered up before it; and here an altar hung with little silver hearts. A few *restored* frescos by Pinturicchio, one attributed to Luca Signorelli, a sadly injured relief by Donatello,—these are the art treasures of the Araceli. Altogether it has but small attraction for the art student, or for the tourist, who seldom goes out of his way to see it, except perhaps at Christmas time, when the Santissimo Bambino lies in its manger, or on some bright morning, when he hopes to find the monk-dentists at work at the side entrance, where in the hours before noon they wait upon their patients. Yet there is no other church in the city which, if studied aright, can tell as much as it does of Rome's great and stormy past, "all of which," one might almost say, "it saw, part of which it was." The history of the Church of San Clemente may teach more of early Christians; that of San Giovanni Laterano more of mediæval Popes. But the records of the Araceli begin in the days when Christians were not. To recall the story of the hill on which it stands, of its old marble steps and worn pavement, of its altars and chapels, and even of its name, is to be carried back to the very beginning of Roman history, and then led onwards through long centuries when ancient Romans performed deeds of valor, and their mediæval successors showed themselves now the most brutal, now the most gentle, of men, to the last days of papal Rome, when a people, once so mighty, deteriorated into a community of monks and priests.

It was on the hill Saturnius, also called Capitolium, on a high point of which the Araceli now stands, that Romulus built his fortress; thus making it the centre of his kingdom, the very heart of the strong life of his people. It was the scene of all the principal

events that took place in the City of the Seven Hills before the Christian era, from the time when the fair, frail Tarpeia, for love of gold, betrayed her fellow citizens, and opened the gates to the Sabines, down to the day when Augustus, who would know whether there could be a greater man than he, was shown by the Cumæan Sibyl the Divine Infant in his mother's arms. And as the proud Emperor gazed, there came from heaven a voice, saying, "Hæc est Ara Cœli:" and thus the vision of a pagan gave its name to a Christian church. Even when the statue of Victor Emmanuel shall look down from this eminence, once occupied by the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, or the Arx, — archæologists have not yet decided which, — the hill will still remain to remind us of its past greatness. It is, therefore, the many legends and associations belonging to the church itself which to-day, as we look our last upon it, appeal to us most strongly.

They begin as soon as we have put our foot upon the lowest of its high flight of steps; for these are a record of the plague, a deadlier foe than Goth or Saracen, which in the fourteenth century spread death and despair through the fair land of Italy. In Rome, when the evil was at its height, special prayers were offered that it might be abated, and the precious picture of the Madonna painted by Saint Luke was brought from its shrine in the Araceli, and borne in solemn procession through the streets. Then the faithful came and, according to their means, gave alms to the Madonna who had heard their supplications. With this money, and out of marble brought from the Temple of Quirinus, Lorenzo Simeone Andreozzi built the stairway with its hundred and twenty-four steps, up which the monks, used to them as they are, sometimes find it difficult to toil. When we have climbed to the top, — alone, per-

haps, or else through the crowd which gathers here during Christmas week, — have looked up at the bare façade with its Gothic windows, and have lifted the old leather curtain and passed into the quiet interior, the memories of other days thicken about us. Here, during the Middle Ages, the Roman Senate, whose church the Araceli was, often met in grave debate. Here, too, after the death of Boniface IX., the Savelli fortified themselves against the Orsini, and for three days this sanctuary, as not seldom happened to others, became a stronghold. At another time, Stefano Porcano, fired with a burning desire for freedom, and even while Alfonso of Aragon protected the Campagna for the papal party, came here to appeal to the people to assert their rights and fling off the sacerdotal sway that left them none; but in vain. The conquerors from the battle of Lepanto brought hither the gold they had captured from the Turks, and adorned with it the ceiling of the church, which still bears witness to their victory. Within these walls, centuries later, and in an age we can better understand, the English Gibbon sat, and, as the candles flickered on the altar and the monks chanted vespers, conceived the idea of the work which was afterwards to make him famous. Where, indeed, could he have better realized the fall of which he was to write? As he looked down the long nave he could see the many columns brought from the temples and palaces of pagan Rome — one telling by its inscription that it once stood in the palace of the Cæsars, on the near Palatine — to be set up in a church where priests would by word of mouth revile the paganism and luxury of the old world, which in their lives and religious ceremonial they would imitate. Then, turning to the left transept, his eyes must have fallen on the circular shrine containing the altar built over the tomb of Saint Helena, marking as it were

the principal era — that in which Rome really became Christian — in the decline which was henceforward to occupy his thoughts. And as, vespers ended, he wandered through the aisles, he must have seen on the tombs over which he walked the flattened figures of the Crusaders buried there, which finished the story begun by antique column and early Christian shrine, and told how Romans had finally fallen away from their early ideals, and forgotten their country for the church.

But within the Araceli one reads the history not only of the decay of the old civilization, but of the growth of the new culture, and of the terrible feuds and tyrannies, alleviated but too seldom by deeds of loving humanity. During many years this church was the favorite burying-place of Romans, and in passing from tomb to tomb we are reminded, here of nobles, whose bitter enmities made the streets of Rome a bloody battle-ground; here of gentle saints, whose charity helped, in those troubled times, to make the lives of the poor and fallen bearable; and here, again, of the paganism which, despite priest and Pope, or perhaps because of them, lingered long in Christian Rome; or else of the revived interest in ancient art and literature, whereby a change was wrought for all Europe as great as that by which Rome became nominally Christian. In one chapel, gaudy with green and brown marble decorations, much gilding, and many paper flowers, and in two old mosaic-adorned tombs, lie the bodies of Luca and Pandolphus, famous members of the Savelli family, to whom it belonged, — a family now extinct, but which until the seventeenth century ranked as one of the noblest in Rome. In following the progress and struggles and vicissitudes of one of the great houses of Rome, the history of all is learned. The career of the Savelli — now repulsing their fellow nobles from their fortress in the Theatre of Mar-

cellus, and now being slain in the streets for refusing to cry "Viva!" for successful rivals; at one time fighting the Popes, seizing the Capitoline Palace, and sacking the Vatican, at the next being crowned with the papal tiara or the cardinal's hat — differs in no essential point from that of their allies, the Colonna, or of their foes, the Orsini and Conti.

The chapel of Santa Croce, which contains the dead of the Ponziani family, shows the reverse of the medal. The legend related in connection with it needs no explanation or comment. When Vanozza Ponziani died, her body was brought and laid out in this chapel. Her life had been spent in charity, and now in death those whom she had befriended came to look upon her for the last time. With the crowd was her sister-in-law, who, destined to have a church built in her honor as Santa Francesca Romana, then humbly called herself the poor woman of the Trastevere. As Francesca sat by the coffin she fell into an ecstasy, and with a smile of joy she called out, "Quando? Quando?" The men and women watching with her heard the cry, and when they looked, lo! her body was raised up above the ground. Then her confessor approached, and bade her go forth and visit the sick. At his bidding, but with her soul still rapt in heavenly contemplation, she left the church, and went her way to perform her usual works of mercy.

With the tomb of Cardinal d'Acquasparta we turn a leaf in the history we are reading. He is the same sung of with small praise by Dante in his *Paradiso*, and it is as one condemned by the poet that he is now better known than as the General of the Franciscan order. Hence his name must ever suggest the song which heralded the dawn of the day of Italy's, and through her the world's, awakening, — a day upon which the sun of intellectual freedom

has not yet set. Not far from this cardinal's monument is a slab put up in memory of Felix de Fredis, two centuries later, which shows that the light of dawn had in his time grown to noontide brightness. For on it is recorded that it was he who found the Laocoön on the Esquiline Hill; the service which he thus rendered to art being by his contemporaries counted far more praiseworthy than the saintliness of Santa Francesca or the charity of Vanozza Ponziani.

After this the Church of the Araceli has nothing to tell but the many miracles of the Santissimo Bambino, a wooden figure of the Holy Infant, believed to have been painted by Saint Luke. But this too is typical of the state of Rome, of which, after the sixteenth century, not much need be said save that it was the home of the Popes. The Santissimo Bambino is the most valuable possession of the Franciscans of the Araceli, not because of the jewels with which it is covered from head to feet, but because of its wonderful miraculous gifts. In the good old papal days of faith, when any one was sick, this Bambino was sent for; and as the monks carried it through the streets, in its own carriage, every one fell upon their knees until it had passed. Now it happened that a Roman lady longed to own this divine physician, and so she had a wooden puppet made just like it, and then she went to bed and feigned serious illness. At once the good monks brought the Bambino from the Araceli to her room, leaving it alone with her, as was then the custom. As soon as they had gone she hastily stripped it, and dressed her puppet in its clothes. Then she hid the Bambino, and when they returned she gave them its counterfeit; and they, without discovering the substitution, went back to their monastery with it. But that night, as they lay asleep, every bell in church and cloister was set to ringing, and at all the doors

there came a loud knocking. Uneasy, and fearing the noise to be the work of the devil, they ran from their cells to the great convent door, and there they found the true Bambino, cold and shivering and naked.

This is the Bambino which at Christmas is borne through the church by the monks and laid at the feet of the Virgin and Saint Joseph in the manger, which then is set up in one of the chapels. Many years ago Saint Francis, filled with divine love, and with the consent of Honorius III., then Pope, represented in the church of the little town of Grecia, near Assisi, the manger of Bethlehem, with the Holy Family and the shepherds. In his deep joy at his good work, he knelt all night by it, now praying, now weeping, from the fullness of his heart. The monks of the Araceli are Franciscans, and they keep up the pious practice instituted by their founder. For a week after Christmas Day the manger is shown to the faithful, while at certain hours of the afternoon boys and girls on a platform opposite preach pretty little sermons about the Child Christ; but only peasants and monks in great numbers and an occasional tourist come to listen. So it is that its glory has gone from the Araceli, and the church which once rang with the clash of armor, or resounded with the impassioned appeal of patriots, is now given over to peasants and children. But even the manger has been seen and the sermons have been heard for the last time. The old columns must be again moved, perhaps to support another roof. Savelli and Ponziani, cardinals and laymen, must be disturbed in the tombs where they have lain for ages. The legend of Augustus will hereafter be told only in books, and perhaps by the bare brick façade, if that, too, is not destroyed. When the monastery and the principal part of the church have gone, and Victor Emmanuel, in bronze or marble, looks down from his height over the

Roman Forum, who can say that the world is the better for the change?

"I went astray in Holborn," Hawthorne writes in his *English Note-Book*, "through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn,' and here likewise seemed to be offices; but in a court opening inwards from this there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sunflowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn, and to lose all this repose as suddenly on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet." But the tide has at length reached it, and those who would save Staple's Inn are as powerless as Canute to stay its progress. The fate of the old English inn, like that of the Italian church, is sealed. This quietness of which Hawthorne speaks is the principal characteristic and charm of all the inns of court and chancery. Nothing could be more restful than to leave the Strand, when the noise and traffic of the day is at its height, for the little garden in the Inner Temple, where all that can be heard is the splashing of the fountain to which Ruth Pinch listened, and where on the benches are perhaps one or two silent women, an old man sleeping while a cat lies curled up in his lap, and another with head bent over a tattered yellow brief. It is the same in

Clifford's Inn, where, towards twilight, a large, uncanny black cat takes possession of the quadrangle, in which the only sign of human life is the jingling of an old piano in a room above; or in Grey's Inn, where, on summer afternoons, children run and race over the green, and a few young men play tennis between the flower-beds on the terrace. But of all these quiet places Staple's Inn is by far the quietest.

Whoever may have walked along busy Holborn, where there are so many shops and shoppers and a never-ending procession of hansoms and omnibuses, must remember, as a curious contrast to the new buildings by which it is surrounded, the old, quaintly gabled, pin-naled house which stands on the right-hand side in going towards the city, and just behind Holborn Bars. It is such an irregular, rambling pile, as it follows the curve in the street, and there is so little method in its gables and windows, that it gives the effect of a number of small, friendly houses, each one trying to prop up its neighbor, which but for this timely help would totter over from sheer old age and decrepitude. The upper stories project so boldly over the shops on the ground floor that the latter seem to be retreating, as if in shame for having set up their plebeian stores in such eminently aristocratic quarters. In the centre is the low-arched doorway through which Hawthorne entered, and which leads into the greater court or quadrangle of the inn. Here one might fancy one's self in some sleepy, old-fashioned town, instead of in modern, wide-awake London. The houses on its four sides are dingy, and wear a settled, respectable look, as if they had done with the cares and vulgar worries of every-day life. The loiterer standing there cannot hear the noise of the street without, but, instead, the twittering of a few sparrows, which in the stunted, smoky trees "play at country," as Dickens says. But op-

posite is another low, dark archway, on the other side of which is a smaller quadrangle, where the birds can carry on their play with less violence to their tiny understandings. For there are soft grass-plots and bright flower-beds, and one or two broad-leaved fig-trees, and a terrace with a balustrade, making a garden which might belong appropriately to an Italian palace, but which it is strange to find in the heart of London town. But when we look from the terrace back at the hall, with a little lantern in its roof, a clock in its tower, and a luxuriant Virginia creeper over its gray walls, and at the houses on the other sides of the court, which, though comparatively new, are blackened into apparent age by London soot, the place no longer seems like Italy, but like a bit of Canterbury or one of the picturesque English cathedral towns. It is always bright there, even on a gray day, with a sense of air and space which one does not get in crowded Holborn or narrow Chancery Lane. But when, overhead, there is blue sky instead of fog, and the flowers are in bloom, and the leaves on the vine are beginning to redden, then Staple's Inn truly deserves its reputation as "the fayrest Inne of Chauncerie in this Universitie."

Before Henry V.'s time Staple's Inn was an exchange for wool merchants, or staplers. But during his reign it was made an inn of chancery, the merchants having previously gone elsewhere. Then, by a grant some years later, when Henry VIII. was king, it was given to Grey's Inn, to which it has ever since been a dependency. Here students, too young to enter the inn of court at once, came to make their preparatory studies for a certain number of years. Since the inns of chancery occupied a subordinate position, they are naturally kept somewhat in the background in the records of those "noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom," as Ben Jonson calls the inns of

court. It is, for example, in their accounts of the Christmas revels in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn that the old gossiping chroniclers are most glowing. We hear less of the loungers about Staple's Inn than of the gay gallants and fair ladies who in Pepys' time made the green at Grey's Inn, always famous "for walks," the fashionable promenade on Sundays. However, one or two names associated with Staple's Inn give it that human interest which after all is a greater charm than mere picturesqueness. If we linger on the terrace, or in the dingy court, a few familiar figures will come forth from the past to greet us. First of all is one, large, uncouth, and shabby, at whom we might laugh did he not awe us into respect. There is an expression of deep trouble, but of determination as well, on his face, as he goes his way into the house and shuts himself up in a little room, where we know he will remain until he has written a story to be called *Rasselas*, by which he can earn money enough to pay his mother's funeral expenses and the debts, small in themselves but heavy for him, which the good lady left him for her legacy. "I, too, am an old struggler," Dr. Johnson used often to say, in the words of a poor woman who once begged from him on this plea. Staple's Inn was the scene of one of the bitterest of his many bitter struggles with poverty,—an evil worse than fifty demons in the house, according to the Jewish philosopher. And hence, in its quadrangles, he and his sorrow, and the story he evolved from it, have ever been remembered, just as Ben Jonson, trowel in one hand and Horace in the other, has been in Lincoln's Inn, or as Chaucer, belaboring the unfortunate Franciscan, in the Temple.

It was here that Stevens, in Isaac Reed's chambers, corrected the proof-sheets of his edition of Shakespeare; and here, too, that Dickens established

the chief characters of his last story, Edwin Drood. What more fitting corner could he have found in all London for the home of the angular sentimentalist, Mr. Grewgious, or for an asylum for proud, sensitive Neville Landless? As they, followed by pretty Rosa and Helena, honest, friendly Mr. Crisparkle and nervous, opium-eating Jasper, in turn pass by, they seem scarcely more unreal than the broad, homely figure who led the way for this procession of shadows. But now we must bid them all farewell. For who can suppose that Dr. Johnson, or Grewgious, or Stevens, will ever come back to their old home, when it has been turned into a freight depot, where all day long men will be hurrying hither and thither, and carts will be loaded and unloaded? They would be as out

of place in it as Chaucer and his lordynges in the tall, straight brick inn which stands where were once the low gables and balustraded galleries of the Tabard. Staple's Inn will henceforth be the haunt of merchants, to whom it will practically belong, even as it did in the days before Richard II. removed the wool merchants to Westminster.

A few Romans, it is said, will do all they can to save the Church of the Ara-cœli. But, hitherto, their opposition to the municipal powers, in similar cases, has been so unsuccessful that little is to be expected from it in the present instance. Meanwhile, it is very likely that all of Mr. Ruskin's lament may truthfully be reëchoed, and that scarcely any effort will be made to delineate these two ancient buildings before they also have vanished like dreams.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

A MARSH ISLAND.

XIX.

EARLY the next morning Doris and her father set forth on their long drive to the outer shore. It would have been hard to say which of them was most pleased with the prospect of this expedition. Doris had looked unwontedly gratified, and even relieved, when she accepted the invitation, as they sat together at breakfast, and indeed was ready some time before there was any need of it, and stood waiting in the yard with almost childish impatience. Israel Owen was in a most placid and serene mood, but tried to take the unusual pleasure as indifferently as possible, and consulted his wife with gratifying deference as to the best bargain that might be made for some hay. He was going to hold a solemn business conference with the overseer and manager of a

large estate on the neighboring sea-coast.

Mrs. Owen was mildly excited, and called loudly after her husband, when he was fairly out of the yard, not to make an out-and-out present of his hay-mow to those who would never thank him for it; then she returned to the kitchen, and became stolid and silent. Temperance Kipp was also silent for a time, but increasingly energetic, and kept hurrying from room to room, driving before her an alarmed flock of resourceless flies. She complained of this unseasonable escort, and bewailed the fact once or twice that when fall flies hived into the house in that fashion they were always a sign of changing weather. "I urged the 'Square not to ride way over there in the open wagon," she mentioned reproachfully, "and all he had to say was that he wanted the sun on him. I

hope 't won't come on a cold rain this afternoon." But the mistress of the house preserved a scornful indifference, as if she had resolved never to make another futile protest against waywardness and folly.

There was a great deal to be done that day, but neither of the elder women had offered the slightest opposition to Doris's taking a holiday, or seemed offended by her absence. Indeed, it was an evident relief for the time being, and the current of affairs presently flowed with its usual tranquillity. Temperance would have liked to put more of her thoughts into speech, but Martha Owen judiciously continued to hold her peace and conceal whatever excitement she may have felt.

"Seems to me it feels like old times," Temperance ventured, as she bent over the ironing-board. "There, I should really miss doin' up Mr. Dale's shirts, if he was to go away. They do polish so handsome. This one's a-beginnin' to crack out a little. Everything he buys is good quality, and it's the best economy, certain. I wonder if he's goin' to get back before afternoon?"

Meanwhile, Doris was growing more and more pleased with the day's enterprise. To be sure, there were clouds in the sky, but they afforded a subject for discussion rather than alarm, and the weather suited exactly. The young girl looked pale at first, but the light wind and warm sunshine soon brought a flicker of bright color into her cheeks, where her father quickly saw it and rejoiced. "They've tormented her about to pieces, amongst them," he assured himself, and struck at a bee, which had alighted on the horse's neck, with his clumsy, long-lashed whip. "Let them work, I say. Young folks will be young folks;" and presently, where the Sussex road branched off, he determinedly passed it by, though the other highway made their journey two or three

miles longer. "I thought I'd just look in to see how Asher's folks are gettin' on," he explained. "We might as well make a good day of it, and go one road and come the other. Don't you say so, Doris?"

Doris smiled assent. "What a long while it is since we have been over this way, father!" she said.

"The country does look handsome, for this time of the year," the farmer announced. "I believe I feel just like having a play-time myself. It makes me think of when you used to go ridin' about with me, when you were a little girl. I recollect one time I thought I could n't get along without you. Why, you used to want to be set up on the horse's back and ride forwards an' back in the furrows, when I was ploughing; and one spell you used to get right on to the plough, and roll off sometimes, too," and they both laughed at this reminiscence.

Doris remembered that she had been with her father less than usual the last few months, and felt very sorry. She would not forget his pleasure in that way again. He must have missed her more than she had suspected; but he was in unusually good spirits that morning.

"Seems to me you're dressed up pretty smart to go travelin' with a rusty old farmer like me. I believe I should ha' put on my best co't," said Israel; and they laughed together again, and looked at one another affectionately.

"I like you best as you are," the girl answered shyly. "I should think we felt strange:" but she did not meet her father's eyes again; they were both too conscious of each other's thought.

Many a man and woman gave the travelers a pleasant greeting, as they jogged along. They stopped before other doors than Asher's, and told the news and heard it with equal satisfaction. One observant neighbor took a

shrewd look at Doris, and gave an opinion that she was looking a little peaked; at which Mr. Owen was startled, and stole a glance at his daughter, who eagerly insisted that she was very well. The father had a somewhat uncanny gift for understanding secrets that were not told him; especially those concealed with the care which is complete betrayal to such intuition. He seemed possessed to-day by an unusual spirit of observation, and presently, after neither had spoken for a few minutes, Doris found him directing significant glances at her hands, which were clasped together, holding the pair of unused gloves which her mother had suggested at the last moment before they left home.

"Seems to me some o' the rest of 'em might do the apple-parin'," he said, half to himself. "You'll spile your pretty fingers, Doris."

"Why, father!" exclaimed the girl, appealingly; and Israel Owen was much disturbed by the alarm and surprised awakening of her tone.

"'T wa'n't wise," he reflected, and struck at the horse's ear again. "I don't know what my wits are about to-day;" and then he laughed aloud, as unconcerned as possible, and said, "Blamed if I don't hit him next time!" as if the eluding bee were really his chief object of thought. The father and daughter had been seldom troubled by such self-consciousness. The even flow of their home-life had lately been fretted by unaccustomed currents, and it was impossible to keep a straight course. But Doris smiled when the whip-lash proved itself invincible, and the horse, bewildered by such unusual strokes, darted along the road. The bee had done old Major no harm by lighting so persistently on his already thickened coat, but its presence served the driver an excellent turn.

"I declare, I do feel glad to be out-of-door to-day," said the farmer, quite himself again. "I've been under cover

seeing to the fruit, and so on, and I begun to feel sort of hustled. You brought along something besides this little cape o' yours, did n't you, sister? We're likely to have it cooler down to the shore. I declare, this is a sightly place!" and he stopped the horse at the top of a hill, under a great maple-tree, while a flock of the early fallen leaves came racing toward them along the ground, like a crowd of children at play. "There, you get a plain view here, if you do anywhere; the country lays itself out like a map. See the shipping down Westmarket way. The masts are in thick as bean-poles, all ready to take a lot of poor fellows out an' sink 'em," the old landsman grumbled, as he looked toward the white town clustered about a distant harbor side.

"I never noticed before what a little ways it is from home right across. It can't be half so far as it is by the nearest road," said Doris, as they went on again. "See, father, you get across our marsh, and then row over to the great white beach, and cross the sand heaps to the back river, and go up over the quarry hills and right down into Westmarket!"

"I have followed that road many a time, when I was younger," answered Mr. Owen, turning to look back at the lowlands. "I used to think 't was a good deal farther than need be, too, when I was travelin' back and forwards from the harbor, courtin' your mother. The folks at home thought I was n't old enough to know my own mind, and did n't favor us no great;" and Israel Owen smiled with an unforgotten sense of triumph, while Doris grew sober again. It had been very comfortable to forget herself for a few minutes.

"Somehow, everything looks pleasant to-day," she said. "Perhaps you'll get through in time to go to Westmarket. I want to do some shopping, and mother always likes to hear from there."

"The days aren't so long as they have been," said the farmer sagely. "We'll see what we can do, Doris," and presently they were in the lower country again.

It was a famous day for crows: from one field after another a flight of them took heavily to their wings, and, as if unwillingly, mounted to the higher air. They cawed loudly, and appeared to have business of a public nature on hand. Some were migrating, and others were contemptuously rebuking these wanderers and making their arrangements to winter in their familiar woods: it was all a great chatter and clatter and commotion. The affairs of human beings were but trivial in comparison. Helpless creatures, who crept to and fro on the face of the earth, and were drawn about by captive animals of lesser intellect, were not worth noticing, and the great black birds sailed magnificently down the sky, with the fresh breeze cool in their beaks and the sunlight shining on their sombre wings. Whatever might be said of their morals, they were masters of the air, and could fly, while men could not. Doris watched them with childlike pleasure; the home people had always laughed at her fancy for the crows ever since she could remember.

The end of the journey was reached; the business talk was promptly begun, and, finding that the owners of the great house had gone away to town, Doris left the wagon, and went strolling toward the shore. The noise of the sea sounded louder and nearer than usual, as if a storm were coming or the tide just turning; the gray snow-birds were fluttering and calling one another in the thickets, as she went by. It was not the first time that she had driven to this place with her father. He had sold hay here for many years, and the Marsh Island was one of the reservoirs upon which the luxurious housekeeping depended for its supplies. The people themselves

sometimes came over to the farm, and there was a pleasant bond of interest and respect between the two families. Mrs. Owen had fretted and planned about Doris's appearance, but the girl herself was glad when she saw the great house deserted and in winter order, though she looked at it with a new curiosity and eagerness which she could hardly have explained.

The horse had been fastened and the two men had disappeared before Doris was fairly across the lawn, and she was glad enough. She liked the freedom of her solitary ramble, and presently went round to the side of the house next the sea, and seated herself on the broad balustrade, among the frost-bitten vines that had shaded and adorned the wide piazza all summer. Below, on a terrace, the hardier flowers were still blooming, and she wondered that any home could seem more enticing than this. It had almost an appealing look to her, with its deserted garden and so noble an outlook and surrounding. She never had felt so close a sympathy with this more involved and complex mode of existence. This all belonged in a way to Mr. Dale, and was familiar to him; it was the sort of life he had always lived, and she was familiar with Mr. Dale.

A quick flush showed itself for a moment on her cheek, as she spoke his name in her thoughts. She looked along the house front, and rose to peep wistfully in at the heart-shaped hole of the nearest window shutter; but this was not the most satisfactory thing in the world, and she turned to break a blossoming tendril of the late morning-glories that had sheltered themselves under the cornice. Then she went down the steps that were littered with fallen leaves, and along the path that led to the cliffs and the sea. The great hemlocks and pines had conquered their territory, and stood strong and vigorous among the ledges; the barberry bushes were bright with fruit, and the song

sparrows played at summer sports and kept a famous holiday. Doris stopped in the tennis court to hear them sing, and looked round delightedly at the quaint place, with its high walls of the rough stone of the hill on three sides, and the fading hollyhocks that had stood discreetly back out of the way of the players all summer. The grass was smooth and as green as ever; a tall poplar that stood on the ledge above had been dropping down some of its yellow leaves, and the warm sunshine was filling every corner of the windless pleasure-ground. Nothing had ever spoken so plainly to this girl of the pursuit of amusement which belongs to many lives. She thought with almost contempt of the idle ways of rich people, having been brought face to face with a sterner fashion of things; and then a more generous sense of the added care and responsibility of such householding as this made her go on her way bewildered and yet contented. Just beyond Doris found a seat for herself on the brown pine needles, beside a great green juniper, where she could look down over the rocks and see the white waves come tumbling in from the open sea. One might say of her that she had been confronted with a materialization of her vague ambitions and hopes, and that these shapes of luxury and worldly consequence were by no means without power. The crows kept up a desperate argument with each other overhead, and for the first time in her life Doris thought them too clamorous and obtrusive, as they balanced themselves clumsily on the high branches of the pine-trees. What should she do, — or rather, what was going to be done with her? Her life was not familiar and easily lived any more, poor Doris! She shrank from the great blue sea as if it were her own future of surprise and uncertainty; the friendly country-side of her childhood all lay behind her. She felt as if she were on the verge of a greater sea, which

might prove either wonderful happiness or bitter misery; and confused and dismayed by her loyalty to both her lovers, she hid her face in her hands. If she only knew what to do! Yet it was too plain that she must and could do nothing. Poor Dan! — and she rose quickly to her feet, frightened at the first sober thought of him. Nothing should make her hurt his feelings again; there was a great gulf between her and the realization of such silly dreams of splendor. Dan was part of herself, and closer than she knew to all her pleasure. An odd, choking tenderness possessed her at the remembrance of his words the last time they had been together. No matter if there were somebody by to hear, the very next time she saw Dan she would tell him how it happened that she came home in the boat with Mr. Dale Sunday morning. Dan would be sure to come round; he never had been so bad-tempered before, and his fits of anger, ever since she could remember, had been quick to come and quick to go. Dan's honest cheerfulness, his generosity, his merry laughter, were much more familiar than this late uncharacteristic behavior. The situation already seemed less tragical, and by the time her father came to look for her Doris was quite herself again.

Mr. Owen had evidently made a good bargain without any painful preliminaries or opposition, for he was in excellent spirits, and exchanged time-honored jokes with his patron on the propriety of hauling the hay in wet weather, to make it weigh more. The guardian of the place looked at Doris with undisguised admiration, and at parting presented her with a noble bunch of hot-house grapes.

"He makes a sight of money there," said the farmer, as they drove away toward Westmarket. "He's a single man, too," and crafty Israel stole a sly look at his daughter to see if she were displeased, whereupon she laughed aloud,

in spite of herself, her hopes and fears, and even her grave responsibilities. All the way to Westmarket they talked with great freedom and satisfaction, and each apparently forgot the constraint that had bound them earlier in the day. They visited a cousin in the town, and enjoyed better than usual the brief association with a more bustling life than was known within the farm limits. Doris's father inclined toward lavish generosity when they were in the shops together, and seemed as pleased as a boy with the holiday. There was a new schooner lying at one of the wharves near the street, and he stopped the horse to take a good look at the pretty craft, with her clean white sails and unused rigging. There were men busy aloft, and hurrying to and fro on the deck. "Seems to me they're in a great drive," said the farmer. "She won't look so smart when they git her back here, if ever. Doris, another year I should n't wonder if you and me and mother went to New York, or somewheres off. She's always desirin' to travel, mother is, and I don't know but 't would keep the barnacles off of us. Young Dale was saying the other day that whenever I'd come he'd show me all round everywhere, and make me enjoy myself the best he could. What do you say now?" and without waiting for an answer to his enthusiastic proposal, the good man started his horse quickly up the street, as if that were the first stage of such an eminent journey.

XX.

Supper was an unusually grave occasion that evening, and somehow everybody was made to feel responsible for the general infelicity. Mr. Owen alone made gallant attempts to be cheerful and talkative, but his wife did not come to the table at all, being pretentiously busy in the outer kitchen, and still in that

frame of mind which did not invite friendly intercourse. The artist had been far afield all the afternoon, but, contrary to his usual habit, he put away his sketches without displaying them, and came down from the studio after dark, looking quite frost-bitten. The weather had grown very bleak and cold toward night, and the farmer several times bewailed the effect of a possible black frost upon his ungathered fruit. There was, altogether, a disheartening suggestion of approaching winter, and even the door of the outer kitchen, which Mrs. Owen kept throwing open in a willful, aggressive way, admitted a provoking draught of chilly air.

If Doris were chief offender of the family peace, her companions could not find it hard to be forgiving: she never had been more appealing in her gentleness and power of attraction. The bit of morning-glory vine still clung to her belt; the leaves were hardly wilted, and the lamp-light brought out a faint fleck of color on one of the crumpled blossoms. She felt a strange sense of security, as if she had come to a quiet place in the current which had so lately swept her along and beaten her to and fro. This evening was like a peaceful reach of still water; indeed, her thoughts kept wandering back to the quiet August night when she had waited for the hay-makers at the landing-place, before the first sign had been given of any misunderstanding between Dan and herself. The soft air, the faint color of the western sky, the sweet notes of the thrushes, — she remembered everything with a glow of pleasure, and smiled more than once unconsciously. The slight change and restfulness of the holiday had done her good, and Dick thought she had not looked so serene and untroubled for many an evening before. Her father gave a pleased glance at Doris from time to time, after he had wisely relapsed into silence. He ate his supper with an excellent appetite; but Dale felt himself

upon the brink of a crisis, and pushed back his chair presently without a word, and went into the clock-room. Temperance made great eyes at the half-opened door, and shook her head as if in mournful foreboding; while Israel Owen gave a reproachful look in his wife's direction, as if to say accusingly that she had been destroying the household peace and harmony in his absence. In this disagreeable moment of suspense and uncertainty Temperance took a candle from the high mantelpiece, and disappeared down the cellar stairs; raising a hymn as she went, as if to protect her from evil spirits on her way. The farmer and Doris looked at each other with amused sympathy; there was something so absurdly unnecessary and incongruous in the outburst of psalmody. Temperance must have had the boldness of a pirate, but it was impossible for two of her audience not to accept the diversion with gratitude.

The light from the kitchen shone bright into the clock-room, where there was only a newly kindled fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove, and Dick summoned his host to join him in a comforting evening smoke. It was a serious loss that they could no longer keep each other company on the side-door step, and their conversation had become more conventional since they had been shut within four walls. The farmer was always sympathetic in his moods, and tilted himself backward in his chair now, while they both looked toward the kitchen; it may have been that one was as glad as the other when Doris flitted before the doorway. "Where's Jim Fales?" they heard her say; and a surly voice from the outer kitchen made a mysterious reply. If the listeners had only known it, Dan Lester's most ardent champion at present was the mistress of the Marsh Island. She was indignant with everybody, but most of all with Doris, and she said to herself, with ever-increasing decision, that the poor fellow

should have his rights. There were no half-way measures with Martha Owen.

"You should come on and make us a visit in the winter," Israel Owen was saying to his guest. "I tell you we keep amazin' warm and comfortable here, to what some folks can."

"Warm!" exclaimed Mrs. Owen, who looked in disapprovingly at that moment. "I should think you had been burning up the chopping-block now. I'm all of a roast." Dick did not know why, but he had never had such a consciousness of being a foreigner as that night; he was like a cinder in the family eye, and it winked and winked, in the hope of dismissing him. He even felt like an interloper suddenly discovered at the meeting of a secret society. They were all linked together by their prejudices and interests, after all, these friendly Owens, and would no more lend themselves for his idle observation and picture-making, being intent upon their own more important concerns. He, Dick Dale, was out of place; but where was his place? What had been the use of him, and what would be his fate? A man who has been led and encouraged by fortune to complacently avail himself of all sorts of rights and favors is suddenly brought face to face with his duties: what then? Dick, who had always thought a great deal of what he meant to do, was forced to contemplate with great dismay the things he had not done. Fortune had unkindly deserted him, and left him in deep water, after a preliminary most inadequate swimming lesson. He was sensitive to such convicting moods and misgivings, and suffered deeply when the demands of life and reproaches of conscience showed him his shortcomings. He had not aimed at reaching one goal,—there had seemed rather to be a succession of goals; and happily at this point there dawned upon his mind a suspicion that all these were simply stations on his great highway, and perhaps he was going in the right

direction, after all. That very day a letter had come from Bradish, announcing that he and a few comrades would join Dick at the Marsh Island for a week. There was yet time for such a pilgrimage. They could catch the last tints of the autumn foliage, and no doubt on such marshes there was the best of gunning. In the time of coots, therefore, and of ducks and snipe, they might be expected. Of course the cheerful farmer would stow them away somewhere, and they would not steal Dale's material; they would only look him over, and have a jolly week together. Dick had already answered such inflammatory proposals; he had sent Jim Fales away, on his own responsibility, to the nearest post-office with the letter. To-morrow he would dismantle the spinning-room studio, and the next day he would go back to town; and so this good time would be over with. No doubt the fellows would make it an excuse for a supper when he put in an appearance, and a sickening dislike to the aimless, silly routine of existence possessed this young man whom almost everybody envied and admired. Then Dick lifted his head, and, with his eyes a little dazzled by looking at the glowing coals of the fire, took a good view of the old-fashioned room. The farmer was dozing in the high-backed rocking-chair at his side. Temperance and Doris had joined them, and were talking together in low tones by the lamp. Oh, that beautiful Doris! The truth was that he felt powerless to keep the reins of his self-control; it was all nonsense to pretend to himself that he must think about it more, and go away from her to make sure. He belonged here as much as anywhere, and he could not make a fool of himself any longer. The shape of her head was something exquisite; the sound of her voice thrilled him through and through, and he grew unbearably impatient. No more meditation and philosophy and vague plans for him, with such a woman

as this, such a love as theirs might be! No; he would stay until Doris said she would give herself to him, and then they would go out into the wide world together. Here she would be undeveloped on every side save that of the affections, but he could give her the sort of life for which nature had made her fit. One thing had been proved to him by his short absence: that he longed to see her again, and longed to put her in her rightful place, among the books and pictures and silks, among the thoughtful, beauty-loving, and progressive people with whom his own life had been associated. He did not know that Doris herself had been thinking of many things that very day, as she sat on the step of the great house, with the sound of the sea in her ears. He would not have been willing to believe that her serenity to-night came from her decision, instinctive as it was, and almost unrecognized, that she did not belong to the existence or the surroundings so familiar to him, — that there was an unlikeness which never could be bridged over between her and himself.

But some unsilenced monitor kept soberly telling Dick Dale to wait, something kept holding him back; a lack of trust in his own sincerity stung this flower of passion at its heart, and it was already beginning to fade. He had spent a miserable day, poor Dick, as must any man who fears that his love may prove his fall. As for the man who through his love had hoped to rise, he also had been wretched. Doris, the woman around whom so much revolved, on whom so much depended, seemed calm enough; but who knows what knowledge of being a pivot, what fixity and steadfastness, were almost dulling her sense of responsibility! She felt her heart beat heavily at every sound from without the house. It was impossible that Dan should not come that night; she had such a sense of his presence that at one moment she was impelled to go out un-

der the willow boughs and find him there waiting in the darkness, wishing only for her, and dreading to come in to meet her where the others would watch them curiously. But how late it was growing! What could be keeping him! At last, in her excitement and suspense, she rose, as if the room were too hot, and went to the side-doorway. Indeed, there was a step close by, and Doris started back. "Oh, Jim Fales, is that you?" she said sharply, a moment afterward, and went on to the kitchen, where her mother sat in surly silence, mending the family stockings, which service she never allowed any one else to perform, and always did herself as if it were a penance.

Jim Fales came blundering in with an air of great consequence, and threw his hat on the floor, beside the chair which he drew before the kitchen stove. "Got some news now, I guess," he announced, looking at Martha Owen, who did not vouchsafe the slightest notice of him. "I heard as I come along that Dan Lester's been and shipped for the Banks. They was short o' hands for that new schooner that's just rigged and ready, and he up and said he wanted to go a v'y'ge. If I wa'n't promised here I do' know but I'd gone along too," and Jim looked round, slightly dismayed by the silence of his audience. Temperance was standing in the doorway behind him, casting glances at Doris, who looked shocked and white. "I see Dan myself, as I come along," said Jim, as if he had kept the best of his news to the last. Mrs. Owen had condescended to lay her stocking down. "He had been home to say good-by to the old lady, I expect. Don't know how he settled with her; she always has been so against his follerin' the sea, they said. P'r'aps he was here earlier?" asked the lad suddenly, with a crestfallen countenance. It would be a dreadful blow if he were telling an old story, after all.

"No," said Temperance briskly; and

everybody was grateful to her for not being stricken with speechlessness, — "no, we've seen nothing of him hereabouts. When d' you hear they was going to sail?"

"Quick's they can git away; some said 't was to-morrow mornin' at day-break," — and Doris turned her face toward the window. "Oh, Dan, Dan!" she thought, as if calling his name in such an agony of pity and remorse would be enough to bring him back again.

"The hoss was peltin' right along, I tell you," pursued Jim Fales. "'Where ye goin'?' says I, and he kind of hauled up and went slow for a minute. 'That you?' says he, and I says Yes; and he waited, kind of, and then says he, 'How's all the folks?' and I told him we was smart, and asked him when he calc'lated Bangs's schooner was goin' to sail; and he says to-morrow, early. They wanted to get her off by daybreak, if 't was so they could. He was goin' right over then; he'd promised to do a little job for the cap'n before they went to sea. 'T was only a minute he stopped, and then drove right along. Gorry! I wished I'd asked him who he was goin' to let keep his hoss. I'd rather have that colt than any I see go by. 'T ain't none o' your Canady lunkheads, that colt ain't!"

But nobody responded to Jim's enthusiasm. Dick Dale followed the farmer to the kitchen, after a minute's reflection and an unworthy feeling of elation and of triumph over his rival. "Dear, dear!" said Mr. Owen ruefully, as if to Dick alone. "Hot haste makes a long road back. Well, 't is a great pity. I would n't have believed Dan could be such a fool. He's master of a good trade to help him out, and he's got good prospects ashore, but he's of a mind to throw 'em to the four winds, — that's plain."

Martha Owen looked at nobody, and drudged away at her stocking. Dale

knew that he was unwelcome. He meekly went back to the clock-room, and listened with a sense of personal responsibility to the murmur of voices which began directly after Jim Fales's heavy boots had been dropped behind the stove, and he had gone softly up the back stairs to bed. Jim must be up early in the morning, in these cider-making days. There was something absurd in the lack of disguise as to the state of affairs. In a city household there would have been a thin icing of general conversation over the dangerous depths of such a misfortune, but here the stranger was not considered, and indeed was made to feel his evident agency in bringing about the disaster. "I don't care who hears me," said his hostess once, in a raised voice, which came as straight to Dick's ears as if there had been no others on the way: "Dan ought n't to have been drove away from his rights. He's just come into a handsome property in the West, and nobody knows whether there'll be a straw of it left when he gets back, if ever he does;" and at this point somebody — Dick thought it might be Doris herself — came nearer, and shut the kitchen door.

Dick was thoroughly uncomfortable. He was ashamed to quietly disappear, and hide himself in his bed at that early hour. He took one of his own books from the table, and tried to read; but the situation was too startling a combination of tragedy and comedy. It was something, however, to preserve the appearance of a devotion to literature when Temperance reappeared. She looked at him as if he were a blameless but mistaken baby, who had played with matches and beggared its family. When Mr. Richard Dale tried to behave as if nothing had happened, and, looking at his own sketch of the young soldier which hung on the wall before him, ventured at last to say that the younger Israel must have been a fine fellow and a terrible loss, Temperance clicked her

knitting-needles vindictively, and made no reply.

"It is a glorious thing to die for one's country," Dale added pensively; and this brought his companion to an expression of her opinion. "That's what everybody s'posed they must remark," she snapped; "but I called it a darned shame, and I always shall:" whereupon Dick took up his book again to conceal his not uncomfortable revulsion of feeling. He wished, and yet he feared, to see Doris again that night; but she did not appear, and after lingering a while this unhappy stranger and foreigner took a candle and departed. The old clock ticked in a more leisurely fashion than ever that night, as if to keep a check upon the excited household. It had measured off sadder hours than these many times over. Life should not be spoiled by haste or waste; to-morrow would be a new day. Some younger timekeepers might be saying, Hurry, hurry! but this was one that said, Wait, wait!

XXI.

Doris never had known so long a night. Her poor eyes were worn out with tears, for she accused herself a hundred times of being wholly to blame. She had not meant to be faithless or provoking, and yet she had brought down such calamity upon everybody. She tried to think over Dan's grievances as he had evidently seen them, but she failed to convict herself of any real fault. She liked Mr. Dale; she enjoyed the pleasantness and novelty of the new interests his coming had brought. She had dreamed a little, as girls will, of her future if she should love him. There had been times when she did not shrink from the new atmosphere that had surrounded the young artist and herself, and the remembrance of one moment under the beech-tree would always keep a tender place for him in her heart.

But she knew now once for all that she never could belong to anybody but Dan, and Dan was angry with her; he was putting his dear life in peril all for a foolish mistake. The girl was long at her prayers in the cold little chamber. She shivered and cried. She feared, as she never had feared anything before, that this handsome, reckless fellow would be drowned, if he went to sea. She remembered his sad old mother, and grew every hour more alarmed and hopeless. At last she thought of a plan, — or to her it was like the bidding of an angel: she would go herself to Westmarket in the morning, and find Dan Lester, and beg him to stay at home.

The moonlight was clear and bright, and many times Doris looked out of her narrow window to see if there were any signs of dawn. She must get to the schooner by daylight, if she were to be in time. They would be likely to sail at high water from that wharf, for the harbor was shallow near by. She counted the hours, and laid her plan with the intensity of one out of her reason; though once, when from very weariness the exigency of it faded away, it seemed to poor Doris as if the punishment for her fault and foolishness were out of all proportion to its deserts. And if Dan were so unreasonable and jealous the worst was his own. The next minute a sense of his great love, a love that had always been growing, and of his bitter disappointment made her cry with pity for him and for herself. How could they live through so many wretched, silent weeks apart! Perhaps these fishermen, like many others, would never be heard from after they left port; for many a schooner, Doris knew, had been ploughed under by the great prow of a steamship, its little light gone out through carelessness, and the sleeping men drowned in the sea and lost, as if it were a bad dream of danger mingled with their dreams of home.

It was still night when Doris left her comfortless bed, and stepping carefully about the room, so that she would wake nobody, dressed herself in her warmest clothes. Her heart was breaking with fear and shame together. She had determined at last not to wake her father or Jim, to beg them to go with her to Westmarket; neither would she wait even to drive along the highway, as if this were any other errand. The remembrance of the shorter distance across the marshes to the town filled her mind wholly. It was already four o'clock; she had heard the great timekeeper count it out slowly, and there was not a minute to lose. Enough time had been wasted already in fruitless self-reproaches and bewailings, and the relief of action under so great sense of disaster was a blessing in itself. A little later the girl was fairly out-of-doors, — outside the silent house, outside all protection and precedent also, as if she had been launched off the face of this familiar earth, and must find her way un welcomed and unheralded through space.

The frost had fallen, and glistened white along the trodden pathway that led up through the dooryard. The window of the spinning-room caught the moonlight, and flashed in her face as she passed by; and Doris turned once and looked at the old house, as if she were asking forgiveness, and wondering if life would ever be the same to her after this dreadful night. She thought of her soldier brother, and wondered, too, if he had not sometimes been brave alone at night, like this, and so would keep her company in love and pity. Oh, there were so many reasons why she must get to Dan in time! Everybody would guess his reason for going; everybody would talk of it, and laugh, and watch her until he came back, and blame her forever, for his poor mother's sake, if he were lost. In time of war and peril women had done such things as this, but Doris could not think of

herself as heroic. She only repented the sins for which she must be blamed if she did not get to Westmarket before the schooner sailed. Out of her quiet life and simple thoughts, troubled with sorrow and pain of the keenest sort, she hurried away into the night. After one great shiver she did not feel cold again, but hurried, hurried, over the crisp gray grass, down across the long, clean-swept field, where the moon, sinking low in the sky, hindered her with a trailing shadow that seemed to delay her more and more.

There was a high tide of treacherous-looking water, and when she came to the brink of it she stopped an instant, as if hesitating. The creek was wide here, and it never had looked half so far across; but Doris went carefully along the shore until she came to an old boat, which had been on many an errand, but never in all its life had carried a young girl alone on a night like this. Before long she was afloat. The boat leaked and went heavily; the oars that she had pulled from their familiar hiding-place were short and heavy, and splintering at their handles. But Doris rowed as if this were a race, and looked often over her shoulder, until at last she heard the dry sedges of the farther shore rustle and bend, and she could step on dry land and be on her way again.

The dawn was glimmering in the east; the moon was almost down; the whole country lay dead and still, as if it would not live again with the morning. Beyond the marshes which Doris must cross there were great drifts of bleached white sand, as if the ghosts of the night had transformed the world to their color, and it had hardly regained its own again. It was a dead fragment of the world, at any rate, — a field where little grew that needed more than rain and air. Doris kept her eyes fixed on the sand dunes, and they appeared to recede as she advanced, mocking her like

a mirage, and at last coming close when she thought they were still far away. At length her feet stumbled in the white, shifting, slipping heaps, and she toiled and crept upon them, so slowly, so disappointingly; for they seemed to be planted there as a barrier, raised by enchantment. Alas! this night was all enchantment. Where was the sunshiny yesterday, when she had been secure and peaceful, and almost happy, when one compared those hours with these?

The sky was clear in the east, and fast growing brighter; but each way Doris looked, there was only this desert waste of sand, white as bone, deep and bewildering, and the coarse grass and hungry heather clung to the higher heaps of it here and there. It was like a picture of the misery and emptiness of the girl's future, if her lover went away to sea. For the first time she grew afraid, and her strength left her suddenly, while she looked ahead to where, across more sand and more water and a long slope of upland pastures, the spires of Westmarket were already catching the color of the sunrise. Beside her were some old apple-trees that the shifting dunes had waged war against and defeated. They were discouraged and forlorn in their desolation, like the fig-tree that was cursed. Doris looked pityingly at their dead leaves and mossy tangle of branches; and at that moment a withered, pathetic mockery of fruit fell on the sand at her feet. It was like a conscious gift from these outlawed growths; it somehow gave her a bit of sympathy. Did they indeed know the bitterness of loneliness and the withdrawal of everything that makes life comfortable and dear? They had been walled in and condemned to death, the poor trees, though away in the world people were making merry fearlessly under the same great empty sky.

As the light grew clearer little tracks of birds and small wild creatures could be seen on the drifted sand. Once

Doris surprised a fox that was stealing along through the hollows of the dunes. He was hardly startled; he only changed his course a little, and went gliding down toward the marshes, with his brush trailing after him. Doris felt as if she were a wild creature, too. She tried to remind herself of other days than this, to keep her wits together. She wondered once, if she should faint and fall here, how long it would be before any one would come and find her, or if they had missed her yet; her mother and Temperance would be sure to wake her early on this unhappy morning. She thought of herself as if she were still at home in her warm bed under the blue and white counterpane. She dreaded the sound of heavy footsteps in the entry outside. They might leave her to herself that one day, until Mr. Dale and Jim, and even her father, were out of the house. And all the while she was flitting on, on, over the white desert, with a chill autumn sky above her, with a fox and the wondering birds of the air for company.

When she gained the shore of the last inlet, all seemed lost! She had not thought how she could cross there; and she stopped still and looked about her, hoping in vain to see a boat. It was too late to retrace her steps, and go round by the neck of land that joined the sand wastes to some marshes and the mainland; and she sat down, and covered her face with her hands. The tears would come, because she was so tired and so desperate; she had not thought of crying before, but now it was a great comfort. "O God, help me!" said poor Doris, over and over again, and for one moment Dick Dale's eyes looked into hers again, with that same dazzle. If he were only here, he would help her, — anything would be better than this. He was so gentle! But her thoughts went roving away again to her own dear Dan. How many things she had learned of Mr. Dale

which she could do for him by and by! Dan would like to have the house pleasant. Dan had a pretty taste, and his mother had always said that his fingers were as quick as a woman's. She should always be sorry that he had not seen Mr. Dale's pictures; he would have liked them better than anybody. Oh, if she were only at home! She never could go all the way back, and they would hunt for her soon, and grow frightened when she could not be found. How could she face them all when she got home? By that time Dan would be out of the harbor. How could he be so angry! — and Doris wished she could die there, and never open her eyes again upon this miserable world.

As the sun rose, a weather-beaten boat, with two boys for crew, came down the river. They were enjoying a stolen pleasure, and it was not surprising to them that in a time of such excitement and tremendous consequence a strange young woman, with a white, scared face, should call to them from the farther shore and ask to be set across. Their cheerful voices and red cheeks and their air of mystery and adventure did Doris good, and she put them on the track of the fox with their clumsy gun, and wished them a fine day's sport. They looked at her furtively as they tugged the old boat through the water; they watched her quickly climb the low hill that rose between them and the town.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning at last, — just the day to begin a voyage. The blue sea sparkled, and dazzled the eyes that looked eastward from the high ground, from whence one could overlook the village roofs and chimneys, with the line of masts between them and the narrow harbor beyond. At one place and another there were white sails hoisted, and a fleet of fishing-smacks were making ready to go out with the tide. As the wives and mothers of the fishermen were astir early in the little town, some of them tearful enough already, they

might have seen a slender figure making its way to the shore. They did not know what a fear-stricken, heavy heart was passing by their windows, or how much need of comfort the young stranger had that morning. Would she be too late, after all? Was Dan beyond her reach even now? The schooners would drift quickly away from their moorings, the sails unfurl themselves to the fresh westerly breeze. Unless she could hurry along the harbor side and put off in a dory, there was no chance left, and a vision of the mocking faces of the sailors, and even of Dan's displeasure, made Doris hesitate for one dismayed instant; then she hurried on again. The street looked endlessly long; she felt as if she were in a nightmare, and a dreadful dullness made her go more and more slowly. At last she came near the wharf; round the next corner she could see —

"Doris! Here, *Doris!*" and for a minute the girl looked bewildered, and the light faded in her eyes. Somebody was coming across the street, also to make his way down the lane that led to the water-side. Could it be Dan himself, in his every-day clothes? There never was a stranger sight; and yet this was truly Dan, not gone to sea at all. Were they there, where nobody was watching them, instead of at the harbor, where people could flout at such a scene?

"Oh, Dan," said the girl faintly, "please take me home as quick as you can. I thought you — Jim Fales said you were going to the George's Banks. I did n't mean to make you feel bad" —

"Take right hold of my arm," said Dan. "Come, we'd better go home, Doris," as if she had been a child. "I love the ground you step on, darlin'. How did you get over here this time o' day? I" — But Dan faltered, and could say no more. He thought it would never do for him to cry there in the street, even if Doris were draggled and wet, and looked so pinched and cold; even,

as he knew a little later, if she had come across the marshes, Heaven only knew how, for his unworthy sake.

XXII.

When the lovers drove into the farmhouse yard, they were greeted with mingled expressions of relief and astonishment. Dan was instantly received as a member of the family, for it was unmistakable that the young folks had in some way or other "made it up between them." "I must say you have led us a pretty dance," Mrs. Owen said, with a cheerful, bantering air, to her daughter. "We never missed you till just now. I thought likely you was sleeping late, after driving so far yesterday. Now, Dan, I hope Doris and your mother together have persuaded you out o' such schoolboy nonsense as goin' fishin'?" There could be detected a slight impatience with the girl, who was believed to have stolen away so early in the morning to join forces with her lover's mother. Mrs. Owen herself would never have stooped to such a thing, but this was no time to make a bad impression upon so prosperous and evidently victorious a son-in-law. She had been too fearful of losing him the night before.

Doris stole upstairs, grateful and bewildered, but longing only to be quiet for a while. She felt as if she had left the familiar room years ago instead of a few hours, all life was so changed. The sweet warmth of the sun was pouring in at the window; some late flies buzzed at the panes, as if they wished to escape and share the freedom of the bright October day. Doris heard her lover's voice now and then. It seemed like a Sunday morning out-of-doors. Her thoughts went backward with wonder and delight, finding in every memory some proof and assurance that she and Dan were born to love each other. Their happiness had suddenly burst into

bloom; but for all that, the flower's roots had been growing unseen in the darkness, and even the misunderstanding, of the past.

Later, with an air of unusual hilarity, Temperance went out to meet Jim Fales, as he came loitering home from the pasture and a prolonged experience of salt-ing sheep. "Jim Fales," she inquired, with mysterious deference, "I s'pose you don't know of a wanderin' minister of the Orthodox persuasion anywhere about?"

"Lor', yes," said Jim promptly, equal to a joke, but puzzling his brains for the meaning of this. "Got occasion for one right away, Temperance? Who've you picked out since I've been gone?" while at that moment his eyes fell upon Israel Owen and Dan Lester, who were leaning over the garden fence together in friendly intercourse.

Temperance gave an emphatic nod, as her colleague opened his eyes very wide and whistled a wild note; then she turned back toward the house, wearing her most circumspect expression. Her great checked apron fluttered and bulged in the breeze; she seemed to be looking down intently at some white geese feathers that had caught in the dry grass stalks, and were floating lightly like tiny flags of truce. One of the cats came running to meet her. Mrs. Owen was standing in the kitchen doorway, very amiable and friendly, it was plain to see, and offering no apparent objections to a good talk. Young Fales directed his footsteps toward the barn door, where he had observed the wheels of Lester's buggy, and there he passed a season of wonder and enjoyment. The vehicle bore traces of having been driven at uncommon speed, and the horse, a swift young creature, was drooping his head, and still breathing faster than usual. "Here's some of that blamed red mud that comes from most over to West-market," meditated the curious lad.

"He's given up goin' fishin', that's plain enough;" and Jim wandered into the kitchen, brimful of sincere interest and good-will, only to be promptly dismissed by Martha Owen, and blamed for hanging round at that time in the morning, when there was everything to be done. "Ain't he goin' to sea?" asked the lad, with uncalled-for sympathy in his tone, and the two women smiled at each other.

"I guess he was only talkin' about it," volunteered Temperance, evidently much amused; but Mrs. Owen gravely explained that Dan's mother was set against it from the first, and Dan himself gave up the notion when he came to find out what kind of a crew they'd shipped.

The triumphant lover stayed to dinner, and that was a day of high festival at the farm, although there were few outward signs of the satisfaction and rejoicing. After a short absence Dan returned with his mother, both dressed in their best, and there was much hand-shaking among the men and a few kisses and tears to show the women's approval. Nobody spoke directly of the great event, — perhaps the Marsh Island's vocabulary did not contain any form of speech for such deep thoughts; but the little group talked together about Dan's Western prospects, as if they were one family already in very truth. Mr. Dale was not slow to offer his congratulations. He tried to forget that there had been the slightest cloud of discomfort over the sky; he imagined that he found it very charming at the studio, and that it seemed more like the first part of his residence on the island than the last. Dick was very sympathetic: he could not help being glad that everybody else was so happy, and there was a certain sort of relief in finding that there was no serious decision to be made, after all, and that he had been mistaken in his consciousness of an uncommon responsibility and need of action. He could not

bear the thought of Doris's narrow future; perhaps, if the truth were told, he was more concerned for her sake than for his own. And yet —

At supper-time Dick expressed much sorrow to his entertainers because he could not linger a week later. He should like to carry away a sketch or two of the cider-making, having just passed the press at their neighbor Bennet's, and joined the friendly company that surrounded it. He was deeply touched when Mr. Owen turned to him, with an affectionate look, and said, "I must say I hate to part with you, my lad."

"I expect he'll be a great man one of these days," added Mrs. Owen politely. "You must always make it your home here, if you come this way, Mr. Dale. You must n't get to feelin' above us." After this it seemed to Dick as if the sooner he were gone the better.

That afternoon, as he was putting his sketches together in the spinning-room, he thought a good deal about Doris. He had not seen her since the day before, but he had won a confession of her morning journey from the wistful old father, who alternated complete delight with compassion for even the happy young people themselves. "They don't know life as I know it. But I've cal-c'lated for a considerable spell on havin' Dan take holt of the farm. He could n't help weepin', Dan could n't,—an' I don't know 's I blame him,—when he was tellin' how Doris come after him. He made me promise that I nor nobody else should n't ever hint a word about it to her."

Dick nodded. There was no use in saying that he believed the beautiful girl capable of any heroism and masterly scope of achievement, as he knew her equality to all refinements and tenderness. He was bitterly ashamed of his deliberations. He wished more than ever that a strong tide might have assailed him and swept him off the shore where mistaken reason or any aspect of worldli-

ness had given insecure foothold. Doris had seemed younger than her years, and had painted herself upon his consciousness in pale colors and faint though always perfectly defined outlines. But his old knowledge of her seemed now as the enthusiasm and eagerness of a first sketch does to the dignity and fine assertion of a finished picture. One could say easily that Doris and Dan Lester were destined for each other, and console one's self by thinking there was never any chance to win. Alas for those who let the golden moment pass,—who let the gate of opportunity be shut in their faces, while they wait before it trying to muster favoring conditions, or argument and authority, like an army with banners to escort them through.

Farmer Owen thought that Dick looked a good deal older than when he came, as he shook hands with the young man and said good-by. "There, it always seemed more like having a girl about than a man," said the mistress of the Marsh Island, as she watched the wagon, already almost out of sight far down the road. "I expect we shall miss him considerable, he was so pleasant. I believe he took to Doris more 'n he'd let on. I should n't wonder if he sent her somethin' real handsome for a wedding present."

"He won't never set the river afire," said Temperance, whose countenance wore a most regretful and sentimental expression. "He wants to have all the town ladders out to git him over a grain o' sand."

"I tell you he's got good grit, now!" exclaimed Mr. Owen fiercely; "there's more to him than you think for. He ain't got a brow an' eye so like pore Israel's all for nothin'. He promised he'd write an' tell me when he'd been an' voted to this next election, too," added the farmer, who was a conscientious politician. "No wonder the country's been goin' to the dogs, when such folks don't

think it's wuth their while to take holt." But as the little company separated each could have told the other that Dick's going away reminded them of a far sadder day, not many years before.

XXIII.

"Good-morning, my melancholy Jaques!" said Mr. Bradish, a day or two afterward, looking up from his easel at a friend who had strayed into the studio as if he had left it only an hour or two before. "Are you sure there was no malaria in your paradise?"

Bradish was a sedate-looking young gentleman, with a roundish head, and short black hair, and pathetic brown eyes. He almost never laughed, he rarely even smiled, but he was always called the prince of good fellows by his comrades. There is a well-known chemical process, called the action of presence, where a certain substance produces a radical change in others, but remains unaffected itself. Bradish could make everybody else laugh and take a cheerful view of life. You smiled at the mere sight of him, as if he were some great comedian. At that moment his financial affairs had reached an unprecedented crisis, and he rejoiced to see his best ally at hand, though he painted busily, and apparently paid Dick no further attention for some minutes.

"You might have given a poor beggar a chance," he asserted presently. "I have had frightful luck all summer."

"That sketch does n't look like it," said Dick, coming nearer, and stepping to and fro to get a better light. "That's better than ever, Bradish, — a first-rate blow-away sky. What's going on? I feel like a hermit dropped down into the middle of the theatre. I came near waiting half the afternoon out here on the sidewalk, to let the crowd get by."

"Welcome home, my love," said Bradish, in a delightful tone of voice. "You must give away those clothes, you know."

"Another aunt of mine frowned upon them," responded Dale meditatively, as he went sauntering about the room. "But wait until I show you my sketches. Ah, here's the box from the farm, now! When did it get here? You would have just lost your head completely. It really was a lovely old place. I used to wish for you with all my heart."

"I thought so."

"Oh, never mind nonsense," and Dick's voice had a strange eagerness. Jim Fales had reckoned on the perils of travel when he drove the nails, and the comrades worked together diligently to loosen them. Dick had not anticipated the little shock, almost like pain, that the sight of his pictures would give him. Life at the farm seemed already very far away. Here was the first sketch of the birch-tree, the willows, and the wide outlook across the green marshes. It was odd that this should have come uppermost, and he held it off and looked at it without a word, while Bradish admired the pretty landscape with eager friendliness.

"This was only the first," said Dale. "I feel like Rip Van Winkle. Look them over, if you like, and say the worst you can. I've had a good solid bit of life, at any rate. It was a good thing to get a look at such a permanent institution as that farm and its inhabitants. I felt all the time like an accident, an ephemeral sort of existence; but I believe we are all a sort of two-stalked vegetable, with a power of locomotion that ought not to be too severely taxed."

Bradish groaned. "I hoped you would forsake your philosophy, when I found you had really taken to painting," he said, and gave his attention to the contents of the flat box. "You rich fellows are always lucky," he added ruefully, a little later, after his enthusiasm had cooled enough to allow his thoughts

to express themselves. "The avarice of you in keeping such a mine to yourself was despicable, but there'll be a convention of us there next summer. Of course you even fell in love with the daughter?"

"No," said Dick slowly, — "no. But I wish I had, Bradish, if you want the simple truth."

"I should be wishing I had n't," answered Bradish, with great gravity. "Cry a little, Dale; it will do you good."

Yet Dick, who was always ready to be amused at his friend's jokes, did not even smile. If there were any difference, existence was a more serious thing now he was back in town than it had been at the Sussex farm. Whether the warmth of his feeling for Doris Owen was equal or not to changing the iron of his character into steel, he was dimly conscious that for each revelation of truth or beauty Heaven demands tribute and better service than before. He had at least gained a new respect for his own life and its possible value.

One day in midwinter Doris went away by herself for a long walk over the crusted snow. She climbed the hill, and looked out across the marshes. They seemed larger than in summer, and there were black cracks in the ice, like scars. She wished that it were spring again, and thought eagerly of all the work she meant to do; being, indeed, happier as a wife than she had ever been as a maiden, and just beginning the very best of her days. The night before, a shower of rain had frozen as it fell, and the world was all sparkling and glistening, as if it were a great arctic holiday. The sky was a clear, dazzling blue, and the

air was still and cold. Doris Lester thought of Mr. Dale, and with a quick sympathy imagined how much he would like to see this fantastic, ice-bound country. She could see through and through his feeling for her now, but she knew that he had not gone away and forgotten her; and half wistfully she gave a glance at the smaller island where she had found him asleep on the Sunday morning.

Dan and her father had gone away early in the day to visit a distant piece of woodland, and just as she reached the house they drove into the yard.

"I expected you'd have to go out to see the trees, Doris," said the elder man, smiling. "Don't they look handsome? I wished you was with us up in the country where there's more growth; but I declare, it's as pretty a place here as 't is anywhere."

"I tell you we're just going to make the old farm hum next summer," said Lester, as he stepped out of the high-backed sleigh; but his companion did not follow him at once. "I've got a New York paper in my pocket," Israel Owen told the little audience. "Young Mr. Dale sent it to me, and he marked a place that tells about his pictures being exhibited with the rest of the folks', and that they all come round his like a swarm of bees. There's a long piece about 'em."

Mrs. Owen was listening eagerly. "Now, Doris!" she said. "Don't you wish you was there, a-queenin' it?" But Doris and Dan gave each other a happy look that was answer enough. They could not imagine anything better than life was that very day on their own Marsh Island.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

DAWN AND DUSK.

I.

SLENDER strips of crimson sky
Near the dim horizon lie,
Shot across with golden bars
Reaching to the fading stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow-lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble, —
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams, —
Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
Piping to the nymph and faun,
Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II.

Shifting shadows indistinct,
Leaves and branches crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy wood begins
Noise of insect violins;
Swarms of fireflies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad-voiced whip-poor-will
Echoes back from hill to hill,
Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets.
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep;
While the dew, in silence falling,
Fills the air with scent of musk,
And this lonely night-bird, calling,
Drops a note down through the dusk.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

SIX MONTHS AT ASTRAKHAN.

Just below the city of Tsaritsyn the Volga seems to rebound suddenly from the precipitous cliff of its right bank; for thenceforward, diverging in a southeasterly direction, it goes wandering on in a course at once new and capricious. No longer the broad, swelling current that laves the busy mart of Sarátov, still less the majestic flood one sees mingling with the Oka at Nízhni-Nóvgorod, it now presents itself to the eye with a false width of channel, dotted everywhere with islets, sand dunes, and *bugri*. Winding their way through these obstructions in strange, zigzag lines, themselves inclosing spirals of a navigable course often perilously narrow, the waters traverse a country bare and desolate beyond description. Now and then a tall promontory breaks the monotony of the river banks; at times some high-perched, parasite-like village, mud-colored as its environment, creeps into sight. Only treeless steppes, extending to the horizon, fill up the panorama, and thus the eye ranges on, resting for moments, perhaps, upon some solitary peasant's wagon, a Calmuck horseman, or a cluster of *khibitkas*, but ever oppressed by the barren amplitude of the landscape and the ubiquity of sand.

Oases are, indeed, welcomed in deserts like these! One scene comes back to me vividly as I witnessed it on a bright morning in the early autumn of 1883. Our steamer was descending the lower reaches of the Volga, when all at once cries were heard from the upper deck. There was scarcely time to look up before a dozen voices shouted, "The Cathedral, the Cathedral!" But the cry died away, and another rose, fuller and stronger: "The City, the City!" In the rush which followed, a throng of peasants, scrambling and fighting, in their sheepskins, now and then losing their

fur caps in the good-humored horseplay, easily won first place. Some Persians were just as eager for the ascent, but showed far more deliberation; and their dignity was imitated by the only Tatar on board, a priest, who had to grasp his flowing robes and tighten them around him as he went up. Next came a few Armenians, not distinguishable from native Russians; a group of wild-looking *burlaki*, the boatmen and song-makers of the Volga; and last two Mongols, of ferocious appearance, leading their Calmuck spouses to the highest point of vantage. It was a motley crowd, yet all gazed with the same affectionate interest on the outlines that had just come within range of vision, quite ten miles away over the plain. A slender pillar seemed to mark the spot where the gates of Asia once stood, choked with the wealth of Iran and of Ind, but where to-day, over the ruins of Tatar thrones and the sway of Mongol empires, shine the golden cupolas dominating the green-tipped mosques of Astrakhan.

My own journey to the "metropolis of the Caspian" was due primarily to a journalistic mission requiring my presence in Transcaspian territory; in the second place, to a pressing invitation extended to me by a resident of Astrakhan, whose acquaintance I had formed in St. Petersburg. Political changes unexpectedly relieved me of the journalistic mission, and I met with such hearty hospitality, as well as so many objects of interest, that I ended by devoting the whole of the six months at my disposal to Astrakhan and its environs. The circumstances of my arrival impressed me strongly; indeed, I had a reception that foreshadowed, in quality if not in kind, all the good-natured rivalry in paying me attentions for which I afterwards came to be so grateful. Most

people, I suppose, fail to realize their nearness to the "storied East" in the Russian faces of the crowd always on the lookout for strangers at the Astrakhan quay. But for me, at any rate, the ethnological interest of the place quickly revealed itself. No sooner had the gangway fallen than a throng of bare-legged Persian porters rushed up fighting for my luggage, a dozen Tatar droshky drivers coming forward at the same moment to secure possession of my body.

My first visit, preliminary annoyances surmounted, was paid to the Kreml. The citadel at Astrakhan is encircled by a high, white-stone wall, still structurally intact, but crumbling in places, owing to age: in the masonry they show the marks of blows dealt in 1670 by Sténka Rázin and his victorious Cosacks. The naturally conspicuous object of the Kreml is the cathedral, a massive, squarely built piece of Russo-Byzantine architecture, that ends in five cupolas, and has a tower from which, historical works aver, the metropolitan of Astrakhan was once flung headlong. The traditionary atmosphere of the place is still full of the exploits of such popular heroes as Rázin and Pugachev, but in all attempts to glean reliable facts concerning the "martyr bishop" and the alleged manner of his taking off I signally failed. The square of the cathedral, to-day quiet as an English churchyard, seems, at any rate, no fit place for sacrilegious bloodshed: a worn dial records the sunny hours of daylight; there is a slight rustle of feet at matins and vespers, when a few worshipers come with the priest and his assistant. Yet this is merely the ecclesiastical side of the Kreml. When you lean over the southwest face of the wall, the sounds of a busy, toiling life float up from below, — sounds in which multitudinous street cries mingle with the shouts of boatmen, in which the plashing of steamers' paddles and the rattling of

chains fill up pauses in the clangorous hammering that comes from the graving-docks. On the quay lie immense piles of merchandise: piece by piece, strange, half-naked figures are transferring it to the holds or decks of vessels that in a few hours will be on their way to ports of the Upper Volga or of the Caspian Sea. Barges are meanwhile discharging the piscine treasures of which they have been in quest: six men often stagger ashore beneath the load of a single sturgeon; indeed, their burdens, viewed at a distance, look much more like slaughtered cows than dead fish. And behind all, in the background of the picture, is the famed Bridge of Commerce, the meeting-place of a dozen nationalities of merchants, venders, pedestrians, and mendicants.

The old Russian city consists of three parts: the Kreml, or citadel, devoted to defense; the "white town," given over to business; and the "quarters," utilized for residential purposes. The citadel at Astrakhan would protect badly from even a Mongolian attack; is to-day, in fact, a mere historical relic. The white town, on the other hand, might be manned so as to hold the troops of the Tsar at bay. Its buildings are wholly of stone and brick; some of them have been built as massively as fortresses. The finest are the public schools; the least attractive, the Ecclesiastical Seminary and the governor's official residence, the former of which wears the aspect of a provincial barracks. Of really abnormal dimensions are the warehouses. Some of them have doors quite large enough to do service as city gates; the locks used are, as a rule, of Brobdingnagian size and the rudest workmanship, — just such specimens as Kuznets, the mighty blacksmith of Russian mythology, himself might have produced, in the earliest days of the national industries. The shops are chiefly remarkable for the brilliancy of their sign-boards. One flight of native imagination which

I remember — the inexhaustible delight of the carriage dealer to whom it belonged — was the representation of a droshky resting on clouds, and surrounded by a wealth of gorgeous auroral coloring. Another feature of the retail trade in Astrakhan mystified me not a little. A pedestrian not over-careful of his course turns suddenly into streets in which most of the business is done underground. Here the shops have a flooring of bare earth, and the descent to them is disagreeably abrupt. The wares are of all heterogeneous kinds that never meet the eye in Western Europe; the vender may be a Bokhariot, a Turcoman from Khiva, or an Aryan fire-worshiper converted to the service of Mammon; the sounds of buying and selling are loud and weird; there is much rolling of eyes and gesticulation; a chaffering goes on quite Oriental in its length. The whole scene, in fact, with its setting of picturesque dresses, seems like a page taken bodily out of the *Arabian Nights*. Nor is this obtrusion of the foreign element at all confined to one part of the town. The Tatar cart utilized to the airing of a whole family; the Khirgiz horseman or carrier returning to winter quarters; the Calmuck fisherman purchasing tackle and stores; the Persian oscillating between shop and mosque; the gay Georgian or Mingrelian on his way to the capital; the rarer Grusinian, Chuvach, and Cheremiss, — all these help to form the every-day street sights of Astrakhan. The periodical fairs afford a wider ethnological vista still, it being not uncommon for them to represent twenty distinct races and families of speech.

The house in which I was a guest belonged to Vassily Nikoláievich,¹ and stood in the Street of the Cossacks, a quiet thoroughfare, within easy distance of the river and the open steppe. Devoid of architectural beauty and built

wholly of wood, it was nevertheless unusually spacious and convenient, permitting a degree of comfort and luxury not at all common to one-story buildings in the outskirts of Russian towns. Access to its inevitable side entrance was gained through a small door in the great folding gates of a courtyard, in which stood, in addition to the domicile itself, a wood-shed, bath-house, kitchen, coach-house, and a few other out-buildings. Passing through the court, the visitor ascended steps to a sort of veranda, thence entering the house by two doors, the outer of which was massive and bore ornament in the shape of a huge iron ring, the inner one being covered with felt. The apartments thus protected, mainly against frost, I found furnished in a superior style. Being waxed, in Russian fashion, the floors were without carpets; the walls were ornamented with paintings representing scenes from Russian history; in the reception and dining rooms tropical plants were displayed, after the fashion common to drawing-rooms in St. Petersburg.

Vassily Nikoláievich spared neither money nor pains in adding to the comfort of his dwelling. That he abundantly deserved domestic enjoyment was the verdict of all who knew the story of his life. His youth had been spent at a military academy in the provinces; his early manhood was given to the consolidation of Russian rule in the Caucasus. Tired of army service, he took charge of a fishing station on an island in the Caspian, there passing the first years of his married life. But Astrakhan was destined to be his home, for it was here, by simple perseverance and force of character, that he subsequently became one of the most successful business men along the whole line of the Lower Volga. While saying thus much I am far from wishing it to be understood that I present Vassily Nikoláievich as a type of the merchant class in Russia. To do

¹ I ought to state that the personalities alone are real in this narrative, the names being used merely for convenience of description.

this would be to do a serious injustice. I believe him to be naturally incapable of the pettinesses of sordid callings. I met few men free as he was from the cant of cosmopolitanism so frequently displayed in the east of Europe; and yet withal my host was singularly alive — account being taken of his education and surroundings — to the political and intellectual movements of the time. He was particularly fond of science, and would discuss theories and discoveries with great intelligence. Happy as Vassily Nikoláievich was in all his family relationships, there was nevertheless something half tragic in his existence; for he had a love of travel destined never to be gratified, and a fondness for languages and literatures from which continually increasing business cares effectually shut him out. And if his passion for political study wasted itself, in the absence of subjects nearer home, on movements going on in the west of Europe, America was his political ideal, — his “happy isles beyond the sea.”

The man's patience was inexhaustible. Childlike in his ways, that hid to the unwary a plentiful reserve of dignity and manliness; frank and outspoken when there were no feelings to be wounded, he won all by his genial manner and unaffected simplicity. His success in business I have mentioned, yet he had a trust in human nature almost unlimited. He used to say that people are oftener bad for want of faith in them than good because of distrust. But it was as a father that Vassily Nikoláievich excelled. His paternal affections had an Oriental warmth, unrestrained by conventionalities; his interest in the welfare and pleasures of his family showed itself in impulsive and unexpected ways. My host, who was about forty years of age, was six feet in height, and of robust physique. He had a commanding, intellectual presence, with a personality so difficult to forget that even as I write he seems before me,

his brown hair parted from his open forehead, his patriarchal beard flowing far below his chin, his broad features lit by a cheerful smile, his blue eyes sparkling with intelligence.

When Vassily Nikoláievich married, there was much speculation amongst local gossips as to the manner in which his dark-complexioned wife would settle down to household duties; for Eudoxia Petróna had gone to the altar young, pretty, and proud of her social successes. The lady showed herself fully equal to the new situation. Twenty years of wedded life, while they had not robbed her of a certain grace of manner, an unmistakable liveliness of disposition, had built upon her earlier fame as a belle a solid and enduring reputation for administrative ability in the maternal and domestic relationships. Though not a woman of culture, she had a plentiful fund of good sense, took a practical view of the problems of life, and strengthened her judgments much oftener by force of character than by plausibleness of reasoning or satisfactoriness of logic. A faithful observer of the formalisms of the Greek Church, and an opponent just as pronounced of all new dogmas in politics; the declared enemy of marriages based solely upon sentiment, the warm friend of utilitarian ambitions; full of proverbial maxims, each one of which had been exemplified in her own career, Eudoxia Petróna represented a school of thought which counts many more truants than teachers in the young Russia of to-day, and which challenged little sympathy even in her own immediate surroundings. But she was an affectionate wife and mother; the family bonds were strong and close; and the household was not divided against itself.

One bustling morning, whereon the domestics had risen early, my host drew me out with him for a stroll along the quay. We chatted in the crowd until the midday steamer came in sight, when

I saw Vassily Nikoláievich make certain mysterious passes with a handkerchief, and noticed a fluttering answer to the signal from mid-stream. As soon as the paddle-wheels had come to a standstill within two paces of us, my companion bounded over the gangway, and promptly in his great beard was buried the face of a tall, slender young lady, who had seized Vassily Nikoláievich round the neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Then, leading her ashore, as a lover might lead his sweetheart, my host addressed me with, "Edmund Ivánovich,¹ I have the honor to present my daughter, Sophie Vassilievna."

The new-comer had journeyed more than a thousand versts to spend her vacation at home. Looking at eighteen younger by at least three years, she had all the sprightly buoyancy and ease of manner that characterize feminine society in the Russian capital. Her features were strikingly oval; the smallness of the nose and mouth gave the face an almost infantile expression, but the forehead was lofty; in merry moments the brown-black eyes scintillated with light and motion; the countenance, normally pale, flushed faintly under excitement. Sophie Vassilievna had teeth of peculiar whiteness, and laughed with a clear, silvery laugh that to a lover must have sounded like music. A child in manners, she was a woman in experience, with a strange history and an education only to be paralleled in the country of her birth. Her earliest memories were of the storms of an inland ocean; her earliest friends were the kith and kin of those Mongol toilers of the sea whose khbitkas dot almost every shore and islet of the Caspian. At the age of ten she was entrusted to the care of an intelligent Russian family in Astrakhan, and there,

three years later, she again found herself under the paternal roof. On the completion of her studies at the local gymnasium, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, and had, at the time of my meeting with her, already spent three years at the "Higher Courses for Women" in the capital.

I found Sophie Vassilievna well acquainted with general literature and history. She could converse with fluency in French and German, and had a critical knowledge of her own tongue, fortified by the smattering of ecclesiastical Slavonic usually entailed by the theological course in Russian schools. With modern science, particularly chemistry and astronomy, she was surprisingly familiar. Sociology was her favorite study. Spencer she knew at first hand. The doctrines of Darwin had reached her by a route singularly circuitous. It was Pissarev who, in opposing his "natural school" to the æsthetic system of the great art critic, Bielinsky, produced a body of ethical science, mainly based on the Darwinian revelations, which is to-day the groundwork of almost all free thought in Russian educational establishments. Of native writers, one for whose compositions she had great partiality was the novelist Dostoiévsky, — an author who, with a masterly power of analyzing motives, painted the sufferings of the poor, and, himself paralyzed, delighted to inflict morbid creations upon his readers. Sophie Vassilievna had also adopted some of the ideas of the famous economist and exile Chernishévsky,² whose socialistic romance, *What's To Be Done?* exerted, even long after its publication, an enormous influence upon the Russian youth of both sexes. Some of these apparently digressive facts I mention in order to present a type as

¹ Edmund, the son of John. My name Russianized.

² This remarkable man, with nerves hopelessly shattered by nineteen years' exile in a distant province of Siberia, is still held to be dangerous to the Russian state. In the autumn of last year an act

of "imperial clemency" permitted him to return to Europe. He is still the prisoner of the Russian government, and lives at Astrakhan surrounded by spies and police agents. The account of my personal relations and interview with him appeared in the *Daily News* of December 22, 1883.

well as an individual; for this young Russian, with a personality thoroughly her own, had been moulded by influences that sway a whole class. Communicative, fond of change, eminently unpractical, easily moved to enthusiasm or indignation, idealistic in her views of life, receptive of new ideas and openly cynical in her rejection of many old ones, interested in human nature for its own sake, with a strong intolerance of oppression in all its forms, Sophie Vassilievna seemed to suffer from the same nobleness of impulse and meanness of opportunity as those which afflict her sisters of the new generation of Russian women.

In these surroundings, then, it was easy and pleasant to settle down to the interest of my sojourn in Astrakhan. Throughout the autumn I had out-door exercise in abundance. Cold weather does not fairly begin in the southeastern governments until the month of December, but the evenings are sharp and frosty long before the appearance of snow. At Astrakhan — on nearly the same parallel of latitude as La Rochelle — they have an atmospheric charm that sometimes verges on the phenomenal. As the sun descends, a broad band of purple, with an upper fringe of red, rises slowly in the east, until it has attained an elevation of about twenty-five degrees above the horizon; it then fades and disappears. Afterwards the west is rosy for a brief space, the vivid color dying with remarkable quickness. But the vault is never dark, even in the absence of the moon; all night there is a brilliant blue overhead, in which the stars burn with a soft planetary lustre, scarcely twinkling. The town has few lights of its own, and thus the contrast between the earth deep in shade and the luminous sky hovering over it formed a spectacular effect to me novel and striking.

Some of my evenings were devoted to boating excursions, undertaken for

the most part in the society of from thirty to forty young people, whose favorite summer resort was a picturesque suburb, separated from Astrakhan by water. Here the party danced by torch-light, and ended its entertainment with an open-air supper, rarely returning to the Tatar Bridge before midnight. My own interest in these gatherings centred in the vocal exercises which they invariably called forth. Afloat on the river, I caught many an old song, melody, or couplet that has no record in contemporary Russian literature, but lives along the Lower Volga literally in the mouths of the people. Most of these fragments were composed in honor of this historic stream, and seem to belong to the earliest period of the folk-song in Russia; a few contain traces of the hero-worship called into being by the exploits of Sténka Rázin and Pugachev. Nearly all use the caressing word *matushka*,¹ the Volga being thus apostrophized as "dear little mother." One popular snatch of this kind — song it can scarcely be called — has the simplicity of an improvisation, and may be heard in all parts of the Russian Empire. Even the Arkhangel peasant knows the words and tune of Down on the Volga, our Dear Mother. Another unrhymed composition frequently sung at Astrakhan begins, —

O Volga, Volga, mother dear,
Thy current broadly floweth past
Through meadows and through meadows green, —
Through meadows and through flow'rets blue.

Introductions in this style often lead up to a love story, and so from the flower-ets the singer gradually reaches the junction, —

Oh, wed not, wed not, maiden fair, —
Oh, wed not, maiden young!

Nor is the personification one of words only. The river is actually addressed. The Volga songs are, so to speak, sung out upon the waters.

As the season deepened in-door life

¹ Diminutive of *mat*, mother.

began to claim attention. In the Street of the Cossacks it had a smooth, equable, half-listless flow, refreshing to both eye and ear. I was accustomed to spend several of the hours of daylight in my friend's well-supplied library, where I regularly saw the *Golos*, the *Novosti*, and other St. Petersburg newspapers. It was like peeping into Western Europe for a few brief moments, and then suddenly realizing its utter antithesis of all one's surroundings. Vassily Nikoláievich joined me in the afternoon. The evening we devoted to social recreation. At my host's hospitable "side-board" I met all kinds of guests. Merchants came, fishery proprietors, doctors, army officers, schoolmasters, clerks, pupils, governesses. Nor was there any lack of entertainment. When the interest lagged in conversation, story-telling, or chess, — in which the Astrakhaners are experts, — a "literary evening," as we pompously called it, would be extemporized. Vassily Nikoláievich was expected to open the ball with a reading out of *The Annals of the Fatherland*,¹ generally one of the inimitable satires from the editorial pen of Prince Saltykov. Sophie Vassilievna would follow with a scene from Pushkin, or, tired of "declamation," as it is styled in Russia, she would seat herself at the piano, and sing, in a clear, tremulous voice, her favorite lyric from Lermontov: —

Bright wanderers, heavenly clouds are ye,
That spurn the flow'ring steppe and flee
And pass, as I, all southward bent
From that dear North to banishment!

Who chases you? Decree of fate?
Dissembled envy, open hate?
Some crime's remorse, a conscience wrung,
Or blatant friendship's poisoned tongue?

Ah, no! a fruitless soil ye flee.
To you, the ever cold and free,
Not passion and not pain is sent, —
Ye have no home, no banishment.

Platosha Vassilievna, my host's youngest daughter, a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked

girl of ten, was also pleased to contribute to these evening entertainments. She excelled in the old Russian dance. Attired in picturesque Slav costume, — wearing the tall head-dress with its diamond spangle, and the pearl necklaces hung one over the other, — she went through the simple lines of her part, not only without music, but with a rhythmic accuracy and gracefulness of movement that I have never seen equaled in any of the tawdry ballets of Western Europe. Perhaps the gestures of the arms or the roguish persuasiveness of the eye had something to do with the effect of the performance. As for me, I never witnessed it without feeling that the dance is of the East, Eastern; that for advanced civilizations its real meaning has been lost.

One somewhat singular custom I noticed at some of these social assemblies. When women come together in Astrakhan, a large plate of dried melon-seeds is placed upon the table, or handed round to each guest; the cracking and consumption of the proffered edible being regarded as the indispensable condition of any conversation that can be called at all enjoyable. True, the husk is removed only after great labor, while the result in nutriment is exceedingly small; yet there is a certain utility in the operation, since it is believed to prevent yawning and *ennui*. An even greater service may be ascribed to the habit, if it be true as well as proverbial in Russia that "fools are born during the awkward pauses in conversation."

When priests came to argue with him, as they very rarely did, Vassily Nikoláievich hesitated not to disclose the agnostic cast of his religious beliefs. When they came to ask contributions, as they very often did, my host gave liberally and unhesitatingly. In all substantial respects he discharged his duty to the church. He, too, ate rice with Eudoxia Petróvna on the sorrowful anniversary of the death of their first-

¹ *Otéchestvennyë Zapiski*, the leading liberal review of Russia, recently suppressed.

born, and like her was regular in his attendance at divine service. Nor was ceremonial neglected by his household. Lamps were lighted before the holy images on the eve of every church festival; the bath was simultaneously resorted to, in order that no mundane taint might nullify the services of the morrow. Vasily Nikolaievich even tolerated the occasional presence of a holy icon, known far and near for its miraculous powers. It generally came in the early morning, that its effect upon the worshipers might not be interfered with by the gross vapors of food. A hum of voices from the street would announce its arrival, and then, on the doors being flung open, four men would stagger in, bearing the icon on their shoulders, closely followed by the priest, his assistant, and half a dozen juvenile choristers. The image I saw on these occasions was chiefly remarkable for the large and luminous eyes of the "Mother of God," and the wondering ones of the "Divine Babe." The icon was usually placed against one of the walls of the apartment, the members of the family standing round in a half-circle. The holy man, aided from time to time by his subordinate, recited the service in ecclesiastical Slavonic, swinging the censer to and fro as he did so; the boys chanted in high alto, and the clerk responded in a deep bass, "The Lord have mercy upon us!" The priest pronounced the benediction, and the service was at an end.

That the spectacular element is always strong in these ministrations to the orthodox may perhaps account for the saying that in Russia it is only one step from the church to the theatre. At Astrakhan they take that step with great frequency. Passionately fond of play-going, the inhabitants boast loudly of their brand-new theatre, built wholly of stone and lit by electricity; furnished, as well, in a style that would not be considered niggardly in the capital itself. In these days the best companies are

secured for the Lower Volga. The people of Astrakhan are thus proud to think that their theatrical tastes are consulted, quite regardless of cost. I cannot speak of their play-house as being exclusively devoted to amusement. Merchants may be seen in it doing market business between acts, officials holding receptions and signing documents in their private boxes. The *foyer* at times wears the aspect of a stock exchange. On the other hand, the audience misses no word or gesture, once the curtain has been rung up. This is particularly noticeable during the performance of Russian plays, which in the provinces, at any rate, still hold their own against Western productions. The mass of the Russian people care little for the foreign theatre, however well it may have been "adapted;" the thoroughly native comedies of Gogol and Ostrovsky are everywhere welcomed with unbounded and never-tiring enthusiasm. They appeal strongly to the people, reflecting often enough the coarsenesses as well as the idyls of provincial life. One of the stage customs that die hard in Russia is the step dance, a series of uncouth motions, during which the performer, assuming a half-sitting attitude, throws his legs alternately forward with great violence and rapidity. In Ostrovsky's *Poverty* is not Vice the spectacle is presented of two men — benefacted and benefactor — kissing each other literally from head to foot.

The table habits of Astrakhan also have elements of novelty for foreigners. It must be premised that in Russia there is a form of abstemiousness natural to the people, and another which has been foisted upon them by the Greek Church. Which of these is the more meritorious in a religious sense it is not for me to decide, but I do know that it requires a very robust orthodoxy to fast by the card amidst the rigors of an Astrakhan winter. The Slav breakfast on the Neva is rarely anything more than a

glass of weak tea hot from the samovar. In Astrakhan they add a piece of Tatar cake, a thin tegument of baked dough sprinkled with poppy seeds, with a relish, on occasions of unusual hunger, in the shape of *rak*, a sort of fluvial lobster. The dinner that follows rarely includes either beef or mutton, even when its cost has fallen, as it frequently does, to two cents per pound. Piscine luxuries practically unattainable in Western Europe are so cheap in Astrakhan as to form the staple nutriment of the poorest families. While the artisan of South London is exploring the New Cut in search of a tolerable side of beef at less than 1s. 4d. a pound, the Astrakhan boatman is getting his pound of sterlet for four cents. It is the *matushka*, the dear little mother, that does all this. She not only feeds her countless progeny in the Caspian, but furnishes them with quiet shelving banks in which they may spawn undisturbed. There is a poetic and a material side to the fishing industries. I must therefore note that the Russians cook and eat the heads of all fish deemed worthy to be sent to table. Once I saw a diner thrust his fork into the eye of a sturgeon and whip the lustreless optic into his mouth, saying as he did so, in response to my look of consternation, "Why, that's the choicest part!" I liked better caviare, the minced sterlet patties served in soup, or the luscious fish pie with the crust baked brown.

Loaf-bread I scarcely expected to find at Astrakhan, since the only nutriment of this kind eaten in the northern governments takes the form of rolls; the *kalach*, a genuinely native product, standing first in popular favor. Yet along the Lower Volga *kalach* is a well-known generic term applied to loaves of bread baked in the West European manner, the real *kalach*, as sung by the old Russian poets, being practically unknown.

Potatoes are seldom eaten in Astrakhan, even by the poorer classes. The inhabitants reject hares as articles of food, rarely use butter, are fond of Tatar cheese, and regard Calmuck tea, prepared with salt and grease, as a luxury. Fruit is cheap and abundant. Water-melons are sold at half a cent each during the summer months. Grapes, from which "Astrakhan wine" is made, cost from two to three cents a pound. In fine, the expenses of living are less at Astrakhan than in any other part of European Russia, — phenomenally small when compared with the cost of subsistence in the west of Europe. A shopkeeper, fairly representative of the middle classes, assured me that the expenditure of his family for a year, excluding outlay on rent and wearing apparel, had never exceeded 400 rubles; that is to say, \$200.

One morning Vassily Nikoláievich brought me a dainty little envelope, addressed in an original manner and secured with an enormous seal. It proved to be a simple invitation to dinner, but it led to my spending a week with an Armenian family, amidst purely Armenian surroundings, on the outskirts of Astrakhan. This novel experience showed me that Armenians are as susceptible to influences of environment as are most races on the same level of culture. Of the tenacity with which they are said to cling to race customs and prejudices I saw very little. At Astrakhan they have been almost thoroughly Russianized in language, dress, and manners. To attribute to them in European Russia the exclusive racial spirit of M. Elisée Reclus's description¹ would be to do them injustice. There is, on the contrary, the closest intimacy between the Armenian colony and the native population. Common interests in trade have done much to foster this solidarity. The Armenians display great business enter-

¹ "Dans presque toutes les contrées qu'ils habitent les Arméniens se tiennent soigneusement à

l'écart des hommes d'autre race et d'autre langue." (Géographie Universelle.)

prise, stand in high commercial repute along the Volga, and send to the university cities of Russia young men and young women whose zeal for learning and success in study are the envy of the native scholars. I cannot say that I met any of those Armenian women whom M. Reclus describes as "compelled to keep their mouths shut at least until the birth of their first child."¹ The women of this race whom I knew at Astrakhan were just as vivacious, just as ready to resent undue interference with their personal liberty, as their neighbors of Slav blood. When uneducated and untraveled they play many pranks with rouge, until at last the cheek wears a permanent blush of dark vermilion, not attractive, but rather revolting, to the spectator. Philologists claim Armenian for the Indo-European family of languages, but the Armenian face is not Aryan in any sense. It has an aquiline nose, slightly *épaté*, bright eyes, and a high forehead, with a complexion mingling the Italian olive and the Anglo-Saxon red. In feature the Armenian is a Jew idealized. Were I a painter, and in quest of an ideal Christ, it is my fancy that I should seek my model amongst the descendants of Haik.

Soon after my visit to the Armenian colony, Yan drove me in a tarantass to the uttermost part of the sloboda, where Astrakhan habitations first degenerate, and then disappear into the open steppe. Yan was the Tatar coachman of Vassily Nikoláievich, and on this day he had considerably planned a tour through the quarters of his fellow Mahomedans, for the special benefit of myself. Our first halting-place was the Tatar school, at the door of which the master met me with a warm greeting. He invited me to follow him, and I did so with difficulty, the passage being long and dark. Such was the slowness of

my approach that on emerging into the light I found the school in full swing again; that is to say, an apartment in which boys and pedagogue, to the number of nearly fifty persons, were seated on the bare ground, — the former reciting from the Koran, the latter enforcing attention to the lesson with a light rod. The schoolmaster at once engaged me in conversation. He talked for half an hour, and with such demoralizing effect upon his pupils that, on my retreat through the labyrinth, they followed me with a rush, shouting, laughing, and jostling. One of them told me it was customary for scholars to take a holiday whenever visitors came. In the open air I could examine them more closely. Young people suffering less than they from intellectual cramming I never met. The boys were certainly well fed. They were also well dressed. They had symmetrical features, long lashes, and lustrous black eyes.

As we set out again, a Tatar woman, somewhat advanced in years, beckoned to us from the road, and Yan held parley with her from the tarantass. Across her forehead she wore a band of gold coins; her hair, hanging in long tresses, was heavy with silver money, much of it ancient and badly shaped. It was finally arranged that Yan and I should accompany her home. On the road she recounted at bewildering length the names of the relatives from whom the separate pieces of her head-dress and hair ornaments had descended; nor was the story of these heirlooms complete when, after a long route through streets, courtyards, and passages, we at last stood at the door of her dwelling. Here the woman's first act was to introduce us to her husband, a man of substantial proportions, tall, affable, wearing the Tatar skull-cap and surtout; the latter a long overcoat of slender material, a compromise between the Russian *sarafan* and the more nomadic attire of Central Asia. Otherwise built in Russian fash-

¹ "La femme, astreinte en silence du moins jusqu'à la naissance de son premier enfant."
(Géographie Universelle.)

ion, the domicile had little more than a single apartment, which seemed to be used for both sitting and sleeping purposes. More than half of the floor space was taken up by a raised platform, covered with rich quilting. At one end of this a young Tatar woman was embroidering a silk cap; at the other, somewhat in the shade, a boy sat swinging to and fro a baby asleep in a square cradle, suspended from the roof by silken ropes. The room was tolerably well furnished. A cupboard stood against the wall, stocked with China tea ware. A clock, of Paris manufacture, hung near. To the sides of the apartment were affixed numerous slips of paper, containing passages from the Koran, in Arabic. The elder woman read, or rather sang, in a monotonous voice, portions of holy writ, for the edification of Yan and myself. She was proceeding to regale us with profane narratives, when the young embroiderer interjected an observation that at once precipitated an altercation. What relation existed between the two women I know not. It was clear that their quarrel had us for its subject, so we withdrew.

I had much for which to thank Yan. Another of his services was to bring me into contact with the leaders of a Khirgiz caravan, about to leave Astrakhan for Persia. There being no obstacle in the way, I decided to accompany the party as far as a Calmuck encampment, ten miles distant. Setting out in the early morning, — myself mounted, for safety, on the smallest of the camels, — we reached the Mongols long before noon. I found about thirty khibitkas scattered over five or six acres of ground. The occupants all came out to inspect me, and, as many of them could speak Russian, friendly relations were soon established between us. The nomads had just donned their sheepskins for the winter; below these, like a dressing-gown, hung a loose garment, bright with its fantastic patchwork of

red and yellow, — the only genuinely native vestment that the Mongols wear. Boots, on the other hand, the Calmucks have borrowed from the Russians; their cap is cousin-german to the fur turban of the Khirgiz. Unpicturesque as it may be thought, Calmuck attire is tolerable when compared with the Calmuck countenance. Stranger than all is it that the high cheek bone and oblique eye are at their highest and obliquest in the female face. Of two Mongols, male and female, I might meet, the uglier was sure to be the woman. There is, nevertheless, no danger of facial indications becoming a test of sex amongst the Calmucks: this has been deftly averted by the feminine habit of wearing leaden earrings, and of keeping the hair in long silken bags pendent to the waist.

At the time of my arrival in the encampment, some of the women were plaiting rushes into mats. This is the earliest stage in the art of Mongol house-building. The khibitka is round in shape, with a diameter never less than ten feet, and has a sloping roof, in which a central opening is left for the escape of smoke. The framework of the dwelling is of wooden poles; against and upon these rush mats are laid, the whole being protected by a covering of felt or camel's skin. Within khibitkas thus constructed a considerable degree of domestic comfort may be enjoyed. In more than one of them I saw carpets, rugs, and furniture much more suitable, I could not help thinking, for a city drawing-room than for a shifting home on the steppe. Smoke is the bane of the khibitka; much more being emitted from the central fireplace than can be quickly got rid of through the opening in the roof. Hence, no doubt, the frequency of sore eyes amongst the Calmucks. Yet a race keener of vision does not exist.

In one tent the female occupants consulted my wishes in regard to a dancing performance. On my assenting, they

brought a boy, who, after much parleying, was induced to give a specimen of his skill. A Mongolian hag supplied the music, — a quick, barbaric melody, half sung, half played with the hands on an imaginary instrument. The dance itself was both erotic and martial in character. There were alternate advances and retreats, threatenings of the arm and stampings of the ground; then milder gestures, beckonings, enticing waves of the hand; but, on a turn in the music, delirious movements of the whole body, in which the performer seemed too overcome by passion to preserve his equilibrium. The lad did actually stagger and fall, and that put an end to the dance.

I sought diligently for specimens of Calmuck literature, but failed to find any in all the thirty *khhibitkas*. On religious ground my success was not much greater. I was not, for example, permitted to look into the mechanism of the praying-machines, the priest being absent, "on parish duty." This Calmuck ecclesiastic, with his flowing scarlet robe that sweeps the ground and his haughty superciliousness of manner, is at once the exponent and the arbiter of the Buddhism of the steppe. It is, perhaps, as much owing to his influence as to the wandering habits and gross credulity of the race that beliefs and legends have been grafted upon the old faith which have no justification in the teachings of Sakaya Muni.

This visit to the Calmuck encampment practically brought my six months' sojourn in Astrakhan to a close, for on my return Vassily Nikoláievich met me with letters and news; the one conveying intelligence of startling events in the capital, the other summoning me to St. Petersburg. The river-way being closed by ice, I had to prepare for a journey along the post road for four hundred *versts*, as far as Tsarítsyn, where the Volga railway system begins. In two days all things were ready, — my small impedimenta well packed, myself wrapped in Russian furs. The morning was piercingly cold, yet many came to see me off. Nothing could be heartier than the good-by of this kind-hearted, hospitable family. It was a parting at the *troika* side characteristically Russian. "*Zheláyu vam vsevo kharóshavo!*" (I wish you every good) said Vassily Nikoláievich. "*Búdyťe zdoróv!*" (May you be healthy) ejaculated Eudoxia Petróvna. "*Dóbry put!*" (A good road to you) was the thoughtful utterance of Sophie Vassilievna. Last little Platosha Vassilievna called after me: "Edmund Ivánovich, don't forget us!" Then, when the hand-shaking had been gone through again and again, the driver gave a low whistle; the horses started forward and the *troika* bells jingled merrily, and in a brief space Vassily Nikoláievich and the Street of the Cossacks had wholly disappeared from sight.

Edmund Noble.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XVII.

LADY MARKLAND had recovered in a great degree from the shock of her husband's death. It had been, as Mrs. Warrender said, a shock rather than a

sorrow. There is no such reconciler of those who have been severed, no such softener of the wounds which people closely connected in life often give one another, as death. A long illness ending so has often the effect of blotting out

altogether the wrongs and bitternesses of many troubled years. The unkind husband becomes once more a hero, the child who has stung its parents to the quick a young and tender saint, by that blessed process. When death comes in a moment the effect is more startling if not so lasting. The horror, the pity, the intolerable pang of sympathy, with which we realize what the sudden end must have been to him who met it, without time to think, without time to repent, without a moment to prepare himself for that incalculable change, affects every mind, even that of the merest spectator; how much more that of one whom the victim had left a few hours before with a careless word, perhaps an insult, perhaps a jest! What changes of mood, what revelations, what sudden adaptation to the supreme necessity, may come with the blow, the spectator, even if he be nearest and dearest to the sufferer, cannot know. He knows only what was and is, and his soul is overwhelmed with pity. In that moment those who have been most deeply injured forgive and forget. They remember the time when all was well, — the sweet childhood, the blooming youth, the first love, the halcyon days before trouble came. Lady Markland had felt this universal influence. But when she showed her husband's portrait to Mrs. Warrender, it was not so much with a renewal of love as with a subduing hush of pity that her mind was filled. This for a time veiled even the relief of her deliverance from what had seemed a hopeless lot, which was never altogether to be ignored, but which gradually grew upon her, yet still with great gravity and pain. She was free from a bondage which had become intolerable to her, which day by day she had felt herself less able to bear; but this gain was at his cost. To gain anything at the cost of another is painful to a generous mind; but that it should be at such a price, — the price not only of an-

other's life, but of a life to which it had seemed almost impossible that there could be any harmonious completion or extension! For what could he do in another world, in a world of spirits? He had been all fleshly; nothing in him that was not of the earth.

In the majority of cases it is hard enough to understand how a spirit, formed apparently for nothing but the uses of earth, should be able to adapt itself in a moment to those occupations and interests which are congenial to another state of existence; but with young Lord Markland this was peculiarly the case. He had seemed to care for nothing except things which he could not carry with him into the unseen. Had other capacities, other desires, developed in a moment with the new life? This is a question which no one can answer, and his wife could only think of him as he had been. There seemed nothing but suffering, deprivation, for him, in such a change. The wind, when it blew wildly of nights, seemed to her like the moan of a wandering spirit trying vainly to get back to the world which it understood, to the pleasures of which it was capable. And had she attained relief and freedom by such a sacrifice exacted from another? When comforters bade her believe that he had gone to a better place, that it was her loss but his gain, — which may be, for aught we know, true in every case, not only in those of the saints whose natural home is heaven, — her heart rose against them, and contradicted them, though she said nothing. It was — alas that it should be so! — her gain. She dared not, even to herself, deny that; but how could it be his? He was a man who had no thought but of the beggarly elements of life, no aspiration beyond its present enjoyments; and it was by this dreadful overturn in his existence, this taking from him of everything he cared for, that she had been made free! Such a thought as this is more terrible than sorrow, it is

sadder than death. It left her for a long time very grave, full of something which was almost remorse, as if she had done it; wondering whether God himself could make up to poor Geoffrey, who had never thought of Him, for the loss of everything which he had ever thought of or cared for. She could not confide this trouble to any spiritual guide,—and indeed she was not a woman to whom a spiritual guide was possible. Her problems, her difficulties, remained in her own breast, where she worked them out as she could, or, perhaps, in process of time, forgot them, which, in the darkness of human understanding, was probably the better way.

But in one respect he had been just, nay, generous, to his wife. He had left the burdened estates, the no-money, the guardianship of her child, entirely to her. His old uncle, indeed, was associated with her in the guardianship; but this was merely nominal, for old John Markland was very indifferent, more interested in his own comforts than in all the children in the world, and had no mind to interfere. She found herself thus not only a free woman, but with what was equal to a new profession upon her shoulders,—the care of her boy's fortune and of considerable estates, at the moment in as low a condition and as badly managed as it was possible for estates to be. It was not the fault of Mr. Longstaffe, who had all the business of the county in his hands, and who had tried in vain to save from encumbrance the property which Lord Markland had weighed down almost beyond redemption. Mr. Longstaffe, indeed, when he heard of the fatal accident to his client, had been unable to refrain from a quick burst of self-congratulation as to the advantages of a long minority before he composed his countenance to the distress and pity which were becoming on such an occasion. When the funeral was over, indeed, he permitted himself to say piously that, though such

an end was very shocking, it was an intervention of Providence for the property, which could not have stood another year of Lord Markland's goings-on. He was a little dubious of Lady Markland's wisdom in taking the burden of the business upon her own shoulders; but on the whole he respected her and her motives, and gave her all the help in his power.

And Lady Markland let no grass grow under her feet. She began proceedings at once, with an energy which nobody had expected from her. The horses were sold and the establishment reduced without delay. The two other houses, both expensive,—the villa in the Isle of Wight, the shooting-box in the Highlands,—which had been necessary to Lord Markland's pursuits, were let as soon as it was possible to secure tenants. And Geoff and his mother began, in one wing of the big house at Markland, a life not much different from their past life, except in so far that it was free from interruption and anxiety. The pang of loss in such a case does not last; and Lady Markland entered with all the zest of an active-minded and intelligent woman into the work from which she had been debarred all her previous life. No man, perhaps,—seeing that men can always find serious occupation when they choose to do so,—can throw himself into unexpected work with the same delight as a woman does, to whom it is salvation from many lesser miseries, as well as an advantage in itself. She had known nothing hitherto, except that everything was going badly, and that she was helpless to interfere, to arrest the ruin which stared them in the face. And now to feel that she might stop that ruin, might even make up for all the losses of the past, and place her son in the position his father had lost, was a secret happiness beyond description, and gave new life and exhilaration to all her thoughts.

This change, however, occasioned oth-

er changes, which marked the alteration from the old life to the new with difficulties and embarrassments which were inevitable. One of these, and the most important, has been already indicated. It concerned Geoff. The change in Geoff's existence was great. Into the morning-room, where his mother and he had constantly sat together, where he had his lessons, where all the corners were full of his toys, where his little life had been spent from morning till night in such a close and absorbing companionship as can only exist between a parent and an only child, there suddenly intruded things and thoughts with which Geoff had little to do. First came a large writing-table, occupying the centre of the room, with all sorts of drawers full of papers, and so many letters and notes and account-books that Geoff looked at them with astonishment, mingled with awe and admiration. "Did you write all these?" he said to his mother, touching with a finger a pile of letters. He was proud of the achievement, without remembering that he had himself sat very forlorn all the morning, in the light of the great bow-window, with his lesson books, and had asked a great many questions, without more response than a smile and a "Presently, dear," from the mother who was generally so ready to meet and reply to everything he said. Geoff kept his place in the window, as he had always done, and after Lady Markland had got through her work there would be an attempt at the lessons, which heretofore had been the pleasant occupation of the whole morning, — a delightful dialogue, in which the mind of the teacher was as much stimulated as that of the pupil, since Geoff conducted his own education by means of a multitude of questions, to which it was not always very easy to reply. Under the new *régime*, however, this long process was not possible, and the lessons had to be said in a summary manner which did not at all suit Geoff's

ways of thinking. He did not complain, but he was puzzled, turning it over in his mind with slow but progressive understanding. The big writing-table seemed typical to Geoff. It threw a deep shadow behind it, making the thick, light-colored, much-worn carpet, on which he had trotted all his life, dark and gloomy, like the robber's cave he had often found so much difficulty in inventing in the lightness of the room. He had a robbers' cave to his desire now in the dark, dark hole between the two lines of drawers; but it was dearly bought.

Geoff, however, without being as yet quite clear in his mind as to his grievance, had instinctively taken what means were in his power to make up for it. There was that robbers' cave, for one thing, which had many dramatic possibilities. And he was a boy who took a great interest in his fellow-creatures, and liked to listen to everything that was said, especially when it was of a personal character. He was delighted to be there, notwithstanding the strange silence to which he was condemned, when Dickinson, the bailiff, came in to make his report and to receive his orders. Geoff took the greatest interest in Dickinson's long-winded stories about what was wanted in the village, the cottages that were tumbling to pieces, the things that must be done for the farmers: and Lady Markland was at first amused and delighted to see how her boy entered into everything, and even made a gentle boast that Geoff understood better than she did. It was only when Mr. Longstaffe and her clergyman simultaneously snubbed her that this foolish woman came to herself. Mr. Longstaffe said, in his brusque way, that he thought Master Geoff — he begged his pardon, little Lord Markland — would be better at his lessons; while Mr. Scarsdale put on a very grave air, and remarked that he feared Dickinson might have things to tell his mistress which

were not fit for a little boy's ears. This last rebuke had disconcerted the young mother sadly, and cost her some tears; for she was as innocent as Geoff, and the idea that there were in the village things to tell her that were unfit for the child's ears threw her into daily terror, not only for him, but for herself.

This was one of the things that made it apparent that a new rule was necessary. Her business grew day by day, as she began to understand it better, and the lessons fell more and more into the background. Geoff was the soul of loyalty, and did not complain. He developed a quite new faculty of silence, as he sat at his table in the window, now and then stealing a glance at her to see if he might hazard a question. That little figure, seated against the light, was all that Lady Markland had to cheer her, as she set out upon this new and stony path of life. He represented everything that made her task possible and her burden grateful to her. Without him within her sight, what, she asked herself, would existence be to her? She asked herself this question when it first began to be suggested by her friends that Geoff should be sent to school. It is one special feature in the change and downfall that happens to a woman when she becomes a widow that all her friends find themselves at liberty to advise her. However bad or useless her husband may be, so long as he lives she is safe from this exercise of friendship; but when he is dead, all mouths are opened. Mr. Scarsdale paid her a visit solemnly, in order to deliver his soul in this respect. "I came on purpose," he said, as if that was an additional virtue, "to speak to you, dear Lady Markland, very seriously about Geoff." And whether it was by his own impulse, or because he was written to on the subject, and inspired by zealous friends nearer home, old Mr. Markland wrote to his dear niece in the same strain, assuring her that it would be far the best thing to

send Geoff to school. To school! Her little delicate boy, not nine till Christmas, who had never been out of his mother's care! Lady Markland suffered a great deal from these attacks, and she tried hard, by getting up early, by sitting up late, to find time for Geoff, as of old; but Geoff himself had fallen into the new ways, and the lessons languished. What was she to do?

And then it was that the alternative of a tutor was suggested to her. A tutor! That did not seem so terrible. She confided her troubles to Warrender, who had fallen into the way of riding over to Markland two or three times a week, of checking Dickinson's accounts for her, looking up little bits of law as between landlord and tenant, and doing his best to make himself necessary; not with any deep-laid plan, but only because to be near her, and serve, was becoming more and more the desire of his life. Warrender was not fond of Geoff. It is possible, indeed, that his spirits rose with a sense of relief at the suggestion of sending that inevitable third in all their interviews away; but he was at that stage when the wish of a person beloved is strong enough in a young mind to make all endurance possible, and to justify the turning upside down of heaven and earth. He had therefore replied boldly that there would be nothing more easy than to find a tutor; that he himself would go to town, and make inquiries; and that she need contemplate the other and dreadful alternative no more. Lady Markland was more grateful to Theo than words could say, and she told all her friends, with a serene countenance, that she had made up her mind to the tutor. It is a great thing to have made up one's mind. It gave a satisfaction and calm to her spirits that nothing else could have done. Indeed, she was so satisfied that she avoided the subject thereafter, and said nothing more to Warrender, who had constituted himself her agent, and took great care not

to question him about what he had been doing in London, when she heard that he had been there. For after all, to come to a determination is the great thing. The practical part may be put in operation at any moment. What is really necessary is to make up one's mind.

Something of the same feeling moved Warrender when he returned from that expedition to London which has been already recorded. Dick Cavendish's suggestion had been to him a suggestion from heaven. But when he returned home, and as he began to think, there were a great many secondary matters to be taken into account. He began to realize the interest that would be taken by the entire county in a matter which did not concern them in the very least. He realized the astonished look of his mother, and felt already his ear transfixed by Minnie's persistent "Why?" Theo saw all these hindrances by degrees. He said to himself, indignantly, that it was nobody's business but his own, and that he hoped he was able to judge for himself. But such reflections do not make an end of a difficulty; they only show more distinctly a consciousness of it. And thus it was that he put off making to Lady Markland the proposal he intended to make, just as she, on her side, put off asking him whether he had done anything in the matter. In the mean time, while the summer lasted, there were many reasons and excuses for putting off from day to day.

XVIII.

The moment, however, was approaching when Warrender had to declare for himself what he was going to do. It is true that he had given indications of previous intention which had put his family on their guard. He had said to Cavendish and to others that it was doubtful whether he should return to Oxford, — words which had made the la-

dies look at each other, which had drawn a sharp exclamation from Minnie, but which even she had consented to say nothing of until his resolution was more evident. It might be but a caprice of the moment, one of the hasty expressions which Theo was not unaccustomed to launch at his little audience, making them stare and exclaim, but which were never meant to come to anything. Most likely this was the case now. And the preparations went on as usual without anything further said. Mrs. Warrender had curbed her own impatience; she had yielded to his wishes and remained at the Warren, with a sympathy for his sudden fascination and for the object of it which no one else shared; but she looked not without longing for the time when he should return to his studies, — when there should no longer be any duty to keep her to the Warren, nothing to make self-denial necessary. The thought of the free air outside this little green island of retreat almost intoxicated her by times, as the autumn days stole on, and October came red and glowing, with sharp winds but golden sunsets which tinged the woods. By this time, Chatty, too, began to have sensations unusual to her, — such as must thrill through the boat upon the shore when the little waves run up and kiss its sides, wooing it to the water, for which it was made. Chatty had been almost as much a piece of still life as the boat, but the baptism of the spray had been flung in her face, and dreams of triumphant winds and dazzling waves outside had crept into her cave. Minnie was conscious of no longings, but she knew that it was time to prepare Theo's linen, to see that everything was marked, so that he might have a chance at least of getting his things back from the wash. And Chatty had knitted him half a dozen pairs of silk socks, — some in stripes of black and white, some violet, like a cardinal's, — suitable for his mourning. No one, however, men-

tioned the subject until the beginning of October, when, as they sat at luncheon one day, it was suddenly introduced by Miss Warrender without timidity or recollection that there was any doubt about it. "When does term begin, Theo?" his sister asked, in the midst of the usual conversation. The other ladies, who were more quick to sympathize with Theo's feelings, held their breath; but Minnie put her question quite simply, as if she expected him (as she did) to say "the 15th" or "the 17th," as the case might be.

Theo paused a moment, and cast a glance round them all. Then he answered in a voice which seemed louder than usual because it was somewhat defiant. "I don't know," he said slowly; "and if you want the truth, I don't care."

"Theo!" cried Minnie, with a little scream. Chatty, who had been contemplating at her ease, when this conversation began, the bubbles rising in a glass of aerated water which she was holding up to the light, set it down very quickly, and gave him an appealing look across the table. Mrs. Warrender looked at him, too, pretending, poor lady, not to understand. "But, my dear," she said, "we must get everything ready; so it is very necessary to know."

"There is nothing to be got ready, so far as I am aware," he replied, with a flush on his face, and the look of a man who is making a stand against his opponents. "I am not going up this term, if that is what you mean."

Then all three looked at him with different degrees of remonstrance, protest, or appeal. Mrs. Warrender was much too sensible of incapacity to prevail to risk any controversy. And even Minnie was so confounded by the certainty of his tone that, except another resounding "Theo!" the sound of which was enough to have made any man pause in an evil career, she too, for the moment, found nothing to say.

"My dear, don't you think that's a great pity?" his mother said very mildly, but with a countenance which said much more.

"I don't wish to discuss the question," he said. "I thought I had told you before. I don't mean to be disagreeable, mother; but don't you think that in my own case I should know best?"

"Theo!" cried Minnie for the third time, "you are more than disagreeable; you are ridiculous. How should you know best, — a boy like you? You think you can do what you like because poor papa is dead, and we are nothing but women. Oh, it is very ungenerous and undutiful to my mother: but it is ridiculous, too."

"My mother can speak for herself," said the young man. "I don't owe any explanations to you."

"You will have to give explanations to every one, whether you owe them or not!" cried Minnie. "I know what people think and how they talk. There is always supposed to be some reason for it when a young man does n't go back to his college. They think he has got into disgrace; they think it is some bad scrape. We shall have to make up excuses and explanations."

"They may think what they please, so far as I am concerned," he replied.

"But, my dear, she is right, though that does not matter very much," said Mrs. Warrender. "There will be a great many inquiries; and explanations will have to be given. That is not the most important, Theo. Did n't you tell me that if you lost this term you could not go in, as you call it, for honors? I thought you had told me so."

"Honors!" he said contemptuously. "What do honors mean? I found out the folly of that years ago. They are a sort of trademark, very good for business purposes. Bronson has sense on his side when he goes in for honors. They are good for the college to keep up its

reputation as a teaching machine; and they are good for a schoolmaster in the same way. But what advantage would all the honors of the University be to me!" he added, with a laugh of scorn. "There's an agricultural college somewhere. There would be some meaning in it if I took honors there."

"You have a strange idea of your own position, Theo," said Mrs. Warrender, roused to indignation. "You are not a farmer, but a country gentleman."

"Of the very smallest," he said, — "a little squire. If I were a good farmer and knew my trade, I should be of more use in the world."

"A country gentleman," cried Minnie, who had kept silence with difficulty, and now seized the first opportunity to break in, "is just the very finest thing a man can be. Why, what are half the nobility compared to us? There are all sorts of people in the nobility, — people who have been in trade, brewers and bankers and all sorts; even authors, and those kind of people. But I have always heard that an English country gentleman who has been in the same position for hundreds of years — Why, Theo, there is not such a position in the world! We are the bulwark of the country. We are the support of the constitution. Where would the Queen be, or the Church, or anything, without the gentry? Why, Theo, an English country gentleman" —

She paused from mere want of breath. On such a subject Miss Warrender felt that words should never have failed; and she devoutly believed everything she said.

"If he's so grand as that," said Theo, with a laugh, "what do you suppose is the consequence to him of a little more Latin and Greek?"

Minnie would have said with all sincerity, Nothing at all; but she paused, remembering that there were prejudices on this subject. "You might as well say, What's the use of shoes and stockings,"

she said, "or of nice, well-made clothes, such as a gentleman ought to wear? (By the bye, Mr. Cavendish, though I did not care so much for him this time as the last, had his clothes very well made.) Education is just like well-made things," she added, with a sense that she had made, if not an epigram, something very like it, — a phrase to be remembered and quoted as summing up the discussion.

"If that's all," said Warrender, "I've got enough for that." The reference to Cavendish, and the epigram, had cleared the atmosphere and given a lighter tone to the family controversy, and the young man felt that he had got over the crisis better than he hoped. He waved his hand to Minnie amicably as he rose from the table. "I thank thee, Jew," he said, with a lighter tone and laugh than were at all usual with him, as he went away.

The ladies sat silent, listening to his steps as he went through the hall, pausing to get his hat; and no one spoke till he suddenly appeared again, crossing the lawn towards the gate that led into the village. Then there was a simultaneous long breath of fulfilled expectation, not to be called a sigh.

"Ah!" said Minnie, "I thought so. He always goes that way."

"It is the way that leads to all the places Theo would be likely to go to."

"You mean it leads to Markland, mamma. Oh, I know very well what Theo means. He thinks he is very deep, but I see through him; and so would you, if you were to think. I never thought him so clever as you all did: but that he should let that woman twist him round her little finger, and give up everything for her! — I could not have supposed he would be so silly as that."

Mrs. Warrender made no reply except a brief reproof to her daughter for speaking of Lady Markland as "that woman." Perhaps she was herself a little vexed with Lady Markland, though she was aware it was unjust. But she was not

vexed with Theo. She followed his foolishness (for to be sure it was foolishness, poor boy!) with a warmth of sympathy such as very rarely animates a mother in such circumstances. In her growing anxiety about him, in the commotion of mind with which she had watched the rising passion in his, there had been something which seemed to Mrs. Warrender like a new vicarious life. She had been, as it were, the spectator of the drama from the day when, to her great surprise, Theo had insisted, almost compelled her to offer her services and society to the young widow. His vehemence then, and a look in his eyes with which she was noways acquainted, but of which, as a woman capable of similar emotion, she divined the meaning, had awakened her, with a curious upspringing of her whole being, to the study of this new thing, to see what was going to come of it, and how it would develop. She had never known in her own person what passion was; she had never been the object of it, nor had she felt that wild and all-absorbing influence; but she recognized it when she saw it in her son, with the keenest thrill of sympathetic feeling. She watched him with a kind of envy, a kind of admiration, a wondering enthusiasm, which absorbed her almost as much as his love absorbed him. She who had been surrounded by dullness all her life, mild affections, stagnant minds, an easy, humdrum attachment which had all the external features of indifference,—it brought a curious elation to her mind to see that her boy was capable of this flaming and glowing passion. This had curbed her impatience to leave the Warren as nothing else could have done, and made her willing to wait and watch, to withstand the pressure of the long, monotonous days, and content herself with the dead quiet of her life. She had not known even anxiety in the past. That of itself was a vivifying influence now.

A little later Mrs. Warrender drove

into Highcombe with Chatty, an expedition which she had made several times of late, as often as the horses could be spared. The house in Highcombe, which was her own, which she was to live in with the girls if Theo married, or anything happened, was being put in order, and this was a gentle interest. Fortunately, upon this afternoon Minnie was occupied in the parish. It was her "day:" and nothing in heaven or earth was ever permitted to interfere with Minnie's "day." The other two were pleased to be alone together, though they never said so, but kept up even between themselves the little fiction of saying, What a pity Minnie could not come! Chatty sympathized with her mother more than Minnie had ever done, and was very glad in her heart to ask a question or two about what was happening and what Theo could mean, to which Mrs. Warrender answered with much greater ease and fullness than if her elder daughter had been present to give her opinion. Chatty asked with bated breath whether there was not something wicked and terrible in the thought that Lady Markland, a woman who was married, and who had been consoled in her affliction by the clergyman and all her friends, reminding her that her husband was not lost but gone before, and that she would meet him again,—that she should be loved and wooed by another man. Chatty grew red with shame as she asked the question. It seemed to her an insult to any woman. "As if our ties were for this world only!" she said.

Mrs. Warrender in her reply waived the theological question altogether, and shook her head, and declared that it was not the thought that Lady Markland was a widow or that she was Theo's senior which troubled her. "But she will never think of him," said the mother. "Oh, Chatty, my heart is sorry for my poor boy. He is throwing away his love and the best of his life. She will never think of him. She is full of her own

affairs and of her child. She will take all that Theo gives her, and never make him any return."

"Then, mamma, would you wish" — cried Chatty, astonished.

"I wish anything that would make him happy," her mother said. "It is a great thing to be happy." She said this more to herself than to her daughter; and to be sure, it was a most unguarded admission for a woman to make to a young person.

"Does being happy always mean" — Here Chatty paused, with the sudden flame of a blush almost scorching her cheeks. She had turned her head in the opposite direction, as if looking at something among the trees; and perhaps this was why Mrs. Warrender did not hear what she said. Always love — Chatty did not say. Various events had suggested this question, which she was very glad her mother did not hear.

XIX.

Warrender went off very quickly upon his long walk. He could not but feel, notwithstanding his little bravado of indifference, that it was a very important decision, which he had made irrevocable by thus publishing it. For some time it had been a certainty in his mind; but nothing seems a certainty until it has been said, and now that it had been said, the thought that he had absolutely delivered himself over into the nameless crowd, that he had renounced all further thought of distinction in the only way he knew of for acquiring it, was somewhat awful to him. The unimaginable difference which exists between a man within whose reach a first class is still dangling and he who has no hope but to be "gulfed" is little comprehensible by the unacademical mind; but it is one not to be contemplated without a shudder. When he thought of what he was resigning, when he thought of what

he must resort to, the blood seemed to boil in Theo's veins and to ring in his ears. To be a passman; to descend among the crowd; to consort with those who had "pulled through," perhaps with difficulty, who had gone through all sorts of dull workings and struggles, and to whom their books were mere necessary instruments of torture, to be got done with as soon as possible, — these were things terrible to contemplate. And in the silence of his own soul, it was difficult to console himself with those theories about the trademark, and the merely professional use of academic distinction. It was all true enough, and yet it was not true. Even now he thought of his tutor with a pang; not the tutor at college, who had dropped him for Bronson, but the genial old tutor at school, who had hoped such great things for him. He said, "Poor old Boreas!" to himself, sympathizing in the disappointment with which the news would be received. Warrender a passman! Warrender "gulfed"! Nobody would believe it. This gave him many pangs as he set out upon his walk. He had sacrificed his early glories to the fastidious fancy of youth; but he had never really intended to be distanced by Bronson, to fall out of the ranks at the end.

Softer thoughts began to steal over him as he pursued his way, as he began to draw near the neighborhood of Markland. Halfway between the houses was a little wood, through which the road passed, and which was like a vestibule to the smiling place where her throne and empire was. To other eyes it was no more smiling than the other side, but as soon as Theo became conscious, in the distance, of the bare height, all denuded of trees, on which Markland stood, the landscape seemed to change for him. There was sunshine in it which was nowhere else, more quiet skies and warmer light. He threw down the burden of his thoughts among the autumn leaves

that strewed the brook in that bit of woodland, and, on the other side, remembered with an elation that went to his head that he had this sacrifice, though she might never know it, to lay at her feet; the flower of his life, the garland of honor, the violet crown, all to scatter on her path. He would rather she should put her foot on them than that they should decorate his brows, — even if she never knew.

With these thoughts, he sped along the country road, which no longer was so green and so warm with sunshine as before. Markland looked cold in its bareness against the distant sky, all flushed with flying clouds; the young saplings about bent before the wind, as if they supplicated for shelter and a little warmth, and the old tottering cedar behind the house looked as if the next blast would bring it down with a crash. There had been a great deal of planting going on, but this only added to the straggling lines of weak-kneed, uncomfortable younglings, which fluttered their handful of leaves, and shivered in every wind that blew. Lady Markland no longer sat on the terrace. She received her familiar visitor where only intimate friends were allowed to come, in the morning-room, to which its new distinction gave something of the barrenness and rigidity of a room of business. The big writing-table filled up the centre, and nothing remained of its old aspect except Geoff's little settlement within the round of the window; a low table for his few lesson books, where less lawful publications, in the shape of stories, were but too apt to appear, and a low, but virtuously hard chair, on which he was supposed to sit, and — work; but there was not much work done, as everybody knew.

Lady Markland did not rise to receive her visitor. She had a book in her right hand, which she did not even disturb herself to put down. It was her left hand which she held out to Warrender,

with a smile: and this sign of a friendship which had gone beyond all ceremony made his heart overflow. By an unusual chance, Geoff was not there, staring with his little sharp eyes, and this made everything sweeter. He had her to himself at last.

"Do I disturb you? Are you busy?" he said.

"Not at all. At least, if I am busy, it is nothing that requires immediate attention. I am a little stupid about those drainages, and what is the landlord's part. I wonder if you know any better? You must have the same sort of things to do?"

"I am ashamed to say I don't, now; but I'll get it all up," he said, eagerly, — "that must be perfectly easy, — and give you the result."

"You will cram me, in short," said Lady Markland, with a smile. "You ought to be somebody's private secretary. How well you would do it! That was all right about the lease. Mr. Longstaffe was very much astonished that I should know so much. I did not tell him it was you."

"It was not I!" cried Warrender. "I had only the facts, and you supplied the understanding. I suppose that is to be my trade, too; it will be something to think that you have trained me for it."

"That we have studied together," she said, "with most of the ignorance on my side, and most of the knowledge on yours. Oh, I am not too humble. I allow that I sometimes see my way out of a difficulty, with a jump, before you have reasoned it out. That sort of thing is conceded to a woman. I am 'not without intelligence,' Mr. Longstaffe himself says. But what do you mean to imply by that tone of regret — you suppose it is to be your trade?"

"I don't mean anything, — to make you ask, perhaps. I have no doubt I mean that finding out what was the exact pound of flesh the farmers could demand, and how much on our side we

could exact, did not seem very lofty work : until I remembered that you were doing it, too."

"My doing it makes no difference," said Lady Markland. "You ought to know better than to make me those little compliments. But for all that, it is a fine trade. Looking after the land is the best of trades. Everything must have begun with it, and it will go on forever. And the pleasure of thinking one can improve and hand it over richer and better for the expenditure of a little brains upon it, — as well as other condiments," she said, with a laugh. "Guano, you will say, is of more use perhaps, than the brains."

She carried off a little enthusiasm, which had lit up her eyes, with this laugh at the end.

"I don't think so," said Warrender. "Did you suppose I meant a compliment? but to see you giving yourself up to this, you, who — and to remember that I had been perhaps grumbling, thinking of the Schools, and other such paltry honors."

"Oh, not paltry, — not paltry at all; very, very much the reverse. I am sure no one interested in you can think so."

"I think so myself," he said. "I must tell you my experiences on that subject." And with this he told her all his little story about the devotion of the Dons; about their discovery of his pursuits, and the slackening of their approbation; and about how Bronson (a very good fellow, and quite aware of their real meaning) had taken his place. Lady Markland was duly interested, amused, and indignant; interested enough to be quite sincere in her expressions of sympathy, and yet independent enough to smile a little at the conflict between wounded feeling and philosophy on Warrender's part.

"But," she added, with a woman's liking for a practicable medium, "you might have postponed your deeper reading till you had done what was neces-

sary, and so pleased both them and yourself."

"I thought one could not serve two masters," said Theo; "and that is why I encourage myself, by your example, to take to the land and its duties, and give the other poor little bubble of reputation up."

"Don't talk of my example," she said. "I am not disinterested. I am making no choice. What I am doing is for the only object I have in life, the only thing I have in the world."

He did not ask any question, but he fixed her with intent, inquiring eyes.

"You need not look as if you had any doubt what it was. It is Geoff, of course. I don't care very much for anything else. But to hand back his inheritance unburdened, to make a man of my poor little Geoff" — Her bright eyes moistened with quick-springing tears. She smiled, and her face looked to Theo like the face of an angel; though he was impatient of the motive, he adored the result. And then she gave her head a little shake, as if to throw off this undue emotion. "I need not talk any high-flown nonsense about such a simple duty, need I?" she said, once more with a soft laugh. Instead of making the most of her pathetic position, she would always ignore the claims she had upon sympathy. Her simple duty, — that was all.

"We must not discuss that question," he said; "for if I were to say what I thought — And this brings me to what I wanted to talk to you about, Lady Markland. Geoff" —

She looked at him, with a sudden catching of her breath. She had no expectation of a sudden invasion of the practical into the vague satisfaction of the pause which kept Geoff still by his mother's side. And yet she knew that it was her duty to listen, to accept any reasonable suggestion that might be made.

"There was that question, — between

a school and a tutor," he said. "I have been thinking a great deal about it. We settled, you remember, that to send him away to school would be too much; not good for himself, as he is delicate: and for you it would be hard. You would miss him dreadfully."

"Miss him!" she said. As if these common words could express the vacancy, the blank solitude, into which her life without Geoff would settle down!

"But it seems to me now that there is another side to the question," he continued, with what seemed to Lady Markland a pitiless persistency. "A tutor here would be too much in your way. You would not like to let him live by himself altogether. His presence would be a constant embarrassment. You could not have him with you, nor could you, for Geoff's sake, keep him quite at a distance."

She held out her hands to stop this too clear exposition. "Don't!" she cried. "Do you think I have not considered all that? You only make me see the difficulties more and more clearly, and I see them so clearly already. But what am I to do?"

"Dear Lady Markland," he said, rising from his chair, "I want to propose something to you." The young man had grown so pale, yet by moments flushed so suddenly, and had altogether such an air of agitation and passionate earnestness, that a certain alarm flashed into her mind. The word had an ominous sound. Could he be thinking — was it possible — She felt a hot flush of shame and a cold shiver of horror and fear at the thought, which after all was not a thought, but only a sharp pang of fright, which went through her like an arrow. He saw that she looked nervously at him, but that was easily explained by what had gone before.

"It is this," he said. "It is quite simple; it will cost nobody anything, and give a great deal of pleasure to me. I want you to let me be Geoff's tutor.

Wait a moment before you answer. It will be no trouble. I have absolutely nothing to do. My father left all his affairs in complete order; all my farms are let, everything is going on smoothly. And you must remember our little bit of a place is very different from all you have to think of. No, I don't want to thrust myself upon you. I will ride over, or drive over, or walk over every day. The distance is nothing; it will do me all the good in the world. And honors or no honors, I have plenty of scholarship for Geoff. Ah, don't refuse me; it will be such a pleasure. I have set my heart on being tutor to Geoff."

She had listened to him with a great many endeavors to break in. She stopped him at last almost by force, putting out her hand and taking his when he came to a little pause for breath. "Mr. Warrender," she said, almost as breathless as he, tears in her eyes, her voice almost choked, "how can I thank you for the thought! God bless you for the thought. Oh, how good, how kind, how full of feeling! I hope if you are ever in trouble you will have as good a friend as you have been to me."

"If you will be my friend, Lady Markland" —

"That I will," she cried, "all my life; yet never be able to make up to you for this." She had put out both her hands, which he held trembling, but dared not stoop to kiss lest he should betray himself. After a moment, half laughing, half sobbing, she bade him sit down again beside her. "You are very, very good," she said; "but there are a few things to be talked over. First, you are going back to Oxford in a week or two."

"I am not going up this term; that is settled already."

"Not going up! But I thought you must go up. You have not taken your degree."

"Oh, that is not till next year," he said, lightly, confident in her ignorance of details. "There is no reason why I

should hurry; and, in fact, I had made up my mind some time since, so there is no difficulty so far as that goes."

She looked at him with keen scrutiny; her mind in a moment flashing over the whole course of their conversation like a light over a landscape, yet seeing it imperfectly, as a landscape under a sudden flash can only be seen, with a perception of its chief features, but nothing more. This young man had been tenderly kind all through. Since the moment when he came into this very room to tell her of her husband's accident he had never forsaken her. She had not thought that such chivalrous kindness existed in the world: but she was yet young enough and inexperienced enough to believe in it and in its complete disinterestedness; for what return could she ever make for all he had done? And now, was this a crowning service, an offer of brotherly kindness which was almost sublime, or — what was it? She looked at him as if she would see into his soul. "Oh," she said, "I know your generosity. I feel as if I could not trust you when you say it does n't matter. How could I ever forgive myself if you were injuring your own prospects for Geoff! — if it was for Geoff."

For Geoff! Warrender laughed aloud, almost roughly, in a way which half offended her. Could anybody suppose for a moment that for that ugly, precocious little boy — "You need not distress yourself on that account, Lady Markland," he said. "It is not for Geoff, — I had made up my mind on that question long ago, — but by way of occupying my idle time. And if you think me good enough" —

"Oh, good enough!" she cried. But she was too much alarmed and startled to make any definite reply. Almost for the first time she became conscious that Theo was neither a boy nor a visionary young hero of the Sir Galahad kind, but a man like other men. The further discovery which awaited her, that she her-

self was not a dignified recluse from life, a queen mother ruling the affairs of her son's kingdom for him and not for herself, but in other people's eyes, at least a young woman, still open to other thoughts, was still far from Lady Markland's mind.

XX.

"You will give me my answer after you have thought it all over."

"Certainly you shall have an answer: and in the mean time my thanks; or if there is any word more grateful than thanks, — more than words can say" —

He turned to look back as he closed the little gate for foot passengers at the end of the bare road which was called the avenue, and took off his hat as she waved her hand to him. Then she turned back again towards the house. It was a ruddy October afternoon, the sun going down in gold and crimson, with already the deeper, more gorgeous colors of winter in the sky. Geoff was hanging upon her arm, clinging to it with both of his, walking in her very shadow, as was his wont.

"Why do you thank Theo Warrender like that? What has he done for us?" asked Geoff.

"I don't think, dear, that you should talk of him in that familiar way, — Theo! He is old enough to be" — here she paused for a moment, not pleased with the suggestion, and then added — "he might be your elder brother, at least."

"Not unless I had another mamma," said Geoff. "Theo is about as old as you."

"Oh, no; much younger than I am. Do you remember you once said you would like him for your tutor, Geoff?"

"I don't think I should now," said the little boy. "That was because he was so clever. I begin to think now perhaps it would be better not to have such a clever one. When you are very small you don't understand."

"You are not very big still, my dear boy."

"No, but things change." Geoff had a way of twisting his little face, as he made an observation wiser than usual, which amused the world in general, but not his mother. He was not a pretty boy; there was nothing in his appearance to satisfy a young woman in her ambition and vanity for her child; but his little face was turned into a grotesque by those queer contortions. She put her hand upon his arm hastily.

"Don't make such faces, Geoff. Why should you twist your features out of all shape, with every word you say?"

This was perhaps too strong, and Geoff felt it so. "I don't want to make faces," he said, "but what else have you got to do it with when you are thinking? I'll tell you how I have found out that Theo Warrender would be too clever. That day when he showed me how to do my Latin" — The boy here paused, with a curious elfish gravity. "It was a long time ago."

"I remember, dear."

"Well, you were all talking, saying little speeches, as people do, you know, that come to pay visits; and he was out of it — so he talked to me. But now, when he comes, he makes the speeches, and you answer him, and you two run on till I think you never will be done; and it is I who am out of it," said Geoff, with great gravity, though without offense. His mother pressed his clinging arms to her side, with a sudden exclamation.

"My own boy, *you* feel out of it when I am talking! — you, my only child, my only comfort!" Lady Markland held him close to her, and quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"It is nothing to make any fuss about, mamma. Sometimes I like it. I listen, and you are very funny when you talk — that is, not you, but Theo Warrender. He talks as if nothing was right but only as you thought. I suppose

he thinks you are very clever." Geoff paused for a moment, and gave her an investigating look; and then added in a less assured tone, "And I suppose you are clever, ain't you, mamma?"

She was moved to a laugh, in the midst of other feelings. "Not that I know of, Geoff. I was never thought to be clever, so far as I am aware."

"You are, though," he said, "when you don't make speeches as all the people do. I think you are cleverer with Theo than with anybody. What was he talking of to-day, for instance, when I was away?"

The question was put so suddenly that she was almost embarrassed by it. "He was saying that he wished to be your tutor, Geoff. It was very kind. To save me from parting with you, — which I think would be more than I could bear, — and to save me the trouble of having a — strange gentleman in the house."

"But he would be a strange gentleman, just the same."

"He is a friend, the kindest friend; and then he would not be in the house. He means to come over every day, just for your lessons. But it is too much, — it is too much to accept from any one," she said suddenly, struck for the first time with that view.

"That would be very jolly!" cried Geoff. "I should like that: if he came only for my lessons, and then went away, and afterwards there would be only you and me, — nobody but you and me, just as we used to be all the time, before" —

"Oh, don't say that! We were not always alone — before: there was" —

"I know," said the little boy; but after a moment's pause he resumed: "You know that generally we were alone, mamma. I like that, — you and me, and no one else. Yes, let Theo come and teach me; and then when lessons are over go away."

Lady Markland laughed. "You must think it a great privilege to teach you,

Geoff. He is to be allowed that favor, — to do all he can for us, — and as soon as he has done it to be turned from the door. That would be kind on his part, but rather churlish on ours, don't you think?"

"Oh," said the boy, "then he does it for something? You said tutors worked for money, and that Theo was well off, and did not want money. I see; then he wants something else? Is no one kind just for kindness? Must everybody be paid?"

"In kindness, surely, Geoff."

The boy looked at her with his little twinkling eyes and a twist in the corner of his mouth. Perhaps he did not understand the instinctive suspicion in his mind, — indeed, there is no possibility that he could understand it; but it moved him with a keen premonition of danger. "I should think it was easiest to pay in money," he said, with precocious wisdom. "How could you and me be kind to Theo? I don't know what he could want from you and me."

They strolled homeward, during this conversation, along the bare avenue, through the lines of faint, weak-kneed young trees which had been planted with a far-off hope of some time, twenty years hence, filling up the gaps. Little Geoff, with all the chaos of ideas in his mind, a child unlike other children, just saved from the grave of his race, the last little feeble representative of a house which had been strong and famous in its day, was not unlike one of the feeble saplings which rustled and swayed in the wailing autumn wind. The sunshine slanted upon the two figures, throwing long shadows across the damp grass and copse, which only differed from the long slim shadows of the young trees in their steadiness as they moved along by their own impulse, instead of blowing about at the mercy of the breeze, like the shades of the old oaks and beeches. The scene had a mixture of desolation and hopefulness which was very characteris-

tic: everything young and new, where all should have been mature and well established, if not old; yet in the mere fact of youth conveying a promise of victory over the winds and chills of winter, over the storms and tribulations of life. If they survived, the old avenue would rustle again with forest wealth, the old house would raise up its head; but for the present, what was wanted was warmth and shelter and protection, tempered winds and sunshine and friends, protection from the cold north and blighting east. The little human sapling was the one most difficult to guard; and who could tell before the event which method would be best for Geoff?

Happily, no serious question keeps possession long of a child's brain, and the evening passed, as all their quiet evenings passed, without any further discussion. But Geoff's question echoed in Lady Markland's mind after the child had forgotten it and was fast asleep: "How could you and me be kind?" How was she to repay Theo for a devotion so great? It was like the devotion of a knight in the times of chivalry. She had said to herself and others many times, how kind he was, how could she ever repay him, he was like a brother. But it was true, after all, that everybody had to be paid. How could she reward Theo for his devotion? What could she do for him? There was nothing within her power; she had no influence to help him on, no social advantage, no responsive favor of any kind. He was better off, better educated, more befriended, more surrounded, than she was. He wanted nothing from her. How could she show her gratitude, even? "How can you and me be kind?" she said to herself, with a forlorn pride that Geoff always saw the heart of the difficulty. But this did not help her to any reply.

Next morning Mr. Longstaffe, the "man of business," who had the affairs

of half the county in his hands, came to Markland to see her, and any idea there might have been of Geoff's lessons had to be laid aside. He had to be dismissed even from his seat in the window, where he generally superintended almost everything that went on. With an internal reflection how much better it would have been had Theo begun his labors, Lady Markland sent the boy away. "Take care of yourself, Geoff. If you go out, take Bowen with you, or old Black." Bowen was the nurse, whom Geoff felt himself to have long outgrown, and Black was an old groom, whose company was dear to Geoff on ordinary occasions, but for whom he felt no particular inclination to-day. The little boy went out and took a meditative walk, his thoughts returning to the question which had been put before them last night: Theo Warrender for his tutor, to come daily for his lessons, and then to go away. With the unconscious egotism of a child, Geoff would have received this as perfectly reasonable, a most satisfactory arrangement; and indeed it appeared to him, on thinking it over, that his mother's suggestion of a payment in kindness was on the whole somewhat absurd. "Kindness!" Geoff said to himself, "who's going to be unkind?" He now proceeded to consider the subject at large. After a time he slapped his little thigh, as Black did when he was excited. "I'll tell you!" he cried to himself. "I'll offer to go over *there* half the time." He paused at this, for, besides the practical proof of kindness to Theo which he felt would thus be given, a sudden pleasure seized upon and expanded his little soul. To go over *there*: to save Theo the trouble, and for himself to burst forth into a new world, a universe of sensations unknown, — into freedom, independence, self-guidance! An exhilaration and satisfaction hitherto unexperienced went up in fumes to Geoff's brain. It was scarcely noon, a still and beautiful October day; the

sky as blue as summer, the trees all russet and gold, the air with just enough chill in it to make breathing a keen delight. Why not now? These words, Geoff said afterwards, came into his mind as if somebody had said them; but the boldness and wildness of the daring deed suggested by them ran through his little veins like wine. He rather flew than ran to the stables, which were sadly shorn of their ancient splendor, two horses and Geoff's pony being all that remained.

"Saddle me my pony, Black!" the boy cried. "Yes, Master Geoff" (the old man would not say, my lord); "but the cob's lame, and I can't take Mirrah without my lady's leave." "Never mind. I'm going such a little way. Mamma never says anything when I go a little way." Was it a lie, or only a fib? This question of casuistry gave Geoff great trouble afterwards; for (he said to himself) it *was* only a little way, nothing at all, though mamma of course thought otherwise. "You'll be very careful, Master Geoff," said the old man. Black had his own reasons for not desiring to go out that day, which made him all the more willing to give credence to Geoff's promise; and the boy had never shown any signs of foolhardiness to make his attendants nervous. With an exultation which he could scarcely restrain, Geoff found himself on his pony, unrestrained and alone. When he got beyond the park, from which he made his exit by a gate which the servants used, and which generally stood open in the morning, a sort of awful delight was in his little soul. He was on the threshold of the world. The green lane before him led into the unknown. He paused a moment, rising in his stirrups, and looked back at the house standing bare upon the ridge, with all its windows twinkling in the sun. His heart beat, as the heart beats when we leave all we love behind us, yet rose with a thrill and throb of anticipation as he faced again

towards the outer universe. Not nine till Christmas, and yet already daring adventure and fortune. This was the consciousness that rose in the little fellow's breast, and made his small gray eyes dance with light, as he turned his pony's head towards the Warren, which meant into the world.

Geoff was very confident that he knew the road. He had gone several times with his mother in the carriage direct to the Warren; one time in particular, when the route was new to him, — when he went clinging to her, as he always did, but she, frozen into silence, making no reply to him, leant back in Mrs. Warrender's little brougham, like a mother made of marble. Very clearly the child remembered that dreadful drive. But others more cheerful had occurred since. He had got to know the Warren, which was so different from Markland, with those deep old shadowing trees, and everything so small and well filled. And they had all been kind to Geoff. He liked the ladies more than he liked Theo. On the whole, Geoff found ladies more agreeable than men. His father had not left a very tender image in his mind, whereas his mother was all the world to the invalid boy. It occurred to him that he would get a very warm reception at the Warren, whither he meant to go to convey to Theo his gracious acceptance of the offered lessons; and this gave brightness and pleasure to the expedition. But the real object of it was to show kindness which his mother had suggested

as the only payment Theo would accept. Geoff in his generosity was going to give the price beforehand, to intimate his intention of saving Theo trouble by coming to the Warren every second day, and generally to propitiate and please his new tutor. It was a very important expedition, and after this nobody would say that Theo's kindness was not repaid.

The pony trotted along very steadily so long as Geoff remembered to keep his attention to it; and it cantered a little, surprising Geoff, when it found the turf under its hoofs, along another stretch of sunny road which Geoff turned into without remembering it, with a thrill of fresh delight in its novelty and in the long vista under its overarching boughs. Then he went through the wood, making the pony walk, his little heart all melting with the sweetness and shade as he picked his way across the brook, in which the leaves lay as in Valombrosa. The pony liked that gentle pace. Perhaps he had thoughts of his own which were as urgent, yet as idle, as Geoff's, and like the boy felt the delight of the unknown. Anyhow, he walked along the smooth, level stretch of road beyond the wood; and Geoff, upon his back, made no remonstrance. He began to get a little confused by the turnings, by the landscapes, by the effect of the wide atmosphere and the wind blowing in his face. He forgot almost that he was Geoff. He was a little boy on his way to fairyland, riding on and on in a dream.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

CONTRAST.

HE paused at the grave just made,
As the mourners turned to go:
His heart lay there in the shade
With the one asleep below.

On the budding limb above,
A robin, alert, elate,
Sang liveliest songs of love
Unto his new-found mate.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE QUODDY HERMIT.

THE mysterious charm of ancestry and yellow parchment, of petitions to the admiralty and royal grants of land, of wild scenery and feudal loyalty, of rough living and knightly etiquette, has long clustered round a little island off the coast of Maine, called on the old charts Passamaquoddy Outer Island. Moose roamed over the swamps and looked down from the bold headlands; Indians crossed from the mainland and shot them; straggling Frenchmen, dressing in skins, built huts along the northern and southern shores, till civilization dawned through the squatter sovereignty of two men, Hunt and Flagg. They planted the apple-trees whose gnarled branches still remain to tell of the winter storms that howled across the plains, and converted the moose-yards into a field of oats; for the wary, frightened animals vacated their hereditary land in favor of these later usurpers. Their mercantile skill taught them how to use, for purposes of trade rather than for private consumption, the shoals of fish which it was firmly believed Providence sent into the bay.

While the Passamaquoddians who ate fish were living in huts, and those who sold it were dwelling in houses, on the distant waters of India was a man, William Owen by name, whose destinies were to be linked with this little English island in America. As naval officer, he had been "in all service and enterprise where ships, boats, and seamen were employed;" had labored at Bengal in the reestablishment of the affairs

of the East India Company; and had fought under Clive. At the blockade of Pondicherry he lost his right arm, and the *Sunderland*, to which he belonged, having foundered, he was ordered to England. There, in 1761, he petitioned the Lords of the Admiralty "for Gratuity, Pension, or Preferment," as their lordships might deem him to deserve. He did receive special thanks and promise of promotion, and at last, through the intercession of his friend, Sir William Campbell, Governor-General of Nova Scotia, he obtained possession of the island which Hunt and Flagg had civilized.

As it embraced more land than could then be granted to one person, Owen induced others to join him in asking for the grant, that the whole island might eventually be under the control of the Owen family. Consequently, in 1767 the island was deeded to William Owen and his cousins, Arthur Davies, David, and William Owen, Jr., who, in grateful compliment to Campbell, changed its name from Passamaquoddy Outer Island to Campobello.

William Owen immediately brought over from the mother country a colony of seventy persons; stationed his ship at Havre de Lute, a Franco-Indian corruption of Harbor of the Otter; and, having settled his people according to his liking, returned to England, but soon left it again on public service, and died with the rank of Admiral.

David Owen acted as agent for the grantees, and was a veritable lord of the

isle. His house had even more roof than the usual sloping, barnlike home of former days. He built a rude church, read the service, and preached. What matter if a sermon was oft repeated, or now and then was original! Could not he, though a layman, best tell the needs of his congregation? He played the fiddle at dances, married the people, scolded them as self-constituted judge, kept a journal of island events in microscopic chirography, wrote for the *East-port Sentinel*, was interested in protecting the fisheries, and died, leaving his share of the island to William Owen, Jr. This younger Owen sold Campobello, which now had come into his sole possession, to William Fitz-William, who as the natural son of the Owen of Pondicherry fame could obtain possession only through purchase of his father's original grant.

A curiously pathetic life was that of William Fitz-William, from the time when, a boy of five years old, an inmate of the artillery barracks, he replied, on being asked his last name, "I don't know; mother can tell you," to his old age, when, dressed in admiral's uniform, he paced back and forth on a plank walk, built out into the bay, over the high cliffs of the shore, in memory of the quarter-deck of his beloved ship. Conceited and religious, authoritative and generous, humorous and ceremonious, disputatious and frank, a lover of women more than of wine, his fame still lingers in many a name and tradition.

When very young, a friend of his father's took him away from the barracks and from his mother, of whom he never again heard. He was boarded and punished in various homes in North Wales, but as recompense wore a cocked hat and a suit of scarlet made from an old coat of his father's. He learnt the catechism and collects, repeated the Lord's Prayer on his knees, and thought of raising the devil by saying it backwards; though in after-life

he regretted that, as a boy, he "had no other distinct idea of our Lord Jesus Christ than that he was a good man." His belief in the direct interposition of the Creator on his behalf frequently solaced him in these youthful days of loneliness and misdemeanor. The literal and instant fulfillment of two dreams on special and unthought-of subjects were convincing proof, to quote his own words, that "they were sent by God Almighty himself, as a simple way of assuring me that as I was under his eye he would himself take care of me."

So he grew up to be presumptuous, adventurous, resolute, and strong. In 1788 he embarked as midshipman of a line-of-battle ship, and "from that time for forty-three continuous years served under every naval man of renown, and was honored by the friendship of Nelson." At forty-four he married a Welsh lady, and wrote, "I thought myself a tolerably religious man, but knew myself to be as Reuben, unstable as water; at fifty-seven my worldly ambition was barred by corruption in high places; at sixty-one I became the Hermit."

Years before he had adopted the pseudonym of Quoddy Hermit, he had cruised in the Bay of Fundy, engaged in its survey. The man-of-war which was stationed for three years at the Campobello headland of that name must have belonged to his fleet. The crew spent much of their time ashore, tending a little garden, brilliant with dahlias and marigolds, which they presented in the season, in overweighted bouquets, to the few island belles, who, in return for such unexpected courtesies, consented in winter to dance on the ship's deck, regardless of their frozen ear-tips. Two of the midshipmen were as dauntless in pedestrianism as in love, and for a wager started on a perilous walk around icy cliffs, which threw them headlong. Their comrades buried them under the gay flowers, and sailed away from the henceforth ill-omened garden.

In course of time, William Fitz-William returned with the rank of Admiral. He brought with him the frame of a house, taken from another island, building materials, silver, and glass. He erected his habitations, and planted the sun-dial of his vessel in the grove fronting his home. He widened the narrow roads along the bay, which David had broken out, and in his heavy, lumbering coach of state went through mud and snow from one tenant to another. The coach is still to be seen, and the tenant's grandchildren bear the Owen surname as the universal Christian cognomen.

Now began the daily routine, which seldom varied. The day commenced and ended with prayers, which all the household servants attended; the "maids," as the admiral called them, — "for we are all servants of God," — bringing their work, and sewing throughout the service, except when the prayer itself was said. If some one occasionally was disinclined to such steady improvement of the devotional hour, the admiral, with a benevolent smile, inquired, "My dear, do you feel lazy to-night?" Breakfast was served at nine. After that, the Lady Owen, clad in an enormous apron, entered the kitchen, and taught the mysteries of salads and jellies. There were constant offerings from the people, who esteemed it an honor to give or to sell the creatures which they had raised for their own use, and which had fed on the wild grass and young hemlock, till never was fowl or lamb more succulent. At the first cold storm of winter, the notable housekeepers of the island put down in big barrels, amid layers of snow, their chickens, turkey, and geese, their lamb and their pork, and educated their hens to lay eggs through all seasons. But if none of these tasks needed Lady Owen's supervision, she fitted, in the work-room, the dresses of her domestics, or taught the children of the neighborhood to sew.

The admiral would often stroll down

to Whale-Boat Cove, — so called from a large kind of row-boat used in the her-ring fisheries, — which he persuaded the men to call Welsh Pool. Many a little maiden counted her pennies by the admiral's kisses, and many a poor fisherman blessed him for allowing the house rent to run on from year to year, though the admiral invariably insisted on the rental from the weirs; he well knew which was the more profitable. On other days he stayed at home and amused himself with his books. At four o'clock the husband and wife dined with the family and the frequent guests. The dinner of four courses was served in silver and gold lined dishes, with wines from Jersey and game from the provinces. Silver candelabras shone upon the table. Damask and India muslin curtains shaded the many-paned windows; heavy mahogany and rosewood chairs, sofas, and tables furnished the apartments; great logs on tall andirons burned in monster fireplaces; sacred maps hung around the evening parlor; and the dining-room carpet was said to have been a gift from the King of Prussia.

Lady Owen was a handsome woman, with silver hair and a pink and white complexion, who, like her daughters, wore velvet trains and low corsages. Sometimes the mother wrapped herself in a certain gold and black scarf with such a courtly grace that its remembrance has never faded. Great was the jubilee among the domestics when a box arrived from England, with fabulous dresses, ready made.

After the dinner of an hour came tea at seven and a family rubber till nine, then Scripture-reading and worship, when the ladies and servants retired, leaving the admiral and his gentleman friends, fortified with cigars, whisky, and water, to relate naval stories and discuss religious themes till two or three o'clock in the morning. Owen's three chosen intimates were designated

as Academicus, Rusticus, and Theophilus. His library, which they frequently consulted, was a sad medley of dictionaries and the theology of Oxford divines. Methodism and Romanism were alike hateful to the hermit admiral, who, in quoting from holy writ, always rendered "the wiles" as "the methodisms" of the devil. Every week he read to his neighbors two lectures "from unexceptionable sources, yet so modified as to contain all that was expedient to explain of his peculiar opinions."

Once a year the maids and men of the great house had a ball, the ladies playing for them even all night. Twice in the twelve months occurred house-cleaning, when a dress was given to each busy worker. The servants were often reminded to take no more than was necessary on their plates; for economy, though not parsimony, was the rule of the house. Guests came from the mainland and from every vessel of war. Admiral Owen and his house were the fashion for many long years.

The population of the island increased, and the old man married the boys and girls at church or at home, slowly or hastily, as his humor bade him, always claiming the first kiss of the bride. A certain sailor, who had wooed a Campobello maiden, was determined that this privilege should not be granted by her, and therefore saluted his bride before the service was ended. "You are not married yet. Back!" shouted the admiral. Frightened, the sailor groom turned his face and his feet towards the minister-magistrate, who more and more slowly repeated the words of the service, as he approached nearer to the lady, till, with the last word, he snatched the first kiss.

Now and then there was a roof-raising, — a roof that, from its size, hardly demanded much neighborly assistance, but it served as pretext for merriment. At such times, the man who owned three

generations of Bay-Shells-Ore cats was considered lucky; for the presence of the double-footed species, with seven claws, was surety for happiness in a new abode.

The admiral's life was embittered by the obstinacy with which some of the people refused to pay him allegiance. They were the descendants of one Wilson, who, in David's time, had squatted at Head Harbor, and had built across his end of the island a brush fence, which was considered to give the sanctity of a written deed to Wilson's claim. David Owen contested the validity of custom, and a lawsuit followed, which was decided in favor of the squatter. This decision was very embarrassing to David, who feared that through its effect he might lose possession of another neck of land. So he hastened home from the court, outstripping his rival, and told a squatter who lived on a second point of the island that, as the verdict in the Head Harbor case had been rendered in the Owen favor, he had better sell out at once, or else the law would make him do so. This reasoning, though illogical, was convincing, and the terrified fisherman is reported to have made lawful deed of his possessions to David for a round of pork, an old gun, and two or three other articles. When Wilson arrived, belated by wind and tide, the fraud, or joke, was discovered, but as no remedy was found for it the Owens ruled all the island except Head Harbor. There Wilson and his followers established a thriving settlement, whose prosperity was a constant grievance to the admiral when he came to live at Campobello. Neither flattery nor bribery could induce them to become his vassals.

Nowhere on the coast of Maine has there been a more curious mingling of rank, with its investiture of ceremony and of simple folk-life, of loyalty to the Queen and her representatives, and of the American spirit of personal inde-

pendence. All the people were familiar with the great family, while the better part of them were bidden to theatrical performances, for which the admiral composed songs. In his diary there is a record that "three large, eleven middle, and fourteen small masts were hoisted on board a vessel, and sent as tribute to England." Such occasional homage must have been justification for a merry-making.

The inhabitants themselves were rather enterprising in business; for rum and lumber were exchangeable quantities with the venturesome Campobello captains, who traded with the Southern ports and the West Indies, and carried Nova Scotia grindstones to the States. Bolder, but quieter in action, were the smugglers, who, deep amid the woods, near the only fresh-water pond of the island, alternately came and vanished. Much of their spare time was spent in digging for an iron chest of Spanish doubloons, buried by ancient buccaneers. The admiral and his family often rode through the woods to watch the men in their hopeless work, and to obtain their share of the treasure-trove if ever it were found. One bright morning every digger had fled, leaving a deep excavation in the ground; but far down on its sides, marked out by the iron rust which had clung to the earth, the outlines of a chest were visible. A cart track and the ruins of four or five huts are all that now remain of the site of this mysterious activity. With the departure of these smugglers disappeared the steady excitement of years, the perpetual topic of conversation; thereafter, the people could only question each other about the strange wreck whose rotting timbers were old a century before. Its last remnants have now been carved into love tokens.

Saddest were the days when the admiral strode up and down his imaginary quarter-deck, his empire a fishing settlement, where boys' wages had once been

three cents a day. Eastport still owned the islands around it: the people brought in their fish, and sold it for groceries and other articles at stores where it was credited to them. The little vessels crossing the bay made it gay for the admiral's eyes, but his spirit sank as he fancied that some boat might be drifting round an inlet, with its owner frozen to the mast amid the supplies he was bringing to his family, who were waiting in vain for the father to return; or as he thought of the burden of this ever-increasing debit and credit system, or of the perils of the smugglers. Later, when the duties were taken off by the United States, smuggling disappeared, and Campobello business went down. Could it ever have been said to exist? A few persons possessed enough ready money to build the picturesque weirs which fringe the island with their stakes, driven three or four feet apart, and ribboned together with small round poles. The dried foliage and the dripping seaweed clinging to them give a ghastly beauty to this living mausoleum of the herring.

But all this was a narrow confine for the social and political ambition of the admiral. An exile because of poverty, that compelled him to accept the royal gift, he felt that he must devote himself to controversial discussion and the erecting of a new Episcopal church. Before his day the people had been Baptists; now personal loyalty anglicized their religion. The regularly ordained preacher was sent from St. Andrew's but four or five times a year; on all other appointed days the admiral read his beloved service, even till 1842, when a resident missionary came to live in the island. Thirteen years after, in 1855, the church and burial-ground were consecrated by the bishop of the diocese. Most solemn and tender must have been those first rites, when confirmation was administered to three persons and holy communion to forty others, in that little

building surrounded by the dark, balsamic firs, and looking with its cross over the waters towards the New England steeples. English friends sent money to the church, and the Owen family gave memorial offerings. The reredos, with its silver cross, was a memorial to Captain John Robinson, the grandson of the admiral. The block of stone from which the font was carved was taken from the Church of the Knights Templars at Malta, and carried to Florence by the admiral's son-in-law, there to be wrought into graceful form, and then was borne across the ocean to this tiny, much-loved church. The chancel carpet, worked on canvas in cross-stitch; the altar vestments; the stoles; the chalice veils, green, white, crimson, purple, each bearing the symbol of the cross in varied stitch and design, were all wrought by the delicate, fair hands of the admiral's daughter, her children, and their friends, as an offering of self-consecration and of devotion to the building up of a higher life among the islanders. These, too, brought their gifts, and replaced with chandeliers the wax candles which had been set in holes in the book-rests; and when the sea called away the men, an old lady, rich in humility and good

works, rang the bell for the weekly services.

Two years after this consecration the admiral died. During the last five years of his life he had spent much of his time in St. John, as he had there made a second marriage, leaving his daughter, Mrs. Robinson, and her children in his island home. The boat that bore him back for the last time to his hermitage ran aground; for the great falling tides bade him wait, even in the pomp of death, until it was their hour to bear him aloft on his oft-trod pier. Men, women, and children seized lantern, candle, or torch, and carried their hermit lord over the rough stones and the narrow ways to the cemetery, where they buried him at eventide, amid the waving trees, and with the sound of falling tears.

His daughter dwelt a little longer amongst his tenants, caring for his church, his school, and his old people; then she too wandered away, and the island passed into other hands. But the memory of the Quoddy Hermit nestles in the hearts of the children who play around the weirs, and who have learnt from their grandsires the tales of his jokes, his oddities, and his kindnesses.

Kate Gannett Wells.

OUR POLITICAL DELUSION.

THE incoming of a new administration is always suggestive of the peaceable transfer of power over our great empire from one person to another; but the entrance of a new party into power, as indicated by the election of a Democratic President and the appearance of Democratic cabinet ministers at the head of our departments, brings into a strong light some characteristics of our politics which people either ignore or do not

comprehend. In truth, Americans in general, so far as they display themselves in active political campaigns, do not seem to see that every four years the country is convulsed by an agony of bitter strife and vituperation, and that as an equivalent for this their ballots are cast for a President under a delusion which is almost absurd in its effect. We are a newspaper-reading people. Moreover, we discuss, as well as read about,

the issues which concern our national welfare. There are few persons, for example, who do not have some definite opinion — whether those opinions are sound or not — about the present coinage of silver dollars, or about the relative merits of revenue and protective tariffs. Entirely apart from the grounds of their beliefs, however, men think that the ballot is a means of shaping these beliefs into political enactments. One man holds vigorously to protection, another to revenue reform: then these two men, in our quadrennial agony, cast their votes for a candidate for the presidency who, in his letter of acceptance, or by the platform of his party, or in his speeches, has declared himself doubtfully or frankly in favor of either protection or revenue reform; and these voters believe that they have conscientiously succeeded, so far as their votes go, in doing something to put into office a man who will carry their views into effect. They think that they have aided in settling the economic policy of the country. As a matter of fact, the votes have accomplished no such results. The notion that they have is a political delusion. But outside of the professional politicians and those intimately acquainted with the government at Washington, it may be said that this delusion is entertained by the great mass of the voters, who are either ill-informed, or too busy to give much thought to politics. Among these persons, a man thinks that the election of a given candidate will operate to impress his individual views upon the accepted policy of the country he governs. But this is a mistake, even if the President sincerely represents the doctrines of his party as expressed in its platform.

To show that this is a mistake, a word or two as to the functions of the President may not be amiss. The chief of these functions, in time of peace, are the veto, the power of appointing to office, and the control of our relations with

foreign governments. For the exercise of any powers which come under these heads, the President of course is, and ought to be, held directly responsible; so that whenever a voter goes to the polls, in a presidential election, he can cast his vote in such a way as to make his judgment felt on the policy of the Executive. If, for example, he has made unfit appointments on grounds of personal favoritism, or has led us into dangerous complications abroad without cause, every dissatisfied citizen can hold the President to a strict responsibility, and help to vote him out of office. This is a direct cure for the disease. The control of the Executive over appointments to office, moreover, is exactly the reason why the question of civil service reform was so prominent an issue in the last presidential campaign. It was a matter which affected the manner of making appointments, not by Senators, not by Representatives, but by no other one person than the President himself. This was an issue, then, in which it was possible to establish a direct connection between the vote and the enforcement of the voter's opinions in practice. Or, in the language of politics, here was direct *responsibility* of the President to the voter for the use of his powers. This responsibility is manifest by the fact that, if his action is not approved, he can be displaced by the voters who gave him office.

If this fact is clearly grasped, we may then see how our delusion affects us. The delusion exists in supposing that a change of Presidents is a change of policies. The Executive is our chief official, of course, and the most imposing figure in the government; but his prominence has taken hold on our imaginations to the extent of producing effects not wholly unnatural or uncommon in matters lying outside of our immediate experience; for the mass of men grasp at the seen, and let the unseen escape them. However imposing our chief magistrate

appears at the head of a great nation, yet, so far as the adoption of definite measures of legislative policy is concerned, he is not the most powerful and influential person in it. There is one other more powerful and influential than the President. To make this evident, consider for a moment where the guidance of legislation lies.

It would seem almost unnecessary to call attention to the fundamental distinction between the executive and legislative branches of our government, were it not that this separation of functions is practically unrecognized by the community at large. Perhaps nothing will show this better than the feeling which pervaded a large wing of the Republican party in the last campaign. They were penetrated with a dread of seeing a Democrat in the presidential chair. In their opinion, this was "giving the country over to the Democrats." Now that the smoke of the battle has blown away, we can consider such an opinion calmly. In the sense implied in the declaration there was little truth in it. If it meant the introduction of Democratic ideas (even supposing them to be different from Republican ideas) into the legislation of our country, it was evidence of a delusion; and it showed an inability to realize that, in this sense, the voters had given the Democratic party control of the legislation some years ago, when the country quietly and without any evidence of panic had given that party a majority in the Lower House of Congress. In other words, it was not understood that there is one particular personage who has a larger influence on the legislation of our country than the President of the United States. That personage is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It remains for me to show the truth of this statement.

Of course the question naturally arises, Why have you selected this one official as possessing more power over legisla-

tion than that of the President himself? Is it not the duty of the Executive to send annual (or other) messages to Congress, proposing important changes in legislation? Yes, that is true; but every one knows that in practice Congress ignores these recommendations. President Arthur and Secretary McCulloch drew the attention not only of Congress, but of the whole country, to the need of legislation, in their messages at the beginning of last December (1884); but what single measure of importance was enacted during the whole winter session? The Secretaries of the Treasury have for years urged upon Congress the repeal of the Silver Act of 1878; yet the act is still in force, and a disgrace to the country. Again, an objector may justly ask, Has not the President a veto power upon all legislation? Yes, but this is only a negative, not a positive, influence. In 1878, when President Hayes vetoed the Silver Bill, explaining his objections to the measure by forcible arguments in a veto message, the bill was passed contemptuously over his head by both Houses. This veto power, however, is of no little force, and its importance should be fully admitted. General Grant, for example, saved the nation from an inflated currency by his veto in 1874, a stroke of good fortune for which we may well be thankful to him. Still, this only shows that the opinions of the President upon public measures for which legislation is demanded are on some occasions not useless. Although we realize all the influence exercised by the President, as thus suggested, yet we are met by the troublesome fact that, so far as the enactment of measures is concerned, the Speaker of the House is a more potent factor in bringing about results than the President of the nation.

How this is, I shall proceed to show. The Speaker of the House of Representatives himself appoints all the committees for that body. In the Senate,

members of the committees are chosen by the Senate itself, acting, in fact, through the caucuses of each party. The presiding officer of the Senate, the Vice-President of the United States, is therefore a political nonentity. He has no influence in shaping legislation in the Senate. The Speaker of the House, on the contrary, is a great and potent force in shaping legislation. He has been given absolute power in forming the committees of the House, and these committees, or rather the chairmen of these committees, have practical control over all legislation upon subjects which are referred to them. The responsibility for legislation, consequently, rests upon the chairmen of the committees, and primarily upon the Speaker who appoints them. How this happens is to be seen from following the very intelligible account of the nature of committee government given by Mr. Woodrow Wilson in a volume entitled *Congressional Government* (1885). People often think that the election to Congress of a few men who represent them on public questions will produce a visible effect on legislation. But the Speaker and the committees will, in fact, make new members very humble parts of a machine which is outside of their control. The election of a member of Congress because of his opinions on a particular question does not insure the presence in that body of a champion who can effectively push his ideas into legislation. The new member will accomplish little, if he is not on the committees to which are referred the questions which were the causes of his election. The actual position of the new and energetic Representative in Congress, and his relation to committees, is explained by Mr. Wilson, from whom I quote: —

“His bill is doubtless ready for presentation early in the session, and some day, taking advantage of a pause in the proceedings, when there seems to be no business before the House, he rises to

read it and move its adoption. But he finds getting the floor an arduous and precarious undertaking. There are certain to be others who want it as well as he; and his indignation is stirred by the fact that the Speaker does not so much as turn towards him, though he must have heard his call, but recognizes some one else readily and as a matter of course. If he be obstreperous and persistent in his cries of ‘Mr. Speaker,’ he may get that great functionary’s attention for a moment, — only to be told, however, that he is out of order, and that his bill can be introduced at that stage only by unanimous consent: immediately there are mechanically uttered but emphatic exclamations of objection, and he is forced to sit down, confused and disgusted. . . . He learns that his only safe day is Monday. On that day the roll of the States is called, and members may introduce bills as their States are reached in the call. . . . If he supposes, as he naturally will, that after his bill has been sent up to be read by the clerk he may say a few words in its behalf, and in that belief sets out upon his long-considered remarks, he will be knocked down by the rules as surely as he was on the first occasion when he gained the floor for a brief moment. The rap of Mr. Speaker’s gavel is sharp, immediate, and peremptory. He is curtly informed that no debate is in order; the bill can only be referred to the appropriate committee.”

The House acts through its committees. “The work” — I quote again from Mr. Wilson — “is parceled out, most of it to the forty-seven standing committees which constitute the regular organization of the House, some of it to select committees appointed for special and temporary purposes. Each of the almost numberless bills that come pouring in on Mondays is ‘read a first and second time,’ — simply perfunctorily read, that is, by its title, by the clerk,

and passed by silent assent through its first formal courses, for the purpose of bringing it to the proper stage for commitment, — and referred without debate to the appropriate standing committee. Practically, no bill escapes commitment — save, of course, bills introduced by committees, and a few which may now and then be crowded through under a suspension of the rules, granted by a two-thirds vote, — though the exact disposition to be made of a bill is not always determined easily and as a matter of course. Besides the great Committee of Ways and Means and the equally great Committee on Appropriations, there are standing committees on Banking and Currency, on Claims, on Commerce, on the Public Lands, on Post Offices and Post Roads, on the Judiciary, on Public Expenditures, on Manufactures, on Agriculture, on Military Affairs, on Naval Affairs, on Mines and Mining, on Education and Labor, on Patents, and on a score of other branches of legislative concern. . . .

“The fate of bills committed is generally not uncertain. As a rule, a bill committed is a bill doomed. When it goes from the clerk’s desk to a committee-room it crosses a parliamentary bridge of sighs to dim dungeons of silence, whence it will never return. The means and time of its death are unknown, but its friends never see it again. Of course no Standing Committee is privileged to take upon itself the full powers of the House it represents, and formally and decisively reject a bill referred to it; its disapproval, if it disapproves, must be reported to the House in the form of a recommendation that the bill ‘do not pass.’ But it is easy, and therefore common, to let the session pass without making any report at all upon bills deemed objectionable or unimportant, and to substitute for reports upon them a few bills of the committee’s own drafting; so that thousands of bills expire with the expiration of

each Congress, not having been rejected, but having been simply neglected. There was not time to report upon them.

“Of course, it goes without saying that the practical effect of this committee organization of the House is to consign to each of the standing committees the entire direction of legislation upon those subjects which properly come to its consideration. As to those subjects it is entitled to the initiative, and all legislative action with regard to them is under its overruling guidance. . . . The House never accepts the proposals of the Committee of Ways and Means, or of the Committee on Appropriations, without due deliberation; but it allows almost all of its other Standing Committees virtually to legislate for it. . . .

“One very noteworthy result of this system is to shift the theatre of debate upon legislation from the floor of Congress to the privacy of the committee-rooms. . . . The little public debate (one hour in all) that arises under the stringent and urgent rules of the House is formal rather than effective, and it is the discussions which take place in the committees that give form to legislation. . . . The proceedings of the committees are private and their discussions unpublished. . . . Indeed, it is not usual for the committees to open their sittings often to those who desire to be heard with regard to pending questions; and no one can demand a hearing as a right. On the contrary, they are privileged and accustomed to hold their sessions in absolute secrecy. . . . The speeches made before the committees at their open sessions are therefore scarcely of such a kind as would be instructive [!] to the public, and on that account worth publishing. They are, as a rule, the pleas of special pleaders, the arguments of advocates. . . . They represent a joust between antagonistic interests, not a contest of principles.”

Even this statement may not convey a wholly adequate notion of the facts. It is true that legislation can be impeded by committees, but it is quite probable that the committees themselves are not as powerful as they are here described. If we except the greater committees, the chairmen are more powerful than their committees. Contrary to common opinion, indeed, these bodies do not often meet, and a fairly strong chairman entirely controls his committee.

Again, yet another point is to be kept in mind, when we try—as is our object—to fix the responsibility for legislation. Paradoxical as it may seem to all who know of our partisan campaigns and the prevalence of partisan motives in political movements, in truth we do not have enough of party government in Congress. Although the party in power retains the chairmanships, and as a rule, puts a majority of their own side on the committees, still the committees are composed of men of both political parties. So far as legislative responsibility is concerned, this is an evil. It is a device by which the party in power escapes the entire responsibility for the action of its committees and for the furtherance or defeat of legislation. Were party lines more strictly drawn in Congress, and the committees composed solely of members of the party in power at any given time, the other party would be arrayed in discussion as a keen and active opposition, who could put the responsibility where it belongs.

To this point we have been carried by our account of the methods by which legislation is actually accomplished in our Congress, and we have seen where the chief responsibility for good or for bad enactments lies. But in the early part of the paper I have outlined the relations of the Executive to those who elected him. It was seen that if voters disapprove, for example, of the Presi-

dent's use of the veto, of his appointing power, or of his foreign policy, they have a direct means of calling him to account. Now if the country believes that legislation has been vicious in its effects, does it do any good to hit at the President? If the voters rise to an interest in the coinage of silver, or in revenue reform, how shall they obtain a direct accounting from the legislative stewards? They have, in short, no such means. Certainly they cannot achieve this end by removing a President, when the real agents are the Speaker and his chairmen. Of course, if silver legislation, for instance, gets through a committee and comes before the House, the vote of each member of the House (who votes) is recorded, and if the district represented by him disapproves of his course it can repudiate him. There are no means, however, of calling a committee to account in this way. A conspicuous example of this absence of responsibility came up during the last session of Congress. The chairman of one of the great committees so managed the appropriation bills as effectively to cut off all other legislation. His conduct was a matter of national import, but the only means of reaching him was to ask his congressional district to hold him responsible for his action as a chairman,—a very impracticable suggestion. For he was not appointed chairman by the votes of his constituents who elected him to Congress. In short, we must logically fall back on the Speaker who appointed him.

So, as I have shown, no other one man in the Union has so great an influence on actual legislation as the Speaker of the House of Representatives. No other person can so impress his personal views on legislation as can he. He can appoint to the committees which have special charge of legislation on important subjects a majority of men who agree with his views, and these

committees can practically exercise entire control of the matter. This is also exemplified by the history of the last session. The Speaker had appointed to the Coinage Committee a majority of members hostile to the suspension of silver coinage; and so, in spite of the impending business crisis, nothing affecting that subject was reported. Yet the subject was, indeed, brought up at the close of the session, but only by a parliamentary device founded on the fact that the purchase of silver bullion by the Treasury was a question of appropriations, and a provision could therefore be tacked on to the bills of another committee than that of coinage. In fact, the Speaker who makes up the committees is the only single person of any real importance in the legislative branch of our government.

In spite of this, people continue to think that the President can guide legislation. This notion, as I must have made clear, is a popular delusion, fostered by chance and by scheming managers, to blind the voter to the real truth of his actions at the ballot-box. It is high time, now, that simple and fundamental principles should be understood. The conduct of presidential campaigns and the speeches of "orators" are saturated with this delusion that the personal opinions of the candidates for our chief magistracy are of vital importance to the success of government and to the action of Congress. An illustration of this confusion of thought is to be found in high places. The letter of acceptance of one of the candidates in the last campaign was devoted, after a short reference to his position on civil service reform (which was of primary importance, because, as has been seen, this concerns the President's methods of making appointments, over which he has full control), to a lengthy statement of his views on the wisdom of protection, of our shipping laws, and of other questions for legis-

lation. And yet, after a President gets into office, who concerns himself with the views of the Executive on such subjects, unless he is in a position to veto a bill? If the President were able to appoint committees from the elected members of Congress, where legislation goes on, then his views on public measures would be of paramount importance. As it is, the views of the Speaker, who does make the committees, are of infinitely greater importance in such matters than those of the President, who executes the laws. The country, however, by a singular oversight, scarcely thinks of troubling itself with the Speaker's preconceptions as to legislation. The voters are stirred up to an interest in politics by the managers, and then, by the force of delusions, they assign to one man the influence and power which belongs to another. With burning zeal we discuss the declarations of the presidential candidate in regard to legislation, on the ground, apparently, that he has nothing to do with carrying these opinions into enactments,—the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*! It is as if we made a great show of inviting a crowd of friends to hunt the lion, while the managers all the time knew there was no lion to hunt; but it is curious, indeed, to find the hunters persist in the belief that there must be a lion, even after the failure of the hunt has clearly demonstrated that there is none to be found. Those who share in the sport have a glorious inability to see that they have been humbugged.

Under the delusion which confounds the position of the President and the Speaker, many people went so far, in the last campaign, as to minutely discuss the position of one candidate on the question of prohibition, and even nominated another on this issue. It all had no point. Suppose a temperance candidate were elected President, what could he do? He might settle the question whether or not there should be wine

on the White House table, but very little more than that. A temperance President could not create temperance legislation. The only way to accomplish anything of that kind would be by electing temperance congressmen. It is true that a candidate for the presidency is a visible centre of the battle, and the support of him may assist in sweeping congressmen of the same party into office; but only the latter thing is of importance as concerns legislation.

Thus far the distinction between the powers of the President and the Speaker have been only roughly sketched, and it will be impossible here to shade in the outline with all the lines and modeling necessary to represent fully the actual situation. The fact probably is that the President, apart from his veto power, does have an influence upon legislation. We are now expecting President Cleveland to influence legislation on the coinage of silver dollars at the next session of Congress. Can he do it? In my opinion, he can, so long as he has patronage uncontrolled by the regulations of the civil service law. At present, scarcely any local leader of his own party wishes to quarrel with the President's policy while he may hope to get a postmaster, or an official, appointed in his district on his own recommendation. But if all these offices were removed from politics, — as is now the case for only ten thousand out of one hundred thousand offices, — what would congressmen care for the personal opinions of the Executive? Practically, nothing. The President would have no more influence, perhaps, than any other vigorous man with great strength of character, in the position of a party leader. While his social influence would not count for much, the power of a popular President over the councils of his party leaders, and through them over the managers in Congress, might be considerable, but would surely be very indefinite and uncertain. Perhaps President Cleveland

may be able to induce members of Congress to vote for the suspension of silver coinage next winter by an obvious use of his appointments; but it must be remembered, however, that, after his appointments are all made, he will be a very much less influential man with members of Congress than he is now. We all know how notorious is the disregard of the recommendations of the President in his messages to Congress. No one thinks seriously of any legislation following from the presentation by the Executive of important measures in these messages. The most that is done in reality is to call the public attention to grave questions, and perhaps, in an indirect way, through outside influence or the demands of the press, to bring a pressure to bear upon Congress.

Yet the way out of the difficulty I have shown is not quite obvious. It is probably accepted by all who know the workings of Congress that there is no escape from committee government. Contrasts are drawn between the Lower House in Congress and the English House of Commons, to the disadvantage of the former. The House of Commons permits more debate, but it has less power to dispatch business than our Lower House. In truth, the English body, as demands on its time increase, is more likely to move in the direction of the time-saving committee system, rather than away from it. Congressional business multiplies, and time is unavoidably wanting for any plan which involves the consideration of details by the whole House. We must make up our minds, therefore, to accept the committee system. But can we not secure an arrangement by which the country will have something more tangible than the divided responsibility now existing, diffused as it is among forty-seven chairmen of as many committees?

Accepting the committee system, as it is, what reform would best secure responsibility for legislation? We shall

pass by the well-known suggestion that the Cabinet should have seats in Congress, and take up some other ideas. Why not elect a Speaker of the House by popular vote, in the same way that we choose the Vice-President, who presides over the Senate? There are obvious objections to such a course: the House itself could take away the power of appointing committees from its presiding officer (as in the case of the Senate), and the Speaker would then have no influence on legislation. The difficulty would still remain of holding the chairmen of the committees accountable. Practical sagacity, however, might suggest the wisdom of utilizing existing political conditions. As we have seen, there now exists a popular delusion that the settlement of important issues is directly connected with the election of the President. Then, why not make it obligatory for the President and Cabinet to appoint from elected members the congressional committees? If that plan were adopted, the idea now fixed in the political habits of the people, that our quadrennial contests settle questions of legislation, would be actually realized. It would place the responsibility for legislation where it does not now belong, but where the voters think it belongs. It would be like putting a live enemy in front of a marksman's rifle, in place of a wooden target; the bullet would then produce important effects, instead of merely furnishing amusement. At present, we practice firing at a dummy, under the delusion that it is a living being; yet no surprise is exhibited that the dummy does not come down when it receives what we believe to be a fatal shot.

Some such adjustment of means to an end is imperatively demanded. As matters now stand, the election of a President, in truth, determines little more than whether one or the other of the principal candidates shall control the appointments to office. Indeed, the

excessive bitterness and virulence of a presidential campaign is due to this fact, — to the intensely personal character of the real issue. But politicians, while electing a President, raise a great clamor about the South, about free trade, or about any of the possible issues that can affect the country, and a flood of rhetoric on these questions swamps the press and all political speaking, to the exclusion of the real question involved in the election. These discussions on matters of moment — discussions which might be of use if we were choosing congressmen to legislate upon them — only befog the popular mind, and settle nothing, while they conceal from the public the actual truth that, under the smoke of the bitter fight on issues, the politicians are really aiming at getting possession of the appointing power by selecting their candidate for the presidency. Without doubt, if the appointments should be used by a scheming President, opposed to the merit system, they would be instruments of very considerable efficiency in influencing Congress; but it is difficult to understand how an Executive who appoints to office solely on grounds of merit, without exacting a consideration from the appointee, could much affect legislation in Congress. The real cause of intense feeling in presidential elections is the hope of securing the offices; and with a proper extension of civil service reform this ought to disappear.

It is a familiar fact to every one that the platforms of our nominating conventions are absolutely useless, so far as an effect on party action is concerned, after the election has passed by. Why is it? Because they form a part of our political delusion. These platforms are nominally made for Presidents to stand upon; but every idea, every crotchet, which may captivate a voter, is included in them. The President is expected to express his adherence to the platform in a letter of acceptance. But such

forms are all absurdly illogical. It is of precious little importance what the President thinks of questions which must go to Congress, for enactment into law. After he is elected, does the President lie awake nights, with the platform of his party in his hands, studying how he may please the voters by making decrees or proclamations about the declarations in the party resolutions? Or is he not rather barring his doors, in a futile attempt to keep the herd of trampling office-seekers out of his very dining-room, or his bed-chamber? If we are worked up into a white heat every four years, because A has assented to one set of views, and B to another almost exactly like them, only to find out that it means nothing at all as regards any final results, we naturally become disgusted with politics, and agree that it is of no use to discuss any political questions, because we can have no influence in settling them.

To ask for bread, in this way, and get only a stone is not satisfying to a healthy political life. Is it not possible to make things a little clearer to every voter, that a ballot for a President touches questions such as methods of appointments, but that, if he wishes to have an influence on legislation, he can have it in no other way than by his choice of members of Congress? Let the election of congressmen be signalized by proper platforms discussing national questions; for they are the men who chiefly settle them, — not the President. The zeal about public questions should, at present, be turned directly upon Congress. The platforms of national conventions are only decoys. They mean nothing more than the orders to a sham fight, when the real battle is going on elsewhere. It is not conceivable that the Americans are so dull a people as long to remain under this political delusion.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

THE FORESTS AND THE CENSUS.

THE federal government has included in the census an exhaustive report on the forests of the country. If this had been done at the beginning of the century, the forestry department of the present census would show a singular contrast to the rest of that prodigious work; for, while we should find everywhere else the record of an amazing growth, this part of the report would reveal an equally amazing decrease. This decrease has gone on with accelerating speed, and probably it was never so rapid as at this moment. Our forests are still of immense value for their marketable products, for the good effects they produce, and for the evils they avert; but it is clear that if the present wasteful ways of dealing with them are

not changed, a time must soon come when the nation will have cause to repent its reckless improvidence.

Nothing, therefore, could be wiser or more timely than the introduction of this new feature into the national account of stock. It is now five years or more since the heavy task of gathering and arranging the forest statistics of the United States was placed in the hands of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. The results of his work and that of his assistants has lately appeared in a quarto volume of six hundred and twelve pages, illustrated by maps, and accompanied by an atlas of sixteen additional maps on a larger scale. The book opens with a

general description of the character and distribution of North American trees. Each part of the country has its characteristic forest growth. There is the forest of the North and the forest of the South, the forest of the Atlantic Slope and that of the Pacific; affording, as a whole, an unrivaled abundance and variety. Professor Sargent next gives a complete catalogue of American trees north of the Mexican line, including no less than four hundred and twelve species and varieties. This enumeration, along with the synonyms and descriptions, covers two hundred pages, and is a work of admirable industry and care. Specimens of the wood of all these trees, excepting seven rare and unimportant species, were subjected to a course of experiments, in order to test their value as fuel and as material for construction. These experiments were conducted by Mr. S. P. Sharples at the arsenal at Watertown, by means of apparatus belonging to the government, and the results are given in a series of tables which form Part Second of the report. From these may be learned, approximately at least, the practical value, both relative and absolute, of all the species in the United States, with the trifling exception just mentioned. Part Third, entitled *The Forests of the United States in their Economic Aspects*, shows the distribution, character, and present condition of the forests in every State and Territory of the Union.

The report reveals an enormous national wealth, which man did nothing to create, but which he is doing his best to destroy. Professor Sargent thinks that complete returns of the forest products of all kinds for the census year would show a value rather above than below seven hundred million dollars, and he believes that, even with the present wasteful management, this rate of production may still be maintained for some years longer; but unless a wiser policy is pursued the consequence is

certain. In the Northern and Middle States that valuable tree, the white pine, which once seemed inexhaustible, has already been consumed so far as concerns the heavy timber of the original growth, and the pines of the Northwest must soon share the same fate. A young growth is springing up in many places, and, under prudent regulation, this may be made to supply, in some imperfect measure, the place of its predecessors. The immense open pine forests of the Southern States produce a timber of no less value than that of the North, though of another species and widely different qualities; and, by good management, these may still be preserved from destruction and made a permanent source of wealth, though under present conditions they are fast wasting away. The slopes of the Alleghanies in West Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee still bear a superb growth of hard-wood trees; and it remains to be seen which alternative will be adopted, that of squandering the capital or living on the income. One course is as practicable as the other, but the latter requires forecast, self-control, and good sense, and the former does not. The same is true of the great hard-wood forests of Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, as well as of less important tracts of woodland scattered throughout the Atlantic Slope and the valley of the Mississippi.

Unluckily, the American people are heirs of a tradition which, though perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, has become a source of serious mischief. The early settler regarded the forest as an enemy to be overcome by any means, fair or foul, as the first condition of his prosperity and safety; and his descendants do not yet comprehend how completely the conditions are changed. The old enemy has become an indispensable friend and ally. The settler of the present day, who has passed the forest tracts of the East and made his home on the

bare plains of the West, is learning perforce a lesson opposite to that which was too familiar to his precursor on this side of the Mississippi. He discovers that trees are necessary to him, and instead of hacking and burning he begins to plant and cherish them. But when he makes another move westward, crosses the Rocky Mountains, and builds his cabin in the magnificent forests of the Pacific Slope, among the matchless woods of Oregon and Washington, the old instinct springs up again with redoubled force. A selfish love of gain, the personal interest of the hour, overbears every consideration of ulterior good, and he attacks the great redwood forests of the coast with a rapacious vigor that has already robbed them of half their value, and threatens as it extends its scope to deprive posterity of an inestimable possession.

But the axe is not the worst enemy of the forest. Nature is strong in her resources. Give her but the opportunity, and in a soil and climate like those of the greater part of this continent she will renew and create with unbounded fecundity. There are forces, however, too strong for her. The most formidable of these is fire. The forests that cover the tops and sides of mountains generally draw their sustenance from a thin soil formed chiefly of vegetable mould, resulting from many centuries of decay, first of mosses, then of plants and low shrubs, and lastly of trees, each generation contributing something to the support of the next, till the barren ridge, where once nothing but a lichen could cling, is able at length to nourish an oak. But when the forest thus slowly and painfully prepared is swept away by fire, the mould burns out like peat, and the work of a thousand years is undone in an hour. In deep soils, on level ground, the mischief is much less; yet even here a growth equal in value or similar in character to the last is rarely reproduced. Another source of evil is the browsing

of cattle and sheep. These destroy the young seedlings, and when the old trees fall or are cut away none are left to take their places.

An attempt was made by Professor Sargent to learn approximately the loss to the United States by forest fires during the census year, and to this end more than thirty thousand circulars were sent to different parts of the country. The result showed a loss to New York, Minnesota, Montana, and Utah of more than a million dollars each; to Pennsylvania and Wyoming of more than three million each; and to Tennessee of more than five million,—the total destruction of forest property in all the States and Territories amounting to something more than twenty-five million. About eleven hundred fires were traced to the heedless burning of brush-wood and felled trees by farmers in clearing the land, about six hundred to the carelessness of hunters, and about five hundred to sparks from locomotives; while two hundred and sixty-two were reported to have been kindled maliciously.

It is evident that nothing but the intervention of the state and federal governments can arrest the waste of forests, and save us from the evils that must result from their rapid decline. Will such measures answer the end? There is no doubt that along with a roused sense of its necessity on the part of the people a well-considered legislation could be made effectual. In one State of the Union, and in one only, the public mind has learned to recognize the need of guarding and preserving the forests. This is the State of Maine, whose prosperity, depending mainly on the lumber trade, had greatly declined from the reckless manner in which the chief source of its wealth had been abused. A sensible and economical management has followed the old wasteful methods. Young trees are spared, and such precautions are used against fire that losses from that source have greatly diminished,

amounting in the census year to only a hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars. "Fires," says Professor Sargent, "do not consume forests upon which whole communities are dependent for support, and methods for securing the continuance of such forests are soon found and readily put into execution. The forests of Maine, once considered practically exhausted, still yield largely and continuously, and the public sentiment which has made possible their protection is the one hopeful symptom in the whole country that a change of feeling in regard to forest property is gradually taking place." Let us hope that this solitary example of forecast and good sense may prove contagious.

There are reasons entirely independent of economic value which make the preservation of our forests a matter of prime importance, and would make their ruin a national calamity. It is not that they have much influence on the rainfall. Those who hold that they do so mistake effect for cause. The rain produces the forest, and not the forest the rain. A forest growth may not of necessity follow an adequate supply of moisture, but the supply of moisture is an indispensable condition of it. The utility of forests, aside from their marketable value, lies in their power not to cause the rainfall, but to regulate its distribution. In this they are of incalculable benefit. When they cover the ground about the sources of great rivers and their tributaries, the porous soil, with its mosses and its accumulations of fallen leaves, acts as a vast sponge to retain and slowly deliver the water that falls from the clouds in the form of rain or snow. When the sheltering trees are destroyed and the ground is laid bare, all the water runs off at once: the brooks that had before flowed continuously and with comparative regularity become roaring torrents in spring and dry channels in summer, while the rivers that depend on these sources of

supply swell into freshets at one season and shrink into insignificance at another.

"The production of lumber," says Professor Sargent, "is not the only function of forests. They perform other and more important services in protecting the surface of the ground and in regulating and maintaining the flow of rivers. In mountainous regions they are essential to prevent destructive torrents, and mountains cannot be stripped of their forest covering without entailing serious dangers upon the whole community. Such mountain forests exist in the United States. In Northern Vermont and New Hampshire they guard the upper waters of the Connecticut and the Merrimac; in New York they insure the constant flow of the Hudson. Such forests still cover the upper slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, and diminish the danger of destructive floods in the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Ohio. Forests still cover the upper watersheds of the Missouri and the Columbia, the Platte and the Rio Grande, and preserve the California valleys from burial under the *débris* of the Sierras. The great mountain forests of the country still exist, often almost in their original condition. Their inaccessibility has preserved them. It cannot preserve them, however, much longer. Inroads have already been made into these forests; the axe, fire, and the destructive agency of browsing animals are now everywhere invading them. Their destruction does not mean a loss of material alone, which sooner or later can be replaced from other parts of the country; it means the ruin of great rivers for navigation and irrigation, the destruction of cities located along their banks, and the spoliation of broad areas of the richest agricultural land. These mountain forests once destroyed can only be renewed slowly and at enormous cost, and the dangers, actual and prospective, which threaten them now offer the only real cause for gen-

eral alarm to be found in the present condition of the forests of the United States. Other forests may be swept away, and the country will experience nothing more serious than a loss of material, which can be produced again if the price of lumber warrants the cultivation of trees as a commercial enterprise; but if the forests which control the flow of the great rivers of the country perish, the whole community will suffer widespread calamity, which no precautions taken after the mischief has been done can avert or future expenditure prevent."

The recent destructive floods in the north of Italy, and notably along the river Po, with all the misery they have brought, are ascribed, and no doubt with truth, to the partial denudation of the mountainous country about the sources of streams. The arid and comparatively valueless condition of certain parts of Spain is due to similar causes. It is for us to see, while there is yet time, that similar evils do not fall upon us. That wonderful region of the West known as the Great Divide gives birth to the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Columbia, the Colorado, and the North Fork

of the Platte. The preservation of its sheltering forests is of vital interest to all the regions watered by these rivers. The same is true, in a different degree, of the sources of many lesser streams within our national territory. Sometimes, as in the case of the Hudson, the source of the river and its whole course lie within the limits of one State, and the local government is therefore master of the situation. If New York should permit the Adirondack forests to be destroyed, she, and she alone, would be answerable for the consequences. But, in most cases, our great rivers rise in one or more States or Territories, to flow through or by the domain of others on their way to the sea. Here the state authorities are powerless, and, if the remedy is to be applied at all, it must be applied by the federal government. Momentous interests are at stake, and the welfare of the whole nation demands careful consideration of them.

As a powerful aid in directing attention to these needs, no less than in its economic aspects, the thorough, able, and conscientious work of Professor Sargent is a public service of no ordinary kind.

Francis Parkman.

THE RING.

HOLD the trinket near thine eye,
And it circles earth and sky;
Place it further, and behold!
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie
Ringed with love's fair boundary;
Place it further, and its sphere
Measures but a falling tear.

John B. Tabb.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is certain that we live in a philosophic age. Mrs. Partington's mop, as she plied it against the Atlantic Ocean, was a potent engine compared with the command to "halt" with which Positivism tried, and tries, to bring the heaving tides of man's inquisitiveness to rest. The worst of it is that we are getting deeper and deeper in. Every new book thickens the fray, and is one more thing with which to settle accounts; and any bit of scientific research becomes an angle and place of vantage from which arguments are brought to bear. When a branch of human activity is fermenting like this, it happens that individual sharers in the movement profit by the common level being raised, and do easily what, perhaps, in an isolated way they never could have done at all. We doubt if, at the dawn of our present philosophic movement, say in Sir William Hamilton's time, a writer with Dr. Royce's ideas could possibly have expressed them in so easy and unencumbered and effectual a form.¹ A familiar catchword replaces a tedious setting forth; a reference to a popular writer serves instead of the heavy construction of an imaginary opponent; and above all, important objections are not likely to be overlooked or forgot.

But although the age is philosophical, it is not so after the fashion of Hegel's age in Germany, or Cousin's age in France. We have no Emperor of Philosophy in any country to-day, but a headless host of princes, with their alliances and feuds. This seems at first anarchic, and is apt to give comfort to the scoffers at metaphysical inquiry, and to all who believe that only the study of "facts" can lead to definitive results.

The addition to the combatants of Dr. Royce, with his book, can only increase this first impression of confusion; for, like Descartes and Fichte and many another hero of belief, he begins by laying about him ruthlessly, and establishing a philosophic desert of doubt on which his own impregnable structure is to be reared. And yet a closer survey shows that to a great extent all these quarrels and recriminations of the modern thinkers are over matters of detail, and that, although they obey no common leader, they for the most part obey a common drift, — the drift, namely, towards a phenomenistic or idealistic creed. To this conclusion Dr. Royce also sweeps, with a momentum that carries him beyond Ferrier and Mill and Bain, beyond Hodgson, Renouvier, and Bowne, beyond the disciples of Schopenhauer and the disciples of Fichte and Hegel, wherever found, and beyond a number of contemporary German idealists whose names need not be cited here. Such thinkers all agree that there can be no other kind of Reality than reality-for-thought. They differ only in the arguments they use to prove this thesis, and in deciding *whose* thought and what *kind* of thought that thought which is the reality of realities may be.

Dr. Royce's new and original proof of Idealism is, so far as we know, the most positive and radical proof yet proposed. It is short and simple, when once seen, and yet so subtle that it is no wonder it was never seen before. These short and simple suggestions that philosophers make from time to time — Locke's question about essence, for example, Berkeley's about matter, Hume's about cause, and Kant's about necessary

¹ *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy. A Critique of the Bases of Conduct and of Faith.* By JOSIAH ROYCE, Ph. D., Instructor in Philosophy

in Harvard College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

judgments, — have an intolerable way with them of *sticking*, in spite of all one can do. To scholastic minds, who have made their bed, and wish for nothing further than to snore dogmatically and comfortably on, these questions must seem like very vermin, not to be conquered by any logical insect powder or philosophic comb.

The particular gadfly which Dr. Royce adds to the list is this: "How *can* a thought refer to, intend, or signify any particular reality outside of itself?" Suppose the reality there, and the thought there; suppose the thought to resemble just that reality, and nought besides in the world: still, asks our author, what is meant by saying that the thought *stands for* or *represents* that reality; or indeed any reality at all? Why is n't it just like the case of two eggs, or two toothaches, which may, it is true, resemble and duplicate each other exactly, but which are not held to mean or intend each other the least in the world? If the eggs and the toothaches are, each one of them, a separate substantive fact, shut up in its own skin and knowing nothing of the world outside, why are not one's thought, for example, of the Moon and the real Moon in exactly the same predicament? The Moon in our thought is our thought's Moon. Whatever we may think of her is true of her, for she is but the creature of our thinking. If we say "her hidden hemisphere is inhabited," it *is* inhabited, *for us*; and otherwise than for us *that* moon, the moon in our mind, has no existence. A critic cannot prove us wrong by bringing in a "real" moon with an uninhabited back hemisphere; he cannot, by comparing that moon with ours and showing the want of resemblance, make our moon "false." To do that, he would first have to establish that the thought in our mind was a thought *of* just that external moon, and *intended* to be true of it. But neither he nor we could establish that: it would be worse

than a gratuitous, it would be a senseless, proposition. Our Moon has nothing to do with the real moon; she is a totally additional fact, pursuing her subjective destiny all alone, and only accidentally perceived by an outside critic to agree or disagree with another moon, which he knows and chooses to call real, but which is really out of all relation to the one in our mind's eye. At most, the critic might say he was reminded or not reminded of that other moon by our Moon; but he could not say that ours gave either a true or a false account of the other, simply because ours never pretended to give any account, or to refer to the other moon, at all. Nor can we ourselves *make* it refer to that other moon, by "proposing" or "supposing" that it does so refer; all we can propose or suppose is some altogether new moon in our own mind, and refer the old one there to that one. Over all such moons we have complete control, but over nothing else under heaven. At least, thinks Dr. Royce, such ought to be our inference, if the notion of common sense be true, that our thought and the reality are two wholly disconnected things.

The more one thinks, the more one feels that there is a real puzzle here. Turn and twist as we will, we are caught in a tight trap. Although we cannot help believing that our thoughts *do* mean realities and are true or false of them, we cannot for the life of us ascertain how they *can* mean them. If thought be one thing and reality another, by what pincers, from out of all the realities, does the thought pick out the special one it intends to know? And if the thought knows the reality *falsely*, the difficulty of answering the question becomes indeed extreme.

Our author calls the question insoluble on these terms; and we are inclined to think him right, and to suspect that his idealistic escape from the quandary may be the best one for us all to take.

We supposed, just now, a critic comparing the real moon and our mental moon. Let him now help us forward. We saw that even *he* could not make it out that our mental moon should refer to just that individual real moon, and to nothing else. *We* could not make it out either, and certainly the real moon itself could not make it out. We saw, however, that we *could* make anything in our own mind refer to anything else *there*, — provided, of course, the two things were objects of a single act of thought; and the reason why our moon could not refer to the real moon was that the two moons were not facts in a common mind. But now imagine our “critic,” instead of being the mere dissevered third thing he was, to be a common mind. Imagine his thought of our thought to *be* our thought, and his thought of the real moon to *be* the real moon. Both it and we have now become consubstantial; we are reduced to a common denominator. Both of us are members of the one total Thought, and any relation which that Thought draws between its members is as real as the members themselves. If that Thought intend one of its members to “represent” the other, and represent it either falsely or truly, “’t is but thinking, and it is done.” There is no other way in which one thing can “represent” another; and no possibility of either truth or falsehood unless the function of *representation* be genuinely there. An “Over-Soul,” of whose enveloping thought our thought and the things we think of are alike fractions, — such is the only hypothesis that can form a basis for the reality of truth and of error in the world.

The reality of truth and error are, then, Dr. Royce’s novel reason for believing that all that is has the foundations of its being laid in an infinite all-inclusive Mind. Upon the highest heights of dogmatism and in the deepest depths of skepticism, alike the argument blooms, saying, “Whatever

things be false, and whatever things be true, *one* thing stands forever true, and that is that the Enveloping Mind must be there to make them either false or true.”

To the lay-reader, this absolute Idealism doubtless seems insubstantial and unreal enough. But it is astonishing to learn how many paths lead up to it. Dr. Royce’s path is only one. The others are of various kinds and degrees, and may be found in all sorts of books, few of them together. But taken altogether, they end by making about as formidable a convergence of testimony as the history of opinion affords. The persons most pleased by Dr. Royce’s book will no doubt be the Hegelians here and in Great Britain; for it seems to us that he has reached a religious result hardly distinguishable from their own, by a method entirely free from that identification of contradictories which is the great stumbling-block in the Hegelian system of thought. The result is that all truth is known to one Thought, that is infinite, in which the world lives and moves and has its being, which abides and waxes not old, and in which there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. The ordinary objection to a pantheistic monism like this is the ethical one, that it makes *all* that happens a portion of the eternal reason, and so must nourish a fatalistic mood, and a willingness to accept and consecrate whatever *is*, no matter what its moral quality may be. Dr. Royce is not as disdainful of this difficulty as the Hegelians are. We are not sure he has got over it, but he has bravely and beautifully attacked it; and his section on the problem of evil, in his last chapter, is as original and fresh a treatment of the subject as we know.

Unfortunately, we have no space to do more than recommend it to the reader’s attention. And now that we find ourselves at the end of our tether, we wonder whether a notice entirely made up

of quotations would not have been a better thing than this attempt of ours to set forth the most fundamental, it is true, but still the driest, portion of the book. Never was a philosophic work less dry ; never one more suggestive of spring-time, or, as we may say, more redolent of the smell of the earth. Never was a gentler, easier irony shown in discussion ; and never did a more subtle analytic movement keep constantly at such close quarters with the cubical and concrete facts of human life as shown in individuals. In the entire ethical portion of the work its author shows himself to be a first-rate moralist, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, as one who knows delightfully how to describe the lights and shadows of special moral types and tendencies. In his discussions of the ethics of "sympathy" and of the ethics of "progress" are passages which are masterpieces in this line. And here again, from the very depths of the desert of skepticism, the flower of moral faith is found to bloom. Everything in Dr.

Royce is radical. There is nothing to remind one of that dreary fighting of each step of a slow retreat to which the theistic philosophers of the ordinary common-sense school have accustomed us. For this reason the work must carry a true *sursum corda* into the minds of those who feel in their bones that man's religious interests must be able to swallow and digest and grow fat upon all the facts and theories of modern science, but who yet have not the capacity to see with their own eyes how it may be done. There is plenty of leveling in Dr. Royce's book, but it all ends by being a leveling-up. The Thought of which our thought is part is lord of all, and, to use the author's own phrase, he does not see why we should clip our own wings to keep ourselves from flying out of our own coop over our own fence into our own garden. California may feel proud that a son of hers should at a stroke have scored so many points in a game not yet exceedingly familiar on the Pacific slope.

THE HUGUENOT EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

THESE volumes¹ are the first installment of a work which will be a most valuable addition to our historical literature. The subject well deserves the treatment that Dr. Baird is giving to it, and the task is one of extreme difficulty. It seems indeed almost impossible to write the history of a people dispersed all over the New World, and long since absorbed by the populations among which they took refuge. A connected and logical account of the Huguenots after their departure from France is of course out of the question, for the

narrative is necessarily made up of episodes. The emigration from France went on, with many fluctuations, but still without a break, for over a century ; and when the great flight came, after the Revocation, the history of the exiles is resolved into that of little bands settling here and there, of families, and even to a large extent of individuals.

Dr. Baird's first volume brings together accounts of all the settlements attempted by the Huguenots during the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century, while the Protestants of France still formed a powerful political party in their native land. The efforts which were made by them to plant col-

¹ *History of the Huguenot Emigration to America.* By CHARLES W. BAIRD, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1885.

onies on the coast of North America have been elaborately told elsewhere. The abortive settlements of Ribaut and Laudonniere in Florida and South Carolina, those of De Caen and De Monts in Canada and Acadia, and the romantic struggle between D'Aulnay and De la Tour are all familiar to the students of American history. Much less familiar, however, are the ill-fated Brazil settlement and the more fortunate colonists who became firmly established in the Antilles, whence they escaped to the continent, when persecution waxed hot. All these various expeditions are now brought together by Dr. Baird, and form, as they ought, connected parts of the same history. With the narrative of these direct attempts is also joined an account of those Huguenots who, fleeing first to Holland, went thence to the New World: some with the Walloons to New Netherlands, others with the Pilgrims to New England. There were many in the former case, and but few in the latter; yet their presence at Plymouth is unmistakable, and shows better than anything else how the blood of the French Huguenots entered everywhere and from the earliest times into the Anglo-American stocks. In that age religion overcame race and language. Priscilla Mullins, famed in song and story, beloved of Standish and the bride of John Alden, was a Huguenot, her father's name being William Molines. So too was Philip De la Noye, who came over in the *Fortune* in 1621, and from whom, or from whose kindred of like name, are descended all the numerous persons named Delano and Noyes.

Dr. Baird's second volume treats of the persecution and consequent emigration in the various provinces of France, and then takes up the settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Those of New England are completed, and the others of the Middle and Southern States are to be given in succeeding volumes. Dr. Baird apologizes in his pref-

ace for printing so many lists of names; but the apology is needless, for the names of the Huguenot refugees are of the very essence of his subject. Indeed, the only fault we have to find with Dr. Baird is that he has not gone quite far enough in this direction, and enabled us to detect in all cases the Huguenot descents under the curious changes which the names have suffered among an English-speaking people. The corruptions of French names have been in many instances so strange and so complete that only a thorough examination by a master of the subject like Dr. Baird would reveal them. For example, the seemingly characteristic Yankee name of Bunker is, we believe, derived from Boncœur, and Doolittle from De L'Hotel, while tradition has it that the two Cape Anne families of Blumpy and Whitefoot are alike descended from Huguenot brothers named Blancpied.

Dr. Baird deserves the highest praise for the excellence of his work, much of it involving the most minute and laborious research. He has shown himself industrious and painstaking in the highest degree, and his simple, modest style harmonizes entirely with his topics, and makes much that would otherwise be dry very pleasant and agreeable reading. The work as a whole, although of necessity filled with so many personal and apparently trifling details, is in reality a most important chapter in the history of events which ultimately shook France to its foundations and affected most deeply the civilized world. The history of the persecution and exile of the Huguenots, and of their dispersion and absorption among other races, is only a part of a much greater theme. There are two divisions of the subject. The results of the emigration to the Huguenots themselves and to the people who received them form one; the effect of their departure upon France is the other.

The study of the Huguenots in Amer-

ica brings out strongly their value as a people. It would be difficult, indeed, to find an emigration of a finer type. Devoted to principle, sturdy in morals, frugal, industrious, and enterprising, the Huguenots closely resembled their English brethren who had sought the New World for conscience' sake. But the austerity of the Puritan was much softened in the Huguenot, whose natural light-heartedness made him more agreeable than the dissenter of English race, even if he was not quite such a stubborn fighter and restless adventurer. It seems very probable that much of the American vivacity and quickness is due to the early and widespread infusion of Huguenot blood. But however this may be, a mere glance at Dr. Baird's lists, where we find the names of Faneuil, Jay, Bayard, De Lancy, Maury, Laurens, Marion, and a host of others familiar in our history, shows how much we owe the French Huguenots in a thousand ways. So far as can now be learned, they brought only good gifts to the American colonies, and they assimilated at once and most thoroughly with the people among whom they had been thrown.

The other side of the picture is far more impressive. In proportion as the coming of the Huguenots enriched and benefited the countries of their adoption, their going brought evil to the land which they were forced to leave. It passes belief, almost, that the policy adopted by church and state in France could ever have been really carried out by reasoning beings. The mind recoils from the bare idea of the imbecility and cruelty displayed by the successors of Henry of Navarre toward the men who placed him on the throne. The French kings proved, indeed, that persecution could be perfectly successful in suppressing religious opinions, but this was their sole success. After years of bloody fighting the Edict of Nantes had brought rest and quiet to the Huguenots, then as

always loyal and law-abiding citizens. Under Richelieu and Louis XIII., the old system was revived, and the political strength of the Huguenots was broken. Then came another breathing space, and then Louis XIV. set about the work of extirpation. The horrors of the dragonnades were at last crowned by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the Huguenots fled by the thousand from their native land. There is no more dreadful story in modern history, and the work was done by one of the most vicious and contemptible charlatans who ever disgraced a throne. We are filled with hot indignation even now if we stop to think who and what these people were whom this king of shreds and patches, of big wigs and high heels, drove forth from their country. They were the very flower of the French race. They were the merchants and mariners, the skilled artisans and successful farmers, the manufacturers and mechanics, who made the prosperity of France. They were the God-fearing, industrious, intelligent middle class, who form the bone and sinew of every community. These were the men who were forced to flee like criminals in the night from the hideous persecution which beset their homes. They were excluded and expelled even from the colonial settlements of France. There was no resting-place for them except among strangers, and to foreign lands they went. They carried with them thrift, industry, and morality. Wherever they settled they succeeded, and they always won respect and honor and wealth for themselves, and conferred fresh prosperity upon their adopted countries. The Protestant heresy, however, was trampled out wherever Louis XIV. held sway, and for this glorious victory a heavy price has since been paid.

The Huguenots were shut out from the French colonies, and within a hundred years the whole French colonial system, supported by an admixture of

Jesuits and muskets, went down with one great crash. In the name of God, dragoons were let loose upon an unoffending people, who were harried and hunted from their homes; and there is to-day more irreligion, or lack of religion, in France than in any Christian country. The disturbing element of a great middle class, who thought for themselves and worshiped God in their own way, was torn up by the roots. King and priest rubbed their hands and gloated over the comely uniformity they had produced. A little more than a century slipped away, and the descendant of Louis XIV. was brought to the block by a nation which had ceased to be uniform in various matters, religion included. The great conservative force of French society was in the Huguenots. It was carefully destroyed, and when the hour of trial came there was nothing between the aristocracy and the populace. Peasant and workingman degraded by centuries of oppression were

on the one side, king and courtiers on the other. Thus widely separated classes came together in deadly battle, and the havoc began. There was nothing to soften the shock, nothing to ballast the reeling ship of state. The bloodshed of the French Revolution is hideous to think of, but it was the direct outcome of the policy of the Revocation. Read the story of the dragonnades and of the expulsion of the Huguenots, and the Terror then seems only very imperfect justice. There is here one of the most awful lessons in all history. Nations which permit a bedizened little sultan like Louis XIV. to indulge in dragonnades and in the exile and torture of the best of his subjects are pretty sure to pay for it sooner or later by noyades and fusillades and by a great deal of blood-letting. Very few races have ever suffered more for conscience' sake than did the French Huguenots. There is not one whose wrongs have been so amply and so justly revenged.

FOUR NOVELS.

THE title-page of Mr. Keenan's novel, *Trajan*,¹ without being distinctly apologetic, may not unreasonably be taken to disclose the author's consciousness of that characteristic of his work which will be most likely to invite criticism. If the reader become impatient, as he very likely will, at the frequent eddies which divert the stream of the narrative, he will please to remember that the author forewarned him, when he began his voyage, that the course was not clear. Mr. Keenan's hero is a young American artist living in Paris at the height of the Second Empire, and critical of the times through his affiliation with the

men who afterward were active in the scenes which followed Sedan. The other principal characters are the members of a rich, cultivated American family, and of a French family which for two generations had been domiciled in America, but had returned to its more natural French circumstance. The time of the story is the year between May, 1870, and May, 1871, with necessary references to the history of the several characters. The place is chiefly Paris and its neighborhood, with occasional brief transfers of action to America.

It will be easily seen how lurid a background was possible for the figures

¹ *Trajan*. The History of a Sentimental Young Man, with some Episodes in the Comedy of Many

Lives' Errors. A Novel. By HENRY F. KEENAN. New York: Cassell & Co. Limited. 1885.

that are to engage the reader's attention; but Mr. Keenan, if he had the purpose to make the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune a relief for the better display of his characters, was drawn into too intimate an interest in these historic movements, and thus has been hurried with all his fictitious apparatus into a confusion out of which his story is extricated with some difficulty. He has indeed protected his interests in part by making his principal characters important factors in the hurly-burly; but for all that, his story is more than once lost, and is recovered by the reader only when he is somewhat out of breath from the chase.

To speak more plainly, the defect of this book lies in its excess. While many novels of the day are poverty-stricken for incidents, Trajan has enough and to spare. After all the wants of the characters are satisfied, one may, out of the abundance left over, find enough to furnish forth several booksful of heroes and heroines. It is always so. In time of drought we pray for rain. Down it comes in a deluge, and we long for a dry and thirsty land. There are some novelists who, when the story flags, invent a new character to divert the mind. Mr. Keenan invents a new incident, and does not trouble himself much about his characters. He leaves them to get along as they can, and if they are reasonably consistent, that is enough for him. Thus, while every part of the book is dramatic, the integral drama is weak and ineffective. Instead of a story, marching with cumulative effect to its close, there is a congeries of stories; none, perhaps, positively remote from the central one, yet by their partial independence of it disturbing the mind, and causing it to weary of the effort at attention.

The characters suffer from this overworking of incidents, for they are so busily employed in keeping things moving that they have no time to be greatly affected by the movements them-

selves. It would sound very well to say that the author had shown his power not by analyzing his characters, but by permitting them to work out their destiny. Unfortunately, he has forgotten very largely that the characters have any destiny other than that of external position. He rarely seems to apprehend that all this tremendous activity must have left its impress on the very nature of the persons themselves. Is it reasonable to suppose, for instance, that Theo should wind herself in such a net of duplicity as she wove, and not show some sign of moral deterioration? Yet she goes out of the story as smilingly and as airily as she enters it, and the touchstone of purity fails to detect her character; for Mrs. Arden, who has no reason to like her, seems oblivious to her real nature.

In truth, the author stands outside of his work, and orders everything; nothing seems to operate of its own natural power, and, to make the matter worse, he assumes the showman from time to time, after the manner of Thackeray. How little he troubles himself to have the characters work out their own salvation or damnation may be illustrated by a single slight instance. The hero, Trajan, has just been brought back, near the end of the book, from the border of the grave. The physician forbids that he should be excited, yet he insists upon knowing the facts of his rescue. Elliot Arden thereupon gives him the facts; not quietly and briefly, as the man for whom Arden is intended would, but with a deal of persiflage and a most unnecessary amount of detail. It is Mr. Keenan who wishes to tell a good story, not one of the characters acting in a rational way. Perhaps it is just as well that the characters are not especially reasonable beings, for they might not like the patronizing tone of their creator.

Mr. Keenan, to judge from this book, has given his days and nights to Thackeray. We do not know how willing he

may be to give his hours to a rigid study of art, but we wish he would throw aside the costume of Thackeray in which he has dressed himself, — it is a misfit, — and attend to the real Thackeray, the artist of *Henry Esmond*. A genuine, humble study of that work of art ought to make him thoroughly dissatisfied with *Trajan*, and yet ready to believe that in his own way he might draw upon his evident power of invention to produce a vivid novel, in which characters and incidents should bear a just relation to each other, and all should be subject to laws of art.

To pass from the lawless, swashing *Trajan* to the mild civility of *A Carpet Knight*¹ reminds us how wide is the range included in the modern novel. It may be read to the sound of cannon, or to the thrumming of a mandolin. Harford Flemming has been indifferent to the joys of inventing a hero like *Trajan*, who saves the life of his friend as often as the exigency of the story demands, and is content with the substitutes for heroes which are furnished by Philadelphia drawing-rooms. Harford Flemming attempts a difficult feat, — nothing less than to reproduce society without recourse to extraordinary incidents, situations, or persons. *A Carpet Knight* is like one of the modern plays, where the spectator seems to be looking in upon just such a drawing-room as he may have left half an hour before; to be overhearing the conversation of people with whom, or those just like them, he may presently be discussing the play itself. Has the reader afflicted with the use of eye-glasses ever idly looked into them as they caught a reflection of the room in which he sits? He has seen his surroundings reproduced *in petto*, and composed into a more agreeable picture than he can make out by a glance at the objects themselves. Something

thus is the charm of this book, — for a charm it has, — in its reproduction of refined manners and those slight shades of difference in personality which our modern conventional life affords. The story is slight, — we are bound to say that it is no more bewildering than the streets of the city in which its scenes are laid; but as he reads one grows lazily indifferent to the mere plot, and finds himself taking a cheerful interest in the several persons of the story. It is something to have a story of American society which is as amiable and smooth as much of our urban society is. In its way it reinforces one's confidence in good manners. One is reminded that the ordinary amenities of life are not disregarded. He may know this well enough from his experience of life, but he will scarcely know it from current fiction; and so, while *A Carpet Knight* will not stir his soul or take him into a highly analyzed circle of human beings, it will leave him with the comfortable feeling that he has passed an agreeable evening in society without the necessity of dressing his tired body and bracing his mind for the purpose.

One of the carpet knights who engage in the tournament of the ball-room took his yacht, when summer came, and was blown by the winds to the Bay of Fundy. Urquhart, the hero of *Pilot Fortune*,² might easily have figured among the characters of Harford Flemming's novel. He is a young fellow, of good birth and breeding, with plenty of money and a healthy appetite. He is off in his yacht, and is blown by a wind, which seems one of good fortune, into the harbor of a little fishing village on a Nova Scotian island. Here he finds a girl, to outward seeming a fisherman's daughter, but who at once, by manner and conversation, shows herself to be of finer make. She lives with her aunt Ursula and an

¹ *A Carpet Knight*. By HARFORD FLEMMING. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *Pilot Fortune*. By MARIAN C. L. REEVES

and EMILY READ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

indolent, handsome fellow named Thomas, who appears to be the convenient man-of-all-work. She has a lover, a stalwart young fisherman, Stephen Ferguson, and his manly affection offers quite the only escape possible from the distasteful surroundings in which she lives; for her aunt is a severe-featured, unsympathetic woman, who bears a hard lot with set teeth and closed lips.

Milicent attracts Urquhart first as an idle fancy, then by a stronger fascination, and in a somewhat unguarded moment he offers himself to her. It is only after various adventures, all cleverly told and not forced in the telling, that this event comes about; and then a revelation follows, not from the lips of Milicent, who has fatally postponed, or been hindered in, the disclosure of facts which she knew, but by the appearance on the scene of Urquhart's guardian, Mr. Raymond, who has hurried to the island in hopes of arresting a misalliance. This gentleman, coming face to face with the group, sees in Thomas a clever but unscrupulous Mr. Chaudron, who years before had swindled his neighbors in New York, and had fled to parts unknown with his sister and daughter. The sister is the aunt Ursula; the daughter, Milicent, who is witness of her father's evil fame. The revelation brings out Urquhart's weakness. He is only a carpet knight, and cannot face the world as champion of the girl. So he goes, and the faithful Stephen wins the prize.

It is almost a pity to give this barren outline, since some of the reader's pleasure is in the gradual discovery of the plot, — some, but by no means all; for the best of the book is in its fresh, breezy pictures of the island life, its well modeled characters, especially those of Milicent and her aunt, and its excellent proportions. The story is well constructed, and the situations are natural and fit to characters and plot. There are one or two weaknesses, to be sure. Urquhart is not unfamiliar with the name of

Chaudron, but no intimation is given that the family on the island bears any other. That name, indeed, is never applied to Milicent; but one of commonplace mind is apt to ask whether a young man from New York, meeting a girl of evident good birth, though with a native wildness, postpones any direct address until he has the right to call her by her name. He does once or twice address her as Miss Milicent, but in the conversation which is given there is a careful avoidance in the main of any direct calling of names on either side. Again, is it at all likely that the most infatuated young man, especially if he turns out to be at bottom, and not at top, only a society man, would be so indifferent as Urquhart is to the young girl's antecedents? Her very name is not a rustic one. Her air is that of one well born. He can hardly have expected to go off with her as one might carry away a swan from among geese, satisfied with the swan, and careless how it happened to be among geese.

These are defects in the probabilities of the story, and a little care might have removed them. Still, the book as a whole is not only interesting; it is unhackneyed, and it brings within the resources of native fiction a substantially new subject. We may thank these ladies for discovering the possibilities in fiction of that commonplace person, the American forger who crosses the Canada frontier, and for rehabilitating the world-old story of the prince who finds the disguised princess, by using scenes so new to fiction as the Bay of Fundy and its shores.

Mr. Barrett Wendell has chosen to follow a more common practice. He has carried his hero across the water, and given him his romance in Italy. The Duchess Emilia¹ is a romance, — a Pythagorean romance. The lady who

¹ *The Duchess Emilia*. A Romance. By BARRETT WENDELL. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

fills the title rôle was a wicked and beautiful Italian woman, who lived two or three generations before the time of the story. She was married to a Roman nobleman, but naturally loved his brother better. She compasses her husband's death, and is ready for her lover; but he, suffering a revulsion of feeling, flees from her, becomes penitent, enters the church, and in process of time becomes a cardinal, — Cardinal Giulio Colonna. Meanwhile, the duchess goes from bad to worse. No particulars are given, but she is plainly a very, very wicked woman. The cardinal grows in holiness in the same proportion, although the fire of passion for Emilia is only covered by the ashes of contrition.

At last the duchess dies, and then a strange thing happens. Her soul, her poor, wicked little soul, much inflamed and very ill prepared for a long voyage, takes flight, and in less than a night — not quite so quickly as by electricity, but making better time than by steam — is "whirled about the rolling earth," in Mr. Wendell's realistic apprehension of spiritual movement. It is a bad night to be out in, but the soul stands it, and coming to the far-off fatherland of the hero of this romance, namely to New England, and presumably to Beacon Street in Boston, finds a wretched home — so the hero says — in the madman's body that is his. It was an unreasonable choice on the part of the Duchess Emilia, for Richard Beverly, who had just given up being born, when she came so unceremoniously, was the son of two mad people, — his father afterward committed suicide; and it would naturally require a good deal of sanity on the part of a New England young man to resist the probable tantrums of a wicked old Italian soul lodged in him. The first effect upon the unfortunate infant was to make him quiver and utter a loud cry, — "louder and wilder than the cries of other children. And I drew breath with a struggle, as if I would

fain lie still, but could not; and cried again, with a voice of fear that made the women start."

This young man, who cannot call his soul his own, is thereby compelled to a most trying life. In early youth he is obliged to be unusually good, in order to give the soul a chance. Then he is impelled, he knows not why, to go to Italy. He is conscious of some great work to do, but what the work is he cannot tell. He finds it out in time, for upon reaching Rome he meets the old cardinal, and is attracted to him. The cardinal in turn is fascinated by the melancholy young man. The reason is that his soul, or rather the soul of the Duchess Emilia, who is living in the furnished lodging of Richard Beverly, looks out of his eyes, and the old cardinal cannot withstand the influence.

By degrees Beverly discovers his mission. It is to purify his lodger's conscience by undoing the mischief done by her when she lived in the Colonna palace, and by arresting the action which in a new generation is in danger of repeating the old crime. The cardinal is to be sanctified, and is also to be made to break off the engagement between his niece Filippa and a rich Count Palchi, in order to her marrying her true lover, Luigi Orsini. Everything is brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and, his vicarious mission being accomplished, Beverly dies. His lodger, it is surmised, immediately transfers her residence to a heavenly mansion.

In carrying out this fantasy, Mr. Wendell has employed a simple ruse. He tells so much of the story as a person may need to tell in order to explain circumstances, but leaves most of the narrative to be developed in passages from Beverly's journal. The transition is not always closely marked, and the assumption of a style of fifty years ago is indifferently borne out, while the occasional change from a falsetto tone to a natural one is more amusing than the

author apparently intended. The basis of real action upon which the romance stands — we mean the relations between Beverly and the cardinal, Luigi and Filippa — is so outrageously improbable that it requires the most absorbing romance to justify it. Unfortunately, the romance is not absorbing. The whole manner of the author is fatal to that deep reality which is essential to genuine romance. He is not himself possessed by his story. He stands wholly outside of it. He has simply taken a fantastic *motif* and given it a mechanical elaboration. The result is that from beginning to end the reader perceives himself in presence of an affectation. He is unmoved by the intended pathos, because the author was never moved. His blood does not curdle at the proper places, because he knows that the red stains which he sees are only claret. This must be our warrant for making light of so serious an affair as the transmigration of Emilia's soul.

The four novels which we have glanced at scarcely offer material enough for any but the slightest generalization. We think, however, that it is not unfair to see in them some signs that our American fiction is becoming steadily more venturesome and more varied. Mr. Keenan's foray into the scenes of the Commune was a bold one, and if he

had not made up his mind to follow at the heels of Thackeray, he might have brought back worthier trophies. To treat of real Americans mixed in with real Parisians in a historic time offers a capital chance for an animated and dramatic novel. A Carpet Knight and Pilot Fortune both show that the cleverness and skill of the craft which we associate with current English fiction of the better, but not best, sort are not unknown here, where so much slovenly and careless work has been done by average workwomen. Mr. Wendell's Emilia, again, though it cannot be called a success, reminds us of the possibilities of the romance, which have been overlooked in our close allegiance to realism. It is something that a writer should be willing to lay himself open to the rude scoffers. There will always be those who are stonily indifferent to high flights of fancy or imagination, and a writer of genuine romance may always expect to be derided. On the other hand, there is that in a fine romance which melts the mood and creates true sympathy. We would really much rather not scoff, and if Mr. Wendell will cultivate his natural voice, and sing us a song with as much purity of feeling as goes to this book of his, — for that is its one redeeming feature, — we promise to applaud with the heartiest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE allusion, in a recent chapter of *The New Portfolio*, to "the annual Tragedy of the Pig," doubtless awakens a train of slumbering recollections in the memory of many a reader of the *outside* of that promising Budget (with a capital B), and this "one touch of Nature" — not the only touch, however — that marks the universal kinship of

childhood is enough of itself to make the readers of *The New Portfolio* forever grateful. It is worth a great deal, in this workaday world, to be a boy — or even a girl, again, if but for a few moments. To me, who had always cultivated the intimacy of the protagonist, the Tragedy of the Pig was full of anguish unspeakable, while it offered

an irresistible fascination that compelled my attendance. Yet it must be confessed that the horror was greatly mitigated by the anticipation of the Feast of the Tail, that always followed in due course, like the farce of other days. No triumph of culinary art can tickle the palate like the crude cookery of childhood, and pig-tail, burnt to a crisp and about half raw, had a flavor and piquancy we demand in vain, in our degenerate days of spectacles and gray hairs.

The passage anent the Tragedy of the Pig recalls a page of the Autocrat treating of that universal instinct of childhood "to make a *cache*, and bury in it beliefs, doubts, dreams, hopes, and terrors." There is, indeed, something exquisitely pathetic in the earnestness and the patient secrecy—I had almost written *long-suffering* secrecy—with which children grapple with the problems they make to themselves out of trifles. Who does not remember such problems haunting the mind by day and night, deeply, often painfully, pondered, yet always jealously guarded? Whether from timidity, whether from a sacred unconsciousness of joy in the things that most deeply exercise their struggling reason, children are not wont to speak of the deep questions that perplex their dawning intelligence. These are seldom or never the questions propounded by pastors and masters, but suggestions springing from some distorted aspect of a familiar subject, striking the mind awry, as it were. Thus, to cite from personal experience, the church catechism was diligently instilled into my mind at an early age, and great pains taken to make it clear to my comprehension. With the unquestioning faith of childhood, I accepted its teachings reverently, and took only shame to myself that I could not understand the question, "What did your sponsors *then* for you?" To my untutored mind, innocent of grammar, "*then*" had all the force of a verb, and for

years I agonized intellectually, in the struggle to discover the awful meaning hidden in this inscrutable word. What was it "to then"? What pain, and effort, and solemn prayer, and vast expense did it cost my sponsors to "then" for me? By what mysterious ceremony was my "thenning" accomplished? When, after years of waiting, it dawned upon me that this word was, from my point of view, void of meaning, the sense of destitution that took possession of me is indescribable. I felt myself defrauded spiritually, and the shock was something dreadful. Nor was this my only childish error concerning the things of religion. My acceptance of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession was absolute. For me, each bishop of the church was a direct descendant of St. Paul! My only difficulty was my inability to decide how many times the epithet *great* should stand before the word *grandson*, when applied to the bishop of our diocese; and this momentous question so perplexed and harassed me that I summoned the courage to appeal to the bishop himself. Needless to say, I was *désillusionnée*.

Closely connected with this notion of the Apostolic Succession, and in some intangible way growing out of it, was a faith I entertained regarding the sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem, carried away at the time of the Captivity. These venerable relics I firmly believed to be safely stored in the vestry-room of our little church. Once, when my mother and other ladies were assisting about the Christmas decorations, I saw the door of this vestry-room standing open, and with awe and trembling I asked and obtained permission to enter. No room I have ever seen is more indelibly stamped upon my memory, though I saw it but once: bare, white-washed walls, a table, two chairs, a fireplace, a striped curtain drawn back from the window, and three pegs behind the door. The golden vessels of the great

Temple of Jerusalem *were not there*, and I came out weeping; but the cause of my tears I would never tell.

My speculations, however, were not all about questions pertaining to the things of religion. One among the many *bizarre* beliefs that my childhood hugged in secret owed its birth to a doggerel rhyme which a young uncle of mine used to sing for my delectation. The words and the tune, together with the image of the chimerical creature my imagination "carved out of Nature for itself," will dwell with me forever. These are the words:—

"Folks, won't you go, folks, won't you go,
To see the monkey-show?
The Bengal Tiger will be there,
The White, also the Polar Bear."

What manner of animal was the White Also? It never occurred to me to ask, for was not the creature mentioned in connection with the Bengal Tiger, which I knew pictorially, and the Polar Bear, which likewise I knew pictorially? But no picture-book that I could command contained any representation of the White Also. The diligence with which I pursued that apocryphal beast might have sufficed, had I practiced the same in later years, to master the sciences. Doubtless the books I ransacked—for I kept up the search long after I had learned to read—and the menageries I studiously visited did add an appreciable amount to my fund of information; but of all the knowledge of natural history and kindred subjects gained at that time, nothing stands forth so vividly in my mind's eye as the zoological phantom that forever eluded my quest,—the great White Also, the desire of my childish vision, which came at last to represent to me the type of the unattainable; and I cannot now, without a sort of mental *tug*, classify "also" as an adverb,—I thought it was an animal for so long!

Is there no specific term among philosophers for these *idola juventutis*?

—Iceland, in spite of its insular situation, has always been a constituent part of Europe. No movement, social, political, or religious, has passed upon the Continent without transmitting a throb, at least, to that far-off land. The intellectual constitution of the Icelanders has favored this result. Ever since they forsook Norway, over a thousand years ago, for the cause of liberty, they have had the vigor to form an opinion and the courage to maintain it; and, during all this time, an intellectual intercourse, wholly apart from the exchange of commodities in commerce, has been maintained between Scandinavia and Iceland. Nor has this intercourse always been one-sided, for in the ancient days the skald who sang the praises of the Norwegian kings, or the saga-man who told the story of their exploits, was almost invariably an Icelanders. And not only in Norway did he find appreciative listeners, but in Sweden and Denmark, and even in England he was made welcome for the sake of his accomplishments. When Christianity, fighting its way northward, had won over all Europe, Iceland, to the last, defended its heathen religion, and only reluctantly laid it aside. For five hundred years the country was Roman Catholic, but, at length, in Iceland, too, was enacted the superb drama of the Reformation. Though the stage was smaller than in Germany and England, the action was none the less real. The incidents that accompanied the unraveling of the plot were full of dramatic force, and the plot itself, as its complications were gradually laid open to the light, became of absorbing interest. So thorough in the end was the change of faith, that, although a Catholic mission was for many years maintained in the south, it was at last abandoned, and Lutheranism became, as it now is, the one religion of the land. The history of the Reformation in Iceland is a page of its annals not wholly free from stain. There was

plotting and counterplotting, which sometimes reflected but little honor upon its projectors. The greed of power was, in many cases, a greater incentive than religious conviction, and political finesse was often resorted to instead of an appeal to the hearts of men. There were, however, among those who interestedly strove against the religion of Rome striking exceptions, — men characterized by fine religious feeling and persistent opposition, for conscience' sake, to the tenets of the Catholic Church. Such a man was Odd Gottskalksson, the translator of the New Testament into Icelandic. Of all engaged in the Reformation his name, in particular, stands out in relief, both for the importance and the purity of the part he played. Iceland in Catholic times, and even down to the beginning of the present century, was divided into two bishoprics: one of the north and one of the south. Odd was the son of Gottskalk the Grim, Bishop of Holar, in the north. The date of his birth is unknown, but it was probably about 1500. At six years of age he was sent to his uncle, then lawman in Norway, with whom he grew up. He was given a good education, for he knew Latin, Danish, and German, and, afterwards, doubtless still further to increase his knowledge, he traveled both in Denmark and Germany. It was Odd's fortune not to arrive in Germany until after the success of the Reformation had been fully assured. Luther's translation of the New Testament had already appeared, and the whole land was aglow with religious fervor. Doubtless from Luther's own lips Odd heard the wrathful denunciations hurled against the faith in which he had been brought up. At any rate, the new teachings sunk deep into his heart, and he was obliged to heed them whether he would or no. "He began to marvel much within himself," he afterward told a priest in Iceland, "that he could not come to a clear understanding as to this change of faith,

as they called it, seeing that so many wise and thoughtful men inclined thereto. Then he made up his mind, for three nights following, when all were asleep, to get out of bed and pray God that he would open his heart and make manifest to him which of the two were the truer — this new faith or the faith of his fathers — and give him true understanding therein, with many other words of supplication, saying that whichever God should breathe into his breast as the truer he would seek to increase and further and follow all the days of his life. When these prayers were ended, and the three nights had gone by, then all had been changed before him, and he had quite forgotten the old faith as if he had never heard of it nor known aught of it, but in its stead the new faith was all laid open to him." He made preparations to return to Iceland, but before he went he supplied himself with Latin and German books; among others with the New Testament. Up to this time the Reformation had made but little progress in Iceland. Several influential members of the priesthood had in secret accepted its teachings, but the time was felt to be still unfavorable for its open advocacy. Upon his return to Iceland Odd became secretary to Ogmund, bishop at Skalholt in the south. The bishop's steward, at that time, was a namesake, Odd Eyjolfsson, who lived in a house apart from the rest. He, also, had accepted the doctrines of Luther, and, with him, Odd and others were accustomed to assemble daily to discuss undisturbed the subject they so much had at heart. Odd now decided upon the great work of his life, the translation of the New Testament into his own native tongue. Like Luther and Tyndale, he, too, recognized unerringly the means that, more than all else combined, would be powerful to promote the spread of the new belief. The labor, however, required the exercise of all secrecy for its fulfillment; its ac-

complement, indeed, depended almost wholly upon the fact of its remaining undiscovered, as the bishop was the avowed enemy of all that appertained to Lutheranism, and fought against it bitterly to the end of his life. Odd, accordingly, for fear of discovery, did not dare to undertake his self-imposed task, even in the outlying house of his friend and co-religionist, Odd Eyjolfsson. There was only one place that seemed to him to offer the desired security, and that was the bishop's cow stable. So he quietly went to work that winter and made a rude desk which he set up, and there, in the cold and darkness, his long and laborious work was begun. When his retreat was discovered, as was inevitable, he gave out that he was engaged in reading old books and writing the ancient statutes of the bishops, which he had ready at hand to exhibit in corroboration. Under the same pretext he asked for additional paper from the bishop, when his own stock had given out, and was granted what he considered necessary. So successful by the exercise of all this caution were his attempts at concealment, that no one suspected the real reason of his seclusion, and he was left to labor in peace. Only a few trusted friends were in the secret, and to them he went for sympathy and encouragement. To Gizur, a priest, who afterward became the first Protestant bishop in Iceland, he said: "Jesus, our Saviour, lay in an ass's stall, and now I am translating His word and turning it into my mother-tongue in a cow stable." Odd first completed, under these circumstances, the Gospel of Matthew, but it is not known how much more was done that winter. Soon after he set up housekeeping for himself, after which, it may be supposed, he was able to prosecute his work in comparative safety. After the translation of the whole New Testament was at last finished, Odd, embracing a favorable opportunity, went to Denmark and laid it

before the king. Permission was given him to publish it, and, in April, 1540, it appeared, a thick duodecimo, neatly printed in fine black letter, from the press at Roskilde. Odd's New Testament was not only the first translation of any part of the Bible into Icelandic, but it was the first literary work of any importance that had appeared for nearly two centuries. Not only does it mark the beginning of the victory that, with its aid, was now rapidly won over the old religion, but it was the forerunner of a new era in literature, which, with the advent of the Reformation, was called into the sturdy life it has ever since maintained. After the publication of his work Odd returned to Iceland. He seems to have borne no very active part in the struggles of the time, but, nevertheless, worked steadily in his own chosen way. In 1545, at the instance of Gizur, Protestant bishop of the south, he was furnished with means to go to Germany to print a translation of the Homilies of Corvinus, which he had prepared. This latter work appeared at Rostock in April of the succeeding year. That same spring Odd went back to Iceland with his second book, which Gizur, in an encyclical letter, ordered the priests of his bishopric to procure and make use of in the service of the church. The reformed religion had become, by this time, firmly established in Iceland, and a few words will suffice to tell of Odd's subsequent fate. After living for two years as rector at Reyk-holt, in the west, he was made Lawman of the north and west and moved north to Rowanstead Cloister. In 1556, the third year of his lawmanship, he set out on an official journey to the south. In attempting to ford a river, the Laxa, his horse slipped under him, and he was thrown into the water; with the utmost exertion he was rescued by his men, but he died a few hours after from the injuries received. Odd's whole career as a reformer was characterized by faith and

Christian charity rather than by militant force. He did not possess the rugged strength of Luther to write and speak in the fullness of the wrath of God, nor did he know the divine fearlessness of Tyndale to dare and endure all for the sake of his belief. The mission of this Iclander was a humbler one, but he performed it well. To one who has seen the earthen floor and the reeking cattle and knows of the cold, the darkness, and the damp of the Icelandic cow-byres — and there is no reason to think that those of Odd's time differed materially from those of the present — the full significance of the self-sacrifice of the translator comes with redoubled force. Since Odd, as in the case of Luther and Tyndale, other translations of the Bible have been made, truer, perhaps, in many respects, to the original, but in great and vital points far inferior to his work of faith. The parallel may be drawn still further, for, like the others, Odd's translation came at a time favorable to the exercise of its full effect. As the Bible itself transformed the belief of the time, so the style and the language of the translation, at an opportune moment, set up a new standard of literary expression which has since never been lost sight of. The name of Odd Gottskalksson, the Reformer, has, even in Iceland, been almost forgotten, but as the great Latin Ecclesiastical History of Iceland justly phrases it: "He may be rightly numbered among those who have been of the most use to their mother-country."

— It is thought to be an interesting study to trace the lineage and family connections of any word or phrase that, without the sanction of the authorities, has foisted itself into current speech. I can but regard it as a singular omission that as yet no doctor of linguistics has undertaken to provide with a respectable ancestry the alleged Americanism "right away." That this can be done I am positive; and I entertain a

modest hope that my purposed demonstration will be convincing. Having been accustomed from childhood to employ this tabooed phrase, and being now unalterably wedded to its use, I am, naturally, solicitous that "right away," slightly modified perhaps, should be recognized as a legitimate and even polite adverbial element. To this end I beg the patience of the Club for such argument and erudition as may be advanced on the subject.

First, be it remembered that there is in the dictionary a somewhat old-fashioned word (yet king's English it should still be reckoned), with precisely the same signification as the phrase in question. The word to which I have reference is "straightway," obviously compounded of "straight" and "way." Now, let us take a philological pick, and delve for the root and cognates of "straight;" or rather, let us avail ourselves of the information offered on this point by Noah Webster: "*L. strictus*, from *stringo*; Sax. *strac*; formed from the root of *reach*, *stretch*, *right*." Hereby it will be seen that to substitute "right" for "straight" in any connection in which the latter is used, would not be to take a wholly unwarrantable liberty; or, if any further authorization be required, this may be found in the synonymous use which geometry makes of *right* and *straight*. A right or straight line is the shortest line that can be drawn between two points. Now, if we can believe that one word was frequently substituted for the other (and what is more probable?), we can understand how gradually "rightway" took its place with "straightway;" both terms denoting that, where command is given, the act enjoined should be accomplished by the shortest and most expeditious method. But the question arises, How do we happen to have "right away" in common use instead of the proper dissyllabic word? The answer is involved in difficulty, but not, I believe, in inex-

tricable difficulty. Any one who takes the word into his mouth will at once discover that euphony dictates the insertion of a vowel sound between the two syllables: whence "right-a-way," — or "right away," according to present usage. Another explanation is suggested. We know that in some districts of this country one hears, instead of "that way," the concatenated syllables "that-a-way:" now, why not suppose that "rightway" very early in its career as a vocable migrated to Kentucky, or elsewhere southward, and there received the corruption which excludes it from elegant usage? To any movement towards restoring this

phrase to its ancient and legitimate form, I will most carefully lend my influence — such as it is.

In conclusion, I would observe that this proscribed Americanism is one which foreigners (saving, perhaps, the Briton) adopt very readily. I have in mind a Teutonized form, which I used to hear from the lips of a young German employed as a servant by a friend of mine. "Ride away quig!" was the invariably prompt and promising response to any call for his services. I confess I liked the suggestion of extracelerity which his treatment of the phrase afforded.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. The Secret of Death with some collected poems, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) The title poem professes to be from the Sanskrit. It is in dialogue form, but the reader has leave to suspect that the English saheb who figures in it gave nearly as much as he took. Many of the poems are suggested by the East, many also come from much brooding on death and mortality, which somehow seem to have taken a stronger hold on Mr. Arnold than life and immortality. Two fine stanzas preface the American edition, a salutation to America. — The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge (White, Stokes & Allen), is a reprint in one volume of the revised and complete London edition in two. Praed wrote a few lyrics which are quite perfect in their delicate way; but eight hundred and thirty pages of Praed are just seven hundred and thirty pages too much. — *Diabolus Amans*, a Dramatic Poem (Wilson & McCormick, Glasgow), is an anonymous work, evidently by a woman. It has neither plot nor dramatic action, and is simply a rhapsody cut into "lengths" and distributed among eight or ten characterless speakers. The various songs which are supposed to be sung during the course of the dialogue are delightfully improbable. — The *Æneid* of Virgil, translated into English by J. W. MacKail, M. A. (Macmillan & Co.), is perhaps as satisfactory, on the whole, as any prose version of a poem can be. — The Poetical Works of J. De R. Blackwell (E. J. Hale & Son, New York) are announced in three volumes. The first has been sent us in cloth and in paper. Perhaps the poetry is in the other two. — *Narcissus*, a poem, by Samuel Watson Wheeler (the Author, Camden, N. J.). — *Easter Gleams*,

by E. W. Shurtleff, (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a neatly-made little paper-covered volume of religious poems. — At the Sign of the Lyre is the happy title of Mr. Austin Dobson's new collection of verse. (Henry Holt & Co.) The volume contains many brief lyrics, hitherto ungathered, and twelve or fourteen pieces not included in the American edition of *Vignettes in Rhyme*. Mr. Dobson's admirers in this country, however, have not waited until now to form acquaintance with these. Among the new poems, *The Ladies of St. James* will speedily become a favorite; and among the old there is nothing better than "A Roman Round Robin." Under the title *Carmina Votiva* we have a group of graceful rondeaux addressed to certain of the poet's American friends. The volume is very prettily dedicated to Mr. E. C. Stedman. — The person who prepared for the Pratt Manufacturing Co. the admirable little anthology entitled an *Antidote Against Melancholy* did not burn his Pratt's Astral midnight oil in vain. The volume is nearly as delightful as *A Paradise of Daintie Devices*, issued last year by the same firm. Both compilations prove the editor to be a man of taste and intimately acquainted with the best English lyrical poetry. — *Representative German Poems*, edited with notes by Karl Knortz (Henry Holt & Co.), is a rich storehouse of lyrical poetry. One of the excellent features of the compilation is that the original text is printed with the translation, thus affording the reader an easy opportunity of testing the accuracy and merit of the translator's work. Among the American translators represented are Longfellow, Bryant, Leland, Dwight, Alger, Furness, and Bayard Taylor. — *Melodies of the Heart*, *Songs of Freedom*, and other poems, by

W. H. Venable. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Graceful, simple verse, making no severe demands upon the reader, but never annoying him by poor taste or unmelodious lines. — *Fragments from an Old Inn*, by Lillian Rozell Messenger. (Putnams.) The poems have intercalary prose scraps, and both poetry and prose lie under a heavy weight of affectation. — *Rome, King of Norway*, and other dramas, by Adair Welcker. (Lewis & Johnston, Sacramento.) As the volume appears to have been committed chiefly to posterity by the contemptuous author, we will leave posterity to pick it up. — *Agamemnon's Daughter*, by Denton J. Snider. (Osgood.) Mr. Snider's verse is better than his prose; at least it seems less crabbed, but his somewhat heedless manner betrays him into queer lines. The poem is rather hard reading, unless one be so Greek in temper as to have forgotten his English.

Antiquities and Art. The first volume has been published of *Papers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens*. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) The publication is under the direction of the Archaeological Institute of America. The contents relate to inscriptions of Assos and Tralleis, the Theatre of Dionysius, the Olympian and the Erechtheion at Athens, and the Battle of Salamis. The work is addressed to scholars, and is a substantial evidence of the industry of the school, and of its determination to make real contributions to learning, rather than merely popular articles. — *Praise-Songs of Israel*, a new rendering of the Book of Psalms, by John De Witt. (Funk & Wagnalls.) This may be taken as one of the anticipatory volumes called out by the revised version of the Old Testament, although Dr. De Witt takes pains to explain that it is wholly his work. He has attempted as literal a rendering as possible, but has availed himself wherever he could of the familiar English version. — A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged, has been issued of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, as edited by Drs. Hitchcock & Brown. (Scribners.) In this new edition the little work is permitted a much fuller interpretation than the first hasty publication would allow. The literary history of the work is given in full, and an opportunity taken to answer some of the criticisms made upon it. — Mr. Ernest F. Fenollosa, professor of philosophy and logic, University of Tokio, Japan, has published a review of the Chapter on Painting in Gonsse's *L'Art Japonais*. (Osgood.) He accepts in the main M. Gonsse's judgment of Japanese art, but criticises his statements in detail. It is difficult to decide upon the value of the criticism without recurrence to the works of Japanese artists which have not left the country. Mr. Fenollosa, however, writes in an excellent spirit and with a keen sense of the native virtues of Japanese art. — We have received from the American publishers (Macmillan & Co.) the April number of the *Portfolio*, and numbers 498 and 499 of *L'Art*. The *Courrier de L'Art* is furnished without charge to the subscribers of the latter periodical. The *Courrier* is a weekly chronicle of the studios, museums, libraries, etc., and is ably conducted by M. Eugène Véron.

Fiction. The What-to-do Club, a story for

girls, by Helen Campbell (Roberts), involves suggestions of light work for girls who do not leave home. The author, however, has not forgotten to tell an agreeable story. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *Under Which King?* by Compton Reade; *Miss Brown*, by Vernon Lee; *Great Porter Square*, by B. L. Farjeon; and *Some One Else*, by B. M. Crocker. — To those readers who like stories with imagination, dramatic action, and other old-fashioned qualities, the two neat volumes containing Hoffmann's *Weird Tales* (Scribner's Sons) will be particularly welcome. The translation, which appears to be carefully done, is by Mr. J. T. Bealby, who gives us a very interesting biographical memoir of the German novelist. Indeed, Mr. Bealby's sketch is quite as striking as any of the tales. — The first four volumes of the *Riverside Aldine Series* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) include *Marjorie Daw and Other Stories*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; *My Summer in a Garden*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *Fireside Travels*, by James Russell Lowell; and *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories*, by Bret Harte. — *The Witch's Head*, by H. Rider Haggard (Appleton): A silly story in very small type. — *Matt: a tale of a caravan*, by Robert Buchanan. (Appleton.) Mr. Buchanan's contributions to literature hardly serve as models for outcast America. — A paper-covered edition has been issued of G. P. Lathrop's *In the Distance*. (Scribners.) — *Doris and Theodora*, by Margaret Vandegrift (Porter & Coates): A story of young life in Santa Cruz, written out of a refined, religious mind. — *The Knight of the Black Forest*, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnams): A story of flirtation, but the lightness is chiefly in the plot, not in the touch which should justify characters and scenes. — *Jan Vedder's Wife*, by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a story of Shetland, where the Norse blood still runs in the veins of the men and women. The incidents of the story, however, though marked by the old rage, are chiefly domestic.

Biography. A new edition, abridged and revised, has been published of the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, with selections from his correspondence and occasional writings, by Lewis Campbell and William Garnett. (Macmillan.) In its present form, this delightful biography is a little less formidable to the ordinary reader, and the scientific element in the book is really by no means so considerable as to render it suitable for scientific readers only. One does not need to be a learned physicist to recognize and admire the bright spirit whose life is here so affectionately presented. — The third volume of Mr. E. T. Mason's *Personal Traits of British Authors* (Scribners) includes Scott, Hogg, Campbell, Chalmers, Wilson, De Quincey, and Jeffrey. The plan of this commonplace book does not impress us more favorably with each volume. The concentration of the attention upon the veriest externals of authors gives one a sense of humiliation. — *Robert Boyle, Inventor and Philanthropist: a biographical sketch*, by Lawrence Saunders. (Gilbert Wood & Co., London.) Mr. Boyle's business enterprise and high character were worth recording, but Mr. Saunders

has made his few facts float about in a sea of words. His desire also to give due credit to Mr. Boyle's son, who continues the business of sanitary engineering founded by the father, leads him to glide gently into what reads very much like a puff. — William E. Burton, *A Sketch of his Career, with Recollections of his Performances*, by William L. Keese (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a work that will greatly interest old theatre-goers in New York and elsewhere. It is difficult to say how far it will interest the present generation of readers who know not Burton. We fancy that they will accuse Mr. Keese of neglecting to furnish them with an adequate idea of the great comedian's manner and method, and of those peculiar qualities in his acting which won him a leading place in his own line. Of the man himself, Mr. Keese paints a faithful portrait. The volume is a just tribute to the memory of an excellent scholar, a fine actor, and a courteous gentleman. — The second volume of Leslie Stephens' *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan) carries the work through Baird. There is a long article on Anselm, and a bright one by the editor on Madame D'Arblay. The account of Benedict Arnold is truthful as to facts, but not as to character. Arnold was not generous or humane. He was a mean man and malignant. The article on Bacon is in two parts. His life is treated by Dr. Gardiner and his works by Professor Fowler. An article which will be read by many with interest is that of Mr. Hutton on Bagehot. By the bye, we think the work would have gained by an American custom of annexing to a name, obscure in pronunciation, the phonetic spelling. Even an Englishman might hesitate between Bäjut and Bäjüt, and Bägöt. — Miss Susan Hale's charmingly edited *Life and Letters of Thomas Gold Appleton* (D. Appleton & Co.) will have a somewhat wider circle of readers than is usually reached by memorials of the kind. Though Mr. Appleton was neither an author nor an artist by profession, he was largely associated with literature and art, and had extensive acquaintance with the leading men of letters and painters on both sides of the Atlantic. The book is the record of a bright, generous, and fortunate gentleman, who got out of wealth all there is to be got out of it — the pleasure of others and one's own intellectual advancement. In the city of Boston, to whose every interest he was devoted, his memory will linger long.

Health and Hygiene. Volume X. of *The Sanitary Engineer* appears as a bound volume. It is a journal of Civil and Sanitary Engineering and public and private hygiene, conducted by Henry C. Meyer (140 William St., New York). The bringing together into one book of the continued papers, like the correspondence on the Health Exhibition in London and the articles on the sanitary arrangements in the Marquand house, shows how advantageous the work is as a book of reference, as well as a weekly digest. — *Consumption, its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure*, by J. M. W. Kitchen, M. D. (Putnams): this book is of value to the laity rather than to the profession. The most suggestive chapter is on the relation of man's surroundings to phthisis, in which the prac-

tical modes of prevention, exclusive of medical treatment, are considered at length. — *Mental Medicine: a Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Medical Psychology: The Primitive Mind Cure; the Nature and Power of Faith, or Elementary Lessons in Christian Philosophy and Transcendental Medicine.* (H. H. Carter & Co., Boston.) These two volumes, by W. F. Evans, attempt to refer disease to mental origin, and therefore to find their cure through mental agencies. "There are," the author says, "within the inclosure of our inner being certain dormant, because unused, spiritual energies and potencies that can save the soul and heal the body of its maladies." Mr. Evans writes as if he believed all that he says, but he has to travel through such a swamp of philosophy to reach his sure ground that most people will hesitate about following him. He gives what he calls an invocation, and says that he sincerely believes there is in it the saving, healing virtue of the name of Christ, and of the principle his name represents. But after one has gone through the extraordinary composition and has even committed it to memory, we suspect he will still be at the entrance only to a reasonable Christian life. It sounds very much like "Lord, Lord!" — Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Lectures on Diseases of the Nervous System*, especially in women, has passed to a second revised and enlarged edition. (Leas.) The new edition contains discussion of the difficulties of diagnosis in hysterical diseases of joints, on the relation of hysteria to organic disease of the spine, and on hysterical disorders of the rectum. While the book is strictly a professional one, the author takes so humane a view of his subject that the lay reader will often find most valuable suggestions as to the care of the body quite within ordinary powers. — *The Social History of the Eighth International Medical Congress*, held in Copenhagen, August, 1884, by D. B. Delavan (Putnams), is an agreeable little sketch of the good time which the author and his colleagues enjoyed last summer, and includes a programme of the congress.

Economy and Politics. Mr. Edward Atkinson has brought into one volume three papers on What makes the Rate of Wages, What is a Bank, and The Railway, the Farmer, and the Public, all under the general title, *The Distribution of Products, or The Mechanism and the Metaphysics of Exchange.* (Putnams). Mr. Atkinson has the advantage in his outlook of being both a student and a man of affairs. — *European Modes of Living, or The Question of Apartment Houses*, by S. G. Young (Putnams), is a pamphlet, in which the writer seeks to persuade her countrymen and countrywomen who live in great cities that Europeans have solved the problem of sensible living more successfully than they. Her desire is to differentiate and show what characteristics of the French flat should be omitted. It strikes us that the author, although at home in Paris, has not lived sufficiently in America. — *The Thirteenth of the Economic Tracts* (The Society for Political Education, New York) is *The Standard Silver Dollar and the Coinage Law of 1878*, by W. C. Ford. Mr. Ford is not an extremist, and we wish he could

pound some of his sensible notions into the heads of congressmen. — Dr. Francis Wharton has reprinted from the Criminal Law Magazine (Linn & Co., Jersey City) a vigorous article on Dynamiting and Extra-territorial Crime, in which he shows that it is a matter for state and not national action.

Education and Text-Books. The New Department in College Education is the title of a pamphlet in which President McCosh, of Princeton, replies to President Eliot's defense of it in New York. (Scribners.) The reply is vigorous, almost angry, and sometimes also illogical, but the truth remains that the movement is not the work of one man, nor even, strictly speaking, of one college; and, like all such departures, must find its vindication or its refutation in time. — Pindar: the Olympian and Pythian odes, with an introductory essay, notes, and indexes, by B. L. Gildersleeve. (Harpers.) The apparatus is extensive enough to give the moderate Greek scholar some hope of mastering this knotty author. — Schiller's Song of the Bell, edited, with introduction and notes, by C. P. Otis (Holt), has an ingenious and interesting commentary in the form of woodcuts showing different stages in the casting of bells, with the German terms given against the several parts. — Goethe's Iphigenia appears in a French translation, with a preliminary essay on Goethe. The name of translator and editor is not given. (C. Meyrueis, Paris.) — The Marquis de Nadaillac's *L'Amérique Préhistorique*, of which we have here a revised translation, edited by W. H. Dall (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a work of very great value and interest for American readers. The present edition contains much archaeological material not to be found in D'Anvers's translation as published in 1882, and is illustrated with two hundred and nineteen woodcuts. — The "Quincy Methods" illustrated; pen photographs from the Quincy schools. (E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York.) A capital book for those who are not able to see the actual classes at work, and indeed very useful to those who can see them; for by means of these accurate reports one can study the whole system minutely and leisurely. It would be a curious comparison which one might draw between this book and Mr. Alcott's *Conversations*; the objective character of the one set against the subjective method of the other. — *Choix de Contes Contemporains*, edited with notes by B. F. O'Connor (Holt), is a collection of fifteen sketches or episodes from the writings of Daudet, Coppée, Théuriet, About, Gautier, and De Musset. The preliminary biographical notes are the merest summaries; the notes at the end of the book are commendably brief. — A convenient little handbook has been prepared by a member of the Massachusetts bar under the title: *The Power and Authority of School Officers and Teachers in the management and government of public schools and over pupils out of school, as determined by the courts of the several States.* (Harpers.) The circum-

stantiality of the facts and fullness of the decisions render the book especially valuable. — *Fifty Salads*, by Thomas J. Murrey (White, Stokes & Allen), is a useful little handbook, containing a number of very desirable receipts.

Literature and Criticism. *Obiter Dicta* is the title of a small volume reprinted from the English (Scribners), and containing half a dozen light criticisms upon literature, the drama, and practical philosophy. The author is somewhat of a laughing philosopher. He says some witty things, more clever ones, and yet drops into flat commonplace at times. The essays read like the amateur criticisms of some barrister, say, who has a love of literature and a happy conversational art. Much of the book might have been a dinner monologue, addressed to an appreciative neighbor. — *Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers*, by J. C. Derby (Carleton): A volume of gossip, together with letters, scraps of verse, and newspaper reports. Mr. Derby's associations brought him into connection with almost everybody, especially in New York, who had to do with books, and his retentive memory has enabled him to set down a great deal that is characteristic. We do not know that the book tells much that has not been told before, and the author's individuality is scarcely as prominent as was S. G. Goodrich's, for example, in a similar book, but it will no doubt be a pile of cinders to many a literary chiffonier hereafter. — The final volume of Mr. Mason's series of *Personal Traits of British Authors* (Scribners) includes sketches of Hood, Macaulay, Smith, Jerrold, Dickens, C. Brontë, and Thackeray. The little chronological tables with which each sketch is prefaced are convenient memoranda. — *Discriminate: a manual for guidance in the use of correct words and phrases in ordinary speech.* (Appleton.) The very first discrimination strikes us as incorrect. We do say a history, and we do not say a historical novel. Elsewhere the manual is negligent and loose. Take, for example, the next paragraph to which we open. "Don't use *curious* in the sense of *strange* or *remarkable*. Hence don't say 'a *curious* action'; 'a *curious* incident'; use *strange* or *remarkable*." Here is a waste of words for one thing, and a lack of true discrimination, since no indication is given as to when *curious* may be used. In fact, a few reasons in this little book would have been worth more than a good many admonitions. The ordinary user of the book will be apt to regard the whole scheme as arbitrary. — *Les Nouveaux Romanciers Américains*, by Th. Bentzon (Calmann Lévy, Paris), is a collection of essays on Howells, James, Cable, Bishop, Crawford, and Fawcett. — *Marius, the Epicurean, his Sensations and Ideas*, by Walter Pater (Macmillan & Co.), is an account of the intellectual development of a Roman scholar and thinker in the time of Marcus Aurelius. We shall speak in detail of the work hereafter; in the meanwhile we warmly commend Mr. Pater's two volumes to the lovers of exquisite literature.

